SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

1871

A YEAR'S ISSUES SHOWING LIFE IN AMERICA A CENTURY AGO

$10.00

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY 1871

In the year 1871 the United States was preparing to celebrate its hundredth birthday. The vexing problems of black-white relations and sectional conflict had been somewhat pushed aside, and people were turning to other concerns: the "Woman Question," the advantages and disadvantages of universal compulsory education, the need for more parks in the big cities, the need for preserving the beauties of the American continent. All these concerns are reflected in the pages of this volume of *Scribner's Monthly,* which contains all the issues for the year 1871.

For decades *Scribner's Monthly* was one of the country's most important magazines. Its purpose was to present the American public with samples of the best literature of the time, with news, book reviews, "how-to-do-it" hints, and accounts of "culture and progress" in this country and abroad. In the 1871 issues there were travel pieces ("The Wonders of the Yellowstone" and "A Visit to the Great Yosemite") in a day when America's beauty spots were less crowded than they are now; there were accounts of scientific developments, including a review of Darwin's *Descent of Man;* there were glimpses of the great and near-great

continued on back flap

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

1 8 7 1



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

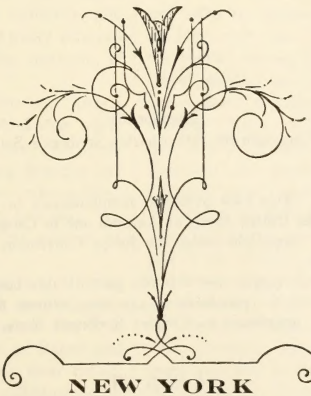
http://archive.org/details/scribnersmonthly00newy

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, 1871

INTRODUCTION BY

CHARLES SCRIBNER, JR.

1971



NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Introduction
Copyright © 1971 Charles Scribner's Sons

This book published simultaneously in
the United States of America and in Canada
Copyright under the Berne Convention

All rights reserved. No part of this book
may be reproduced in any form without the
permission of Charles Scribner's Sons,

A - 10.71 (H)

Printed in the United States of America

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 72-155058

SBN684-12488-2

PUBLISHER'S INTRODUCTION

In 1946 Charles Scribner's Sons celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its founding. At that time a number of formal steps were taken to publicize our centenary year—including the publication of a special book about the firm. Personally, I have always felt mixed emotions about such birthday celebrations. It strikes me that one can easily place too much emphasis on one's antiquity, and perhaps that is especially true today when to be young is believed to confer intrinsic, if only temporary, advantages.

But a very wise poet (who was also a Scribner editor) once remarked that while everybody has been young, not everybody has been old. That reassuring thought has encouraged us to make some acknowledgment of our 125th anniversary this year. We have done so by reissuing this volume of *Scribner's Monthly* for 1871.

It might have been an interesting alternative to have gone twenty-five years farther back and to have reissued one of the first books published by Scribners, or Baker and Scribner as the company was then called. But our researches into the publications of that earliest epoch have conclusively discouraged such an idea. We did manage to locate a copy of the very first book published over our imprint: *The Puritans and Their Principles* by Edwin Hall. But a brief examination of that original publication makes it very plain that not even the most pious respect for the past or the most ardent ancestral pride could justify disinterring those long dry bones.

Accordingly, we have settled on *Scribner's Monthly* and thus afford today's reader the opportunity of stepping back into the world of the Victorian American. Unaccompanied, and with no commentary on our part, the reader is left free to make his or her own discoveries among these pages. Science and travel, politics and poetry, fiction and criticism—there is material for every interest. Among "Topics of the Time" I note an article entitled "Three Pieces of the Woman Question" and another "The Difficulty With Dickens." But I shall not deprive you of the excitement of finding these treasures on your own. In fact the only thought I should like to add is one which I hope may be suggestive. One hundred years from now, when our great-grandchildren may be browsing through old copies of *Life* or *The New Yorker* or *The Scientific American*, will our naïvete seem any less to them than the naïvete in these issues of *Scribner's Monthly* seems to us? What things which we take for granted now will seem most incomprehensible in the 2070's? I shall leave it to you to decide.

Charles Scribner, Jr.
January 7, 1971

UPB

CONTENTS

VOLUME I • JANUARY—APRIL, 1871

Angelique Arnauld. Poem	*Elizabeth Sill*	448
Anthracite Problem, The	*Edward Crapsey*	647
April Violet, An. Poem	*Mary E. C. Wyeth*	617
Balloons, Something about. (Illustrated)	*J. R. Thompson*	385
Children Who Work. (Illustrated)	*Julia A. Holmes*	607
Christmas Carol. Poem	*J. G. Holland*	352
Christmas Door, The. Poem (Illustrated)	*Lois Brooke*	268
Christmas Eve in Germany, A	*Helen Berg*	338
Christmas, Mirabel's	*Miss Trafton*	276
Cannibal Islands, Life in the. (Illustrated)	*J. C. Bates*	529, 577
Celestials in Sunday-School, The	*James L. Bowen*	556
Chinese Question, Miss Malony on the. (Illustrated)	*Miss Malony*	350
Conference Wrong Side Out	*Gail Hamilton*	423
Discovery of Antique Silver. (Illustrated)	*William Wells*	618
Dolly Sullivan. Poem (Illustrated)	*Marian Douglas*	688
Dumas, Alexander, A Breakfast with	*John Bigelow*	597
Etchings. (Illustrated)		222, 350, 464, 576, 688
Fairmount Park. (Illustrated)	*Newton Crane*	225
Fenians, The Ancient	*L. Clark Seelye*	517
Flight of the Birds, The. Poem	*Harriet McEwen Kimball*	309
Florida Roses. Poem	*Elizabeth C. Kinney*	646
Fly, The. (Illustrated)	*L. M. Peterselia*	621
Gentleman's Prerogative, A	*Ellice Woodruffe*	601
Goblin of the Ice, The. (Illustrated)	*I. I. Hayes*	246
Haunted Ship, The	*An Old Tar*	398
Homeward. Poem	*Lois Brooke*	516
Horoscope, A. Poem	*W. C. Wilkinson*	654
In a Garret. Poem	*Elizabeth Akers Allen*	504
In the Park. Poem	*E. H. C.*	596
Kings of the Air. (Illustrated)	*Burt G. Wilder*	239
King Gambrinus and his Subjects. (Illustrated)	*William Wells*	490
Lauriger. Poem	*Charles J. Gage*	384
Lorraine and Alsace, The French Conquest of. (Illustrated)	*Henry M. Baird*	367
Lucky Peer. (Illustrated)	*Hans Christian Andersen*	270, 391, 505, 625
Madagascar, The Martyr Church of	*R. W. Howard*	639
Madaline. Poem	*Alice Gary*	401
Mercantile Library, The New York. (Illustrated)	*Jno. R. G. Hassard*	353

A note on pagination. Issues of *Scribner's Monthly* were bound in volumes which were not arranged by year. As a result, issues for the year 1871 appear in three separate volumes, with the issue of January, 1871, beginning on page 225 of Volume I.

MUSICAL PARTY, A. (Illustrated) ... *Design by C. G. Bush* ... 576
NATASQUA (Part III) ... *Rebecca Harding Davis* ... 283
NORTHERN LIGHTS, The. Poem (Illustrated) ... *W. C. Wilkinson* ... 310
OUTCAST, THE. Poem ... *Mary L. Ritter* ... 559
PEACE, Terms of, Proposed by the Great Powers ... *John Bigelow* ... 290
PULPIT, The Bondage of the ... *W. C. Wilkinson* ... 437
SHIPS. (Illustrated) ... *J. T. Headley* ... 303
SPAIN, How we Escaped War with ... *L. L. Crounse* ... 297
STRASBURG AFTER THE SURRENDER. (Illustrated) ... *M. B. Riddle* ... 311
TARTAR LOVE-SONG, A. Poem ... *R. H. Stoddard* ... 379
TARTINI'S DREAM MUSIC ... *K. C. B.* ... 266
THANKSGIVING EVE. An Honest Fairy Story. Poem (Illustrated) ... *L.* ... 222
THORWALDSEN'S SACRED MARBLES. (Illustrated) ... *William Wells* ... 615
TO MY WILD SIS. Poem ... *N. P. Willis* ... 337
VALENTINE'S DAY, To-morrow is Saint. (Illustrated) ... *Design by Miss Ledyard* ... 464
VALENTINE, The Story of a ... *Edward Eggleston* ... 380
VICTOR EMMANUEL'S QUEEN ... *Elizabeth C. Kinney* ... 524
WEATHER-TELEGRAMS AND STORM-FORECASTS BY THE AMERICAN SIGNAL SERVICE. (Illustrated) ... *T. B. Maury* ... 402, 465
WILFRID CUMBERMEDE. An Autobiographical Story (Part II) (Illustrated) ... *George MacDonals* ... 196
WILL SHE RIDE OR WALK? ... *Miss Trafton* ... 497

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Christmas—The European Outlook—Women and Wine—Social Taxes, 341; The Teuton and the Gaul—Canada and San Domingo—The Pope and his People—Home and its Queen—Where are the Young Men? 450; Lecture-Brokers and Lecture-Breakers—A Growing Vice of Business, 560; Professional Morality—The Temperance Question and the Press— The San Domingo Question, 672.

THE OLD CABINET.

The Bonapartes and Murats in Bordentown—Our Friend the Present Incumbent, 345; The First Letter of the New Year—Concerning a Heathen—The Winter Exhibition of the National Academy—"Verses by H.H."—Rochambeau on the French Soldier, 454; "Over the Water to Jarley!"—Behind the Scenes—To a Young Poet, 562; Something about Friendship—Brains and Beauty—The Chairman of the Phalanx Lecture Committee—The Doubter—Alice Cary, 675.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Holiday Shopping—A Glance at the Fashions—Christmas Greens—Parlor Bulbs, 347; Furs—Window Boxes—Stationery—Wedding Cards—The Work-Basket—A Jewel-Basket, 457; Little Dinner-English Ivies—The Work Basket, 569; Laces—Parlor Games—Striking Seeds in the House, 677.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME AND ABROAD ... 349, 571
BEYOND THE SEAS ... 565
CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD ... 679
CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME ... 683

VOLUME II • MAY—OCTOBER, 1871

ARTISTS, Living American. (Illustrated) ... *D. O'C. Townley* ... 40, 401
ART MUSEUM, An American. The Designs submitted by W. H. Beard. (Illustrated) ... *J. R. G. Hassard* ... 409
"AYE-AYE!". (Illustrated) ... *Burt G. Wilder* ... 33
BACK-LOG STUDIES ... *Charles Dudley Warner* ... 261

BEN, A Story for May Day ... *Edward Eggleston* ... 71
BLIND. Poem ... *Charlotte F. Bates* ... 400
BRIDGE, The Illinois and St. Louis. (Illustrated) ... *A. S. Twombly* ... 162
BRONTË, Reminiscences of Charlotte. (Illustrated) ... *A. Schoolfellow* ... 18
CAESAR ROWAN. Poem ... *Thomas Dunn English* ... 300
CANADA, Pictures from. (Illustrated) ... *W. George Beers* ... 449
CAUCASUS, Life in the. (Illustrated) ... *J. T. Headley* ... 353
CHINESE LABOR, A Plea for. By an American Housewife ... *Abby Sage Richardson* ... 286
CHINESE, Our Labor System and the ... *Frank H. Norton* ... 61
CHINESE SKILLED LABOR ... *Wm. F. G. Shanks* ... 494
CLOAK-CUBBY AND THE BLUE-ROOM, The ... *Mrs. Edward A. Walker* ... 625
CLOTHES OF A GHOST, The. Poem ... *S. M. B. Piatt* ... 204
CLOUD AND FIRE, The. A Hymn ... *Samuel Wolcott* ... 507
CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES, The ... *Alexander Hyde* ... 519
EDSON'S MOTHER ... *Susan Coolidge* ... 296
EGYPT, The River of. With a Map ... *W. O. Stoddard* ... 500
ELEVENTH COT, The ... *Albert Webster, Jr.* ... 607
ELMS OF OLD TRINITY, The. Poem ... *H. T. Tuckerman* ... 517
ETCHINGS. (Illustrated) ... 112, 224, 335, 448, 560, 672
FACE IN THE STREET, A. Sonnet ... *G. P. Lathrop* ... 388
"FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS!" (Illustrated) ... *C. G. Bush* ... 112
FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION ... *Horace Busnell* ... 266
FRENCH LEADERS, Some of the ... *Mary C. Putnam, M.D.* ... 366
GUNPOWDER PLOT, The. The story of a Fourth of July. (Illustrated) ... *Edward Eggleston* ... 252
HEALTH, The Philosophy of Good ... *Edward Spencer* ... 589
HOW THE STORM CAME. Poem. (Illustrated) ... *W. E. D.* ... 605
IN THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS. Poem ... *H. E. Warner* ... 650
ISLAND ON FIRE, An. (Illustrated) ... *T. M. Coan* ... 561
JAPAN, An Adventure in ... *Gilman P. Briggs* ... 513
JAPAN, Jaunts in. (Illustrated) ... *W. H. Hallock* ... 241
LEIPSIC AND ITS FAIR. (Illustrated) ... *Thomas Emmette* ... 141
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE WAR. (Illustrated) ... *William Wells* ... 128
MAKING PORT. Poem ... *J. T. McKay* ... 176
MALMAISON, A Fête-day at ... *Louisa Bushnell* ... 274
MARBLE FAUN, Scenes from the. (Illustrated) ... *W. L. Alden* ... 493
MERCATOR, The Path-Finder of the Seas. (Illustrated) ... *William Wells* ... 461
MOABITE STONE, The. (Illustrated) ... *W. L. Gage* ... 31
MOTHER OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM, The. (Illustrated) ... *Francis Johnson* ... 138
MOUNTAIN VIEWS AND ADVENTURES. (Illustrated) ... *J. T. Headley* ... 482
MOUNT WASHINGTON, Reminiscences of ... *Designs by C. G. Bush* ... 448
MY HUSBAND'S FIRST LOVE ... *Julia C. R. Dorr* ... 299
MY VOCATION AND WHAT CAME OF IT ... *Adeline Trafton* ... 389
NEW STUDY OF AN OLD FORCE, A. (Illustrated) ... *James Richardson* ... 543
NEWFOUNDLAND, A Summer Trip to ... *S. G. W. Benjamin* ... 618
NORAH—The Story of a Wild Irish Girl ... *Mrs. Oliphant* ... 49, 149
PEGASUS, The True Story of the Capture of ... *Designs by L. Y. Hopkins* ... 224
PEQUODS, The Last of the. (Illustrated) ... *Benson J. Lossing* ... 573
PETER BLOCH. A Hartz Legend ... *Susan Archer Weiss* ... 508
PETER CRISP. A Comic Episode of Italian Travel ... *H. T. Tuckerman* ... 426
PHILADELPHIA. (Illustrated) ... *J. T. Headley* ... 225
PULPIT, The Freedom of the ... *Samuel W. Duffield* ... 184
RAJAH'S GIFT, The. Poem ... *Sarah H. Browne* ... 636
SAMSON'S RIDDLE SOLVED: The Lion Cup vs. The Lion Cub. (Illustrated) ... *R. W. Wright* ... 279
SHADOW THAT CAME BETWEEN, The ... *Adeline Trafton* ... 178

SHAKSPEARE, Scenes from ..... *Designs by L. Y. Hopkins* 560
SONGSTER, The. A Midsummer Carol ..... *Edmund C. Stedman* 490
SONNET ..... *Rachel G. Alsop* 594
TARTAR LOVE-SONG, A. Poem ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 285
THREE LEAVES FROM A STORY. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Lois Brooke* 185
THROUGH THE CLOUD AND THE SEA. Poem ..... *H. E. Warner* 39
TOWN MEETING, A New England ..... *Design by C. G. Bush* 672
UNDER THE ELMS. Poem ..... *M. A. Hopkins* 260
UNFLEDGED. Poem ..... *Samuel W. Duffield* 71
UNRECONCILED. Poem ..... *Hiram Rich* 17
UNWEDDED. Poem ..... *Elizabeth Akers Allen* 395
UP THE AISLE. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Geo. A. Baker, Jr.* 335
VASSAR, What are they Doing at? (Illustrated) ..... *H. H. McFarland* 337
WAS ADAM THE FIRST MAN? ..... *Enoch L. Fancher* 578
WATER: ITS WAYS AND USES. (Illustrated) 559
WHAT THE DEVIL SAID TO THE YOUNG MAN. Poem ..... *Roswell C. Smith* 77
WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE? ..... *Saxe Holm* 465
WILFRID CUMBERMEDE. An Autobiographical Story. (Illustrated) *George MacDonald* ..78, 189, 301, 415, 524, 637
WILLOW, The Weeping ..... *Benson J. Lossing* 383
WOMAN'S EXECUTION, A. Paris, May '71. Poem ..... *Edward King* 500
YELLOWSTONE, The Wonders of the. (Illustrated) ..... *N. P. Langford* 1,113
YOSEMITE, A Visit to the Great ..... *J. S.* 396

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Great European Change—Compulsory Education—The International Commission—Mr. Wells' Report on Taxation, 93; Living with Windows Open—The French Republic, 205; Three Pieces of the Woman Question—Louisville and School Reform—Rather a Slim Religion—The Legal-Tender Decision, 316; The Treaty of Washington—The Pike in Literature—Political Bigotry, 430; The Riot of Romanism—Women in the Colleges—American Sunday-Schools, 546; Charles Scribner—Shepherds and their Flocks—The Difficulty with Dickens——The Improved American, 652.

THE OLD CABINET.

A Phase of Child-Life—The Art of Exasperation—Sourness and Success—Charlotte Bronte and her Schoolfellow. (Illustration—Fac-simile of Charlotte Bronte's Handwriting), 99; Confessions of a Conceited Man—Two Weddings, 207; Page's Christ—A Protest—The Gypsy Camp—Orange Peels, 320; Professional Pride—Necessary Blessings—A Hypothetical Case—To Ned—George MacDonald in the Pulpit, 433; The Ideal President—Disgrace—T. Moran's Portfolio, 548; The Shaker Service at Lebanon, 656.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Modern Maying—Making the Beds—Salads, 101; The Ethics of Dress—The Spring Fashions—Bonnets—Summer in a Corner—A "Modern Improvement," 208; The Pairing Season—A "Sheltering Arms"—Midsummer Eve—Roses, 322; Queen Summer—Ices—A Delsarte for Every Day—Cut Flowers, 435, Aquaria—Floors—A Word About Awnings—The Game of Parallels, 550; Best Parlors—Forest Furnishings, 658.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD 103, 211, 324, 438, 553, 660
CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME 107, 214, 329, 443, 555, 664

VOLUME III • NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1871

A BIRD IN THE BUSH. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *H. E. Warner* 128
ALBATROSS. Poem ..... *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 25
BLIND BOY, The—A Parable. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Dr. T. G. Hake* 189

Boston Public Library, The. (Illustrated) ..... *J. Winser* 150
Charlotte Bronte's School at Brussels, A Visit to ..... *Adeline Trafton* 186
Cyprus—Afloat and Ashore. (Illustrated) ..... *J. Augustine Johnson* ... 177
Esther Wynn's Love-Letters ..... *Saxe Holm* 164
Flight of the Birds, The. Poem ..... *Edmund C. Stedman* 142
From Sea to Sea. Poem ..... *Joaquin Miller* 95
Halloween: or, Chrissie's Fate ..... *Meta G. Adams* 26
Hell Gate, The Unbarring of. (Illustrated) ..... *James Richardson* 33
London Revisited ..... *George P. Putnam* 191
Mare Ignotum. Poem ..... *Ellice Woodruffe* 176
Momma Phoebe. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Thomas Dunn English* ... 62
Nature, Low Life in. (Illustrated) ..... *Schele de Vere* 54
Not a Pleasant Story ..... *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* .. 98
Out of the Depths. Poem ..... *Caroline R. Wilkinson* ... 61
Paris, The Clubs of ..... *Mary C. Putnam, M.D.* .. 105
Peril, Thirty-seven Days of. (Illustrated) ..... *Truman C. Everts* 1
Pictures from the Plains. (Illustrated) ..... *T. B. Thorpe* 143
Priscilla ..... *Edward Eggleston* 18
Russia, The Imperial Family of ..... *Thomas W. Knox* 218
Thanksgiving, Miss Marigold's. (Illustrated) ..... *Miss Hopkins* 157
The Count's Little Daughter: A Legend of Nuremberg. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Mrs. R. S. Greenough* ... 129
"Too Wise For Love." Poem ..... *Helen Barron Bostwick* .. 32
Vote, The Right Not to ..... *William C. Conant* 73, 209
Waiting. Poem ..... *H. H.* 17
Wilfrid Cumbermede. An Autobiographical Story. (Illustrated) *George MacDonald* 64, 222
Yedo, Sights In and Around. (Illustrated) ..... *Bayard Taylor* 132

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

Topics of the Time.
In Memoriam—The Sins of American Good Nature—The Tortures of the Dinner-Table—Our Sunday-Schools Once More, 109.
The Old Cabinet.
"Retired"—Marion (Mass.) and its Institutions—A Midnight Cornbake—Mistress Sarah Page, 115.
Home and Society 117
Culture and Progress Abroad 120
Culture and Progress at Home 122

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

1 8 7 1

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1871. NO. 3



IT is a healthy sign for the body politic when cities begin to estimate their relative importance by the size of their lungs. Our cities have grown rich and large with a rush, and too many of them are, in consequence, abnormally developed and positively ugly. Little or no space has been reserved for public parks and gardens. Land estimated at so many thousands of dollars per square foot, being judged too valuable for play-grounds and commons, has been covered with bricks and mortar.

Fortunately, within a few years past the leading cities have discovered their mistake, and the people are pressing out of the dusty streets and stifled ways in search of Nature,

thinking if they but seize her skirts or touch the hem of her garments, some virtue will be imparted to them. In all of the leading cities during the past decade new parks have been opened, or the old ones have acquired a greater interest. Boston has its old historic Common, which has grown grander and more attractive year by year as its elms have spread out their magnificent branches closer over it. In Central Park, New York, art and nature in league have formed one of the most important works of the kind in the world. Prospect Park, at Brooklyn, possessing greater natural advantages, has been laid out with equal skill; Druid Hill, Baltimore, is of comparatively recent date; but its wide expanse of native forest, and its natural development in other respects, have given it unusual advantages. Through the West and Southwest the cities are also quickening their steps in this direction. Cincinnati and Chicago will soon have attractive pleasure-grounds, while St. Louis, starting with a botanical garden the most extensive in the country,—the gift of one of her citizens,—now has under cultivation an elegant place of resort comprising several hundreds of acres. The same feeling is animating the inhabitants of all the cities farther west to the Pacific Slope, and south to the Gulf.

Philadelphia, however, is peculiarly a City of Parks. More squares within her limits proper are given up to public uses, and these are more memorable by reason of historical associations, than in any other city. Owing to a series of strange coincidences, this city, also, is identified with the history, in this country, of landscape gardening and park culture. The first botanical garden in America was laid out and planted by John Bartram, one of our pioneer botanists, near Philadelphia. Until recently some of the trees planted by him were yet standing, among them an enormous cypress, the threatened destruction of which by the British army, after the battle of Brandywine, so preyed upon his mind that his death was hastened by it. The best specimen of landscape gardening, in the early part of the present century, was exhibited at Woodlands, in the suburbs of Philadelphia,—a celebrated place, the residence of the Hamilton family, and now converted to cemetery uses. Judge Peters's seat, at present in the possession of the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, was fifty years ago the finest representative of the "geometric" or ancient style. The first American work, also, on landscape gardening was published in Philadelphia.

Independence Square, in the rear of old Independence Hall, has a national interest. It is now not much more than a shaded "concourse," destitute of every attribute of a park, save trees and an enclosing fence. The destruction of these trees, even, was lately threatened, in order to make room for public buildings. But that peril is now, happily, averted by the action of the Legislature and a vote of the citizens, fixing upon the central or Penn Square as the site for the public buildings.

Washington Square, in olden times a Potter's field, and during the Revolutionary war the burial-place of over two thousand American soldiers swept off by camp-fever, but now a carefully kept park, rich in green turf and magnificent in leafy trees; Franklin Square, a model of neatness, so clean, in fact, that the city authorities will not permit the people to enter it on Sundays; and Rittenhouse and Logan Squares—are at the four corners of a large quadrangle, the eastern portion of which includes the best business section of the city. Besides these there are half a score of lesser parks, which greatly add to the beauty of the city and to the health and enjoyment of its inhabitants.

But the glory of Philadelphia is Fairmount Park. Its situation, its broad expanse, the circumstances of its acquisition, and the peculiar history which is attached to many places within its boundaries, give it an unusual interest, not only to the inhabitants of the staid city for whose comfort it has been set apart, but to Americans generally. It lies to the north-west of the great city and in it, for the streets are reaching out already on both sides of it, and the buildings are crowding against its boundaries. Its southern extremity, or nearest approach to the city, is at the Fairmount Water-works, and from here it extends along both sides of the Schuylkill river for several miles, and a short distance



LEMON HILL AND BOAT-HOUSES OF THE SCHUYLKILL NAVY.

above a cozy little village, the Falls of the Schuylkill, where the Wissahickon Creek empties into the river. The park boundaries, leaving the Schuylkill, then betake themselves to the Wissahickon, and include that stream and both banks from its mouth nearly to its source, a distance of six miles. But the larger portion of the park is on the west side of the Schuylkill River.

The boundaries of this section of the land conform to the shape of a very irregular hump-backed triangle, the river coursing through the side which would answer for the hypothenuse, and bending, when half way through the park, well into the middle of it. The base of the triangle lies toward the city. At its three corners are the highest altitudes of the included land. The first is the old Water-works; the second, at the opposite corner of the base, is George's Hill, and the third, Chimouni, is at the apex. From each of these a view of rare beauty and wide expanse is obtained, and from the three nearly every part of the vast territory of the park is visible, except the northern extension of the Wissahickon Park.

The boundaries of the park include about twenty-seven hundred acres of every variety of land, part of which is native forest, while the remainder has been subjected to widely different degrees of cultivation. It exhibits every phase of the picturesque, from the well-kept lawns and highly cultured garden plots, wherein have bloomed for many generations exotic plants and multitudes of rare flowers, to the roughly-tilled fields of the careless farmer. Its surface is shaped into contours more graceful than science could have conceived or art executed, while bold rugged hills toss their heads in natural pride and disdain at the idea of being restrained by plummet and line.

In the first establishment of Fairmount Park there was no suggestion of anything more than the mere adornment of a few acres of land which had been purchased for the sake of obtaining a supply of water free from the impurities of river drainage, and a commanding site for a reservoir of sufficient altitude to distribute the water to every part of the city. This was as long ago as 1812, and "Faire Mount" was then at a distance from the city limits, and much too far away, we are told, to be thought of as a resort for public recreation. But the city grew, and with it its manufactories. Such grand opportunities as the Schuylkill River afforded for water-power were not long overlooked; and although at the time the Water-works were established there was not a workshop along its banks nearer than Norristown, distant fifteen miles, a chain of factories and shops soon stretched from Philadelphia to Manayunk, and at the latter place culminated in a group, which in a few years converted a little village into a teeming city that to-day numbers its population by many thousands. While these improvements, as they were considered at the time of their

establishment, added greatly to the riches of the Commonwealth, the discovery was made that the aforetime clear and sweet water of the beautiful river, upon whose banks they clustered, was being fast polluted and poisoned by their presence, and that the health of the city was in consequence greatly jeopardized.

Measures were taken to purchase all the properties along both banks of the Schuylkill and Wissahickon, although delays were occasioned by opposition. It was a grand scheme, and hardly appreciated at first, we imagine, by its projectors, or even they might have faltered. But it was carried through, and now both banks of the Schuylkill, from the Water-works to the Falls, are public property, and the Commissioners are about to acquire the picturesque hill-sides of the Wissahickon for a stretch of six miles. Other tracts of land lying adjacent along Roberts's Hollow, on the north-west of the park, to be connected by drives with the park, are to be obtained by purchase. These are added for the double purpose of securing the purity of waters which are tributary to the Schuylkill, and preserving grand and beautiful scenery from defacement and destruction, as would undoubtedly be the result were they left in the hands of some scores of owners, possessing different tastes and desires, and having in view their individual profit.

By a happy sequence, then, a park was obtained, when the preservation of the water was the object mainly intended. It is claimed that even after estimating liberally for the expense of other devices which may be employed hereafter to further protect the water, the cost of the present arrangement is only equal to one-half the estimated sum deemed necessary for bringing the water from a distance, as was first proposed; so that, singular and paradoxical as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless true, that by this purchase Philadelphia has actually saved money, and practically secured a park for nothing.

The territory thus acquired—twenty-seven hundred acres—forms the largest park in the United States, and there is but one, of any celebrity, larger in the world. This is Windsor, one of the Royal parks in the vicinity of London, which contains three thousand acres. Central Park, New York, is less than one-third the size of Fairmount Park.

The nearest entrance to Fairmount from the city is but a few minutes' drive from the centre of business, and is approached by several lines of street cars. To the left of the main carriage-way, on entering, are the Reservoir and the Water-works. A succession of terraces, surmounted by paths, give access to the summit of the first, whence, on account of its altitude and peculiar position, a view of rare interest can be obtained. Close up around the base of the hill on the south, and stretching away as far as the eye can carry, is the great city. Its buildings in set ranks, its spear-like church steeples, its waving flags, and its overhanging smoke, suggest the idea of an army entering battle—an impression that is heightened by the roar and noise that come creeping up the hill. On the near north-west, and on the east bank of the river, is the Old Park; and beyond, on the west side of the river, and also on the east, much farther than the eye can reach from this point, lie the new East and West Park; while the Wissahickon extension is quite out of sight. The Old Park, on account of its pretty walks and cooling fountains, is still a popular resort for those who do not care to enter farther into the grounds than merely to cross their threshold. Looking back from Lemon Hill, the next point of interest, the Water-works themselves form a pleasing view, with the stretch of the river above and below the dam. Lemon Hill and Sedgely, the neighboring estates, are points of historic interest, and the inclusion of these, and several others hereafter to be mentioned, within the park limits, by which they will for all time be preserved for the city as the absolute property of its citizens, gives an additional value to Fairmount.

Lemon Hill, at the close of the Revolution, was the residence of Robert Morris, the celebrated financier. It was then called "The Hills," and contained forty-five acres, which were laid out and adorned with rare taste. Here its owner hospitably entertained many of the most eminent of his compatriots; and here, in later times, it is said, when financial



FOUNTAIN NEAR MINERAL SPRING, LEMON HILL.

ruin overtook him,—for while he operated for the government with signal ability, as if "sky-guarded and heaven-directed, leading to a national end by an overruling Providence," when acting for himself all his personal affairs went wrong and to ruin,—here he kept out of reach of sheriffs' writs. At the close of the last century this fine estate passed into the hands of Henry Pratt, a merchant of liberal means and educated taste, under whose culture it became the pride of Philadelphia. In 1836 it was sold for a large sum to those who bought it for speculative purposes. The speculators, however, failed in their schemes, and through a commercial revulsion it came into the market at one-third its previous price, and was then purchased by the Councils for the city.

Sedgely also at one time belonged to Robert Morris; but the mansion was built by Mr. Cramond; and, after similar transmissions of title, was purchased in the same manner by the city, aided by the contributions of citizens.

A short distance from Lemon Hill, and on the edge of the fore bay of the Waterworks, are the boat-houses of the "Schuylkill Navy." These buildings are erected, under licenses from the Commissioners, by several clubs and by private individuals. They are models of beauty, constructed of blue and green stone, and are covered with creeping vines. Every encouragement is given to boating, and at evening in the summer the river is covered with various kinds of craft, from the capacious pleasure-boats, filled with jolly parties, to the delicate shells, in which amateur oarsmen make contests in speed up and down the stream.

The east and west banks of the Schuylkill are united just above Sedgely by two bridges —the Girard Avenue and connecting railroad bridge. They cross in converging lines but at different planes, and so avoid interference.

Below their termini on the west bank is "Solitude," a peculiar place with a peculiar history. The queer-looking, square, two-story house, half fort in appearance, was built at the close of the Revolutionary war, by John Penn, a grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania. The house has an air of mystery about it, and is daily visited by scores of wondering people. A secret perpendicular passage connects the cellar with the attic, to which access is given from the upper story by a narrow staircase. Through the attic is another secret passage, so low that a person can creep through it only on all-fours. This communicates with the passage to the cellar. From the cellar a long tunnel, three or four feet in diameter, leads to the river, and another of larger dimensions makes a secret exit in an opposite direction, out toward what were formerly woody hills. These, except for a few feet at their entrance, are now closed up. What their design was is not known. Mr. Penn was a man much given to books and of reclusive habits. It is not improbable that in a whimsical mood he may have had these retreats constructed, through which he might escape annoying intruders. In an edition of his poems is a picture of "Solitude."

Above "Solitude," on the same bank of the river, and above the connecting bridges, is "Egglesfield," once a very pretty place. It

was built by Wm. Warner, an amiable and worthy member of the Society of Friends. It afterward became the property of Mr. Robert E. Griffith, and was more recently the elegant residence of ex-Secretary Borie.

Farther on above "Egglesfield" is "Sweetbrier," and beyond it "Landsdowne," which perhaps, of all the historical places in the park, possesses most interest to the general public. This was the magnificent residence of John Penn, the last Colonial Governor of Pennsylvania. The mansion-like buildings, which unhappily have been destroyed by fire, were erected about 1770. At the close of the Revolution they were purchased by Mr. Bingham, grandfather of the late Lord Ashburton, and subsequently were the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain and Count de Survilliers. Landsdowne is described by many of the older residents of Philadelphia as a regal place. The house was spacious and palatial, the grounds were laid out in winding walks, and diversified with open spaces of clean green-sward, and magnificent groves of majestic trees. Here and there were large green-houses, filled with rare flowers and tropical fruits. In the rear of the house was a stable of grand proportions, in which a numerous stud of thorough-breds of imported stock was kept. In the adjacent glen was an elegant bath-house. At the entrance to the grounds, at the terminus of a winding drive, which on frequent festive occasions, when the colonial aristocracy enjoyed the hospitality of the Governor, were illuminated with colored lights placed in the bordering shrubbery, were massive iron gates. These were wrought into fanciful designs, and, having been brought from England, were the wonder of the country round. In after years, when the land upon which they stood was being mined for material for a neighboring brick-kiln, the practical foreman of the gang of clay-diggers had the gates broken up, in order that they might more conveniently be carted away and converted to other uses. It is to be regretted that the Park Commissioners did not sooner obtain possession of the property, that such a desecration might have been prevented. The main buildings of Landsdowne were destroyed by fire, communicated from



MONSTER PINES.

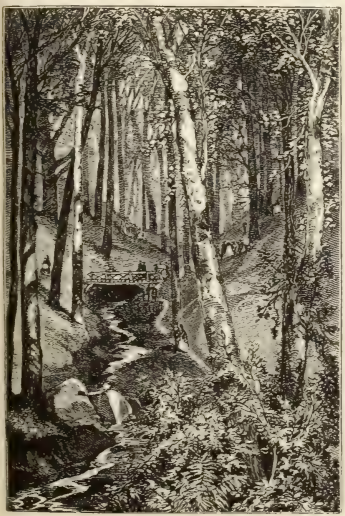
the cigar of a careless smoker at a Fourth of July picnic held on the grounds.

The finest drive in the West Park, as far as laid out last summer, is named after this old estate. It is a well-made road, which is submissively led about by the natural character and topography of the grounds. The engineers have acted wisely in seeking to find rather than make pleasing contours, and have very cleverly adapted the roads and paths to the existing surface. From a rustic bridge, picturesque itself, there is a charming view of Columbia bridge and the Schuylkill, where the lazy, graceful stream, hemmed in by grassy banks and cooled by the heavy foliage of the overhanging shade-trees, is curled up as if in an easy slumber.

On this drive also is a group of wonderful trees. It is a grove of five monarch pines, but these "vast pillars of glossy green," with their great heads stretching way up, and their branches spread out, and their trunks of "monumental proportions," are so big that a person at a short distance would think there

were fifty instead of five. The tribes of the trees of the park are wonderful, even without these chiefs. Other cities have bought their parks and planted their trees, and then have waited for them to grow, and with their growth furnish shade. But in this instance ready-made trees were procured by incorporating forests and old estates. In Fairmount Park (and the forest borders of the Wissahickon are not included in the enumeration) the trees of large size, those between eighteen inches and twenty-seven feet in girth, number thirty-four thousand seven hundred, embracing, according to the Commissioners' report, thirty-nine genera and sixty species.

In this vicinity, and just off from the Landsdowne drive, is a ravine—two or three of them, in fact—of rare beauty. Deep down below the level of the adjoining plain its recesses afford cool retreats, which are securely walled in by green terraces. These places are continually at the disposal of picnic parties, and hardly a day passes but that they are occupied. The park authorities provide a cordon of policemen who warn away intruders from the entrances and minister to the wants of the



RAVINE IN WESTERN PARK.

pleasure party. The efforts of the Commissioners in this respect are indicative of the light in which they regard the relation of the people to the park. They have thoughtfully sought to furnish to the masses of the people every facility of access to their property, and have only imposed such restraints to their enjoyment of it as were necessary to prevent unwarranted license. Steamboats and row-boats have been encouraged to ply on the Schuylkill, and arrangements for cheap fare and frequent trains have been made with railroads that penetrate the park. Its broad expanses of campus are the undisturbed playgrounds of the children, and no forbidding signs warn them from intruding on the grass. Croquet parties make the lawns of the old estates, where erst courtly ladies promenaded, ring again with their mirth and hilarity. The very mansions themselves are, for an afternoon at least, the country residences of the people, and their spacious apartments and wide halls and cool verandas are thronged with private parties who find much pleasure in entertaining and being entertained. The fruits even of these places are at the disposal of the people, and for the last two seasons the school children of the city have been given a holiday, and afforded an opportunity to gather the nuts which by an October frost were ripened on nearly four thousand trees. On these occasions the number present was estimated to be quite sixty thousand. It is now proposed to institute two park holidays, or rather holiday seasons : one in June for botanical and floral recreation, and the other in autumn for nut-gathering.

George's Hill is perhaps, at present, the most popular of all the resorts in the park for equestrians and driving parties. It is the high point in the western base of the triangle. It was presented as a gift by Jesse George and his sister Rebecca George, subject to annuities for life, and consists of eighty-three acres. In a characteristic address accompanying the donation, Mr. George stated that the property had been the home of his ancestors for many generations, and from the first settlement of the country has retained many of its original features. With a view of preserving it to their memory very much in



VIEW FROM JUDGE PETERS'S FARM.

the same rural condition as when they occupied it, he gave it to the city, to be forever kept for park purposes. Both of the donors reserved but a small annual payment during their lifetime. A few weeks after the grand celebration which attended the opening of the drive to the newly acquired property, Rebecca George quietly passed away.

The brow of the hill is surmounted by a plateau which has been laid out for a "concourse." In the centre of it a beautiful summer house has been erected, and other adornments of rare flowers and shrubs give it an attractive appearance. From the summer house an extensive vista is obtained. The city stretches away in the distance to the south and east, with its prominent features and public buildings, especially those of West Philadelphia, distinctly marked. The course of the Delaware and Schuylkill may be traced, and the outlines of the country round, including distant portions of New Jersey.

An inviting drive has been run along the western summit leading from George's Hill to the grounds in front of Belmont Mansion. Belmont was the residence of Judge Peters, a magistrate who exercised his varied functions with rare wit and ability. His hospitality was proverbial, and was enjoyed by many distinguished personages, among whom was George Washington, who set out a chestnut-tree on the place, which, with a line of fine hemlocks, planted one hundred and twenty years ago, and many of them covered with ivy, flourished until recently. The hemlocks, many of them, are still standing. The arms of the family may yet be seen in the wainscoted principal room, and on one of the windows is a "good-bye" which some departing guest of the last century has cut with a diamond.

Under the bank of Belmont and nestled close to the river is the plainest kind of a plain story-and-a-half cottage, which is said to have been the residence of Tom Moore while in this country. It is of all places along the river the most prosaic, and we wonder that this should have attracted the attention, even for a moment, of the poet. Of it, however, he sings: —

——"while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my charmed soul forgot its wish to roam," etc.

Nearly opposite "Tom Moore's Cottage" are "Ormiston," "Belleview," and "Edgely," each invested with peculiar associations. To the grounds about these estates, also, croquet and picnic parties make frequent excursions, and relieve the hobgoblin quiet, for a wonderful ghost is said to have once been joint possessor with the old residents. In close

proximity to this region, thick with places of historical interest, is a roomy house which was built by Mr. McPherson, uncle of the commander of McPherson's Blues; was afterwards the property of General Williams; but for a time had been owned by Benedict Arnold, who married Miss Shippen, the noted Philadelphia belle.

Farther up the river is Laurel Hill Cemetery. It is like all cemeteries, with its white glistening tombs, its green turf and graveled walks and queer inscriptions. It is like all American cemeteries of to-day, with its frequent soldiers' monuments. But it differs from all others in its sleepy, dreamy appearance, and the beautiful ravines which run through it, conveying brooks with subdued murmurings to the river, and affording opportunities for nestling aeries, from which those who come to rest awhile with the dead may look out on one side over the peaceful river, and on the other toward the beautiful grounds.

In the older part of the cemetery, at the foot of a terrace, is the grave of Joseph C. Neal, the author of the celebrated "Charcoal Sketches," and one of the most brilliant and frequent contributors to the press of Philadelphia. The place is marked by a cross, erected by his friends, as the inscription states. At its foot is a rockery, covered with creeping vines.



ON THE WISSAHICKON DRIVE.



TOMB OF NEAL, LAUREL HILL.

Within the radius of a stone-throw or two from this spot is a rare gathering of illustrious dead. Here lie Gen. Hugh Mercer, of glorious revolutionary memory, who fell in the battle of Princeton, fighting for "the sacred cause of Human Liberty and American Independence;" Ferdinand Rudolph Hassler, of Switzerland, "Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, and Superintendent of the Standards of Weights and Measures," both great national works, and from their origin intrusted and conducted by him with distinguished reputation and success;" Professor Morton, physician, naturalist, and ethnologist, President of the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia, and author of standard scientific works; William Short, "who received from President Washington, with the unanimous approval of the Senate, the first appointment to public office conferred under the Constitution of the United States, and from President Jefferson proofs of similar confidence;" Richard Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and subsequently of the United States, Minister to the Court of St. James, Secretary of the United States Treasury, and Minister to France; Commodore Isaac Hull, whose tomb bears the insignia of his rank and the



A HEMLOCK GLEN ON THE WISSAHICKON.

badges of his profession, with only the quiet inscription, "In affectionate devotion to the private virtues of Isaac Hull his widow has erected this monument;" Thomas McKean, signer of the Declaration of Independence, President of Congress in 1781, and Chief Justice and Governor of the State of Pennsylvania; and Charles Thomson, first and long the confidental secretary of the Continental Congress. Down toward the steep river-bank, through the briery undergrowth, and pushing aside the close untrimmed woods, the visitor will find the sombre tomb of Kane, the Arctic explorer. Not even a name designates the vault, which is almost forbidding in its simplicity.

Above Laurel Hill is the Falls Bridge across the Schuylkill, and a short distance beyond, on the river-bank, is the pretty village of the Falls of the Schuylkill. It is the pleasant place of residence of many gentlemen who do business in the city, and a popular resort for driving and boating parties from Philadelphia, who come here to the "cat-fish and coffee" suppers which are delightfully served at the plain hotels of the village and in the valley of the Wissahickon. The "Falls" of the Schuylkill, however, are a myth, since the dam has covered them with water. Here and there an eddy is formed by the water hurrying around a few intruding rocks which disturb its serenity. But beyond this there is no likeness to falls, or even rapids.

The Falls of the Schuylkill, like everything else in the park, as the reader will believe by this time, are also celebrated in history. The annals of the ante-Revolutionary times tell us that at an early era in the eighteenth century an association called the "Society of Fort St. David," having on its list a large and respectable number of the nobility of those days, was established in this vicinity. Many of the founders of the society were Welshmen, and some were of the Society of Friends, companions of William Penn, and co-emigrants to the New World. On an elevated and extensive rock contiguous to the eastern bank of the river, and projecting into the rapids that existed at that time, rose the primitive but convenient and strong structure of hewn timber cut from the opposite forest. It was capacious enough for the accommodation of the numerous garrison, who were then "more celebrated for their deeds of gastronomy than of arms." The building was seventy feet long and twenty feet wide, and had fourteen ascending steps in front. The sides, which consisted entirely of folding or movable



BRIDGE OVER THE WISSAHICKON AT VALLEY GREEN.



THE ANIMALS AND OLD LOG CABIN.

doors and windows, were borne off by the Hessians for their huts in 1777–8, and the place was so changed and injured that it was never used for its former purposes, after the Revolution. In its early days it was a semi-political as well as social club, and many prominent men of the times were honored by being admitted to its membership. Its officers, who were commissioned with much form and carried high titles, ruled with supreme sway, and were, in all matters of state, implicitly obeyed. The annals of the official book give an account on the sixteenth of April, 1768, of the election to the "Colony of the Schuylkill" of a man who needed not this mark of distinction to cause him to be remembered, and yet was complimented by it. We read: "John Dickenson, Esq., the friend of Liberty, the second Pitt, and the author of the Farmer's Letters, for his patriotic productions in behalf of the rights, liberties, and privileges of the present as well as the rising and future generations in America, is hereby admitted one of our members, for good services done by him to the interests of the British Plantations in America," etc.

Although the lodge at the Falls had been so much injured during the Revolution as to be untenable, the members, as many of them as could be assembled, and with accessions of loyal spirits, reorganized after the war, and for some years continued the practice of annually resorting to the neighborhood to fish and recreate.

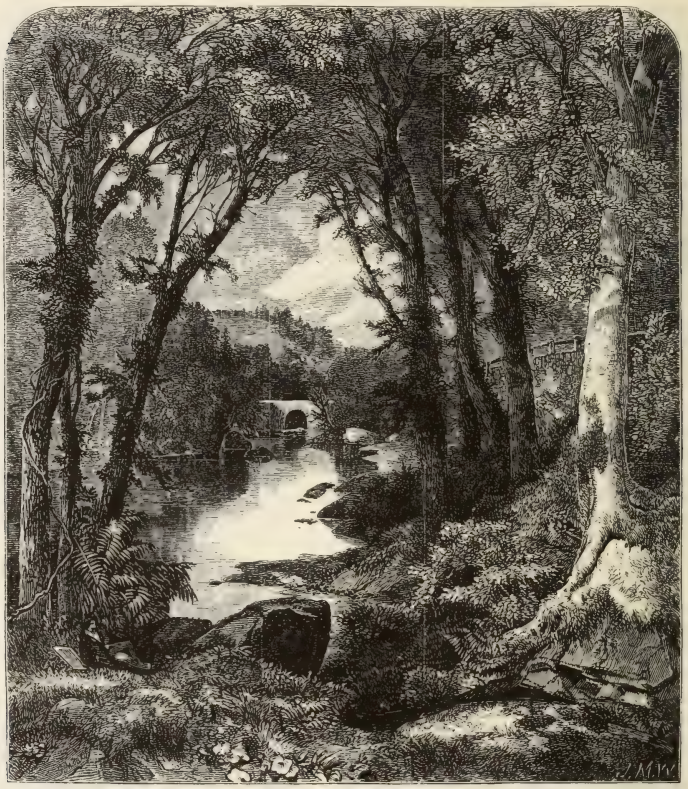
During this time a reception was given with much formality to General Lafayette. A grand banquet was spread and festivities of various kinds were introduced in honor of the French General and the hero of Revolutionary battles. It is related of the affair that when the mirth was at its height the distinguished guest insisted upon being provided with towels and an apron, in order that, with the celebrated men around him, he might perform his share of the domestic and culinary duties.

Over the river, above the Falls of the Schuylkill, is West Laurel Hill Cemetery, which is, topographically speaking, on the apex of the irregular triangle which the park boundaries form. From its summit wide sweeping views of the river above and below are presented, views so attractive that they have already tempted the pencils of several artists. A glimpse is given on the opposite shore of the Wissahickon at its confluence with the Schuylkill.

Fairmount Park, in addition to the extensive lands on the east and west banks of the river, embraces, as has before been suggested, the Wissahickon Creek for six miles from its mouth, and sufficient territory on both sides



BRIDGE OVER WISSAHICKON, NEAR MOUNT AIRY.



A GLIMPSE OF THE WISSAHICKON.

to make a grand drive. A road at present runs through the valley, and has been in use for many years by residents at Chestnut Hill, a collection of handsome country places near the source of the Wissahickon. Although merely a country road, it is the most attractive drive out of Philadelphia, on account of the magnificent scenery which it presents.

There are not many such streams as the Wissahickon, none perhaps in this country, and few in the world. For several miles it picks its way daintily between two rows of high hills, down to the river, bending first one way and then another; now darting straight forward, and again lying still and quiet as if devising new mischief. Sometimes it is only a noisy brook running over pebbly bottoms, and anon a flashing cascade leaping from rock to rock with shouting noise. Then it widens out into a sober river which flows into a peaceful lake, so quiet that down in its depths the trees that meet above it are reflected with every delicate outline of foliage. After playing lake for a while, and when it can keep quiet no longer, it is off with a leap over some rustic dam, to repeat its waywardness all along its course to the Schuylkill. It is enclosed all the way by high hills whose bases

creep down to the very water's edge, and whose summits are crowned with lofty peaks and craggy rocks which bristle against the sky. On their sides are—

> Majestic woods of every vigorous green,
> Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
> And to the far horizon wide diffused
> A boundless deep immensity of shade.

So close do the embracing hills come, as if to guard their precious charge, that it has been necessary to cut the road into their sides, and all day long it is shaded by their frowning heads. Here and there are projecting boulders, bare and destitute of any living thing. Near by is a quiet nook, carpeted with soft mosses and odorous with the fragrance of wild-flowers and ferns.

Romancers have woven the queer legends of the Wissahickon, which date back a couple of centuries, into interesting tales that are still read with avidity. The artists of to-day, like those of the last generation, have made its haunts their out-door studios. Many of its phases have been transferred to canvas; and others, where ruins of old mills and picturesque, odd-fashioned bridges relieve the landscape, afford studies of rare beauty.

Through the valley at frequent intervals are hotels, which, until last fall, were the resort of picnic parties and pleasure-seekers. The proprietors of them had procured wild animals and tamed them to exhibit to their guests.



PRO BONO PUBLICO.



THE [redacted] POOL.

One enterprising tavern-keeper added to his collection a cage of monkeys, which entertained at all hours with their antics a group of amused spectators.

One of the most picturesque places in the valley of the Wissahickon is where Creasheim's creek runs into the larger stream. Here a pool, dark and deep, lurks under a huge overhanging rock. It is called the Devil's Pool, and the glen which surrounds it is a highly-prized resort for picnic parties, on account of its beauty and retirement.

Along the road drinking fountains have been erected, through which the pure water from the springs is conducted. They are plain but still beautiful, and are so situated as to add an addititional attraction to the surrounding scenery. These bear, as do the others erected elsewhere by the city authorities, the inscription *Pro bono publico; esto perpetua*, indicating the design and desire of their founders.

Farther on up the stream is the old bridge over the Wissahickon near Valley Green, and



THE WISSAHICKON AT CHESTNUT HILL.

above it still is Indian Rock, where it is said a chieftain used to bring his people for councils of war and to give them instruction. Away on above these the stream grows smaller, and the hills, relieved of their duty of guarding it, surrender their charge to the open meadows and gentle banks, which make up a landscape of rare beauty near Chestnut Hill.

Other cities by the expenditure of money may obtain beautiful plots of ground, laid out with scientific precision and adorned with the elegance of art, but only one park can have the Wissahickon.

We have sketched the Fairmount Park as it now appears to the eye. It is but begun. The Commissioners have been but about two years at work upon it; some time having necessarily been consumed in acquiring the titles to the land—a work still in progress. Every year hereafter will present some new improvement and development. But let it be remembered by their successors, that art here is never to be carried to such elaborate refinement as to impair nature's own rare and picturesque handiwork.

KINGS OF THE AIR.

An ancient story runs, that the birds once met to choose a monarch: whoever soared the highest was to reign over them. "Up sprang all the birds into the air, but highest of all rose the eagle, who, after mounting until his wearied wings could beat no more, proclaimed himself the sovereign of the birds. But, all unperceived, the little wren had been quietly perching between his shoulders, and as soon as the eagle ceased to mount, he rose on tiny pinion far above the wearied eagle, and twittered forth the victory of wit and intellect over bulk and physical strength."

So the wren became the "king of all the birds," and in some respects he is indeed a most princely fellow: he is, at any rate, pre-eminent for briskness, independence, and, it must be confessed, audacity; but his good qualities are so many and so decided that we may well forgive him. The wren is a noonday warbler, and, with the bobolink, the cat-bird, and a few others, enlivens the otherwise silent hours of the summer noon; the wren is a most devoted parent too; its house is a hollow sphere, softly lined with moss and down; and, finally, many destructive insects become the food of itself and its family.

Titles of royalty have been given by man to many other denizens of the air, and for very various reasons. One of these is the king-bird, or tyrant fly-catcher, which displays a flame-colored crest when it raises the feathers upon the top of its head, and which in the breeding-season becomes so bold as to attack and drive away from the neighborhood of its nest, not only hawks and crows, but even eagles: for it is to these larger birds like a fly to an ox, or a swift little gunboat to a great man-of-war.

The kingfishers may have been so named from a certain lofty and abstracted air which they assume while engaged in the really humble occupation of looking out for their own dinners. Many of them have also quite brilliant plumage; but the king-bird of Paradise, which the natives of New Guinea believe holds sway over all Paradise birds, comes rightly by its title, if grace and beauty are attributes of royalty.

But our interest in these little bird princes must not cause us to forget that the great eagle is still, in some respects, a most royal bird. In size he is surpassed by few, in majesty of as-



THE WREN.



EAGLE CARRYING OFF A CHILD, IN THE ALPS.

pect by none; but, as with some monarchs of the earth, these royal attributes are disfigured by tyranny and unprovoked aggression.

The white-headed eagle of America despoils the fish-hawk of its hardly-earned prey, and is known to be guilty of various acts of questionable character; and we ought perhaps to hope that in the happy time when might shall no longer make right, and when law shall not depend on war, some other creature shall be chosen as our national emblem, and eagles be left to lead those people

who, like ancient Rome and some more modern states, move only to pursue and embrace only to devour.

The illustration depicts a terrible event which occurred more than thirty years ago; a similar tragedy was enacted in Missouri in 1868; and now in the present year (1870) a large eagle, which, by a rope upon its leg, appeared to have escaped from some cage, is said to have fastened its beak and talons into the body of a boy of fifteen, and was beaten to death before it would loosen its hold.

But with all his faults the eagle is in general free from one odious habit: he rarely feeds upon carrion, as do all of his near relations the condors and vultures; these form the unclean division of the birds of prey, and although they will sometimes attack living creatures, seem to prefer flesh in which a very decided *fumet* has been developed.

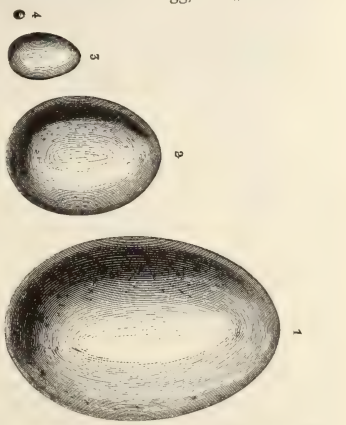
The condor of the Andes is a king of the air by virtue of both its size and the height to which it soars, although these matters have been sometimes overstated. According to Professor Orton it seldom, if ever, exceeds twelve feet in the utmost spread of its wings, so that the tales of Marco Polo and other early travellers, as to its power to raise an elephant from the earth, and that a single quill was twenty paces long, must be taken as exaggerations of men who were of course deeply impressed with the novelty of what they, perhaps, were the first to see, and who then yielded to a natural temptation to astonish others. Professor Orton states that the condor's usual habitation is between the altitudes of 10,000 and 16,000 feet above the sea; he saw them sailing at least 1,000 feet above the crater of Pinchincha, and Humboldt saw one fly over Chimborazo.

But as gormandizers, these hyenas of the air can hardly be excelled; a calf, a sheep, and dog served a condor of moderate size for a single week; and it is well known that they will so stuff themselves as to be unable to fly until some part of the filthy meal has been disgorged.

Even among these carrion birds, however, royalty still exists; and as the jackals and hyenas wait upon the lion, so do the common Vultures stand aloof while the king Vulture (Sarcoramphus Papa) appeases its royal appetite. Why this is so it is not easy to understand, for the Papa, although a handsome bird, is little larger than a goose; yet the repeated assertions of the natives is confirmed by the accurate Waterston, and we must admit that this is for the present one of the many mysteries of nature.

It is true, that many "kings of the air" are also giants in size and strength; but it by no means follows that all feathered giants can excel in flight. On the contrary, we find that as the whales, the largest of the mammals, inhabit the *sea*, so among the birds, which are as a class aërial vertebrates, the most gigantic cannot fly at all. Such are the ostrich, the Cassowary, the Rhea or American Ostrich, and the Apteryx; and New Zealand and Madagascar are now yearly furnishing collections of the fossil bones of unquestionable birds, the largest of which (Dinornis giganteus) was at least ten feet in height; other and smaller species ranged from four feet upward; and many naturalists believe that the Epyornis of Madagascar surveyed the land, of which it was probably the feathered monarch, from the imposing height of eighteen feet.

This estimate, however, is chiefly based upon the size of its egg, of which several



COMPARATIVE SIZES OF EGG OF EPYORNIS (1), OSTRICH (2), HEN (3), HUMMING-BIRD (4).



NEST OF THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

more or less perfect specimens have been found, measuring more than twelve inches in length and nine in width. The illustration presents its size as compared with other eggs; but it must be remembered that the egg is by no means an absolute index of the parent; the cuckoo, for instance, lays a disproportionately small egg, since it has to be hatched by a smaller bird in whose nest it is deposited; while the Apteryx, a nearly wingless bird of New Zealand, produces an egg whose weight equals nearly one-fourth of her own. This is thought to be in order that before it is hatched the young Apteryx may become large enough to escape the dangers which would especially threaten a bird incapable of flight; and as the Dinornis, and probably also the Epyornis, were absolutely without a trace of wings, the same may have been the case with them, and their huge eggs may therefore be unreliable guides to their own size. Indeed, the latest writers—Milne-Edwards and Grandidier—are of the opinion that the Epyornis was not much taller than an ostrich—say six or seven feet; but the size and texture of its bones indicate that it was, nevertheless, "the stoutest, most massive, and most *elephantine*" of known birds.

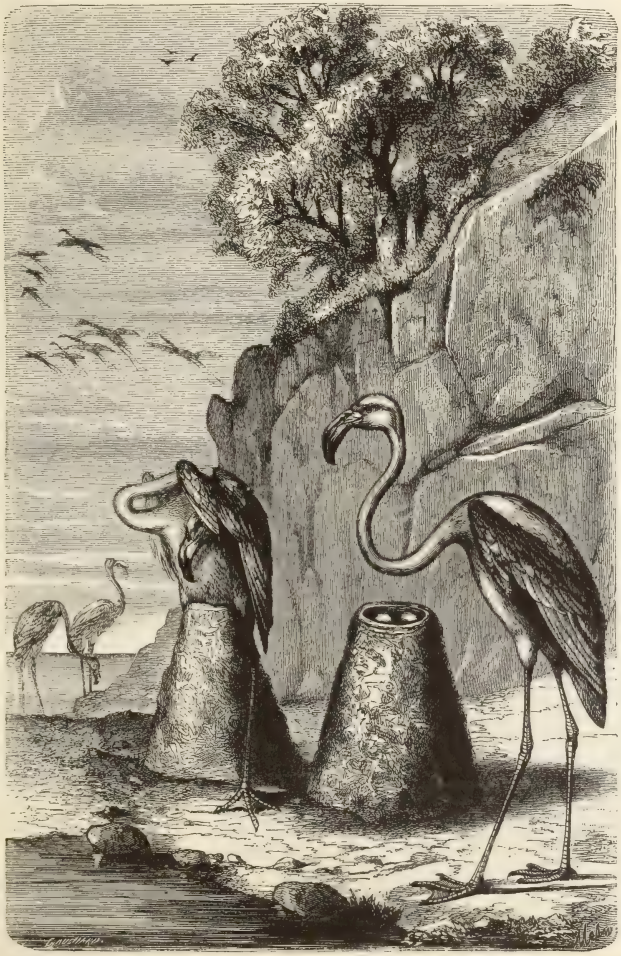
The shell of the egg is more than half an inch in thickness, and one naturally inquires by what means the enclosed chick was enabled to break forth from so thick-walled a prison. Perhaps, as happens with all birds of the present day, the shell became much thinner from the gradual absorption of lime for the embryo's bones; perhaps the young Epyornis was provided with a particularly large or sharp horny excrescence, which is formed upon the upper bill of birds about to be hatched, and which soon afterward falls off; or perhaps the mother aided its escape by a blow from her powerful leg; although this is hardly probable, since the large birds of the present day are rather careless parents, and there are reasons for believing that many of the Epyornis eggs had been abandoned.

But by some means the Moa chicks did certainly escape from their eggs in considerable numbers, for their remains are very abundant in certain localities, and it is thought that the natives hunted them for food.

Some specimens of the Epyornis were probably seen as late as 1658; but their inability to fly, and their conspicuous appearance, mus

have rendered them an easy prey to the hunters, so that they seem to have become extinct during the seventeenth century. The three species of Apteryx have survived longer, perhaps because their smaller size enabled them to hide themselves. But the great Dodo of Mauritius, a clumsy bird, which was seen by travellers of the seventeenth century, has now wholly disappeared.

As has been already stated, the Moas had no wings; but their legs compensated them in some measure. A figure of the Dinornis gi-



NESTS OF THE RED FLAMINGO.

ganteus, upon page 249 of the work from which these illustrations were taken,* indicates their prodigious size, even as compared with that of the bird itself. Such limbs were used for rapid and steady walking and running, and not at all like those of the Flamingo and other wading-birds, for slow and circumspect peregrinations through the reedy marshes in search of frogs and other delicate food. There is a great contrast, too, between the neck of the Moa or the Ostrich and that of the Flamingo; both are very long, as is required by the length of the legs; but that of the former is straight and thick, and unfitted for very rapid movement, while that of the latter is thin, many-jointed, and curved, ready to dart like a serpent upon its agile prey.

Very different from the tall nests of the Flamingo, upon which the parent sits "like a man upon a mile-stone," is the swinging hammock of the Oriole and its larger tropical allies. Some of these Troopials construct hanging nests of two yards in length, and attached to slender twigs, in order that the meddlesome monkeys may not succeed in reaching them.

From a nest in the air to a burrow underground is a long step; yet the inhabitants of both are birds. But whereas the Oriole makes its own bower with great skill, and even, it is said, after some preliminary practice, there are doubts whether the Coquimbo, or Burrowing-owl of South America, and beyond the Rocky Mountains, takes any part whatever in the construction of its domicile: at least, whatever may be its powers of claws and bill, it seems to prefer availing itself of the labors of another creature, the marmot, or prairie-dog. There are even reports that this unbidden guest is wont to assume another prerogative of royalty, and to utterly consume the substance of its host; but its stomach generally contains only remains of insects, and we may hope that this little owl, which neither shuns the light, as do its kindred, nor makes a nest above ground, may also be so capable of gratitude as to resist the attractions of tender little prairie-dogs.

Already we have seen that the nests of some birds rest upon the earth; some are raised above it, or even hung high in a tree; some again are

* The Universe. By F. A. Pouchet. 2d edition. Scribner & Co., New York.



NEST OF THE BURROWING-OWL.



FLOATING NESTS OF THE LITTLE GREBE.

placed beneath the earth; there remains but a single location more, the water, and as if to fulfill all possible conditions, we find that one of the Grebe family actually constructs its nest upon the surface of the water, lays her eggs therein, and gently floats or vigorously propels her tiny craft with its precious freight of eggs or young birds.

So far as I am aware, no American species of Colymbus has this curious habit, which was

first described by M. Nourry, the director of the Natural History Museum at Elbœuf, in France.

Strangely enough, the swimming and diving birds (Natatores), which include not only our little Grebe, but also heavy-bodied and slow-flying Geese, and the almost wingless and seal-like Penguin, also comprise some very large and powerful species, whose lofty and sustained flight entitles them to rank among the kings of the air. Such are the Albatross and the Frigate-bird, whose astonishing powers of aërial locomotion depend upon the great size of the pectoral muscles, which form nearly one-fourth of the whole body. Resting upon the sea, the Albatross can only rise into the air by running and flapping along the surface for many yards, until at last, having got sufficient impetus, the legs are tucked up out of the way, and the great wings, now enabled to gain full sweep, bear it with ease for hundreds of miles. It then becomes, in truth, a king of the air.

But are there no queens of the air? Truth compels us to admit that among the feathered tribes the royal consorts are generally less brilliant in song and plumage; striking instances of this difference between the sexes are the common fowl and the Peacock.

The male bird is not always the larger, but he is almost invariably the handsomer, and his song is more melodious. This seems not only unnatural, but unfair; but the birds themselves seem to find no fault with their natures; for the sober colors of the female are less conspicuous to the creatures that might rob her nest, and then what satisfaction she must take in the good looks and prowess of her mate! His brightest plumage is sunned in her admiring sight; his sweetest song is sung to her praise; why may we not then believe that the quiet, homely little body, sitting upon her eggs, and apparently absorbed in their requirements, is, nevertheless, pondering deeply upon important affairs, and evolving from her breast the thoughts that shall stimulate her gallant mate to action. If not in the throne, she is the power behind it; and she is, no doubt, quite content to be the queen of a king of the air.

THE GOBLIN OF THE ICE,—OR CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH POLE.

A LEGEND OF AN ISLAND IN THE ARCTIC SEA THAT WAS ASTRAY AND HAD BEEN STOLEN.

I.

A HUNDRED leagues north of the Arctic circle, there is an island that has no business there. At least the legend tells us that it was taken there by a famous Goblin, who ambitiously desired a private residence. Further than this we have very little accurate information. It is hardly to be expected, however, that we can have much accurate information about goblins in any case; and, between you and me, the less we have perhaps the better. Yet, about this particular Goblin there is no harm in knowing what the legend tells us, nor in believing it. If there is anything I believe in, it is what everybody else believes in; and since everybody else believes in this legend, I believe in it, certainly; and since the hero of the legend is a goblin, I must, to be consistent, believe in goblins generally. At least, if doubt should cross my mind at any time, it never would in the Christmas time.

This is my position with respect to the Goblin, and I take it fearlessly, defying contradiction: I believe he found the island in the South, where he was looking for it; I believe he kicked it with his foot to loosen it, and thereby made a deep mark in the side of it, which they call a fiord; I believe he rove a rope in the end of it, and towed it north in the night-time, and before the break of day had made it fast just where it is—a hundred leagues north of the Arctic circle, in the chilly Arctic Sea.

Still, I would not believe a word of this (nor would you) did not the legend so particularly mention it; for it seems incredible that so large an island should be treated so, even by a goblin. The island is more than a

hundred miles long, north and south; quite fifty miles wide, east and west; is one mile high at its highest point, and more than half a mile in at least a dozen places. There never was another island like it, as I believe. It has more tall cliffs, dark caves, deep gorges, roaring rapids, and wonderful waterfalls than anybody would give it credit for, even were they every one mentioned in the minutest manner. But, more than all, the island is covered over with a great white sheet of ice and snow, that is in places hundreds of feet in thickness, from which streams of the same material come pouring or sliding down into the valleys, filling all but one of them almost completely. These streams, or glaciers as they are called, and the icy sea from which they spring, are all (we have the legend for it) the Goblin's work. He could not bear the peace and quiet that he found there; for he loved the cold, he loved the howling winds, and he held high revel in the darkness. He found the island clothed with verdure; happy birds were singing in the trees; butterflies were sipping honey from the flowers, and the island was very beautiful; seeing which he threw abroad a withering frost. He dropped the snows, and holding them from year to year he formed them into ice, until the island was covered with his chilly handiwork.

He fixed his throne on Linmark's fjeld, the loftiest mountain peak. Between the foot of this and another mountain peak there was a valley that annoyed him greatly. This was the valley already mentioned, into which the streams of ice had not descended. It was the only part of the island that he could not master. He sent the glaciers down, but they would not stay. They melted and ran into the sea, the various streams united forming Rothe River. In the winter-time he had his way to some extent, for the snows he dropped lay in the valley; but no ice would ever stay there, and his breath would scarcely ever reach it, and even then but lightly. When the summer came the snows *would* disappear, and the valley *would* grow green, in spite of him. The flowers bloomed and threw abroad their fragrance; the little trees put forth their foliage; the sparrows came and chirruped among their branches; the butterflies were gay and thoughtless, and the bees were gathering honey all the day.

So the Goblin could not altogether do away with the island's southern character. The valley bid defiance to his skill and power, but he watched it closely; and while he watched, some human beings came to live there.

They were Danes; and despite the efforts that the Goblin made to thin them off, they lived in peace and happiness for many and many a year. They built a little village, and prospered in their quiet way. Game was abundant in the valley, and fish were plenty in the sea; while as for clothing, bread and wine, and other necessary comforts and conveniences, they had them as they wished, once a year, by ship from Denmark.

In course of time there came to visit them a young man from Copenhagen, who was a student, and a famous traveller. He was about thirty years of age, and his appearance altogether was attractive. His hair was light; his complexion fair, though weather-beaten; his features regular, and his figure graceful. You would at sight like everything about him but his eye, which was a most decided gray; and an eye of that description you never like unless you have to; for you fancy, without exactly knowing why, that its owner is not a man you would care to pin your faith to.

As the ship which bore him approached the island, a furious storm came sweeping down upon her. "See here," said the captain of the ship, "Paul Peverell, the Goblin's after you;" and the captain buttoned up his coat and looked uneasy.

Paul asked, "What goblin?"

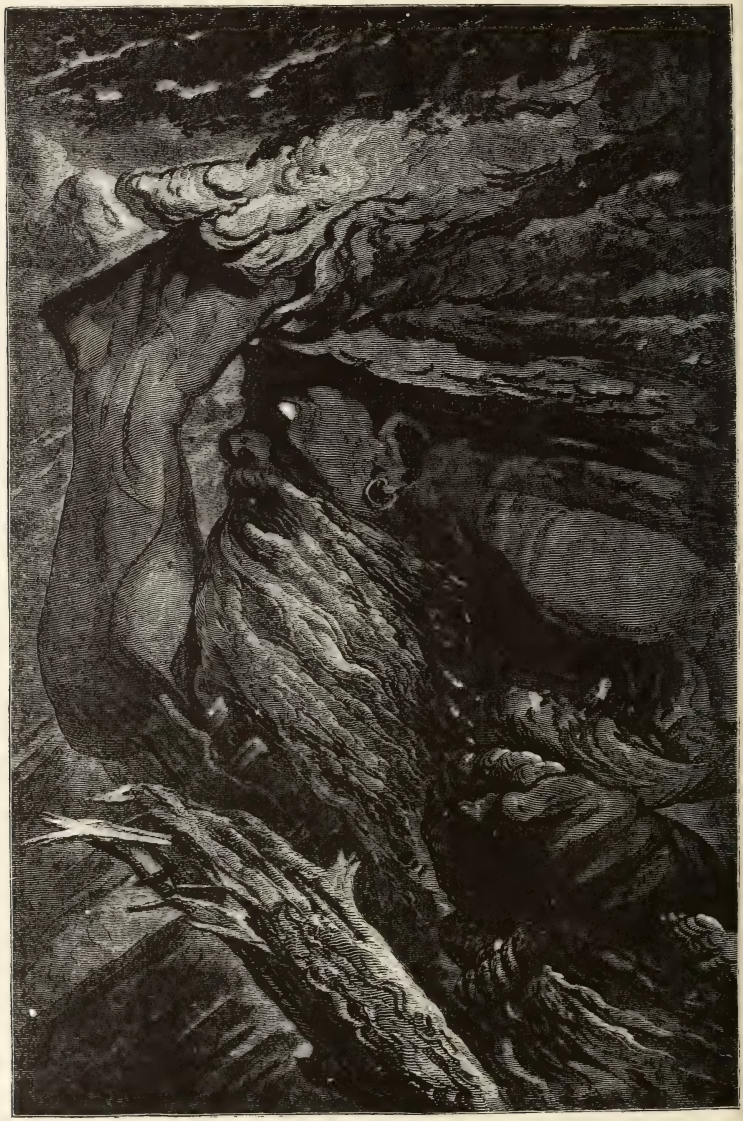
"The Goblin of the Ice, up there on Linmark's fjeld," replied the captain.

"So that tall mountain is the Linmark's fjeld, and in those driving clouds which seem to link the mountain with the sky is where the Goblin lives; eh, captain?"

"Such is the legend, Paul."

"What does he do?" asked Paul, his eye fixed on the mountain-top.

The captain looked aloft, at the same time pointing with his finger; and it must have been a skeptical man indeed who could have doubted that the Goblin had sent a chilly storm away upon the sea to catch the ship,



HE TOWED IT NORTH IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

and was even then weaving a web of crystals about her, stiffening every rope and sail. But Paul *was* skeptical.

As the people on the ship looked on the mountain, they were confident they saw something like a human face of vast proportions fashioned in the clouds of drifting snow. Paul laughed at them.

The storm, though violent, was not of long duration, and did no serious damage to the ship or crew, further than to make them uncomfortable. They reached their port, after some delay, to the great joy of the villagers, and Paul went at once ashore, never thinking of goblins, but only of the purpose that had fetched him there. That purpose he had not mentioned to the captain, nor to anybody. He had come to see and climb that very Linmark's fjeld of which the captain spoke, and of which he had heard strange stories from his boyhood. And why should he not? Had he not climbed the great Hartz Mountains, where the Wilde Jäger winds his horn and hunts with his spectral pack? In the forest of Fontainebleau had he not listened for St. Herbert without hearing him? And had he not met with many strange adventures in many places? Now his ambition would be filled. Here, according to a legend as well established as any German legend ever was, dwelt the very spirit of the cold, whose substance was the ice and snow; his breath the wintry storms; the friend of night; the enemy of the cheerful fireside; whose powers extended to the human heart, which he could chill to the very fibres that send the warm blood rushing through the joyous body; whose ambition reached throughout the world, and was insatiable.

Paul Peverell would explore the island; he would climb the mountain; and in another book (he had written many) he would describe what he had seen for the benefit of science, and explode another fiction for the service of mankind in general.

II.

Paul made his way immediately to the Governor's house, tapped briskly at the door, which in a moment was opened by a neat and lively person, whom he mistook for a boy, but who proved to be a girl; and in truth she was dressed so strangely that she might have been mistaken for a boy without offence. She wore boots that reached above the knees (white and very dainty), made of skins that had been well tanned, and then bleached in the winter air. She was not encased in crinoline and skirts, but wore pantaloons of mottled seal-skins, ornamented tastefully with cunning needlework. Her body was covered with a jacket of bright cloth, lined inside with fawn skins, and trimmed around the neck and wrists and lower edge with fur and some ornaments of beads. Her hair was black as the raven's feathers, and her eyes were blue as the sky when breaking through the summer cloud. Her complexion was a rich brunette; and as for teeth, they were so pure and perfect that pearls and ivory would be nowhere in comparison; and they showed so finely when she exclaimed "I ain't a boy!"

Paul would have made apology for his blunder, but she gave him no time. "My name," she said, "is Tabita; please tell me yours."

Of course Paul told her. Then she said she would inform the Governor, and conducted him at once into the house. From the vestibule he passed into a well-furnished billiard-room, which made Paul fairly stare to see so great a luxury *there*. Then he passed into a comfortable dining-room, where pictures of fruits and flowers were hanging on the wall, and from that into a parlor which quite astonished him. In fact, Paul had never ceased to be astonished from the moment he first came in sight of Linmark's fjeld—astonished at the scenery that was so grand; at the town that looked so quaint and satisfied; at the girl who appeared so like a boy; and now, more than all, at the interior of the house where the girl was leading him. It was so fresh and cozy. The parlor was as neatly furnished as a parlor need be anywhere. Books were strewn around in great profusion; an open piano, with great quantities of music piled upon it, stood in one corner; a guitar was in another; and in the windows, partly hidden behind curtains of spotless whiteness, were sweet flowers that sent their perfume through the room.

He had scarcely time, however, to look about him before the door opened and a lady entered. She was young and graceful, and her face, though dark for a Danish girl, was fresh and lovely. She introduced herself at once as Annie Vardsen, the Governor's daughter.

As unprepared as Paul had been to find so cheerful a house there, he was still less prepared to meet such a lady to grace it. Another lady came in soon afterward, to add to his surprise, with a little baby on her arm, and a cheery smile of welcome on her face. Her husband, the Governor, would be in directly. The baby, meanwhile, was introduced as Elizabeth, and Paul caressed it as in duty, if not in pleasure, bound. Then, while the baby was passing round, Tabita brought in some wine and lunch upon a tray, and, while engaged with these, the Governor, a genial and intelligent man of middle age, joined the group. Then Paul had a great budget of news to unfold from the great world on the other side of the Arctic circle, of which they heard so rarely. The recital not being ended when the dinner hour arrived, he stayed to dinner. Supper found him still occupied in the same way, and he spent the evening, during which, what with his own talking, Annie Vardsen's music, a game of billiards, and some refreshments such as Danes (who are perfection in hospitality) never fail to have, he enjoyed himself as much as he was capable of enjoying anything in a social way. When at length he went on board his ship, it was near the middle of the night; yet the sun was still shining, and a glorious purple hue was on the hills, while their shadow rested coldly on the village, which seemed to be as quiet as if the midnight sun was not shining and the air had been dark.

Paul found himself so agreeably entertained at the Governor's house after his wearisome voyage, that he passed the following day there. He had many hours' conversation with the Governor's daughter; sometimes they were together quite alone. She sung and played for him, and, for the time (strange thing for Paul), he forgot all about the Linmark's fjeld. She had not always lived, she said, beneath the shadow of that cruel mountain, for her father had sent her home four years to be educated.



IN THE GOBLIN'S STORM.

They were getting on famously together when the door was opened and another lady entered, whom Annie Vardsen introduced, saying to Paul, "We are old schoolmates, and the dearest friends. She is a niece of Chief Factor Lansen, and has come to spend a year or so with her relations; but more than all to see me. Eh, Ida?"

The lady bowed very stiffly to Paul, and almost turned her back upon him, to Annie's great embarrassment. He bowed stiffly in return, and soon afterward went away.

If a ghost had risen from the ground, or the Goblin of the Ice in all his glory had stood forth on Linmark's field, Paul could not have been more surprised than he was when Ida Lansen came into the room; for he knew her well, and the recognition was therefore mutual. He could not help wondering, as he went down to the beach (to pick up shells), how she ever came to cross his path in that distant quarter of the world. In a few hours he returned; but by this time Ida Lansen was the last person in his thoughts. Annie Vardsen met him pleasantly as before, and was much delighted when Paul explained the different characters of the shells he brought, and told their names.

As soon as she found an opportunity she said, in explanation of the conduct of her friend: "Ida is very diffident; you must excuse her."

"Oh, certainly," said Paul.

"She had heard that you had come in the ship, but she did not know you were here."

"Oh, certainly," said Paul again. "A very pretty girl is Miss Lansen." And he went on with his shells, while Annie Vardsen listened, and was happy while he talked. Why, it would perhaps have puzzled her to tell. Was it because she so rarely saw a visitor? or was it because the visitor was learned and famous? or because he was tall, good-looking, and intelligent? It might have been; but certainly it was not because Paul manifested any special admiration for her more than courtesy required.

Did he feel none? Ah! who can tell? His cold gray eyes were speechless, and his manner to her, as to everybody else, was formal, and as hard as the very ice on Linmark's fjeld.

At times Miss Vardsen even thought he seemed unconscious of her presence. Yet he did not leave, notwithstanding his apparent indifference, but spent another evening in the Governor's house, where, besides the family and Tabita, were the captain of the ship, the priest, the factor with his wife, and Fred their son, and Ida Lansen their niece, which young lady managed to pass the evening without speaking to Paul a word that she could possibly avoid; a circumstance which did not, however, seem to disturb him, for he was not more cold and formal to her than to the rest of the company. Ida sang and Annie played, and while the hours of this strange, sunlit night were passing, Paul found himself wondering if all was real;—away up here among the polar frosts, where for a space of fifty days in winter the glorious sun is never seen—to find this happiness, contentment, and this quiet comfort that he saw. He wondered if a loud laugh would not blow it all away, and wake him from a dream. The loud laugh came, but the scene remained, and the laugh was only at his wonder.

"Could not people be happy anywhere, and comfortable besides?" asked everybody when Paul's surprise was fully understood.

"O yes, of course," said he. "I see all that; but I would not have believed it, otherwise."

Tabita smiled (a timid little smile it was) and said, "I'll tell you why we are happy here. It is because we are protected by a Spirit."

"Oh! that is it," replied Paul, smiling quite incredulously. "Then you believe in spirits, Tabita?"

Yes, that she did, and so did everybody.

Paul appealed to all the ladies. They all agreed with quiet Tabita. And the Governor? He believed in what the ladies did, of course. And did they all believe in goblins? Certainly. The one on Linmark's fjeld, that he had heard so much about? Him above all others.

"What then, Tabita, do you call this good spirit that protects you?"

"The Spirit of the Valley," said the girl; "the spirit that keeps it green and warm, and lets no cold and cruel thing ever come to chill it, or to chill the hearts that are so happy here."

All of which was to Paul quite inexplicable. He had no faith whatever in goblins, imps, or fairy creatures of any sort. He believed, however, in Paul Peverell thoroughly; and, besides, he believed in rocks, because he could analyze them, and in flowers, because he could name and classify them, like boys at school—they never, of themselves, having the least discretion as to where they go. In this manner he loved Nature, and was very busy with her.

Later in the evening, after this conversation had ended, a youth came in whom the Governor introduced to Paul as Carl Lievely, "though better known as Lively Carl."

He was a good-looking, rather awkward, light-complexioned fellow, whom anybody could see with half an eye was in love with Tabita. The girl blushed when he stood beside her, for she knew that she was observed.

"Do go away," she said, with some impatience. "Don't you see they look at us."

No, Carl did not see it. He had no eyes for anything but Tabita, and he would not obey her. So she ran blushing from the room and left him vexed and ill at ease.

Paul took a liking to Tabita's favorite instantly. His frank, open face would please even a colder-mannered man than Paul (if one could possibly be found). It was a real Danish face, full of earnest impulse. Paul's



THE GALDRAKEN'S WARNING.

face was Danish too, in form and color, but there the resemblance ended; for you could not look into Paul's face and imagine for an instant that he ever had an impulse. It was very natural, however, that Carl should take an unbounded fancy to a man so different from himself as Paul, who spoke to him, after Tabita had gone, in a very kindly manner, as it seemed to Carl, considering they were perfect strangers to each other an hour before.

"You seem to be a general favorite here, Carl," said Paul, quite familiarly.

"Oh, thank you, sir," Carl stammered out.

"Have you been here long, if I may ask?"

"Not very long, for I am young, you see; but I was born here."

"Indeed! Then you are just the man I want to see. I came to make some explorations of this island, and I want a guide, or rather an intelligent companion that can help me."

Carl was greatly flattered, and with the Governor's leave, of course, he would go with him anywhere.

"Oh, is that all? I thought, perhaps, we would have to ask that pretty girl, whom everybody sees is in love with you." And, with this bright piece of news for Carl, he went to the Governor with the air of one who never expects to ask for anything without obtaining it. He came back presently and said it was all arranged, and the two took their leave together;—the one, after being flattered by some more questions concerning himself and the girl he loved, to go home and fret himself about Tabita's being cross with him; the other to go on board his ship and think over projects for the morrow. Of one thing more he thought—it was of Annie Vardsen; of Ida Lansen too, and he muttered to himself, "Well, she was cool enough! and I rather like her for it."

III.

TABITA was a wonderful girl, in the estimation of the people of the village. The only fault that anybody ever found with her was her well-known intimacy with a woman who lived apart from the other villagers. It was no great matter, to be sure, but there was something mysterious about the association which the gossips could not unravel.

Opinion was divided as to whether this woman was quite human, or rather, whether she was not something more than human. Some thought her a real witch, while all conceded that she could look into futurity, and foretell what was to happen. She was called by everybody "The Galdraken," meaning something more than "Seer"—one who accomplished everything by mysterious means, and who had such control of unseen things that it was never safe to have her enmity. Paul met her in the outskirts of the village early next morning when he came ashore to look up Lively Carl. She was dressed in a strange manner, in a costume much composed of fur, that was neither man's nor woman's. She appeared to be looking for him, as indeed she was, and when they had met she spoke to him in an inflated manner, pointing at the same time with her finger to the lofty mountain, which, though visible, was yet

partly enveloped in wreaths of drifting snow. These were her words:—

"On Linmark's fjeld the eye may see
The streaming hair of Ranamee:
Whoever meets with him in strife
Will miss his aim, or lose his life;
For thus the prophecy is read.
Wise men are warned! enough is said."

"Quite enough," Paul thought to himself, "unless the meaning were a little more clear, and the speech more to the purpose." Then he looked down from the mountain, which had particularly excited his curiosity on account of the wild condition of weather which seemed to be prevailing, and was about to address the strange being who accosted him, when he discovered that she was no longer there. Nor could he see her anywhere. Lively Carl coming up presently, he asked him concerning her: "Did you see that mumbling hag, Carl?"

Carl had seen her; but he spoke with much reserve, which still further mystified Paul.

"What is the Ranamee?" he asked.

"Oh, that," replied Carl, "is the evil spirit up there, that, they say, can freeze our hearts out. The Goblin of the Ice, they say he is. Tabita knows, and the Galdraken."

"The Galdraken! that is this old woman, eh?"

"That's her name, and she knows a heap more than you think she does," explained Carl. Then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said: "She knows what we are thinking about."

"Umph!" Paul muttered; "and that's the way she discovered that I would go on Linmark's fjeld, is it?" Then to Carl he said: "I've a mind to climb the mountain and have a look at this Goblin. Will you go with me?"

"I—I don't exactly know about that," replied Carl, eying Paul closely, and wondering whether he was really in earnest.

"Why, you're not afraid?" said Paul, with such a reproachful tone of voice that Carl's spirit was touched, and he answered promptly: "As for that, Mr. Peverell, I'm not more afraid than another man."

"The other man is me, and I am not afraid at all; so we will go at once, and this shall be your first service as my guide and fellow-traveler."

Lively Carl looked anything but lively then; but seeing that he was fairly in for it, he turned pale and blushed in turn, and then stammered out that "if Mr. Peverell was not afraid, certainly, of course, he was not; and he would go with Mr. Peverell if the devil himself were there."

"Good," said Paul; "then give me your hand upon it; and here are ten rix-bank dollars to bind the bargain in a business way."

The bargain concluded, Carl pleaded something to do, which would employ him only a short time, before he would be ready to start, and he rushed away to see Tabita, whom he found at home in a little house the Governor had built for her and her mother; and there never was a house more tidy. Its three rooms were none of them carpeted; but the floors were scoured so brightly, the pots and pans in her little kitchen had such a glitter on them, and the furniture had such a polish, that your eyes were set to blinking the moment you entered the door. There were some colored prints and photographs, simply framed,



"DON'T GO, DEAR CARL!"

hanging against the walls as prim and neat as possible; and altogether everything was so perfect in its way that you could no more help falling in love with Tabita's house than with Tabita herself.

Carl was very proud, as well he might be, that he could come there sometimes. He was never so glad, however, as when he found her, as in the present instance, sitting by the open window, sewing. His manner was not, however, so cordial as usual, and without any preliminary explanation he told her of his purpose to climb the Linmark's fjeld with Paul Peverell. If his intention was to pay her off in lover fashion for being severe with him, and for refusing him the word he wanted so much to hear, he succeeded perfectly. She grew pale at the announcement, for it filled her with alarm and dread. "Don't go, dear Carl!" she exclaimed, rather than requested.

Here was a confession for him! She had never called him dear Carl before; and it is much to be feared that the fellow was not so sorry for her alarm as he should have been. But when she said tenderly, and with a coaxing smile, "Dear Carl, don't go, please don't, but stay at home with me!" he was quite overpowered.

With her! O happiness! He was rapturous with joy, and about to say he would obey her wish, of course he would, when he remembered that he had passed his word to Paul, and then he turned pale at the answer he was forced to make. Oh, that promise! What *did* he make it for? But he had to speak at last. With Tabita's trembling hands on his, and with a voice trembling still more, he said: "Dear Tabita, I am very sorry. I did not think you would care about it so. I've promised, Tabita; and—why, don't you see I've promised; and—then, don't you see I must." Then he added, with more firmness, "You know the old Danish proverb, Tabita, 'A man and a word.' What would become of me if I broke my word?"

"But the Ranamee! the Ranamee!" exclaimed the anxious girl.

Carl, not altogether liking her apparent indifference to his honorable feeling, straightened himself to his loftiest height (it was not very great) and said: "Tabita, I fear the Ranamee and all the goblins less than the evil that would come to me with a broken word."

Tabita did not know about the "word," but she said she was afraid to have him go, and wondered that he was not afraid himself to go.

"Me afraid?" replied Carl, vehemently, "why, what should I be afraid of?" But seeing that he was alarming her more and more, he lowered his voice, and thrusting his head far through the window he continued: "Dear Tabita, I am not afraid of anything, unless it is that Tabita don't love her Lively Carl as much as Carl loves Tabita." Whereupon Tabita kissed her ardent lover on his weather-beaten cheek, and dropped a tear there while she did it. Then she said he "was a very foolish fellow for talking so."

"Indeed!" said Lively Carl quite astonished; "why, then, if foolishness is always so well rewarded, I'll be foolish all my life, and never ask for wisdom." And in return for her quick assault upon him, he kissed her fairly on the lips!

And so in presence of the dreaded Goblin, the terror of whose name had lifted up the flood-gates, and let their young affection freely flow, their mutual love was confessed and ratified. But still Carl could not stay, and the confession of Tabita proved useless for the end she wished to gain. Carl *must* go. He was very sorry, but he must. His word, his word! and he bowed his head and walked away, while Tabita, trembling with alarm, watched him going down the path, feeling desolate. But hope was not all lost. Tabita was brave, and she would save her lover yet.

While Lively Carl was thus employed, Paul thought, instead of waiting there for his guide he might as well drop in at the Governor's, and see Annie Vardsen, which he did accordingly. He found her alone, sitting at the piano, looking the very picture of health and lively spirits; but when Paul told her of his purpose the bright color vanished from her cheeks, and she said impulsively, "Don't go, I beg of you."

"Why not?" asked Paul, with excited curiosity.

"Because I am afraid to have you go," she answered, in the simple ardor of her feelings.

"Of what?"

"You've heard the legend of the Linmark, have you not?"

"Oh yes, some nonsense or other I have heard about it, but that is nothing."

"It is dangerous," she said.

"Oh, that is nothing either."

"For your sake, I would not have you go."

"For my sake! Oh that is less than nothing, for you cannot care for me."

The girl, who had said so much—too much, and yet too little—turned away her head to hide her own confusion, and then, feeling she must say something, repeated her former words: "Don't go, I beg of you."

"Don't go, dear Carl," Tabita was at that very moment saying to her lover!

IV.

LIKE all selfish and ambitious men, Paul Peverell was not easily turned from his purposes. He had come to climb the Linmark's fjeld, and he would do it. But when he got outside the Governor's house he found himself troubled (a rare circumstance to him) with a little irresolution. Finding Carl, he bade him go on to the valley; he would meet him there within an hour. The truth is, he had a mind just then to be alone. His head was full of Annie Vardsen, and the request she had made of him. He would collect his thoughts on the sandy beach, with the great rollers pounding at his feet, and set off at once.

He had not gone far before his resolution was formed. "I am a fool," he said, "to hesitate. I will go back to Annie Vardsen and see what effect it will have upon her if I tell her that I have given up my wild project because she asked me to." While saying this he was hastening to find Carl, that he might release him for the day.

How happy would Tabita have been had she known this change of plan! How happy, too, would Annie Vardsen have been, and poor Lively Carl! and how different this tale had been! But no one knew it save Paul himself, and least of all did Ida Lansen.

Paul had to mount a ledge of rocks, as the path led over it, and when he came near he saw to his surprise a lady moving along the crest above, and when she approached nearer she began to descend. He hastened forward to assist her; but she did not need help, and apparently did not desire it even in courtesy.

As she sprang from the last step Paul stood close beside her; but before he could speak she had thrown back her vail, and he was face to face with the lady who had treated him so coolly at the Governor's. Paul merely expressed surprise to see her.

"I would not be surprised," she answered, "to see Paul Peverell in any place except" (her breath was coming and going very rapidly with agitation and rapid walking), "except where he might think of others than himself. That *would* surprise me."

"Very likely," said Paul, quite unmoved. "But tell me, Miss Lansen, why you meet me in this strange wild place, for I cannot suppose this meeting is by accident."

"I came," she answered, "to plead with you for one whom your neglect has made unhappy,—your brother."

"Where is he now?" inquired Paul.

"At a village fifty miles from here, where he has come with the brave hope that by economy and toil he may be able to fulfill his wish."

"Which is to marry Ida Lansen?"

"It is: and I am proud to own that he loves me now as faithfully as ever."

"What can I do?"

"Be reconciled to him; give him his rights, and free him from his present poverty."

"He has no rights that I am interfering with," replied Paul, with great deliberation. "If I share my moderate fortune with him it is a bounty. I have educated him, and any part of the family inheritance which may go to him is conditional upon his obedience to my plans, which he has disregarded. I cannot see it otherwise, as I have told you once before."

"Then it is because you are blinded by your selfish disregard of every natural claim," exclaimed the girl, with growing warmth; "blinded by your insatiable ambition, and your cold indifference to everything but what promotes it." And the girl, so bold in coming there, so thoughtless, really, of herself, and yet so hopeful of a great happiness, began to

tremble, feeling how powerless she was, as this cold man fixed his hard gray eyes upon her and said, in answer to her reproachful words :—

"Miss Lansen, you who are so unselfish" (and here he smiled most cruelly) "know well the price that is to pay for what you ask, and you alone can pay it."

"Renounce him?"

"Yes."

"No, never!" was her firm, defiant answer. "Never will I renounce Jens, were he a hundred times your brother, and you wished it even a thousand times more than you do. Never until he tells me that you have made the heartless offer to him, and *he* has accepted it."

"You would do it then?"

"Yes, cold and cruel man, I would. But he will not, for he loves me. Poor though he is, and may be always, I will love him while I live." And now, with all her hopes quite crushed, and with the feeling that she could not speak another word without completely breaking down before the man whom she hated utterly, and with reason, she glided from beneath his cold gaze, and hastened down the path.

Paul watched her until she had passed out of sight, when he climbed the ledge of rocks and went his way; but, schooled in hardness and indifference though he was, he could not keep those words of Ida Lansen's from running through his mind, "Cold and cruel," and he seemed to hear them muttered in his ear. He would have said anywhere that it was the Galdraken speaking to him, but when he looked about he saw nobody.

"Why this is strange," he thought; "the place is surely haunted, or that Galdraken is a witch." Then he laughed to think he had even for a moment entertained the thought. Afterward he fell to thinking about his plans. "This meeting alters them. Ida no doubt has told Miss Vardsen what a heartless fellow I am; and now what a very dunce I would have been had I returned;" upon arriving at which conclusion he hastened on to find the Lively Carl, this time resolved to climb the Linmark's fjeld, as he had first intended.

Ida soon reached the Governor's house, with her indignation a little cooled; but still a flush of anger was on her cheek, and a flash was in her eye, as she sat beside the window in Annie Vardsen's room, looking very beautiful. Hers was a thorough Danish beauty—Danish in her golden hair, her light blue eyes, and fair complexion; Danish in her plump, fresh figure; and, as we have seen already, Danish in her sense of honor and her love of truth and constancy.

But if she was a perfect Danish girl she was yet a woman; and could not therefore keep a secret from a friend she loved. Why she had gone to meet Paul Peverell, what she said to him, why she had been cold to him when she first met him—all came out.

Poor Annie Vardsen! What was she to think of all this story that her friend was telling her? But still, if her heart owned to itself that it had been touched, it was not deep enough, perhaps, to make a wound. She laughed at Ida's earnestness. Then they were summoned down to lunch, and the Governor and Miss Vardsen heard just what was necessary they should know of Paul's affairs. They had a jest at Annie Vardsen's expense; for they one and all declared that Annie's heart was a little tender towards the handsome stranger. If Annie did not own to it with her tongue (indeed she indignantly denied that she cared for him at all), yet she blushed suspiciously.

But where was Tabita this while? She was in the valley seeking Carl, thinking that he and Paul had gone before, and were ahead of her. She was going to speak to Paul very plainly about taking her lover off on such hazardous adventures, little dreaming that two other girls were turning this cool, self-willed Paul first one way, then the other, undoing his plans for him. Not finding them, and being much alarmed for Carl, she thought of the Galdraken, and hurried to her for help.

V.

THE Galdraken lived some distance up the valley, very near the glacier which Paul and Carl were preparing to climb. From this glacier, as we have seen before, there comes a river which, tearing down over jagged rocks in grand rapids, and leaping from ledge to



TABITA AT THE WITCH'S HUT.

ledge, forms at last a noble fall. The rock about the fall is cut in all directions by deep and gloomy clefts, through which the water rushes. There are, therefore, many islands. On one of these the Galdraken had her residence.

Few people ever came to disturb her there in that wild haunt. Whatever the Galdraken might be or might not be, the villagers were generally content to leave her undisturbed, according to her own desire. They came there only to ask advice of her, or to be cured of some disease, bringing presents of fuel, food, and clothing, which they left upon the threshold.

Belief in her prophetic wisdom was very general; and the most pious people of the village were not at times above asking aid of her. She possessed some simple remedies by which she cured the sick, and she could set a broken bone as well as any surgeon in the world, who was altogether human.

The hut in which she lived was quite large. It was divided into mysterious chambers, which no one was ever known to have seen the inside of, and which, according to the popular belief, were peopled with supernatural beings. There was an outer chamber, which might be called a vestibule, that projected from the main body of the hut, and into this visitors were admitted; but beyond this no one ever passed, and bold would have been the man who even asked the privilege.

The walls of this singular abode seemed to have been designed by nature especially for the purpose. The space was quite enclosed, except in front. It was thought by some that human hands had never touched it, but that unseen fingers had roofed it in and covered it with turf, in which the willow bushes grew as in the valley everywhere. But for the door, no one would have known that a hut was there.

The island was reached by a cunningly-devised drawbridge, which, being lowered, made access quite impossible, since the chasm which it spanned was quite a hundred feet in depth and ten or twelve feet wide. A rash man

might attempt to jump across it; but the rocks were so rugged that he would be very likely to lose his footing, and be hurled down into the torrent which was at all times rushing through the cleft below—for the island was in fact fairly encircled by the fall, although the greater body of the water was on the opposite side from the cleft spanned by the bridge.

Tabita reached the spot, and, calling to the Galdraken, asked if she might pass the bridge. There was no answer, but the bridge was raised by an unseen hand, and Tabita stepped upon it, not, however, without timidity.

When she had passed the bridge was lowered, but this did not disturb her purpose. Reaching the door of the hut she knelt before it, and tapping gently, called, "Good mother! will you admit me?"

A voice as if from the remotest chamber of the hut answered: "The spirits will tell what the dark-haired maiden seeks. The Galdraken will consult them. Enter."

Tabita, acting upon this gracious permission, found herself in a small dark chamber, where the light of heaven never came. There was a smouldering fire upon the hearth, which threw a ghastly light into the room; but there was no window, nor was there any furniture. A projecting angle of the wall supplied her with a seat, and there in the silence, broken only by the roar of falling waters, she awaited the Galdraken's will. Meanwhile this supernatural creature, as Tabita formerly believed her to be, called to the spirits of the air in a measured monotone, and, without delay, there came an answer as if from the very fall itself. The voice was not new to her; it was the Spirit of the Valley singing:—

"The storm-clouds sweep wild o'er the crest of Linmark,
Where the summer is drear and the winter is dark;
There the Goblin in tempest keeps watch on the hill,
But the Spirit of Peace has her home by the rill,
Where the wild flowers bloom in the valley of green;
They are mine! they are mine! of the valley I'm queen!

"Here true-lovers come on the long summer's day,
And, roaming the valley, are happy and gay;
All true-lovers cling to their sweethearts and me,
And they are all mine, and none parted shall be;
While the wild flowers bloom in the valley of green,
They are mine! they are mine! of the valley I'm queen!"

Which was enough for Tabita. She knew the ways of the "Valley Queen" and the habits of the Galdraken too well to remain longer. The latter words of the song conveyed to her a positive assurance that she would not be separated from her Lively Carl, whatever might be the reference to the fortunes of other lovers. "Thanks, good mother!" she exclaimed, and leaving behind her a fine, soft seal-skin cloak lined with rich warm fur, she retired from the hut. Finding the bridge up ready for her, she crossed over and pursued her way toward the village, comforting herself that Carl would be prevented from going up to Linmark's fjeld; an assurance the more gratifying that a fearful storm was raging there, while all was quiet, peace, and sunshine in the valley.

Paul and Carl had before this met, and the two set off together, much, however, against the will of the latter, who was thinking constantly of Tabita. Still, he showed no flinching, and led the way up a ravine that opened to the glacier. Thenceforward their track was to be explored by themselves.

They were pursuing their way leisurely, and were gradually nearing an immense cliff, when their ears were suddenly startled by a loud report. An enormous quantity of rock had become detached from the cliff directly in front of them, and fragments of various sizes came whizzing through the air, and rolling down the declivity,—before they could reach an angle of the ravine, where they were in a measure sheltered.

This avalanche had so disturbed the hillside that it was very unsafe to travel in the direction they had started, for stones were flying through the air continually. Accordingly, when it was at all prudent to leave their shelter, they descended to the valley which they had left, intending to proceed a half a mile farther, and effect the ascent at a greater distance from the cliff. This brought them across the path which Tabita was following towards the village, and here they met. It might have made even a colder heart than Paul Peverell's beat a little faster to see Tabita rush into her lover's arms, in the ecstasy of her delight.

"Dear Carl, I am so glad you are safe!"

"Dear Tabita, where have you been?"

These were the exclamations which escaped the lovers when they had recovered breath. Then, seeing Paul, Tabita, with little ceremony, asked him how he could be so cruel as to take Carl away from her on such a dangerous journey.

Paul made light of her fears; but Tabita, while clinging to Carl, declared he *should* not go. Carl would have spoken, but she found a way to silence him.

"Well, well," laughed Paul, when he saw how matters stood, "Carl shall not go with me on any account. Had I known you were so afraid to have him go, I would never have asked him. But he has shown me the way, and I will go on alone, while you, my pretty girl, shall take Carl home." And with this he rose to leave. But Tabita tried to stop him.

"Don't you go either!" she said, in a pleading tone, and with a very gentle voice. "Please don't go."

"Is it the Goblin you're afraid of?" he inquired.

"Oh, everything," she exclaimed. "I heard the avalanche, and that is a warning, if you needed any."

"Think you that was the Goblin's work? I thought he only dealt in ice and snow," Paul said; and then, without another word, he turned from them and started on his course, looking not back, but straight before him, at the mountain-top.

VI.

Up and up Paul climbed, through dangerous passes among the rugged rocks, and over streams rushing madly down through narrow gorges—up, up, up, as if his life were nothing, and his ambition everything.

He soon left all signs of vegetation far below him, and still he climbed. He passed from the rocky hill-side beneath the cliff, and reached the glacier; the madly rushing streams, the narrow gorges, and dangerous passes were no longer seen, as he climbed on up the steep acclivity of ice and snow; and he heard no more a voice murmuring in his ear, "Cold and cruel!" but an old familiar voice saying, "On, climb on!"

And on he climbed. No mortal man had ever yet set foot on Linmark's fjeld, and he, Paul Peverell, would stand upon the icy crest, and there defy all spirits, good or evil, who would deny his coming. He climbed on through the sunshine, and met the storm. The wind was driving fiercely, but he did not heed it. The air grew cold, but he had a quenchless fire within that kept him warm. The wind he neither felt nor heard; no other sound disturbed his ear but the solitary voice, "On, climb on!"

He reached a cloud that swept along the mountain side, but he passed on through it, and leaving it below him as he had left all signs of vegetation long before, he mounted steadily upward until he met at length great streams of drifting snow—hard crystal that rattled on his clothes and cut his flesh, but still he did not pause nor turn his back. His tongue was parched with thirst; but he felt no weariness while he listened to the voice, "On, climb on!"

The cold grew more and more intense as he mounted higher in the air; the streams of drifting snow increased in force and volume, coming from the vast and boundless plain of whiteness, in the midst of which he was the only living thing. They broke in circles round about him, and whirling away above his head they died in space; but still he heeded not their force nor heard their moan, as he listened to the guiding voice, "On, climb on!"

And on and on he climbed, until he reached the summit of his hopes—upon the crest of Linmark's field he stood at last, where man had never dared to go; and now the voice no longer called to him, "On, climb on," but he heard instead the doleful voices of the air; he heard the snow-clouds whirling round him, and the shrieking winds, which he had failed to hear before. All else had vanished, and the universe was void, for that voice had been the universe to him. It had filled his ear through many years of wandering to and fro about the world, and now that it was gone from him he was lost with his ambition full—lost in the cloud, lost in the storm, lost in himself. The void was full of terrors; and faint with thirst, and lack of food, and the strain he had put upon his body, he fell upon

the ice; and away upon the shrieking wind was borne the feeble cry, "What have I gained?"

And the voice came back to him, as if it were an echo, and from the air on every side a loud "Ha, ha!"

Then the snow-cloud whirling round him took shape; and eyes that dripped great icicles were peering at him. A hideous face was fashioned in the tumult, with streaming hair and beard of frost; and wings were there that glittered, and claws that were transparent; and a body, clothed with shining scales, that trailed away into the vastness of the cloud. And round about this hideous shape forms infinite in number, before, above, below, on every side of it, were visible, and as they swept away in boundless space they shrieked as if in mockery of him.

He tried to rouse himself; he tried to drive those phantom shapes away by an effort of the will; but there they were, and there they circled, narrowing and widening their path in very wantonness, shouting in chorus all the while "Ha, ha."

He tried to speak; his voice could only whisper out the anguish of his soul. "Tell me, Spirit of the ice and snow and wintry storms, for I am now convinced of thy existence; tell me, great minister of all the evil that comes upon the world with cold and night, what have I gained by reaching to thy throne at last?"

And again the voices shrieked "Ha, ha!"

And the Spirit answered him: "The full measure of thy wish. Thou hast kept thy faith with me, and this is thy reward,—to see me face to face. I have enticed thee here, and thou hast given up thy soul to me thy whole life long. Thy life is cold, thy ways are cold, thy hopes are cold; and never one disturbing thought of doing good comes to give thy icy heart a throb. Thy means are never given to the poor, thy time is never for the sick, thy sympathies are not with suffering. Neglect of every kindly action to thy fellow-beings has marked thy whole career, and thou hast, in thy superiority, forgotten everything but thy own selfish purposes and the voice that I have sent to guide thee hither. That voice has followed thee about the world, and has whispered always in thy ear, 'On, climb on!' But now the voice has gone from thee. Thou shalt never hear it more, for thou hast no need of it. This is all my work. While thou hast triumphed, so have I. Thy cold and cruel life has made thee famous among thy fellow-men, for thou hast never turned aside for anything, nor turned thy back. Friends who would have loved thee thou hast neglected; those who have served thee thou hast not rewarded with thy gratitude; thy very brother languishes in poverty and hopeless toil, and thou hast not so much as thought of him, or of the faithful one whose only wish is to see him happy. Again I say, this is my work, and thou hast gained thy will—the power of forgetfulness—forgetfulness of everything save thyself."

The Goblin ceased to speak, and the loud laugh which he had heard before resounded through space, until the forms which he had seen melted in the distance, and the Goblin and his infinite host were gone.

A great white cloud lay along the mountain side, and, stretching away above the land and sea, covered everything but the mountain top. The winds had ceased, and there was a calm more fearful than the storm itself; for what can be more fearful than the death of nature?—that deep, deep silence where the voices of the air are hushed, and there is neither sound nor motion.

He listened for a voice, but he heard only the beating of his heart.

He started up and called aloud; he stamped his feet upon the crusted snow, and his cry and footfall sounded like thunder in his ears. He moaned in his desolation, "I am surely crazed." He wrung his hands in agony, and ran along the mountain crest, he knew not whither. He paused and looked around, and heard again the beating of his heart. He called to the phantoms of the air to come back and wake him in this silence that was more terrible than they.

He started on again, and tried in his bewilderment to find his previous foot-marks; but the drifting snow had covered them. He was completely lost, and fled in terror from himself.

He came to rugged places in the ice—to clefts that were unfathomable. He sprang



PAUL IN THE ICE CAVERN.

them as a wild man, reckless of everything.

Then his senses all forsook him. He heard no longer the beating of his heart, or his heavy foot-fall; and he was enveloped in the heavy gloom of night.

His sight returned, and he was in a cavern, —vast and interminable,—filled with an atmosphere of deepest blue. A flood of light was pouring into it, and on a multitude of pendent cones, on sharp angles of the wall, and cones that projected upward from the floor, the light was blazing in the brightest hues of gold and crimson and deep purple.

He looked upon the dazzling spectacle, and it changed. The cones and corners of the cavern that had gleamed so brightly were transformed to shapes that he had seen upon the mountain top, and in the very centre of the cavern came out in glowing whiteness the face, and away beyond, until it vanished into space, the form of the spirit that had spoken to him.

But all was still and motionless. He spoke, but his voice died away and left no echo. He called to the Goblin, but received no answer.

And then the brightness died away, the Goblin seemed to sink into the earth, the phantom shapes all vanished once again, and the man lay prostrate like one in a dark and silent tomb, as if he were a part of the same dead nature that had terrified him.

VII.

WHEN Carl and Tabita returned and reported in the village that the strange man had set out to climb the Linmark's fjeld, everybody pitied him; but since they knew they could not help the rash adventurer, they did not try. With one accord they gave him over to destruction; all except Tabita, who, as soon as she could steal away, hastened to the Galdraken, confident that, since she had been instrumental in saving her Carl, why might she not now rescue Paul? Thoughtful and faithful girl! But her efforts were without avail, so far at least as appeared to her.

A week passed, and still no tidings of the missing man. Then the ship which brought him sailed for home, carrying the information of his loss; and something else besides, that the people in the village knew not of, which the Galdraken got on board by stealth.

"What is it, good mother?" asked the captain.

The Galdraken was not prone to answer any one directly. "It is not a sword, and yet it wins a victory; it is not an ointment, yet it heals a wound."

The summer passed away, the sun sank down behind the hills, until it did not rise at all, and would not for two months, almost. Light snow took the place of the green grass and flowers and foliage of the valley; but while the storms raged fiercely on the top of Linmark's fjeld, and out at sea, the wind calmly blew over the peaceful village. The villagers drew around their happy firesides;

and, free from care, in the fullness of their love they were gay and cheerful in the arctic night.

But there was one sad heart in the Governor's house: it was Annie Vardsen's, for nothing yet was known of Paul, who had enchanted her; there was a heavy heart at the Factor's: it was Ida Lansen's, for her lover Jens could not come to her, and was struggling against great poverty; there was one anxious heart at Tabita's: it was the heart of Tabita herself; for her Lively Carl was going upon a long journey.

Lively Carl was the public carrier, and every winter when the ice had formed it was his duty to go two hundred miles to another village, where a ship came later in the year, after having made the voyage to the village of the Island. This journey was performed with dogs and sledge.

"Dear Carl, be careful of yourself, and don't forget to come back by Christmas day, which you know will be our wedding-day," said Tabita, hanging on his neck as he was going; just as if there was any chance of his forgetting it! Then she said, "Now don't forget to stop as you come back at the Galdraken's either, and do besides just what she tells you, Carl."

"Oh no, I won't forget it, no, not if she were a thousand times a witch—of course I won't." Then she kissed him for his promise, wound a huge comforter about his neck, and sent him out into the night with plenty of bright hopes and happy memories to keep him warm for at least twice two hundred miles, even if indeed he might not have gone clear round the arctic circle without a chill.

She watched him from her little window as he drove away, and after he was out of sight her ear followed him by the creaking of his sledge upon the crusted snow, by his cheerful voice, speaking to his team, and by the cracking of his whip. She placed a light beside her in the window, that he might, if he looked back (as he was sure to do), see her face beside it; and when there was no longer any hope that he could see her or the light, she sent after him into the vacant night a loving kiss from her little finger-tips.

Then she went to Annie Vardsen and placed a scrap of folded paper in her hand. "What is it?" asked Miss Annie, quite too much a woman to open it and let it tell its own tale for itself. "I may not tell," replied Tabita. "Where then did you get it?"—"That I may not tell either." After which she went away. Having no longer a reasonable excuse for delay, Annie Vardsen unfolded the paper, and from it fell a lock of hair—Paul's hair, she thought at once. Lost Paul! and a tear fell from her eye upon it. "But how," she thought, "could it come in this mysterious way?" But she had not yet exhausted the paper, for upon looking at it again she discovered two brief lines written in a rude though legible manner, which thus commanded:—

> "Upon the air thy love declare,
> And fling a lock of thy brown hair."

A strange command and strangely brought—what could it mean? But without pausing to consider, and feeling for the instant as if under the influence of some spell or power beyond herself, she opened the window and into the vacant night, where Tabita's kiss had gone, she flung a lock to match the one she held, and a moment afterward wished she had not done it.

Lively Carl was by this time well away upon his journey, and five days thereafter he was at the end of it. But he was detained four days by storms, and deep snows, interrupting him upon the homeward track, he was much beyond his time in reaching the peaceful valley. Great anxiety was felt for him by everybody; by Tabita especially, who was, of course, afraid that something might have happened to him, or that he would not be home in time to marry her on Christmas day; and by Annie Vardsen, too, who felt that his coming would in some way reveal the mystery of Paul's fate.

But he was coming safe and sound, and very lively, too. In the pocket of his coat he carried great packages of letters, and on the sledge, well wrapped up, small parcels. He was, however, not a bit too soon, for it was late on Christmas eve when he crawled out from underneath the heavy shadow of the great tall cliff at the foot of Linmark's fjeld, and stopped his team in the bright moonlight,

near the Galdraken's hut. The stillness of the night quite filled him with a sense of coming mischief, and his close proximity to a place of doubtful character, the great ghostly shadows of himself and sledge and dogs that trailed away upon the snow, to say nothing of the Goblin of the Ice on Linmark's fjeld, that was so near to him, had such an effect on his mind that he fairly shivered, and that, too, without respect to the state of the thermometer. "I wish," he muttered to himself, "this business were well over. I like it not;" but then, inspired by the praises which were so near from Tabita, he crossed the bridge which spanned the yawning chasm and stood before the Galdraken's door. Just then he heard the draw-bridge fall, and he shook from head to foot with fright, and wished heartily he was at home. "Oh, dreadful; I am a prisoner in the witch's den," he cried.

A deep voice from the inside called to him: "Enter, and have no fear;" so plucking up his courage he crossed the threshold, to find himself before a roaring fire that sent his shadow dancing about the otherwise darkened room. "Well," muttered Lively Carl, "this is no witch's fire, at any rate," and he warmed himself before it, thinking at the same time that in such a place he must be still and ask no questions. After a few moments the same voice which had before spoken issued this peremptory command: "Leave the packet for Paul Peverell, and go."

At first he thought to deny having any such a thing about him; but then, remembering his promise to Tabita, and being glad enough to get away on almost any terms, he drew the packet out from his wallet, and, dropping it, immediately proceeded to perform the remaining part of the command.

The bridge was up ready for him, and, crossing it with two bounds, he made for the place where he had left his team. But it was not there. He called to the dogs separately: "Here Rothe, here Swort, here Bruin," but they did not answer him, and he could find no sledge tracks to indicate the direction they had taken. He was in a state of great perplexity. "Witchcraft and sorcery for certain!" he exclaimed, of which he was not the less convinced when he seemed to hear some one whispering to him: "Go home, and find them there." He looked about him, but could see no one; and now, almost beside himself with fright, and not knowing how soon he might be carried off himself, he took the hint of the mysterious whisperer and set out for the village at his highest speed. He did not venture to look behind him for some time, feeling confident that he was pursued, and when he did, what sound was that which greeted him! He saw nothing; but the most dismal cry that he had ever heard broke upon him through the still night air. It sounded something like the cry of dogs. Could it be his team? Oh, no! The cry was too wild and loud for anything so real. From that moment he slackened not his pace, and never did Lively Carl show such a lively pair of heels.

The cry grew louder. It was nearing him. He looked back over his shoulder, and down the hillside by which he was approaching the village he saw a spectral pack coming, as it seemed to him, through the air. Escape by running was hopeless. He dropped behind a clump of rocks, and they passed on. "Thank God, they are not in pursuit of me," he exclaimed, in excess of gratitude.

Looking up after they had passed he made out what seemed to be a team of dogs and a sledge, with two figures upon it—witches or demons of some sort, as he firmly believed. One of the figures dropped from the sledge. "I'm good for one at any rate," said he, and approached it. It rose up, and limping towards him addressed him in a well-known voice. He wheeled about and fled once more. "Carl, Carl, come back, it's only me!" but Carl did not heed the summons.

The people heard the dismal cry which had so frightened Carl. The sound drew nearer, and the timid fled into their houses, not knowing what was going to happen. Presently they detected dogs and sledge, and some one cried, "The Galdraken." The dogs bounded for their kennel, and then they were seen to be the Lively Carl's. They had run howling in terror from the Galdraken, who was driving them, or rather following them upon the sledge as they fled homewards.



A SPECTRAL PACK.

But where was Carl? Before they had time to ask, the Galdraken had disappeared. Tabita was on the watch, and met her in a secluded place behind the village. "All's well; and thy lover is no laggard," said the Galdraken to her. "The other will not come unless he knows that the boy's brother has arrived, and that his pale-faced love has received and read this;" saying which she placed a paper in Tabita's hands, with these instructions:—"Take it to her, and when she has read it, swing the lamp three times before the window. The boy will be here, I know; but to convince him, repeat the signal." And then she disappeared.

Lively Carl soon came running into the village, as pale as a ghost himself, declaring that he had seen the ghost of Paul Perevell; that a witch had run off with his team; at which the people laughed heartily, and to add to the poor man's confusion, they pointed out his dogs, all well and sound, his sledge and precious cargo safe.

Meanwhile the ghost was watching for the light in Ida's window. Behind that same window there was a much astonished girl, for Ida Lansen held in her hand a paper which made her lover heir to one-half the Peverell estates in Denmark, with an inscription on the back of it which said: "From one who, in his selfishness, has wronged you both, and owns it willingly."

Three times the lamp was swung, and the ghost that Carl had seen took note of it.

Then Ida Lansen flew down stairs, for she heard a voice she well knew; and Jens Peverell caught her in his arms.

"Why, how is this?" said Jens, who had just arrived, all wrapped in furs and white with frost. "I thought that you were ill, my love, and I came in haste all these fifty miles at fearful risk, for the ice is bad. This I received but yesterday." And he produced a rhymed epistle, as mysterious in its character and the manner of its appearance as was Ida's document. Then Ida gave him hers, and he was happy, not to say astonished.

Again the lamp was swung, and had any one been upon the hill-side to see, the ghost that frightened Carl would have been observed to lean on the Galdraken's arm, and hasten by a secluded path to Tabita's house, where Lively Carl had already come, received reward, and been ordered off; for Tabita wished to receive the ghost alone. When this was done, and the ghost had been provided for, she fetched the Governor, who, when he saw the ghost sitting in Tabita's room, was about to run away as Carl had done; but the ghost put out a hand and said: "Don't be alarmed, I am Paul Peverell."

VIII.

TABITA'S hut was filled that night as it had never been before, after the news had spread of the dead restored to life. Jens, with Ida by his side, came and brought along with them the paper that had so mysteriously fallen into their hands, and after years of separation the

brothers were reconciled. The Governor's family, the factor's family, and the priest were there; in fact all the village, one by one, passed in and out, each eager to have a look at the man who had dared to face the Ranamee. Paul said: "You see, good people, I have done it; and although much hurt, am not a cripple, thanks to the Galdraken, who found me where I had fallen on the ice, and carrying me upon her back insensible to her hut, nursed me there as if I were a child. She has shown me what a truly noble heart is hidden in the breast of that strange inhabitant of the solitary hut. But think not to do as I have done. Stay in the peaceful valley, friends, and by your quiet lives defy the Goblin of the Ice, rather than beard him on his throne."

They answered, "We have no wish to try!"

Then Paul had something to tell each one that stood around.

To Ida Lansen he said: "Your words, cold and cruel,' I remembered well while I lay there in agony in the Galdraken's hut, and had barely strength to write the message which the Galdraken took on board the ship, and which has resulted in this happy change."

To Jens he said: "Forgive me, brother." And he joined the lovers' hands, and made them plight their troth before him, and pronounce the "Trulofa," and tie the true love knot.

To the Governor he said: "I would have come to you long ago, but as I lay there suffering, I thought how just had been the charges Ida made against me, and I scarcely dared to see your family until the packet came from Denmark which enabled me to do her and her lover justice." And he said something, too, about his daughter, Annie Vardsen.

He said to Annie Vardsen: "Annie, will you own to me now what you owned to the cold winds when you flung this lock of rich brown hair away upon the night?" And he put into her hand the token which the Galdraken had adroitly got for him. Then he told her how he was coming back to her, and what prevented him; how just it was that he should suffer for his selfishness; and how from the first he loved her, but had grown so self-willed by unrestricted liberty, that he would not yield even to the prompting of his better nature.

Then Annie Vardsen said, in answer, blushing deeply, and looking down: "I will indeed confess what I confessed to the wind and night;" And there was another "Trulofa" said then and there.

Another, too; but that was needless, yet Paul insisted on it: and the Lively Carl, now well recovered from his fright, and Tabita, happy with the good that she had done and the happiness she saw in others, partly through her efforts, stood forth and plighted troth again. And so there were three brides-to-be, all there that night, in the happy home of Tabita.

To make the circle quite complete, only the Galdraken, who had served them all so well, was wanting. Nowhere could she be found; though presently a voice was heard outside the window, droning the rude prophetic rhyme which Paul had heard on his way to the mountain.

"True, true!" cried Paul, when it was finished. "True, good mother! for surely that is your voice. Stay, stay, I beg of you!" And he, with all the other inmates of the house, tried to detain her; but they found it impossible to detain what they could neither see nor further hear.

Then, the hour being nearly midnight, they parted, to give way for Kris Kringle on his merry round.

And, when they had all gone out, the once proud, ambitious Paul fell down upon his knees and wept, and in his heart of hearts thanked God for the change that in His mercy He had wrought upon him, through much suffering. For the first time in his life he felt that he was happy, and to Heaven, in humility, he gave the praise.

But Kris Kringle—what of him? Ah! what a round he made that night with his reindeer steeds, which he had caught in that very valley by the village; and as he glided over the house-tops round the world he was heard humming to himself a song that he had heard the Spirit of the Valley sing away up there in the Arctic night; and the song said there are goblins everywhere except where love and contentment reigned.

And what blessings did he not shower upon

the villagers before he left! What stockings did he not fill! what fruit that could be wished for did he not hang upon the village Christmas tree, which grew, nobody could imagine how! The skeptical said the tree was patchwork—that it did not grow at all, but was made by Paul and Jens and Lively Carl. They said, besides (people will be unreasonable, even there), that the heavy cargo on Carl's sledge, which seemed to be (that is, to skeptics) fresh from Denmark, had something to do with the making of the crop of fruit it bore.

But the best of all was the dower which each of these bright maidens found, when she awoke, beneath her pillow. Then what a time there was when she came from her chamber to find a lover waiting to lead her to the little church, which was one blaze of light, and festooned all round with garlands of sweet juniper; and what a gay procession round the church, each bridegroom carrying a torch that threw weird shadows on the snow, and made every crystal glitter on the landscape far away; each bride with something in her hand to bestow upon the village girls who crowded round and begged a token for good luck in marriage.

And what a merry Christmas the villagers all had that day—feasting, singing, rivalling each other in good offices of love and fellowship. When the evening came the Governor's doors were thrown wide open to all who could crowd in; and with Lively Carl and Tabita to lead, they danced the hours away.

The Governor proved himself as lively as the youngest, for he laid away his pipe to have a turn around the room with Tabita. The priest even could not resist temptation, and Lively Carl had once more to stand aside. The baby Elizabeth, too, joined in, as if she understood it all.

They would have had the Galdraken there (no one thought her evil now), but, as usual, she could not be found. To the very last she delighted in her mystery. They went in procession to her hut; but all was dark, and the bridge was down. They called, and woke the echoes; but the Galdraken did not answer. Yet—"Hark, hark!" said Tabita; "the Spirit of the Valley! hear her sing!" And sweet music floated away upon the crisp night air. The words were words of hope and promise.

The sweet voice died away, and the music of the waterfall was all they heard. They answered with a song of love, and while they sang they returned to the village over the moon-lit snow, none better satisfied than Paul Peverell, that happiness is to be found in the valley, and not upon the mountain top; and he smiled to think, while he held his bride upon his arm, that he and not the Goblin was the victor after all!

TARTINI'S DREAM-MUSIC.

About 1711 or 1712 the famous but eccentric Giuseppe Tartini, who had secretly married the daughter of the Count di Cornaro, in Padua, and had fled to avoid the indignation of her family, became an inmate of the Minor's Convent (or Monastery) at Assisi. He was a relative of the Guardian, who received him out of considerations of humanity, and granted him a safe asylum for more than two years. The kinsmen of his high-born wife could never discover his retreat.

Tartini was placed under the peculiar care of the organist, Father Boëmo, who directed him in the cultivation of his genius for music. He had especially a passion for the violin. Boëmo thought Giuseppe a changed man since he had joined in the exercises of the pious brethren, whose holy example had taught him humility and resignation. Yet he cherished a deep melancholy, which in truth appeared sinful. He believed he had been mistaken in thinking himself an artist.

The organist reasoned with him against this despondency, till he had cause to believe it was hurrying him into insanity. He conferred with the Guardian, and it was deemed best to leave Giuseppe no more alone at night. One of the brothers took Boëmo's place in the poor artist's cell whenever he was obliged to go out before the hour of matins.

One day Tartini received the organist with a face beaming with joy, and at the same time with an air of mystery. He announced that he had conquered his enemies—the evil spirits—by making a compact with their chief, who was bound to be the slave of his will.

"As a test of his obedience," he continued, "I gave him my violin and ordered him to play something. What was my astonishment when he executed a sonata so exquisite, so wonderful, that I had never imagined anything approaching it! I was bewildered—enchanted—faint with excess of rapture. The devil handed the violin back to me. 'You can equal me, master,' he said. I succeeded!"

Father Boëmo shook his head mournfully, but Tartini seized his violin, walked several times across the room, humming a tune, and began to play in a broken and irregular manner. Again and again did he strive to catch the melody; but though some of the notes were strangely beautiful, he could not do it. At length, throwing down the instrument, he exclaimed in the bitterness of disappointment—"It is gone from me!" and wrung his hands with an expression of hopeless agony. Presently he again snatched the violin, and played as if determined to overcome the difficulty; then he flung it aside in despair, vowing he would break it in pieces and renounce music forever.

The organist consulted with the Guardian, and a medical attendant was summoned for the suffering artist. That night Father Boëmo administered a composing draught, and having watched his patient till he fell into a profound slumber, left one of the younger brothers in charge. Just before matins the organist was roused by a cry from without. Being dressed, he hastily descended to the court.

There stood the attendant he had left with Giuseppe, gazing upwards in speechless terror! Upon the edge of the roof stood a white-robed figure, clearly visible in the moonlight. It was Giuseppe!

"Hush, not a word!" whispered Boëmo, grasping the brother's arm. "He is lost if you wake him!" Both stood gazing on the strange figure, and they now perceived that Giuseppe held his violin. He raised it and played a short prelude. It was followed by a sonata so admirable, so magnificent, that both listeners stood entranced.

A dead silence—a silence of awful suspense—followed this strange music.

The figure turned and slowly retraced its steps along the roof. It descended in safety, and took the way to Tartini's cell. Then Father Boëmo sank on his knees with a murmur of thanksgiving, and having sent his companion to inform the Superior, went to resume his watch by the invalid's bed. Giuseppe awoke feverish and disturbed, and an illness of many weeks followed. With health reason and cheerfulness returned.

Tartini was accustomed to play in the services of the choir on holidays; and the fame of the music to be heard in the Minor's Convent was a great attraction. It was noticed, as a singular piece of mystery, that a curtain was drawn across that part of the choir occupied by the musicians, during all parts of the service. One day it was blown aside by the wind; a suppressed cry was heard in the choir, and the music of the violin suddenly ceased. Tartini had recognized in the congregation a Paduan well known to him.

Some weeks afterwards, Father Boëmo informed him that he was to play in the chapel for some guests of the Guardian, who had heard of their music. Both pupil and instructor did their best. When the service was over, the organist took Giuseppe by the arm and led him into the parlor.

A lady of graceful form, veiled, stood there between two distinguished-looking men—one in the robes of a cardinal. She advanced a step to meet Tartini, who exclaimed: "Leonora! my wife!" and clasped her in his arms.

The Cardinal Cornaro—her uncle—solemnly gave the reunited pair his blessing. Leonora's kindred had sought him to restore to him his noble wife. Sorrow and trial, he said, had changed the wild youth into the man of tried worth.

The after history of Tartini's life showed his possession of faults that required correction, as well as of great genius. One thing was universally acknowledged, that the most admirable of his compositions, and the most celebrated, was the one to which he gave the name of "The Devil's Sonata."



"Now evermore He stands and waits
Some lifting of these lower gates."

THE CHRISTMAS DOOR.

All the year long the moon gives light,
And makes a silver day of night;
But once a year
She seems more near,—
Shows every night her steadfast face,
And fills the sky with tranquil grace.
'Tis hard to tell when day is done,
For day and night flow into one.

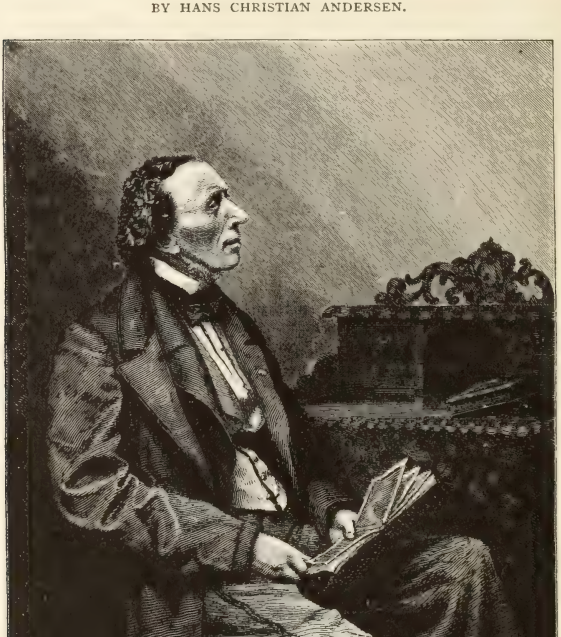
So Heaven shines downward all the while,
And lights us with its constant smile;
But once a year
It draws more near:
Wide open stands the shining door,
With gleams of light unseen before;
And all across flash glimpses fleet
Of upper joys and radiant feet.

'Tis ever so since love broke through,
And down the widening spaces flew;
That blessed year
Our Lord came near;
For Him swung back the starry bound;
Deepened far up the great profound;
All Heaven swept outward at his birth,
And naught was narrow but the earth!

Now evermore He stands and waits
Some lifting of these lower gates;
But once a year
He waits more near:—
Shall the blest door be thrown so wide,
And only we the entrance hide?
Unbar all hearts, make room within,
And let the holy Christmas in!

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



HANS ANDERSEN.

I.

In the principal street there stood a fine old-fashioned house; the wall about the court-yard had bits of glass worked into it, so that when the sun or moon shone, it was as if covered with diamonds. That was a sign of wealth, and there was wealth inside there; folks said that the merchant was a man who could just put away two barrels of gold in his best parlor; yes, could put a heap of gold-pieces, as a savings bank against the future, outside the door of the room where his little son was born.

This little fellow had arrived in the rich house. There was great joy from cellar up to the garret; and up there, there was still greater joy an hour or two afterward. The warehouseman and his wife lived up there, and here too there entered just then a little son, given by our Lord, brought by the stork, and exhibited by the mother. And here too there was a heap outside the door,

quite accidentally; but it was not a gold-heap—it was a heap of sweepings.

The rich merchant was a very considerate, good man; his wife, delicate and gentle-born, dressed well, was pious, and, besides, was kind and good to the poor. Everybody congratulated these two people on now having a little son, who would grow up, and, like his father, be rich and happy. At the font the little boy was called "FELIX," which means in Latin "lucky," and that he was, and his parents still more.

The warehouseman, a right sound fellow, and good to the bottom of his heart, and his wife, an honest and industrious woman, were blessed by all who knew them; how lucky they were at getting their little boy, and he was called "PEER!" *

The boy on the first floor and the boy in the garret each got just as many kisses from his parents, and just as much sunshine from our Lord; but still they were placed a little differently,—one down-stairs, and one up. Peer sat the highest, away up in the garret, and he had his own mother for a nurse; little Felix had a stranger for his nurse, but she was a good and honest girl—you could see that in her character-book. The rich child had a pretty little wagon, and was drawn about by his spruce nurse; the child from the garret was carried in the arms of his own mother, both when he was in his Sunday clothes, and when he had his every-day things on; and he was just as much pleased.

They were both pretty children, they both kept growing, and soon could show with their hands how tall they were, and say single words in their mother tongue. Equally sweet, equally dainty and petted were they both. As they grew up they had a like pleasure out of the merchant's horses and carriages. Felix got permission from his nurse to sit by the coachman and look at the horses; he fancied himself driving. Peer got permission to sit at the garret window and look down into the yard when the master and mistress went out to drive, and when they were fairly gone, he placed two chairs, one in front, the other behind, up there in the room, and so he drove himself; he was the real coachman—that was a little more than fancying himself to be the coachman.

They had noticed each other, these two, but it was not until they were two years old that they spoke to each other. Felix went elegantly dressed in silk and velvet, with bare knees, after the English style. "The poor child will freeze!" said the family in the garret. Peer had trousers that came down to his ankles, but one day his clothes were torn right across his knees, so that he had as much of a draught, and was just as much undressed as the merchant's little delicate boy. Felix came with his mother and wanted to go out; Peer came with his, and wanted to go in.

"Give little Peer your hand," said the merchant's lady. "You two can talk to each other."

And one said "Peer!" and the other said "Felix!" Yes, that was all they said that time.

The rich lady petted her boy, but there was one who petted Peer just as much, and that was his grandmother. She was weak-sighted, and yet she saw much more in little Peer than his father or mother could see; yes, more than anybody at all could discover.

"The dear child," said she, "is going to get on in the world. He is born with a gold apple in his hand. There is the shining apple!" And she kissed the child's little hand. His parents could see nothing, nor Peer either, but as he grew to know more, no doubt he would find that out too.

"That is such a story, such a real wonder-story, that grandmother tells!" said the parents.

Indeed grandmother could tell stories, and Peer was never tired of hearing always the same ones. She taught him a psalm and to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and he knew it, not as a gabble but as words which meant something; every single petition in it she explained to him. Especially he thought about what grandmother said on the words: "Give us this day our daily bread;" he was to understand that it was necessary for one to get wheat bread, for another to get black bread;

* Peer is a variation of Peter; common in the country: Pete, so to speak.—TRANSLATOR.

one must have a great house when he had a great deal of company; another, in small circumstances, could live quite as happily in a little room in the garret. "So each person has what he calls 'daily bread.'"

Peer had regularly his good daily bread, and very delightful days, too, but they were not to last always. Stern years of war began; the young were to go away, the old to stay at home. Peer's father was among those who were enrolled, and soon it was heard that he was one of the first who fell in battle against the victorious enemy.

There was terrible grief in the little room in the garret. The mother cried, the grandmother and little Peer cried; and every time one of the neighbors came up to see them, they talked about "father," and then they cried all together. The widow, meanwhile, received permission, the first year, to lodge rent free, and afterward she was to pay only a small rent. The grandmother stayed with the mother, who supported herself by washing for several "single fine gentlemen," as she called them. Peer had neither sorrow nor want. He had his fill of meat and drink, and grandmother told him stories so extraordinary and wonderful about the wide world, that he asked her, one day, if they two might not go on Sunday to foreign lands, and come home again as prince and princess, with gold crowns on.

"I am too old for that," said grandmother; "and you must first learn a terrible lot of things, become great and strong; but you must always be a good and affectionate child—just as you are now."

Peer rode around the room on hobby-horses; he had two such; but the merchant's son had a real live horse; it was so little that it might as well have been called a baby-horse, as Peer called it, and it never could become any bigger. Felix rode it about in the yard; he even rode outside the gate with his father and a riding-master from the king's stable. For the first half-hour Peer did not like his horses, and would not ride them—they were not real. He asked his mother why he could not have a real horse like little Felix; and his mother said:

"Felix lives down on the first floor, close by the stables, but you live high up, under the roof. One cannot have horses up in the garret except like those you have; do you ride on them."

And so Peer rode: first to the chest of drawers, the great mountain full of treasures; both Peer's Sunday clothes and his mother's were there, and there were the shining silver dollars which she laid aside for rent. He rode to the stove, which he called the black bear; it slept all summer long, but when winter came it must do something: warm the room and cook the meals.

Peer had a godfather who usually came every Sunday in winter and got a good warm dinner. It was rather a coming down for him, said the mother and the grandmother. He had begun as a coachman; he took to drink and slept at his post, and that neither a soldier nor a coachman may do. Then he became a carter and drove a cart, and sometimes a drosky for gentlefolk; but now he drove a dirt-cart and went from door to door, swinging his rattle, "snurre-rurre-ud!" and out from all the houses came the girls and housewives with their buckets full, and turned these into the cart: rags and tags, ashes and rubbish were all turned in. One day Peer had come down from the garret, his mother had gone to town, and he stood at the open gate, and there outside was godfather with his cart.

"Will you take a drive?" he asked. Right willingly would Peer, but only as far as the corner. His eyes shone as he sat on the seat alone with godfather and was allowed to hold the whip. Peer drove with real live horses, drove quite to the corner. His mother came along just then; she looked rather dubious. It was not so grand to her to see her own little son riding on a dirt-cart. He must get down at once. Still she thanked godfather; but when they reached home she forbade Peer to take that excursion again.

One day he went again down to the gate. There was no godfather there to entice him off for a drive, but there were other allurements: three or four small street urchins were down in the gutter, poking about to see what they could find that had been lost or had hidden itself there. They had often found a button

or a copper coin; but they had quite as often scratched themselves with a broken bottle, or pricked themselves with a pin, which was just now the case. Peer must join them, and when he got down among the gutter-stones he found a silver coin.

Another day he was down on his knees again, digging with the other boys. They only got dirty fingers; he found a gold ring, and showed, with sparkling eyes, his lucky find, and then the others threw dirt at him, and called him Lucky Peer; they would not let him be with them then when they poked in the gutter.

Back of the merchant's yard there was some low ground which was to be filled up for building lots; gravel and ashes were carted and tipped out there. Great heaps lay about. Godfather drove his cart, but Peer was not to drive with him. The street boys dug in the heaps; they dug with a stick and with their bare hands. They were always finding one thing or another which seemed worth picking up. Hither came little Peer. They saw him and cried out:—

"Clear out, Lucky Peer!" And when he came nearer, they flung lumps of dirt at him. One of these struck against his wooden shoe and fell to pieces. Something shining dropped out; Peer took it up; it was a little heart made of amber. He ran home with it. The rest did not notice that even when they threw dirt at him he was a child of luck.

The silver skilling which he had found was laid away in his little savings bank; the ring and the amber heart were shown down stairs to the merchant's wife, because the mother wanted to know if they were among the "things found" that ought to be given notice of to the police.

How the eyes of the merchant's wife shone on seeing the ring! It was no other than her own engagement ring, which she had lost three years before; so long had it lain in the gutter. Peer was well rewarded, and the money rattled in his little box. The amber heart was a cheap thing, the lady said; Peer might just as well keep that. At night the amber heart lay on the bureau, and the grandmother lay in bed.

"Eh! what is it that burns so!" said she. "It looks as if some candle were lighted there." She got up to see, and it was the little heart of amber. Ah, the grandmother with her weak eyes often saw more than all others could see. Now she had her private thoughts about this. The next morning she took a small strong ribbon, drew it through the opening at the top of the heart, and put it round her little grandson's neck.

"You must never take it off, except to put a new ribbon into it; and you must not show it either to other boys. If they should take it from you, you would have the stomach-ache!" That was the only dreadful sickness little Peer had thus far known. There was a strange power too in the heart. Grandmother showed him that when she rubbed it with her hand, and a little straw was laid by it, the straw seemed to be alive and sprang to the heart of amber, and would not let it go.

II.

THE merchant's son had a tutor who heard him say his lessons alone, and walked out with him alone. Peer was also to have an education, so he went to school with a great quantity of other boys. They studied together, and that was more delightful than going alone with a tutor. Peer would not change.

He was a lucky Peer, but godfather was also a lucky Peer,* for all he was not called Peer. He won a prize in the lottery, of two hundred rix-dollars, on a ticket which he shared with eleven others. He went at once and bought some better clothes, and he looked very well in them. Luck never comes alone, it always has company, and it did this time. Godfather gave up his dirt-cart and joined the theatre.

"For what in the world," said grandmother, "is he going to the theatre? What does he go as?"

As a machinist. That was a real getting on, and he was now quite another man, and took a wonderful deal of enjoyment in the comedy, which he always saw from the top or from the side. The most charming thing was the ballet, but that indeed gave him the hardest work, and there was always some

* Lucky Peer is a familiar title given to a person in luck, much as we might say a lucky dog.

danger from fire. They danced both in heaven and on earth. That was something for little Peer to see, and one evening when there was to be a dress rehearsal of a new ballet, in which they were all dressed and adorned as in the evening when people pay to see all the fine show, he had permission to bring Peer with him, and put him in a place where he could see the whole.

It was a Scripture ballet—Samson. The Philistines danced about him, and he tumbled the whole house down over them and himself; but there were fire-engines and firemen on hand in case of any accident.

Peer had never seen a comedy, still less a ballet. He put on his Sunday clothes and went with godfather to the theatre. It was just like a great drying-loft, with ever so many curtains and screens, great openings in the floor, lamps and lights. There was a host of nooks and crannies up and down, and people came out from these just as in a great church with its balcony pews.* The floor went down quite steeply, and there Peer was placed, and told to stay there till it was all finished and he was sent for. He had three sandwiches in his pocket, so that he need not starve.

Soon it grew lighter and lighter: there came up in front, just as if straight out of the earth, a number of musicians with both flutes and violins. At the side where Peer sat people came dressed as if they were in the street; but there came also knights with gold helmets, beautiful maidens in gauze and flowers, even angels all in white with wings on their backs. They were placed up and down, on the floor and up in the "balcony pews," to be looked at. They were the whole force of the ballet dancers; but Peer did not know that. He believed they belonged in the fairy tales his grandmother had told him about. Then there came a woman, who was the most beautiful of all, with a gold helmet and spear; she looked out over all the others and sat between an angel and an imp. Ah! how much there was to see, and yet the ballet was not even begun.

* In Denmark, and still more in Norway, one still sees great churches with private boxes for families, so to speak, hung like nests against the wall.

There was a moment of quiet. A man dressed in black moved a little fairy wand over all the musicians, and then they began to play, so that there was a whistling of music, and the wall itself began to rise. One looked out on to a flower-garden, where the sun shone, and all the people danced and leaped. Such a wonderful sight had Peer never imagined. There the soldiers marched, and there was fighting, and there were the guilds and the mighty Samson with his love. But she was as wicked as she was beautiful: she betrayed him. The Philistines plucked his eyes out; he had to grind in the mill and be set up for mockery in the dancing hall; but then he laid hold of the strong pillars which held the roof up, and shook them and the whole house; it fell, and there burst forth wonderful flames of red and green fire.

Peer could have sat there his whole life long and looked on, even if the sandwiches were all eaten—and they were all eaten.

Now here was something to tell about when he got home. He was not to be got off to bed. He stood on one leg and laid the other upon the table—that was what Samson's love and all the other ladies did. He made a treadmill out of grandmother's chair, and upset two chairs and a bolster over himself to show how the dancing-hall came down. He showed this, and he gave it with all the music that belonged to it; there was no talking in the ballet. He sang high and low, with words and without; there was no connection in it; it was just like a whole opera. The most noticeable thing, meanwhile, of all was his beautiful voice, clear as a bell, but no one spoke of that.

Peer was before to have been a grocer's boy, to mind prunes and lump sugar; now he found there was something very much finer, and that was to get into the Samson story and dance in the ballet. There were a great many poor children that went that way, said the grandmother, and became fine and honored people; still no little girl of her family should ever get permission to go that way; a boy—well, he stood more firmly.

Peer had not seen a single one of the little girls fall before the whole house fell, and then they all fell together, he said.

Peer certainly must be a ballet-dancer.

"He gives me no rest!" said his mother. At last, his grandmother promised to take him one day to the ballet-master, who was a fine gentleman, and had his own house, like the merchant. Would Peer ever get to that? Nothing is impossible for our Lord. Peer had a gold apple in his hand when he was a child. Such had lain in his hands; perhaps it was also in his legs.

Peer went to the ballet-master, and knew him at once; it was Samson himself. His eyes had not suffered at all at the hands of the Philistines. That was only a part of the play, he was told. And Samson looked kindly and pleasantly on him, and told him to stand up straight, look right at him, and show him his ankle. Peer showed his whole foot, and leg too.

"So he got a place in the ballet," said grandmother.

It was easily brought about at the ballet-master's house; but first his mother and grandmother must needs make other preparations, and talk with people who knew about these things; first with the merchant's wife, who thought it a good career for a pretty, well-formed boy without any prospect, like Peer. Then they talked with Miss Frandsen; she understood all about the ballet. At one time, in the younger days of grandmother, she had been the most favorite *danseuse* at the theatre; she had danced goddesses and princesses, had been cheered and applauded whenever she came out; but then she grew older, —we all do,—and then she no longer had principal parts; she had to dance behind the younger ones; and finally she went behind all the dancers quite into the dressing-room, where she dressed the others to be goddesses and princesses.

"So it goes!" said Miss Frandsen. "The theatre road is a delightful one to travel, but it is full of thorns. Chicane grows there,—chicane!"

That was a word Peer did not understand; but he came to understand it quite well.

"He is determined to go into the ballet," said his mother.

"He is a pious Christian child, that he is," said grandmother.

"And well brought up," said Miss Frandsen. "Well bred and moral! that was I in my heyday."

And so Peer went to dancing-school, and got some summer clothes and thin-soled dancing-shoes to make it easier. All the old dancers hissed him, and said that he was a boy good enough to eat.

He was told to stand up, stick his legs out, and hold on by a post so as not to fall, while he learned to kick first with his right leg, then with his left. It was not so hard for him as for most of the others. The ballet-master clapped him on the back and said he would soon be in the ballet; he should be a king's child, who was carried on shields and wore a gold crown. That was practised at the dancing school, and rehearsed at the theatre itself.

The mother and grandmother must go to see little Peer in all his glory, and they looked, and they both cried, for all it was so splendid. Peer in all his glory and show had not seen them at all; but the merchant's family he had seen; they sat in the loge nearest the stage. Little Felix was with them in his best clothes. He wore buttoned gloves, just like grown-up gentlemen, and sat with an opera-glass at his eyes the whole evening, although he could see perfectly well—again just like grown-up gentlemen. He looked at Peer; Peer looked at him; and Peer was a king's child with a gold crown on. This evening brought the two children in closer relation to one another.

Some days after, as they met each other in the yard, Felix went up to Peer and told him he had seen him when he was a prince. He knew very well that he was not a prince any longer, but then he had worn a prince's clothes and had a gold crown on.

"I shall wear them again on Sunday," said Peer.

Felix did not see him then, but he thought about it the whole evening. He would have liked very well to be in Peer's shoes; he had not Miss Frandsen's warning that the theatre way was a thorny one, and that *chicane* grew on it; neither did Peer know this yet, but he would very soon learn it.

His young companions the dancing children were not all as good as they ought to be

for all that they sometimes were angels with wings to them. There was a little girl, Malle Knallemp, who always, when she was dressed as page, and Peer was a page, stepped maliciously on the side of his foot, so as to see his stockings; there was a bad boy who always was sticking pins in his back, and one day he ate Peer's sandwiches by mistake; but that was impossible, for Peer had some meat-pie with his sandwich, and the other boy had only bread and butter. He could not have made a mistake.

It would be in vain to recite all the vexations that Peer endured in the two years, and the worst was not yet,—that was to come. There was a ballet to be brought out called *The Vampire*. In it the smallest dancing children were dressed as bats; wore gray tights that fitted snugly to their bodies; black gauze wings were stretched from their shoulders, and so they were to run on tiptoe, as if they were just flying, and then they were to whirl round on the floor. Peer could do this especially well; but his trousers and jacket, all of one piece, were old and worn; the threads did not hold together; so that, just as he whirled round before the eyes of all the people, there was a rip right down his back, straight from his neck down to where the legs are fastened in, and all his short, little white shirt was to be seen.

All the people laughed. Peer saw it, and knew that he was ripped all down the back; he whirled and whirled, but it grew worse and worse. Folks laughed louder and louder; the other vampires laughed with them, and whirled into him, and all the more dreadfully when the people clapped and shouted bravo!

"That is for the ripped vampire!" said the dancing children; and so they always called him "Ripperip."

Peer cried; Miss Frandsen comforted him. "'Tis only *chicane*," said she; and now Peer knew what *chicane* was.

Besides the dancing-school, they had another one attached to the theatre, where the children were taught to cipher and write, to learn history and geography; ay, they had a teacher in religion, for it is not enough to know how to dance; there is something more in the world than wearing out dancing-shoes. Here, too, Peer was quick,—the very quickest of all,—and got plenty of good marks; but his companions still called him "Ripperip." It was only a joke; but at last he would not stand it any longer, and he struck out and boxed one of the boys, so that he was black and blue under the left eye, and had to have it whitened in the evening when he was to go in the ballet. Peer was talked to sharply by the dancing-master, and more harshly by the sweeping-woman, for it was her son he had punished.

(To be continued.)

MIRABEL'S CHRISTMAS.

I.

It may be that from the farthest corner of the earth there are, even now, hastening to meet us people whom we have never seen, of whom we have never heard, and who know nothing of our existence; who are forced on, as it were, by an invisible power; led by an unknown hand, through strange and winding ways to the place of meeting; thinking all the time—ah, short-sighted, blind!—that they are working out their own devices, following the paths they themselves have chosen. It may be that we shall stand face to face but a moment; yet that moment will make or mar, bind or loose, for all time. Who can say for how much more? Said one but just now departed from us, after whom the door has only this moment closed, "In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet us from many strange places, and by many strange roads; and what it is set for us to do to them, and what it is set for them to do to us, will all be done."

It is Christmas Eve at the Carisbrooke house. Without, the gray, chill twilight deepens into starless night. One red ray of light streams out low in the horizon, where the western gates of heaven have not yet shut down.

Towards it the clouds scurry in haste, like late comers, whipped on by the angry wind, and dropping snow-flakes here and there, like tears.

As the darkness increases, the bare, shivering trees, huddled together as if for warmth upon the lawn, grow more indistinct in outline. Only as masses of deeper gloom do they appear against the scant covering of snow upon the earth. Down from the house writhes the carriage-way, bare and black, a huge serpent that is speared through and through by the spikes of the iron gates. Beyond, the road leading into town is ill-defined by an occasional patch of darkness, where the snow has worn away, or, as you follow it, by a line of low, straggling firs upon one side.

Three miles or more out upon this road a woman tramps along through snow and freezing mud. Her face is set towards the house, her back to the town. Her feet are thrust into a man's boots a world too large, that hold her back and add double weariness to the way. Sometimes, when they cling to the mire, she stops to pull them out, muttering an oath. The gown that draggles about her ankles is fringed and rent, and has been wet, but is frozen now where it has swept the road. The wind beats against her. It strikes her face with fierce, stinging blows. It seizes the tawdry, misshapen bonnet and throws it back upon her shoulders. It tears her hair from its careless fastenings and shakes her ragged shawl in her face. But still she tramps on doggedly, measuring her slow progress by the trees along the way, pausing sometimes to rest and gain the breath the wind fairly catches from her lips. Once, when she rounds a sudden corner, and is almost taken from her feet and their clumsy coverings, she hesitates and turns back. Then how the wind urges her on. No fierce blows, no flaunting of rags before her now. It holds her up and bears her along with all its strength. The haggard face works irresolutely. All at once it grows strong. The faded lips shut tight over one word. She wheels suddenly and pushes on.

It was only the name of a woman like herself—one of the wretches who burrow and hide in the back slums of our towns; but whom God sees and knows and pities—remember that—who had come to grief now, as she came to sin and shame years before, and, being tried with a gang of thieves and counterfeiters, had been condemned to the State prison. To-morrow her term will begin, and this woman whom you have seen upon the road is on her way to beg for pardon or su for mercy from Judge Carisbrooke. He had pronounced the sentence; surely he could annul it if he would, she thought. She had what seemed to be evidence of her friend's innocence to offer. But it was a forgery, and she knew it. She had walked three miles upon a bitter night, wearily, painfully, and would yet walk three miles more to lie for her friend, her companion in infamy. It is only one of the unworked problems in human nature; the more perplexing when we remember that to "love thy neighbor as thyself" was counted by the Master like unto the first and greatest of the commandments.

Within the Carisbrooke house are the gleam and blaze of fires. The heavy curtains are drawn to shut out the night, and a servant with lighted taper in hand moves about noiselessly, touching, as if with a wand, the eyes and tongue of the bronze dragon midway in the hall, the trumpets between the lips of the puffy-cheeked boys in every corner, and there shoot out flames. They unlock every recess shut in by the shadows; they gild the picture-frames anew, make of the mirrors sheets of burnished silver, paint upon carpets and hangings the most gorgeous arabesques, and transform the whole house; warming and reddening it into new life.

The quaint Dutch clock, in its high carved case—the shy old clock with its hands held ever before its face—strikes the half hour from its corner in the hall. The hush that precedes the descent to dinner in a house filled with guests has fallen over everything. Even the lights quiver and tremble breathlessly, and the coals in the grates have ceased to crackle and snap as they did an hour before.

The latest arrival is the first to descend. It is Dare—Orland Dare—painter, poet, man of the world—the cynosure of brightest eyes, the cause of many a heart-beat—possibly heart-ache, since they go together—and, best

of all, Judge Carisbrooke's friend. To say the last is to bestow rare praise; since one must have had gifts and graces and something nobler still to have won the place.

Handsome he is, *sans doute*, as he paces the hall slowly, watching the wide stairs to their curve with dusky eyes, and an impatient word escaping now and again from between the gates shut close under the sweeping, dark moustache. The eyes would guard their secrets well, and the lips too; for lips have secrets of their own. Not once does he glance into the mirror beside him. Do you think, then, that he is without vanity? Assurance is the height of vanity. We scan our faces eagerly in doubt. Dare knew.

The old clock rang out the third quarter, and Mirabel floated down the stairs;—Mirabel in sea-green, even to the tips of the dainty slippers that dipped in and out the waves of her gown, like lily leaves upon a shimmering stream. Yellow as the heart of the water-lily, drooping low beneath her ear, was the hair that fell all adown her back—a golden, gleaming mass. The foam-like lace about her throat was caught together with a chrysoprase. Slowly she floated down, Mirabel, wonderful, humming a little song, with downcast, smiling eyes, that saw nothing of the man waiting below, over whose face content had fallen at last. For an instant the visor had been raised from his eyes, and love looked out. There he was, cool and dark, and watchful as before.

"You?" she exclaimed, in glad questioning. No mask before her face. It was a mirror turned towards her heart. She flew down with outstretched hands. "So soon!" she said. He gathered the hands—a white harvest—all his own.

"'So soon!" he repeated. "And does it seem so soon? I thought the days were long."

"Oh, not so; but we did not dream of seeing you till midnight."

"I found an earlier train, excused myself from dining with a friend, hinted at sickness to account for my sudden exodus, and here I am, you see. Come!" He drew her under the blazing lights. "Elf! Changeling! Undine!" he murmured. "I've been waiting impatiently enough while you combed out these yellow locks. Well, my mermaiden, how many poor mortals have you caught in their snares since we parted? Confess, now."

He held up her hand, upon which a ring flashed out a sudden light in answer to the dragon's eyes. "Still wearing my chains! Is it possible?—faithfulness in a woman a whole week! surrounded by temptation, too! Why, Bert Conway is here!"

"A boy, just out of pinafores."

"And Col. Weber."

"Who is old enough to be my grandfather, you know." Her laugh chimed out like Christmas bells.

Mallie Ray's little pink boots clattered down the stairs. Sweeping after came the stately form of her mother. The whole train followed. Chaos ensued, and the announcement of dinner.

A servant searched among the guests. "Where is the Judge? Beg pardon, sir; but there's a woman in the kitchen, who says she will come in. She's walked, by her story, all the way from town. If you'd just speak to her."

He followed the man, returning in a moment. "Some poor creature with a favor to ask;" he explained. "I think she *has* walked out from town. I'll attend to her presently;" and with Madam Ray he passed on to the dining-room.

Dare, in the doorway, with his hostess on his arm, found Mirabel at his side.

"A plague on them all!" he whispered. "It's worse than the flies in Egypt; a crowd, and the only woman one cares to meet—like Paradise to the souls in Purgatory—just beyond reach."

Mrs. Carisbrooke turned her head. "I'm reminding Miss Mirabel of a forgotten promise," he added audaciously, aloud,—"the first waltz."

"Ah? but really, now," began Bert Conway, who was taking her out, "I was intending myself —"

"My good fellow," interrupted Dare, as they separated, "do you remember that a certain place not to be mentioned in this connection—except by way of contrast—has goo

intentions instead of a Nicholson pavement? I've laid a block or two myself."

Bert stared. He was never able to follow Dare after the first sentence. Mirabel shook her head.

"What's that you have done?" asked Mallie Ray across the table when they were seated.

"Repented of my misdeeds and turned over a new leaf," he responded gravely.

"*Ce n'est pas possible!*" she replied, with a shrug of the shoulders that, bare, white, and dimpled, were the most effective exclamation points imaginable.

Dare laughed. Then leaning over and lowering eyes and voice, "Do you think so? Then indeed I am without hope." There were depths unfathomable in his eyes and tones, and Cupid's wings made faint fluttering in the region of the girl's heart as he turned away. If not a flirt, at least Dare knew his power, and when one knows that, it requires much of honor and something of grace to refrain from using it.

II.

Out from the conservatory where the musicians were hidden, borne on with the odor of heliotrope and tuberoses, floated the sensuous, intoxicating strains of the Strauss waltzes, like the swaying of fair white arms, with over and above them the passionate breath of a tropical song, tremulous, sad, yet sweet as a woman's voice, rising like a cry of pain, then sobbing and dying away.

Mirabel, dreamy, forgetful of all around her, with the touch of a hand still warming her own, the thrill of a voice still in her ear, stole away from the dancers to the little room opening from the hall—half boudoir, yet hardly more than an alcove of the drawing-room. Crossing her arms upon the mantel, she cooled her hot cheeks against the marble.

Some one paused and looked in curiously. It was the tramp—the woman who had come out from town to see the Judge, and who, released now from the conference, was on her way to the kitchen again.

Not at all abashed by Mirabel's presence, she coolly surveyed everything, from the rose-tinted ceiling over head to the delicate moss buds and blossoms in the Axminster rug under her feet.

It touched Mirabel with sudden pity,—she to be so warm, so wrapped about in luxury, so wrapped about in love, and this poor creature to shiver outside of it all.

"Come to the fire," she said kindly. "It was a long way to walk on such a night."

The woman glanced quickly out and across the hall to the happy throng still swaying before the breath of the music. "They won't come in here?"

"Oh no."

She threw herself heavily into one of the silk-covered chairs, and half defiantly thrust her feet out upon the delicate rug. The frozen, pinched look had not yet been thawed out of her face, or, it may be, disappointment had chilled her anew.

"'Twas a long road, and for nothing," she said sullenly, and with a strong accent. She was French, perhaps.

"Was it for nothing? Ah, that is cruel." Mirabel said the words quite simply, in her compassion. They seemed to stir all the depths of amazement, of doubt in the woman's mind. She looked quickly, sharply, into the girl's face. Then for the first time she seemed to realize her wonderful beauty, for Mirabel's eyes shone down,

"Like as the angels do."

"*You're* happy enough," she said.

"Happy! Oh yes;" and involuntarily Mirabel's eyes strayed out of the room; but Dare was nowhere in sight. Coming back, they faltered a little under the woman's stare.

"Perhaps you are hungry," Mirabel said, uneasily. "If you ask, I am sure they will give you something to eat."

"I'll ask nothing more of any of 'em!" She buried her chin in her hand, and gazed gloomily into the fire.

"You won't go back to-night?" Mirabel ventured, timidly.

"No; I'll stay about till morning—in the barn, perhaps," she added, grimly. "And I'll eat something yet. Don't ye mind; but I want to look at ye a moment. You are not afraid?" for the girl shrank a little.

"Oh no!" Who would harm her?

"Most of 'em would be, though," and she nodded her head towards the door. "Why, there's that giggling thing," singling out Mallie. "*Dieu!* 'twould scare her to death if I looked at her;" and, indeed, for once she was not far from the truth.

"You're young—and you're handsome—and you're good." She chanted the words slowly to herself; but Mirabel caught them.

"Oh, no; not very good," she interposed.

"Don't say so," said the woman fiercely. "Time'll come——" Her voice trembled, broke. "So was I once," she said dreamily, rocking herself back and forth. "Ten years ago! *Bon Dieu!* what years!" They seemed to rise before her in all their horror, all their shame. "Not like you," she went on. She pulled out the ragged tangles of her wet hair. "Black, you see; black as sin;" and she laughed a coarse, hard laugh. "Yours is like gold. I'd like to touch it."

Mirabel, frightened, yet pitying still, bent her fair head. The woman drew back suddenly. "No, I won't touch ye; I ain't fit."

Strange, new emotions were stirring in her heart. She laughed nervously, as if half ashamed. "At least, my hands are dirty," she added, looking away. But Mirabel saw through it all, and pitied more and more.

"You've a lover, perhaps; ah, you have many, I know. But don't trust 'em. The one you love'll deceive you. He will, I say. He'll steal your heart, and then—*Bon Dieu!*—and then he'll leave you—forget you." She rose excitedly, as though moved by a painful recollection.

A brave light glowed in Mirabel's face. "He never will," she said.

You should have seen the woman's face.

"You think so, but they're all alike. I wouldn't tell ye if 'twan't so. And it is no use any way," she added, suddenly. "You won't believe me. Go and dance now. Go and dance with the rest; dance while you can;" and gathering up her tattered shawl, she strode away.

Dare, searching the rooms over for Mirabel, found her pale, trembling, and tearful.

"Why, what is this? What has come over you?" She crept close to him, clinging to his arm. "You wouldn't leave me? You couldn't forget me?"

"Forget you! When I forget you, Mirabel, may God forget me!" he said solemnly. "But what do you mean? What has happened?"

"Don't ask me now. It is nothing. Come away; let us dance—*while we can*," she added, involuntarily.

In the hall Judge Carisbrooke met them. "Ah, Dare! I've something to show you. Come, Mirabel." He led the way to the drawing-room. "You know that landscape or seascape I picked up last year?"

"Landscape? Cattle in the foreground?"

"Oh no, no; the landscape you fancied. River or sea, or something with a long stretch of meadows and hills and all that."

"Yes; I think I do," Dare answered, shading his eyes from the glare of the fire.

"Well, there is an odd little circumstance connected with it. If you remember, it was in a heavy, old-fashioned frame, of most unusual width."

"Really, I can't say."

"It was. Well; I had it re-framed the other day, and presto! it is another picture."

"Ah? What do you mean?" Dare rose up lazily, and turned his back to the fire.

"Why, the old frame hid at least six inches of the picture on either side, and a couple of figures. It must have been intentional. There is a romance and a mystery for you, Mirabel. Here it is. You can see for yourselves. The frame came just here."

"What a sweet face!" exclaimed Mirabel, drawing near.

Dare gave it long, close scrutiny. "No name of the artist?"

"No; I've looked for it." One or two others passing, and overhearing their words, joined them, glancing curiously at the picture.

It was a simple thing—cool and fresh in color—a scene in Normandy. Only a youth and maiden walking hand in hand beside a summer sea. His face was turned away. Hers, shy, yet glowing under the tint the sun had laid upon it, told the old, old tale that gives to life its charm.

His was no peasant dress, no peasant form. Woe to her! Woe to the dove when it looks

upon the eagle! Very soft and dark were the long-lashed eyes; very dark and smooth the braids under the high, white cap. Her short blue petticoat made no attempt to hide the little feet that crushed the scarlet poppies in the grass.

"Really!" said Bertie Conway, adjusting his eye-glass. "Very good—very good indeed! No fancy sketch, though; *déposé*, I'll wager. *Chiar-oscura* rather fine; eh! Dare?"

Dare laughed.

"Bert turned art-critic? Saul among the prophets! It don't amount to much as a work of art, begging your pardon, Carisbrooke, still it's rather a good bit of color. I'll take it off your hands when you're tired of it. It'll match something I bought the other day—that 'Fishwives' Picnic,' you know."

III.

It was still a half hour to midnight when Mallie Ray, a mass of crumpled lace and cambric, rapped at Mirabel's door.

"Did you leave your Christmas gifts on the sideboard?"

"All but this one." Mirabel's fingers were busy tying up a little box covered with silver paper. "Did you?"

"No; but I slipped down a moment ago; oh! and the picture you were looking at in the drawing-room is there, with a card,—I couldn't help reading it—'*Dare, with a Merry Christmas, from his old friend Carisbrooke!*'"

"How kind! but that is like him. Come in and keep my fire warm while I run down. You're sure I'll meet no one."

"Oh no; the gentlemen are in the smoking-room, and will be for an hour. Or if you do, you'll make a charming figure in that long white wrapper, and with your hair all down your back."

Mirabel gave a little laugh, and ran down the stairs with a light heart and swift feet. The great dining-room lay all in darkness as she opened the door, save where the fire-light touched an object here and there—the dainty fire-light that laid its white fingers only upon the brightest and best. One broad ray lit up the picture of which Mallie had spoken, bringing out the figure of the peasant girl with startling distinctness. Mirabel paused as she laid the little gift-package down among the score of mysteries awaiting the coming day for their unwrapping. She fancied a stealthy step passed down the hall. Something of terror chilled her as it drew near. Close beside her was the long window opening into the conservatory. She hid herself quickly behind the heavy curtains as a woman crept hesitatingly into the room, pausing every moment to listen and look back. It was the tramp, the woman from the town, who had come out of her hiding-place, wherever it had been, and now stole about the house from idle curiosity perhaps, or something worse.

She could not have been cold, yet the fire drew her. How she crouched before it, spreading out her hands and rubbing them together in delight. When she turned away reluctantly, at length, the picture caught her eye. She sprang towards it, her caution all forgotten. She knelt, clasping her hands. She scanned it with straining eyes, her lips uttering strange, hurried words.

The battered bonnet fell back, and the long black hair swept her shoulders. For a moment her face grew rosy in the fire-light,—grew almost fair. The parted lips were red and moist. The dark eyes deepened, softened, smiled. She was no longer cold and hungry and half naked, an outcast scoffed at and scorned; but, happy and fair and pure of heart, by a river that flowed far away in another land, she walked again with her beloved.

Some one opening the door behind her saw with amazement the prostrate figure. It was Dare, on his way from the smoking-room.

"What are you doing here?" he began, shaking her roughly.

She sank back in terror. Then her face became like the face of one who sees a spirit.

"Is it thou?" she whispered, in hushed, breathless tones, and in the language of her native land. "My love! my love!" She threw back the long hair that hid her face, and let the light shine in upon it. Oh, at that moment it was sweet to look upon and true. She pointed to the picture. "The river!" she said, "the silent river that went on and

on! How it shone in the sunlight! And the flowers—you put them in my hair!"

The present, the dreadful years between, were all forgotten. Only that one happy time so long ago filled all her heart. Her eyes were like a little child's.

With his hands held tight before his face, as if to shut out the sight, the memory, even the thought, the man stood dumb. Who of us will dare open our lips when our past rises up in judgment against us!

He did not see the curtains parting behind him, nor the white figure moving slowly along the room. Down from the yellow hair drooped a lily—withered and brown now.

Mirabel's face was white as the robe she trailed along. Her eyes, opaque, lustreless, stared straight before her, and as she walked she wrung her hands.

The woman saw her while she was yet a long way off; in terror first of the white, still thing that yet seemed to move—then with another fear. "Not him!" she gasped below her breath. "It is not him she loves!"

Her fingers clutched her gown, her hair. The blood flew in and out her face as fire flies from the heated iron when struck. Then she turned away her head, and made as if she had not seen. "Pardon, good gentleman!" Her voice was different now. She spoke so loud and clear that every tone reached Mirabel. "I'm strange sometimes. I don't know what I've said. I think I'm not right here." She touched her head. "I had a lover once, you see—that's all. It was the darkness made you look like him." She laughed. God knows her heart cried in her. She gathered up her rags slowly, while the man shook himself and tried to speak. Had it been a dream, after all?

The firelight touched Mirabel now—her face, her form, her sweeping hair.

"Mirabel!"

She crept into his arms. "What is it? Oh, what does it mean?"

"It's nothing," broke in the woman, over whose face swept a sudden pain at the sight of her in his arms. "I'm sorry if I frightened the lady."

"And it isn't true?" sobbed Mirabel.

"Bless you, no; if you mean anything I said." Again she laughed, or did she sob? "It—it was the heat and my head, you know. If you'll let me, I'll go now."

The old clock in the hall rang out for twelve. Outside and far away the bells took it up—a Christmas chime.

"Don't go," said Mirabel. Oh, how near she had been to losing all her joy. It rushed back upon her now, an overpowering tide. She was faint with happiness.

"Don't go; I want to do something for you. It's Christmas day, you know." She left Dare, and went towards the woman, who slowly moved away as she came near.

"There ain't nothing to do," she said; "don't ye mind; go and be happy with the rest of 'em." Mirabel did not heed her words.

"You must be hungry sometimes, and cold, while I ——" Tears choked her voice. Oh, how warm she had been all her life!

"Hungry! Don't ye mind. I'm used to it," the woman said gently. "I'll go now," she said again, and moved towards the door. Her face was deathly pale, and she staggered as she walked.

"But you are ill," cried Mirabel.

"Only weak like. I'm always so after these turns. I'll go and rest a little now in the place they gave me."

She did not mean to tell a lie.

"Will you come again? Come and ask for me—for Mirabel. Say that you will!"

The woman shook her head. "I'm going on a journey—a long way off."

To her home, to France, thought Mirabel.

"And will you be happy there? Not cold nor hungry?"

"Oh, no; not cold or hungry any more."

"And will you be like—like as you were when you were young?"

Dear Mirabel! The red dyed all her cheek.

The woman's face—oh, how hollow-eyed and paler yet she grew—worked painfully.

"Who knows?" she said.

Mirabel pulled out a little purse—a dainty thing of silver chains and violet silk. "It's only a little. I wish it were more; but you'll take it?"

She hid it in her bosom.

"And there's nothing more?" asked Mirabel.

"Oh, I'd be so glad—" A faint color stole over the pale face. "If you wouldn't mind—if I might, I'd like now—just to touch your hair."

She smoothed it down and down. 'Twas like a blessing. You'd not have thought her hands could be so gentle. "I had a little brother once with hair like this," she said. "God took him."

"Now I'll go." She stooped and kissed the shining hair. Perhaps 'twas for the little brother God had taken.

Then the darkness hid her.

IV.

Out on the road, a mile from town, a woman was found dead Christmas morning. The snow, white and pure, wrapped her, folded her in warmly. It did not even shrink from touching her face, upon which had fallen the shadow of a great peace.

She seemed not to have fallen in the way, but to have laid herself calmly down, straightening out the scanty rags, and folding the hands that still held fast a little purse.

And so she began her journey.

NATASQUA.

(Continued from page 169.)

CHAPTER VII.

The next day proved cold and threatening. The nor'easter was rising steadily. The river and coast were deserted, the fishermen all having taken their schooners and surf-boats across to the bay, where an unprecedentedly large shoal of mackerel were running in. Only Dort remained. He had been coasting along shore in the Maid all day. The Maid was a light-built one-masted boat, sitting high out of the water, with that queer, prompt, knowing look which some boats have, even to landsmen's eyes, as though by dint of long intercourse with living beings a kind of actual life had crept into them; not human precisely; more akin to the animal. To seafaring men this life is as tangible as their own. The Maid was no favorite on the coast. Dort had often been warned against her. Even old Inskip had cautioned him. "She's unlucky, Dick," he used to say. "She means mischief some day. Take that band of yaller paint off her; it looks like the ring about a copperhead's neck. It may be that. Though Ben Stolls says there was a man killed at her launchin down the bay, and the mark of the blood's on her bows. If that's the case there's no help for her."

In spite of their ominous croaking, however, the Maid had gone up and down the river for years, a faithful, pretty maid enough; and to-day, with her blood-red pennants fluttering apeak, a gayly dressed maid. Too gayly for the dull sad day, old Inskip thought, watching her, gaudy with yellow and red, darting to and fro through the wet mist, watching her dip until the angry water rushed in a torrent over her, and then saucily right herself. She was a painted Jezebel. It was an insolent toying with death. But the old man was full of sickly fancies to-day, and morbid. Dick and his Maid had river and sea to themselves. Not a boat was on the water. Not a step broke the silence of the marshes alongshore, up which the tide crept in black snake-like lines. The hills stood apart and solitary, like half-effaced sketches in India ink upon the unhealthy yellow sky. On summer days the Natasqua carried some secret,—Life or Content or Cheerfulness among them; one hardly could give it a name, but certain it is the Natasqua was alive with it, as some priestess of old with the electric current. It was in the air, in the wash of the waves, in the dart of the sword-fishes up into the light, in the lady-bugs dotting the swamp-grass like drops of blood, in the pulpy, green, luminous sand-flies creeping here and there. But the secret was lost or out of sight to-day; a breathless foreboding kept the world silent; the Natasqua was but a dull wash of muddy water which wrapped in fog oozed its way out into the ocean.

Dort had gone down in the direction of the tents early in the morning, and met Miss Vaux on the sands, and after exchanging a few words with her, had returned to the Maid and remained in her all day, coasting up and down.

Inskip, venturing down once, found the young fellow silent and flushed, as though keeping some strong excitement out of sight.

"Goin' to the bay, Richard?"

"No. Miss Vaux is going with me down to the inlet this afternoon," he said. "She has never seen the sea under a nor'easter at spring tide."

"It will be your last sail with her, my boy, eh?" said the old man gently.

Dick gave a queer discordant laugh, but answered nothing. When Inskip was gone, he took out a letter to read again for the twentieth time. It had been brought to him late the night before, and was from Mrs. Vaux, marked "Immediate" and "Private," and full of underscoring and exclamation points.

It began without any address, which Dort did not observe, however. There were other peculiarities in it, too, which he did not notice.

"I wish to help you," she said; "why, I may tell you some day. Not now. But as God sees me, there is nothing I would not do to give you fortune and happiness. You have parted with Romaine, as you think, forever. That is all boyish heat and folly. Put the affair in my hands. She urges you to speak openly to her father, which is also mere purblind folly. You children are always blunt and headlong. A disclosure to Major Vaux of your love, and of some other matters which must be ripped open at the same time, seems to me premature and unwise. My plan is this. Ask Romy to go with you to-morrow in your boat to the sea or the other shore—anywhere. It will be exceedingly silly in her to do it, as she wishes to draw away from you: but she will go. She is a woman, and loves you. When you are at the other shore, out of reach of help, scuttle your boat, overturn, shipwreck her; you are a sailor and can understand what I mean, and manage it adroitly; let Romy believe herself in danger, and that your strong arm and strong love saved her. Weak and frightened, and out of reach of home, you can persuade her to what you will. Take her to the nearest clergyman, and bring her back as your wife. The deed once done, she will see the expediency of keeping it a secret. We will return to New York; you can push your fortune, sure of a legal hold upon her whenever you are ready to claim her. We will have won the game from the Major. If she is obstinate, and persists in testing her father's affection for her by a confession—the worst can only come to the worst. We will stand just where we do to-day. He shall know all." There were some half-illegible and wholly incomprehensible sentences at the close, expressive of her wish to serve him, of her regard for him "different from that of any mother." Dick passed them over with a careless glance as a bit of silly sentiment; though the poor little woman, false and cunning in every other line of the letter, had poured her whole aching heart into these.

Now Dick, to be just, had inherited none of his mother's trickiness. But the savage disappointment of the day before, the feverish sleepless night, the day itself, significant of loss and disaster, drove him to an unwonted irritability and despair. To give her up was to give up life itself. There were but a few hours in which to decide his whole fortune. On one side was Romy's plan, to risk all on honesty, which to Dort, as to his mother, seemed purblind folly,—truckling to the Major first, and afterward long years of hopeless waiting. On the other was this trick of Mrs. Vaux. It suited Dick's mood, somehow. To capture the girl by force, as it were—ha! that had the ring of the old masculine metal line in it! To undermine this pompous old idiot! So true love and simple worth should always triumph over the world and fashion. Dick had some such vague notions as these, but the motive that drove him most fiercely, certainly, was that he loved the girl, and caught at the readiest means to possess himself of her.

The first part of Mrs. Vaux's programme proved successful. Romy, who had spent the night in bidding lover and love good-bye forever, and teaching herself that the fragment of life left to her must be passed in tearing the thought of him out of her heart, no sooner saw him coming up the beach than she promptly sat down to gather pebbles and give him time to reach her.

"You will go down in the Maid this evening to see the spring tide, Romy?"

"Yes, Richard," humbly.

"It is the last day. Let us have one hour of happiness more to remember."

"Yes, Richard."

That was all. As Dort, replacing his cap, turned off to the beach, the Major and Mrs. Vaux came up. "Your boatman coming for a last job, my dear? Unprofitable jobs enough, so far. I must really think of some remuneration for the fellow. Adolph has some household utensils, probably, not worth expressing home, that we can give him."

"I will see to it," said Mrs. Vaux.

But the Major was looking after Dick through his eye-glass. "The most remarkable!—that young man has a curious likeness to some one, my dear, with whom I am familiar. But I cannot fix it, for my life. The carriage—the poise of the head—the very voice! It is really unaccountable how these chance likenesses annoy us when we cannot fix them."

"Had you not better look after the packing of the wine?" said his wife hastily.

"Oh true, true! By the way, where is Romy going this afternoon?"

"To see the spring tide come in, I believe."

"A capital idea! It will be a sight worth seeing with this nor'easter gust. I can make a letter out of it for the *Journal*, no doubt. Land and sea furnish us with pot-boilers, you see, my dear. You shall go with me to the beach, Fanny. Not a word—not a word. You shall see everything that is worth seeing in the world, my child; you should have everything worth having in it, if Joe Vaux had the money."

He put his hand on her head, fondly. That was more than Mrs. Vaux could bear. She hurried off from him, her conscience rasping her sorely, and the tears with which she always paid all her debts to conscience, and washed out the accounts, ready in her eyes. A sigh heaved the Major's breast as he looked after her. "I wish to the Lord I had more money for the little woman. If she and the young ones were at the top of the tree, Joe Vaux would be satisfied with his work."

A strange silence fell over sea and land as the day passed noon. The leaden, sunless plane overhead hung low and motionless; cold mists swept steadily from the sea inland; the Natasqua rose and fell in short, sullen throbs; the only sound that broke the gray cold and silence was the melancholy pipe of the fish-hawk, coming home through the sky from its bootless search after prey.

When the *Maid*, still jaunty in her yellow and red, grated up on the sand, Romy was ready to spring on board; her rosy, happy face peeping out from her hooded waterproof cloak. Mrs. Vaux, in the distance, watched Dick, his broad figure made stouter by cavalry boots and a heavily-caped overcoat, help her up, and then take his seat at the stern, and, rudder in hand, steer out into the impenetrable gray mist.

"He is weighted down with those clothes," she cried. "What can he do in a struggle in the water? And the day looks death! it smells of death." She ran down to the water's edge. What if they never came back out of that mist and silence? It was she who had driven them to it. She crept out after the retreating wave until her feet sank in the slimy froth and kelp, calling shrilly to them; but the sound struck dead against the heavy air, and nothing but the echo of her own voice came to her again.

Wrapping her shawl tighter about her, she turned and ran on in the direction in which she knew the inlet to lie. Chance might bring her to the point where they would land. She must see the end of her scheme, whether it was death or life; and, besides, she would avoid her husband, whom she hoped to trick by it. She would go mad if she were forced to parade arm-in-arm with him to-day, and listen to his pompous, never-ending courtship.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THIS wind is as cold as if it blew out of the grave," said Dick, looking around gloomily. "Nothing but disaster could come on such a day."

"It is a little chilly, to be sure. But it's a very comfortable day." Romy gave a contented little gurgle of a laugh, and snuggled closer under her cloak. Dick had made her sit by him in the stern, and while he guided

the rudder with one hand, used the other very often to adjust her hood. Romy was quite willing that he should adjust her hood. Her cheeks grew pinker, and her eyes flashed when she felt his awkward fingers outside of the rough cloth. She had never been so babyish or happy with him. As for her last night's forebodings and struggles with Duty, she did not know what had become of them. Dick would talk to her father, or wait and work for her in silence. Wait a day—a week—years. What did that matter? Some day it would come! Now—wasn't she beside him? Could she not feel him touch her cloak? The touch of the rough fellow's hand meant love, pure, faithful; he glanced at her, and presto! with the glance all of her life to come was pressed to her lips in one draught, warm, bright, tender, maddening with its hopes. Dort was anxious and moody, but she saw nothing of that, except to think how fine the pale, square-jawed face was under the broad-brimmed hat; finer than Dick's usual good-natured visage, with the cap set knowingly atop.

As for Dick, he steered aimlessly up and down. The time was creeping fast, but he was palsied with doubt. If he took her back to the tents she was lost to him; and yet Mrs. Vaux's scheme now seemed beyond measure mean and paltry. Then he looked down into her honest blue eyes, and stooped to shelter her from the wind. She bent unconsciously toward him.

"O God, I cannot give her up," he cried bitterly, and steered sharply out toward the inlet. There was an old clergyman living near the beach who would marry them and ask no questions. He would not need to use Mrs. Vaux's cowardly stratagem. Romy had never been so womanish, so yielding as to-day. Let him have but an hour and he could bring her to him by sheer love.

"It grows late," she said, with a startled glance at the darkening sky.

"Do you want to go home?" urging the boat toward the inlet.

She shook her head with a shy blush and laugh.

"Do you care to think of the time when we shall always sit thus side by side?" Dort whispered, stooping nearer to her; "when you will be my wife, Romy? Do you ever think of it?"

The pretty little face under the cloak grew redder and brighter. "Indeed, I think of it all the time, Richard," she said frankly. "It won't be so very long till then, either."

"What do you mean?" hastily.

"Oh, with your talents, you will soon be ready to make your way and come for me," with a decisive little nod. "I'm so glad," clasping her hands earnestly, "so glad that you gave up that scheme promptly, Richard, and have done with it. Whenever I think of my love for you, or my marrying you, it is as if we were both going near to God, and I could not go to Him with a trick and a lie in my mouth. Could I?"

"Oh, certainly not. What devil is in this boat?" rising with a purple face. "I beg your pardon. But I never knew her take her own head so before. I cannot steer her." He talked fast to cover her agitation. "She follows my touch generally like a tame filly. But to-day, one would believe, as the fishermen say, that she had an ugly life of her own that will have its own way."

"I don't see anything malignant in the poor *Maid*," looking indifferently up at the sail, and wishing Dick would sit down beside her again. He did sit down presently, but remained gloomily silent. His hand tightened on the rudder like iron, steering straight for the inlet. He would not take her back until she was his wife, by fair means or foul, let her say what she would. All the strength and passion of Dort's nature were roused for the first time in his life. She was a weak woman, and in his hold. *She would not slip out of it.* As for this goodyish honesty she talked about, it was well enough for women. He did not concern himself much with God or the devil just now; it was her he wanted. He looked at her, trying to master the magic word that should bring her to him, regardless of the vindictive lurches and jibes of the boat under his hand. They frightened Romy at last.

"Hadn't we better go back to shore? You have no control of the boat, Richard."

"There's something about her I don't understand," with an impatient jerk of the rudder.

"I thought I knew her thoroughly. No, we will not go back. I am going to take you to the inlet." They had drifted within a few feet of the shore, but Dort forced the boat out into the broad sheet of gray water between them and the sea.

"Oh, very well," laughed Romy, wiping off the salt mist that wet her face. "You won't take me anywhere that is not safe for me, I'm sure." It was a summer day to her, and she was sailing on to the enchanted isles.

Dort was silent. The *Maid* pushed her way headlong through the water as though she relished the evil errand. In an hour the marshy shore was out of sight, and the sea-beach stretched before them wan and threatening in the mist.

"How lonely it is! We have not met a boat on the river," she said.

Dick fastened the rudder, and sat down beside her. "There is not a living being within miles of us. Are you afraid?"

She looked quickly at the colorless sky, the dim shore, the vast moaning sea stretching to the horizon. "I am not afraid with you," she said, a little pale but smiling.

He stooped down suddenly, drew the hood from her head, and taking it between his hands turned her face toward his own, looking into her eyes. "Are you glad to leave the world behind us? To be alone with me? Do you love me?"

Red heats dyed her face; he gave her no space for answer, but drew her close, stroked her eyes with his fingers softly, and then for the first time in her life pressed his lips to hers. Then he held her still and firmly in his arms. "You shall never go back from me to the world," he said quietly. "I intend to land on yonder beach, and in an hour you will be my wife."

On the instant she was free from him, and standing erect and apart. "Do you mean what you say, Richard?"

"Yes. I will not live without you."

She shook her head. "You should not have cheated me. You will take me back now, home." She hesitated a minute and then came directly toward him and sat down again gravely. Dort's eyes blazed on her, baffled and fierce with passion. Hers met them, blue, cool, smiling. The childish, yielding Romy of an hour ago had vanished utterly. He held out his hands, came toward her, and then turned away. He could not touch her.

"You will take me home, Richard, I am sure," she said quietly. "You will not make me think you a trickster. I know you better."

"God knows what I am," broke out poor Dick desperately. If he had known what a terrified chicken-heart was beating for life under Romy's cloak, he would not have been so easily worsted. Should he give her up? He stooped to unloose the rudder when an odd gurgle under the boat struck his ear. He tore off the flat top of the forecastle, looked into it, turned with a quick catching of his breath, measuring the distance between the boat and the shore.

"What is it? Oh Richard, what is it?"

"I cannot take you home if I would, Romy," quietly. "The *Maid* has sprung a leak. I suppose," with a laugh, "she was jealous of the woman I loved and revenges herself in this way." A woman might daunt Dort, but danger brought him at a touch back to his cool self. He was busy on his knees while he spoke, probing the leak.

Miss Vaux, on the contrary, screamed with terror: "Take me home, Richard," catching his arms so that he could do nothing. "Must we die? I don't want to die. Take me anywhere, anywhere!"

"I'll do what I can," pulling off his boots and coat. "Don't hold my arms, my darling." He spoke very gently, for he felt that the chance for them was over. The boat was unmanageable; they were drifting rapidly out to sea.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Major and Mrs. Vaux were pacing about the beach, arm in arm. He had followed and found her as she feared.

"But why should you remain in this very unpleasant atmosphere, Fanny?" The Major buttoned his oil-skin coat tighter about his breast. "Romy, you tell me, designed to return early. You have therefore no uneasiness about her?"

"Oh, certainly not," clinging to his arm, and dragging him up and down the sands,

while with agonized eyes she tried to pierce the blinding mist.

The Major submitted to be dragged, puffing like a porpoise. "I'm very glad I met you, very glad. But—it is the view you admire, my dear?"

"Yes, it is the view."

He took out his eye-glasses and thoughtfully poised them on his nose. "It might be objected to as wet. But I have not that keen appreciation of nature that you have. I wish I had. A bit of scenery comes in well in a letter. Newcastle has that appreciation. That is a remarkable boy. Do you know, my dear, Newcastle is a better solicitor for advertisements to-day than I am?"

"Impossible, Major."

"True, 'pon my honor. As for the women in business, they dote on him. Such a handsome dog, and so cursedly religious! Well—" shivering, "you don't want to go home?"

"Not yet. One moment. What is that black speck yonder?"

"A log coming in with the tide. Nature, eh?" looking into the vast waste of water beyond the stretch of pallid beach; a shadow of what might have been thoughtfulness in another man coming into his boastful face. "Do you know, Fanny, there really seems to be something in this? I don't quite grasp it, but—. I've always said, when I had the boys settled I'd turn my attention to—well, religion, you know—and I really think I would come to a place like this to do it. There's a meaning—a—. I suppose the geologists get at it with their hammers, or you poets. You are a poet; you write verses, eh, my dear?" fondly regarding her rasped, meagre visage, and complacently pulling his whiskers.

She shook her head, her eyes straining on the black log that rose and fell, rose and fell with the muddy breakers, and slowly came nearer shore.

"No? Now I would have suspected it strongly. You have that expression, rapt, spirituelle—. But as for this Nature. I don't know what's in it, I'm sure. How's a man to find out what's in anything, that isn't advertised? Tut! tut! it's only my joke; smells a little of the shop, eh?"

But Mrs. Vaux dragged him down to the water's edge. "The log! the log!" she cried, hoarsely.

"Log? what? Merciful God! It's a body! Fanny, it's a body!"

The next wave dashed its helpless burden so near to the shore that the Major, who had rushed in headlong, dragged it out. "Romy! Romy!" he sobbed breathless, untying her from the mast to which she was fastened, tearing off the cloak and placing his ear to her breast. He heard a faint throb. "Great God, I thank Thee," he said under his breath, holding her tight in his arms, as when she was a baby.

But Mrs. Vaux stood by, staring beyond them to the sea. "It was I that sent him," she said to herself, again and again. "It was I that sent him."

The color came to Miss Vaux's lips. "Is he dead, father?" struggling to her feet. "Is he dead?"

"Who is it? The young man Dort? Where is he, my child?"

"He swam with me to shore, and when his strength was gone tied me to a bit of mast that floated past. He is dead now."

"God bless my soul, I hope not! I'll see what can be done. Swam with you to shore, eh? Unbuckle this strap, Fanny," tearing off his coat and purple waistcoat.

"You shall not go, father. You shall not! Not even for him," cried Romy, her arms about him. But the Major was a man, and made short work with women. "Stand out of the way," as he jerked off his boots and socks. "I see him yonder, not twenty yards. I used to swim like a fish. I wouldn't see a dog die and stand by with my hands in my pockets." Now that he was doing a man's work, the Major was altogether simple and natural. He plunged into the water puffing, striking out with arms and legs valiantly. For the fat, short-breathed man to match himself against the sea was simply suicide. Romy, up to her neck in the water, clung to him, but he shook her off laughing and sputtering. She crept back to shore and stood with her back to the sea. Mrs. Vaux looked after him with dull, vacuous eyes. As the water covered him she tried to speak. "Don't let him go, Romy! I—I played this trick on him to-day."

But beyond the farthest breaker the Major had gallantly made his way, and there the gray mist fell and she saw no more.

While the two women waited on the shore, a man's heavy tread sounded on the beach, and old Inskip came out of the fog to them. He stood without a word, looking out to sea. Mrs. Vaux, in all her pain, had time to think that he was like an unfeeling log.

"There are two men yonder," he said presently, pointing out into the mist. "One is my boy; the other—"

"It is my husband."

Inskip made ready to help them, when the next wave should bring them up. He was an old man, and feeble, but he moved in the water like a fish. He went out carrying a rope which he had tied to a spar buried in the sand. Romy brought the mast to which she had been lashed. "Can you use it?" she said.

"It is from the *Maid*," pushing it aside with a shudder.

In a few moments he came in, dragging two bodies up on the sand. Both were as still and dead as the log by which they lay. The women worked with them as well as he, but what could they do? Inskip was strong and skillful. Presently Dort gave signs of life. At his first breath Inskip turned his muddy face up, and for the first time since Dick was a baby kissed him on the lips, and then the old man was seized with a great shuddering, so that he could hardly rub the men as he ought.

Mrs. Vaux held the Major's head on her lap, stroking the eyebrows and whiskers which the salt water had washed clear of dye and left white. "He is dead, and I loved him so! I loved him so!" she cried. She had forgotten to look at her son.

They worked with him a long time. Dick, weak as he was, crept over and did what he could. He had no thought to spare even for Romy, so intent was he in watching the Major's face. "Will he live?" he said to Inskip apart. "He was but a short time in the water."

"No, he wa'n't but a short time in the water, but ther's a beam or some'at struck him in the side; the hurt's inward. I'm afraid ther's no chance, Richard."

"He gave his life for me, and I was tricking him! O God!"

Inskip nodded gravely and worked on in silence. He believed God had dealt this blow direct on Dick and his mother. "It'll make a different man of him for life," he thought. He looked, now and again, over the inanimate body at the angry sea, the ominous sky and earth. To his uneducated and half-Pagan fancy, they were alive and vengeful. It was not the poor Major, bravely dying, on whom their punishment had fallen, but the living trickster bending over him. For Inskip had stumbled on the great truth that he who would truly know Love or Nature must come to them as into the presence of God, with bare face and clean hands and lips that would not lie.

The Major breathed at last. But his mind was not clear. When his wife and daughter bent close to hear they found he was laughing. "Newcastle," he said, and afterwards—"The public's a donkey, Langton, and we—we lead—" Then he was silent. Presently he opened his eyes. They were clear and intelligent. "I am wet," he said. He took in with a glance his wife's face, the sea, the men kneeling over him. "Is this death?" looking quickly at Dort.

Dick raised him, his face as ghastly as the dying man's. "I fear it is, sir."

"Humph!" He did not speak for a little while. "Vaux and sons—that's all done—done. Fanny!"

"I am here."

"If this is so," with an effort painful to see—"put on my gravestone, Joseph Fox. Fox. I took the name of Vaux. I thought it would be genteeler for the boys and Romy. But I'd like to be buried under my own."

"Oh, father! father!"

"Romy"—fumbling at the cold hand in his—"you're a good girl, Romy. It is this stitch in my side, that—Fanny! Don't leave me, Fanny."

"I will not leave you."

The Major nodded, contented, once or twice, and looking steadily into the poor shallow face that had been so dear to him, he

drew a quick breath or two, and then all was still.

The sun, which had been hidden all day, broke out from behind the cloud, and threw a sudden illumination over sea and land. Its red beams touched the poor dead body, as if God had stretched out loving hands and claimed something in it as His own. Old Inskip, laying it straight upon the sand, looked up to the glowing crimson glory and the dark blue sea below, to the soft crisp foam upon the beach, to the two figures standing apart, lovers for all time. It seemed to him as if the world was full of God's truth and love; as if every meanest of His creatures had its share in both.

"This too!" he said, laying his trembling hand on the poor Major's breast. "This too."

THE END.

TERMS OF PEACE PROPOSED BY THE GREAT POWERS.

For the third time, in little more than half a century, a sovereign of France finds himself in the custody of the international police. For the third time, within the memory of many now living, France has been compelled to expiate her lust for military glory by kissing the rod of a conqueror, and each time it was a Bonaparte who subjected her to this humiliation. "If a man betrays me once," says an old proverb, "it is my misfortune; if twice, it is my fault." In allowing herself to be not twice, but thrice betrayed, and brought to the verge of ruin by Cæsarism, France must be assumed to share largely in its criminality, and therefore can hardly complain that she shares in its expiation. If she could be thus led astray three times, why not four, and what security shall now be taken by Europe against this national infirmity of their gifted and fascinating, but most disorderly neighbor?

This is the great question which the Germanic and Gallic races have been debating with the sword for the past five months, and no European question was ever debated with a greater display of military genius and resource. At what conclusions they will, or ought to arrive, we shall not presume to express any opinion. The terms of peace that should close such a war involve many considerations with which the mass of our readers are not familiar, and to many of which they are generally indifferent.

As Germany was alone attacked, and has alone repelled her assailants with an unparalleled succession of victories, she is entitled to settle the conditions upon which she will withdraw her victorious armies from the soil of France. Those conditions, however, must necessarily affect the other European States more or less nearly, and it is generally assumed that they will expect to be heard in the final adjustment. In anticipation of such a contingency, we propose to lay before our readers the latest formal expression of opinion by the Great Powers of Europe upon all the questions now at issue between the two belligerents. Europe is a republic of nations, so bound together by a community of interests, jealousies, and traditions, that no State is likely to settle any European question, even if it possess the power to do so, without deferring respectfully to the unanimous opinion of her sister States.

Early in the year 1805, and while the first Napoleon was planning his invasion of England from Boulogne, England and Russia organized a European Alliance, designed, first, "To rescue from the close dominion of France those countries which it has subjugated since the revolution, and to reduce France within its former limits, as they stood before that time; second, To make such an arrangement with respect to the territories recovered from France as may provide for their security and happiness, and may, at the same time, constitute a more effectual barrier in future against encroachments on the part of France," etc.

This Alliance, after years of desolating war, resulted in the defeat of Napoleon, and his abdication at Fontainebleau on the 11th April, 1814. By the treaty of abdication which he

signed, the Emperor renounced for himself, his successors, and descendants, as well as for all the members of his family, all rights of sovereignty and dominion as well to the French empire and the kingdom of Italy, as over every other country. He and the Empress were permitted to retain their titles and rank for life; his mother, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, to retain also, wherever they might reside, the titles of princes of his family.

The Island of Elba was assigned to the Emperor as a place of residence, to form during his life a separate principality, to be possessed by him in full sovereignty and property, besides which he was to have an annual revenue from France of 2,000,000 francs, 1,000,000 of which were to be in reversion for the Empress.

The Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla were given to the Empress Maria Louisa in full sovereignty, with the right of descent to her son and his descendants, the Prince thenceforth to take the title of Prince of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla.

A further rent-charge upon France of 2,500,000 francs was imposed for the use of the Princes and Princesses of Napoleon's family, to be divided among them, so that the revenue of each was to be in the following proportions :—

	Francs.
To Madame Mother	300,000
To King Joseph and his Queen	500,000
To King Louis	200,000
To the Queen Hortense and to her children	400,000
To King Jerome and his Queen	500,000
To the Princess Eliza	300,000
To the Princess Paulina	300,000
Total	2,500,000

The Princes and Princesses were also allowed to retain all their property, whether real or personal, and the *rentes* which stood in their name in France. An annual pension of 1,000,000 francs was allowed to Josephine, and the full enjoyment of all her private property secured to her. For her son, Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, a suitable establishment out of France was to be provided.

Of funds in France, standing in the Emperor's name, 2,000,000 francs were to be set apart to be spent in gratifications to persons whose names should be found upon a list to be furnished by him. The debts of his household were to be immediately paid out of the public treasury, and passports and passage to the Emperor, Empress, and all the Imperial family, with their equipages, etc., and necessary escort, were to be furnished by and at the expense of the Allies.

For the Emperor, a detachment of from 1,200 to 1,500 of the Imperial Guard were detailed as an escort, and 400 volunteers, officers and soldiers, whom he was allowed to take with him to St. Tropez, the place of his embarkation, where he was to find a corvette which was to become his property, and the necessary transports to carry him and his household to their place of destination.

This treaty, so magnanimous towards the Emperor's family, also provided that France should be reduced to her original proportions before 1792.

This last provision deprived the Empire and dependencies of over 30,000,000 of inhabitants.

The treaty was signed on the part of the Allies by Metternich for Austria, Nesselrode for Russia, and Hardenburg for Prussia. England did not sign at first, but acceded to it a few days later, "as far as respects the stipulations relative to the possession of the sovereignty of the island of Elba, and also in the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla; but the Prince Regent was unwilling to be a party to any of the other provisions or stipulations."

Castlereagh, who represented England on this occasion at Fontainebleau, writing to his Government an account of his accession to the treaty, said: "My objections to being mixed up in its forms, especially in the recognition of Napoleon's title under present circumstances, were considered as perfectly reasonable. At my suggestion," he adds, "the recognition of the Imperial titles in the family were limited to their respective lives. . . . . To the arrangement in favor of the Empress I felt not only no objection, but considered it due to the distinguished sacrifice of domestic feelings which the Emperor of Austria was making to the cause of Europe. I should

have wished to substitute another position in lieu of Elba for Napoleon's retirement; but none having the quality of security, on which he insisted, seemed disposable, to which equal objections did not occur; and I did not feel that I could encourage the alternative which M. de Coulaincourt assured me Bonaparte repeatedly mentioned, namely, an asylum in England."

Liberal as were the terms of this treaty to Napoleon, all the world knows how far they fell short of contenting his insane ambition; how soon he broke all the pledges he so solemnly gave and accepted at Fontainebleau; how he forced the Allied Powers to a new coalition against him as the common enemy of mankind; how he was abetted in his lawless infidelity by the army of France; and how, at Waterloo, just fourteen months and seven days from that time, he found himself again disarmed and a captive at the mercy of the Allies.

The Congress at Vienna was still in session when Napoleon landed from Elba, on the 1st of March, 1815. On the 13th of that month they united in proclaiming him an outlaw. "By thus violating the convention which had established him in the island of Elba," they said, "Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended; by appearing again in France with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him.

"The powers, consequently, declare that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that, as an enemy and a disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance."

The Allies, after their triumph at Waterloo, finding they had to deal with a man whom no engagements could bind, nor moral considerations restrain; who had infected the French nation, to a serious extent, with the virus of his own disorderly nature, proceeded to take the measures they deemed necessary to prevent Europe from being again disturbed by the wickedness of the one or the delusions of the other. In regard to Bonaparte, a treaty was signed by the Allies, by which they agreed upon the measures most proper to render all undertakings on his part against the repose of Europe impossible. By this treaty, Bonaparte is declared "the prisoner of the Allies; his custody is specially intrusted to the British Government. The choice of the place, and of the measures which can best secure the objects of the present stipulation, are reserved to his Britannic Majesty."

Article 3d provided that the other Allies were to send commissioners to whatever place the King of England might select for their prisoner's residence, "who, without being responsible for his custody, will assure themselves of his presence." The King of France was invited to do the same.

It is familiar to all the world that the King of England selected for the future residence of the captive Emperor one of the most remote and desolate islands in the Eastern seas, where the man who, in his prosperity, had found the world too circumscribed for his ambition, met adversity with less dignity and courage than might be expected from the humblest peasant; where he eked out his days in trying to corrupt the sources of history, and where his remains reposed until, in an evil hour, the Government of France, yielding to the fatal passion which he had so fearfully stimulated for military glory, condoned his offences against France, against liberty, against humanity, and ordered his ashes to be brought back to Paris with great pomp, as a pious and patriotic duty.

As Solomon's wives, in his old age, turned away his heart after other gods, and provoked the dissolution of his kingdom, so did this weakness of Louis Philippe's government revive the Cæsarian worship in France, and lay the foundations of the new Empire, with its terrible retributions. Nor were the allied sovereigns entirely innocent of these results. Talleyrand, who knew Napoleon better probably than any other Frenchman, told them, the day after they entered Paris in 1815, when they met at his hotel to consider what they were to do next, that there could be no peace in Europe while Napoleon or any of his dynasty were on the throne. Indeed, the Allies

proceeded at that time on this presumption, for, by their definitive treaties of peace, they particularly and emphatically confirmed the stipulations of the treaty signed the previous year, by which Napoleon was to have been forever excluded from supreme power in France, which exclusion the contracting powers bound themselves to maintain in full vigor, and, should it be necessary, with the whole of their forces.

The monarch who pandered to the *chauvinism* of his people by bringing back the remains of Bonaparte from St. Helena; England, who could, but did not, withhold her assent to it; and the Allies who, in 1849, did not enforce the clause of their treaty against the Bonaparte family, have all—some in one way and some in another—bitterly expiated their indiscreet complaisance.

The Allies, however, in 1815, were far from being contented with putting Bonaparte out of the way; for they knew that the predatory tastes he had nourished—if not inspired—remained behind him. By a series of treaties framed to secure to the Allies "proper indemnities for the past and solid guarantees for the future," and signed on the 20th of November, 1815, it was provided: *First*, That France should pay the Allies an indemnity of 700,000,000 francs, in daily installments, within five years, without interest. *Second*, Eighteen of the strongest fortified places in France were to be occupied for five years by an army, to be commissioned by the Allies, of not to exceed 150,000 men, under the command-in-chief of an officer to be named by the allies, the pay, lodging, fuel, lighting, and equipment of this force to be paid by France. *Third*, France was required to keep up all the fortifications and military establishments occupied by the army of occupation, and to arm and provision them. *Fourth*, The different powers were to be indemnified for the spoliations to which they were subjected during the revolution, amounting to 735,000,000 francs, and 100,000,000 francs were also to be paid to the smaller powers as an indemnity for the expenses of the war. The whole sum France had to pay, besides supporting the army of occupation and repairing the fortresses, was not less than fifteen hundred and thirty-five millions of francs.

The conditions of peace imposed upon France by the Allies on the occasion may be divided into three classes. *First*, An entire change in the form of government, and a restoration of a dynasty that had been expelled by revolution. *Second*, Indemnity for the expenses to which all the European States had been subjected by France, under the Revolutionary and Bonaparte governments, and also for the expenses of the war waged to overthrow him, and to obtain indemnity for the spoliations perpetrated under his rule. *Third*, Security against both the martial and predatory spirit of the French people, and against the desire for revenge which their humiliation was expected to engender.

The first of these conditions was realized by the degradation and imprisonment of a sovereign whom the people of France had four times chosen, with comparative unanimity, to rule over them, and for whom, only four months previous, they had, with apparent alacrity, expelled the sovereign imposed upon them by the Allies. In their declaration at Vienna, on the 15th March, the Allies had even gone so far as to denounce Bonaparte as an outlaw, whom it would be no crime to assassinate, and who had laid himself open to public vengeance. The defeat at Waterloo left it in the power of the Allies to repudiate the popular interpretation put upon their declaration; but there is no doubt that that declaration would have been a good plea in bar to any criminal proceedings instituted against an assassin of Bonaparte.*

* It seems to have been seriously discussed by the Allied Sovereigns at one time whether Napoleon should not be put to death. He probably owed his life to the firmness of the Duke of Wellington, if we do not exaggerate the import of the following paragraph in one of his letters, dated June 28, 1815, to Sir Charles Stuart:—

"General Nommelin has been here this day to negotiate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which proposition I have answered that I have no authority. The Parisians think the Jacobins will give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. Blücher writes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist on his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so

The indemnity for their expenses required by the second class of conditions was both financial and territorial. Relatively, however, the proportion of territorial was far in excess of the financial indemnity. The third class of conditions, designed to furnish security against the predatory or vindictive spirit of the French, involved mainly the banishment of their great captain, reducing their territorial influence, and stripping them of important fortresses.

But this was not all. The Allies deemed it their duty to do what they could to dispel an illusion older than Bonapartism, that to France belongs a certain military and territorial supremacy in Europe, and that no administration or dynasty could allow itself any repose until that supremacy was established.

It was mainly to cure this "criminal and impotent delirium" that the Allies provided for the occupation of France with an army of 150,000 men for five years after the Restoration, and placed in command of it the distinguished soldier whose name is most conspicuously associated in history with Bonaparte's final discomfiture. This prolonged occupation of the territory of France was determined upon, not merely to insure the payment of the indemnities which fell due by annual installments, but to bring distinctly home to the minds of the people of France that they were not invincible, that they were not exempt from the vicissitudes of fortune, and that they were as liable as other nations to be punished for the abuse of transitory military successes. That to give France such a lesson, and to make it as impressive as possible, was a part of the well-defined policy of the Allies, is not entirely an inference from the rigorous discipline to which she was subjected, though of course such considerations do not find expression in treaties; nor are they apt to figure in the negotiations of diplomatists. It so happens, however, that this feeling frequently reveals itself in the confidential correspondence of the statesmen of that period, from which it may be not uninstructive to furnish two or three illustrations.

In a note dated July 10, 1815, from Lord Liverpool to Lord Castlereagh, who represented England at the Congress of Vienna, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs thus expressed the sentiment of one of the Allies, and probably of all, on the subject:—

"The more I consider the present internal state of France, and the little chance there is of security for Europe, from the character and strength of the French government, the more I am satisfied that we must look for security in frontier, and in really weakening the power of France. This opinion is rapidly gaining ground in this country, and I think, even if Bonaparte were dead, there would now be considerable disappointment at any peace which left France as she was by the treaty of Paris, or even as she was before the revolution."

Only five days later the same minister writes to his representative in Vienna:—

"We shall never be forgiven if we leave France without securing a sufficient frontier for the protection of the adjoining countries. The prevailing idea in this country is, *that we are fairly entitled to avail ourselves of the present moment to take back from France the principal conquests of Louis XIV.* It is argued with much force that *France will never forgive the humiliation which she has already received*, that *she will take the first opportunity of endeavoring to redeem her military glory*, and that it is our duty, therefore, to take advantage of the present moment to prevent the evil consequences which may even follow from the greatness of our success. It might have been not unwise last year to try the effect of a more magnanimous policy, but in the result of that we have been completely disappointed, and we owe it to ourselves now to provide in the best manner we can for our own security."

Here it will be remarked that the principle of reclaiming the territory taken from Germany by Louis XIV., which Count Bismarck announces it to be the intention of his government to reannex, is distinctly recognized and justified.

Another authority, of perhaps greater weight than that we have cited, has placed the same views upon record, and under circumstances which, as they are not probably familiar to our readers, we will briefly recapitulate.

Shortly after the banishment of Bonaparte to St. Helena, representations were laid be-

foul a transaction—that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners—and that I was determined that, if the Sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, who should not be *me*" (sic).—*Letters and Despatches of Castlereagh*, vol. x., 387.

fore the ministers of the allied powers from the Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Holland, and other sovereigns, demanding the restoration of the statues, pictures, and other works of art, of which their respective States had been systematically stripped by the Bonaparte government. The King, though twice restored to his throne by the Allies, never had the manliness to propose to restore these trophies of national treachery and rapine. Lord Castlereagh was charged to bring the several complaints of the Allies, especially of the King of the Netherlands, to the notice of the allied ministers, which he did in a letter dated 11th September, 1815. In this communication Lord Castlereagh took the ground that these spoils tended to impede the moral conciliation between France and the countries she had invaded, and that "while they remained in Paris, constituting, as it were, the title-deeds of the countries which had been given up, the sentiments of reuniting these countries again to France will never be altogether extinct, nor will the genius of the French people ever completely associate itself with the more limited existence assigned to the nation under the Bourbons." "If," adds his Lordship, "the French people be desirous of treading back their steps, can they rationally desire to preserve this source of animosity between them and all other nations? If they are not, is it politic to flatter their vanity and to keep alive the hopes which the contemplation of these trophies are likely to excite?"

The Duke of Wellington, commander of the Allied forces in France, was charged with the duty of seeing that the spoils were restored to their legitimate proprietors. In an account which he gave of his proceedings to Viscount Castlereagh, dated 23d September, 1815, he says :—

"I accordingly spoke to the Prince de Talleyrand upon the subject; explained to him what had passed in conference, and the grounds I had for thinking that the King of the Netherlands had a right to the pictures, and begged him to state the case to the King, and to ask his majesty to do me the favor to point out the mode of effecting the object of the King of the Netherlands, which should be least offensive to his majesty. The Prince de Talleyrand promised me an answer on the following evening; which not having received, I called upon him at night, and had another discussion with him upon the subject, in which he informed me that the King could give no order upon it; that I might act as I thought proper; and that I might communicate with Mr. Denon. . . .

"I sent my *aide-de-camp*, Lieut.-Colonel Freemantle, to Monsieur Denon in the morning, who informed me that he had no orders to give any pictures out of the gallery, and that he could give none without the use of force. . . .

"I then sent Colonel Freemantle to the Prince de Talleyrand to inform him of this answer, and to acquaint him that the troops would go the next morning at twelve o'clock to take possession of the King of the Netherlands' pictures; and to point out, that if any disturbance resulted from this measure, the King's ministers, and not I, were responsible. Colonel Freemantle likewise informed Monsieur Denon that this measure would be adopted.

"It was not necessary, however, to send the troops, as a Prussian guard had always remained in possession of the gallery, and the pictures were taken without the necessity of calling for those of the army under my command, excepting as a working party, to assist in taking them down and packing them."

When the treaty of Paris was signed by the Allies, on their first visit to Paris, in 1814, nothing was said about these trophies being restored. The Duke explains the omission in this wise, and it is in the extract we are about to make that the language occurs, to which the events of to-day give a new and important significance :—

"The conduct of the Allies regarding the museum, at the period of the treaty of Paris, might be fairly attributed to their desire to conciliate the French army, and to consolidate the reconciliation with Europe, which the army at that period manifested a disposition to effect. But the circumstances are now entirely different. The army disappointed the reasonable expectations of the world, and seized the earliest opportunity of rebelling against their Sovereign, and of giving their services to the common enemy of mankind, with a view to the revival of the disastrous period which had passed, and of the scenes of plunder which the world had made such gigantic efforts to get rid of. . . .

"This army having been defeated by the armies of Europe, they have been disbanded by the united Council of the Sovereigns, and no reason can exist why the powers of Europe should do injustice to their own subjects, with a view to conciliate them again. Neither has it ever appeared to me to be necessary that the Allied Sovereigns should omit this opportunity to do justice, and to gratify their own subjects, in order to gratify the people of France. The feeling of the people of France upon this subject must be one

of national vanity only. It must be a desire to retain these specimens of the arts, not because Paris is the fittest depository for them—as, upon that subject, artists, connoisseurs, and all who have written upon it, agree that the whole ought to be removed to their ancient seat—but because they were obtained by military successes, of which they are the trophies. The same feelings which induce the people of France to wish to retain the pictures and statues of other nations would naturally induce other nations to wish, now that success is on their side, that the property should be returned to their rightful owners, and the Allied Sovereigns must feel a desire to gratify them.

"It is, besides, on many accounts desirable, as well for their own happiness as for that of the world, *that the people of France, if they do not already feel that Europe is too strong for them, should be made sensible of it;* and that whatever may be the extent, at any time, of their momentary and partial success against any one, or any number of Powers in Europe, the day of retribution must come.

"Not only, then, in my opinion would it be unjust in the Sovereigns to gratify the people of France on this subject at the expense of their own people, *but the sacrifice they would make would be impolitic, as it would deprive them of the opportunity of giving the people of France a great moral lesson.*"

The Duke here charges the army of France with rebelling a second time against their Sovereign, and with giving their services to the common enemy of mankind, with the view to a revival of the scenes of plunder* which the world had made such gigantic efforts to get rid of, and therefore as unworthy of any further efforts at conciliation. He also charges the people of France with being animated by a spirit of vanity fatal to the peace of Europe; and advises that the favorable opportunity then offered of giving them a "good moral lesson" should by no means be neglected. The Duke was at this time the agent and military representative of the Allied Powers, and may therefore rightfully be said to have spoken their sentiments.

If the lesson administered by the Allies in 1814–15 were not sufficiently impressive; if, with all their remedies, they failed to reach the seat of the disease, it was certainly from no fault in their diagnosis, nor from any apparent want of vigor in their treatment.

From the recital which we have given of the final action of the Allied Powers in the great European crisis of 1814–15,—a crisis curiously on all fours with that through which Europe is now passing,—it will be apparent that the new conqueror of France is not likely to impose any conditions upon his defeated adversary for which the great powers have not furnished him ample authority and precedent. We will not attempt to conjecture the terms which King William will finally exact from France, but it is probable, and, for aught we can see, reasonable, that he should be indemnified for the expenses to which his government and people have been wantonly

* Among Lord Castlereagh's papers, after his death, was found a list or summary of the contributions and exactions, of one sort and another, levied by France upon the other States of Europe, from the commencement of the Revolution to the Consulate. To show at what price to her neighbors, and by what felonious means she repaired her exhausted credit, decorated her cities and fortified her frontiers, intersected the empire with thousands of miles of roads and canals, we will recapitulate the aggregates of "loot" brought from each separate nationality. It reveals the essential character of modern Cæsarism, which is but another name for highway robbery on a very large scale, better than volumes of history:—

SUMMARY.

Territory of Austria	1,450,250,000	francs.
" Prussia	7,020,000	"
" Holland	835,445,000	"
Territories between the Moselle, the Meuse, and the Rhine	111,280,000	"
Palatinate of the Rhine	12,462,000	"
Deux Ponts	4,455,000	"
Duchy of Berg	2,464,000	"
Swabia	24,248,418	"
	27,510,000	"
Territory of Milan	294,000,000	"
Hered. States of the Emperor	10,100,000	"
Estates of the Church	156,750,000	francs.
Switzerland	24,300,000	"
Bavaria	16,970,000	"
Baden	3,245,000	"
Sardinia	5,000,000,000	"
Modena	30,400,000	"
Lucca	5,000,000	"
Parma	3,850,000	"
Naples	7,150,000	"
Genoa	4,500,000	"
Tuscany	258,600,000	"
Rome	47,525,000	"
Venice	194,045,788	"
Spain	30,000,000	"
Portugal	36,000,000	"
Hamburg	7,000,000	"
Bremen and Lubeck	3,000,000	"
Grand total	9,126,684,581	"

Here are about 2000 millions of dollars which, says the report, had gone to France in good hard metal up to the peace of Campo Formio and the expedition to Egypt. Bonaparte, however, preyed upon Europe for fifteen years after that.

wickedly subjected; that he should take such security as he can find against the repetition of the madness which the French nation is now expiating; for let it be more distinctly understood than it seems to be, that Cæsarism is not Corsican but French; and it may well be doubted whether the sentiment of French nationality had ever a more perfect expression than under the leadership of the two Napoleons. Sorely as these rulers offended the sentiments of a limited and most enlightened class, in a far greater measure they delighted the mass of the nation, and it is seriously questioned whether any sovereign will long reign in France who does not contrive in some way to gratify the national passion for what is there called "glory."

There are new elements at work now upon all European nations, which must sooner or later qualify their ambitions and change their aspirations. As wealth is increased and diffused, the power of every nation will pass more and more into the hands of capitalists, who are more anxious about their investments than about glory. Before these influences, military prowess, hereditary rank, and many of the customary forms of greatness will gradually pale like ghosts before the dawning day. That epoch, though approaching, has not yet come for France. The obstinacy with which her rulers, past and present, refuse, in defiance of overwhelming disasters, to treat for peace upon terms involving loss of territory, proves this, and justifies Count Bismarck in assuming as he does that when France thinks herself strong enough to recover the territory taken from her by Germany, she will not fail to attempt it. In view of such a germinating threat, it is probable that the victorious belligerent will take such additional guarantees from France for the future repose of Europe as past experience has shown to be necessary, and for which the Great Powers in 1814–15 set him the example.

HOW WE ESCAPED WAR WITH SPAIN.

A CHAPTER OF SECRET HISTORY.

On the 21st of January, 1869, the American steamer *Colonel Lloyd Aspinwall*, of New York, while on her way from Port-au-Prince to Havana, after three days tempestuous weather,—in which the sea broke over her decks, put out her fires, split her coal-bunkers, disabled her pumps, and exhausted her crew with continuous bailing,—found herself five miles off the coast of Cuba, and then changed her course to northwest by west. Just before noon of that day she sighted the Spanish man-of-war *Hernan Cortes*, to whom she showed her colors, and was then apparently allowed to pursue her course.

But suddenly the Spaniard seemed seized with a second thought, and fired a shot across the steamer's bows which brought her to. An armed force then came on board, to whom Captain McCarty showed his papers.

"I cannot examine them," said the leader; "my orders are to take you to Nuevitas."

"But I am the bearer of despatches of the utmost importance for the United States Government, and for Rear-Admiral Poor, commanding the United States North Atlantic Squadron; and here is my register and my clearance from the Custom-house at Port-au-Prince; and a manifest clearance authenticated by the Spanish Consul at the same place; and an official passport letter from the United States Consul at Port-au-Prince to the Spanish men-of-war in the Bahama Channel, and my shipping articles showing the names of my crew."

To all of which the Spaniard only replied, "My orders are to take you to Nuevitas."

To Nuevitas he went, and there our captain repeated to the commander of the *Cortes* what he had said to the boarding officer: that he was the bearer of important despatches from the United States Minister in Hayti, and from the United States squadron in those waters to the United States Government; to which, as Captain McCarty afterward said in his protest, "the said commander gave no heed whatever." Instead, they came on board and

sealed his despatches in a trunk. Then they deliberated six days over what should be done with him, keeping an armed force on board, and the captain and crew close prisoners; at the end of which time Captain McCarty received written orders to prepare to proceed to Havana, which were complied with, except the essential part of starting the fires and getting up steam. An officer came on board to know why he didn't start.

"Because I don't go to sea without papers," replied the captain.

"You will not get your papers until you reach Havana," said the officer.

"Very well," said McCarty; "as a prisoner, with an armed force on board, I will give no orders to start the fires; the engineers of an American steamer have no right to obey orders from any one but an American commander; return me my papers, take me to the point where you captured me, and I will proceed to Havana."

The result of which was, that the Spanish war steamer *San Francisco* took the plucky little American in tow and anchored her under the guns of Morro Castle, in Havana harbor, on the 29th of January, eight days after the capture, with an armed force still on board, the officers and crew still prisoners, and the United States official despatches sealed in a trunk, to await the procrastinating pleasure of a Spanish investigation, which nine days afterward graciously permitted the seals to be broken, and the despatches to go ashore to the American Consul-General. We shall see in the sequel how much the Spaniard considered this disinterested service worth. Before the negotiations which followed were concluded, he put it in dollars and cents.

On the 28th day of April following, or ninety-eight days after seizure, the *Colonel Lloyd Aspinwall* was suddenly released, on peremptory orders from Madrid. Thereby hangs the tale here written, which again illustrates the old fable of the difference between throwing stones and throwing tufts of grass, and which, perhaps, may also tell why we did not have war with Spain, and how narrowly we escaped it.

On Sunday, the 13th day of February, twenty-three days after capture, and fifteen after his arrival in Havana harbor, the captain of the *Aspinwall* was first notified that he was at liberty to communicate with the United States Consul-General, though he had applied for that privilege the moment he arrived. But as it was Sunday, Captain McCarty felt he had a right to believe that the consulate was closed, so he declined to go until the next day. Thus nearly a month elapsed before a single movement toward establishing the vessel's innocence was permitted. Our Government first became aware of the seizure on the 16th of February, through a despatch from Vice-Consul-General Hall, and on the 18th the Secretary of State telegraphed him to "report particulars, and if seized on the high seas, demand immediate release." The captain's protest was finally filed, February 26th, and received at the State Department a week later. Then began a sharp correspondence, which at one time nearly brewed a war, and which led to the actual consideration of measures of forcible retaliation. But the shape which these measures took, and even the fact that they were considered, have never been made known. The modesty of the manner in which the President does his duty would never have apprised the public that measures of armed retaliation, possibly precipitating actual war, were seriously considered, and only abandoned because the intimation of the fact proved potent enough for that particular occasion. The provocation, however, was very strong; a long list of outrages, growing out of the Cuban troubles, had accumulated on the records of the Department of State; the delay and indifference of the Spanish authorities in making reparation were constantly growing worse; the action of the United States in strictly enforcing its laws against illegal expeditions had alienated many of the supporters of the Administration; this last seizure was the greatest outrage of all, for government despatches had been detained without sufficient justification. It was not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Fish called on Mr. Lopez Roberts, the Spanish Minister at Washington, in forcible terms, for the immediate release of the vessel and prompt reparation. "This government trusts," said Mr. Fish, "that your government will, when the matter shall have

been brought to its notice, of its own accord offer to the government of the United States a suitable apology for the indignity to the flag of the United States, and to the persons of the bearers of despatches to this government, and for the interference with the despatches of the officers of this government to this department and to the admiral in command of the squadron of the United States in those waters." A copy of Mr. Fish's note was also transmitted to Minister Sickles at Madrid. On receipt of this note the Spanish Minister politely promised immediate attention, and Señor Roberts deserves to have it said of him that throughout the negotiation he used every effort to procure a speedy result, and exhibited a spirit which presented a marked contrast with the indifference and delay manifested by the Spanish authorities at Havana and Madrid.

The owners of the steamer, Messrs. J. M. Requa & Co., of 23 South street, New York, conscious of the entire innocence of their vessel, and of the strength of their case, contented themselves with a simple presentation of the papers and the facts, declining to annoy the department by the employment of counsel, and leaving the government to use its own discretion, confident that the circumstances would guarantee vigorous measures. The official demand for release was made on the 5th of March. The Spanish Minister replied unofficially, a few days later, that the case was *sub judice*,—indicating that the vessel had been libelled, and proceedings begun for her condemnation in the Admiralty Court at Havana. This looked unpromising. It involved indefinite delay, and was precisely the course of action which was to be prevented if possible. A reply to the demand for release was again asked for. Again only an unofficial answer, that the steamer was "seized *on suspicion* that she had been landing arms on the coast of Cuba."—"Suppose she had," replied Mr. Fish, "you could not seize her for that, unless you took her in Cuban waters." Day after day, and week after week of the month of March passed, and no official reply to the demand, and no official explanation of the cause of seizure. It was characteristic of the Spanish government, and Mr. Fish began to lose his good-nature, and Señor Roberts to grow nervous over the possibility of a change of policy by the Administration on Cuban matters, under the goadings of a rapidly culminating public sentiment, which would seriously interfere with the uniform success he had thus far achieved in baffling illegal attempts to aid the insurgents. Cuban recognition at that time was a pending subject of discussion in the House, and a semi-official declaration was confidently looked for from Mr. Banks's Committee. Some of the facts of the *Aspinwall's* seizure came to the notice of members of the House, who readily proposed to make it a subject of official inquiry. But the owners prudently refused to have any "noise" made over the case, being determined that the Administration should have a free and unembarrassed opportunity of asserting its dignity, rebuking the outrage, and securing their rights.

During the last days of March,—still no answer and no word of explanation,—the case was brought, both officially and unofficially, to the attention of the President. The Secretary of State was directed to renew the demand for the release of the vessel, which he did in a terse despatch to Minister Sickles, on the 6th of April, giving a strong intimation that the President had taken a hand in the settlement of the case, by adding, "*the President is not satisfied with this prolonged delay.*" What shape his dissatisfaction took we shall presently see. Some time in the month of March a request was received by the Secretary of the Navy from the Spanish authorities for permission to put two of their frigates, the *Victoria* and the *Lealtad*, on the dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs. This is an international courtesy frequently granted to our own vessels, and but for the preoccupation of the docks by our ships, would have been granted on this occasion. The frigates, therefore, went into private docks. The fact of the application coming to the notice of Congress, however, a member of the opposition seized the opportunity for a point against the Administration, by inquiring, in indignant terms, why such privileges had been allowed the "enemies of free Cuba," etc., to which the amiable head of the Navy Department

pithily replied that the House (which had based its inquiry on a rumor in a Washington newspaper) was in error as to the fact; but that, even had it been true, it would be entirely justifiable for the reasons already given, viz., international custom and courtesy.

About the first week in April this matter of the seizure of the *Aspinwall*, and the utter indifference of the Spanish authorities to the demands of this Government, came up for consideration in Cabinet. An opportunity for prompt action had presented itself, and the President was ready. There was a conjunction of circumstances, too, in the political situation, which rendered the opportunity very desirable; the enforcement of the laws against the Cuban expeditions had naturally created much clamor against the Government, though the rectitude of its purposes could not be impugned; there was a foreshadowed feeling of discontent among certain Senators, which took positive shape at a later day; and there was the tempting opportunity to electrify the whole country by a bold, positive, characteristic act, which would at once assert the outraged dignity of the government, redress a grievous wrong, and receive the approval of all parties. Briefly, then, President Grant told his cabinet, in substance, that this matter must end; that Spain had perpetrated a long list of unatoned outrages, and that this last case, the most outrageous of all, had received even less attention than any of the others. He considered that the time had come for *reprisals*, and he proposed *to send an armed force on board one of the Spanish frigates then in dock in New York harbor*. It might be war, but he would take the risk of that rather than allow this state of affairs to continue. The subject was gravely discussed, and the Secretary of the Navy was requested to look up the law of reprisals.

In the mean time Gen. Sickles, acting on the telegraphic instructions of Secretary Fish, with characteristic energy and decision, brought the case to the attention of the Spanish Minister of State (Sagasta) in an interview on the 8th of April, and, as will be seen, put the Spanish authorities in a tight place. The case had not been formally referred to Madrid by the Havana authorities, and Sagasta, while promising the speedy release of the vessel if the facts were as represented, remarked that the matter was "undergoing examination in the prize court." To this Gen. Sickles replied—"that the Government of the United States could not recognize the jurisdiction of a prize court in this case; that such jurisdiction could only exist in consequence of a *state of war*, and that *the United States had received no notification that a state of war existed;* that the *Lloyd Aspinwall* was an American vessel, and at the time of her capture engaged in the transport of despatches of officers of the United States government; that these facts could have been promptly ascertained by the executive authorities; that, instead of this, nearly three months had elapsed since the seizure; that this unjustifiable delay had very painfully impressed the Government of the United States; that he hoped his excellency would immediately see that peremptory orders were given for the release of the vessel." Sagasta replied that "the decision of the court would be given with all possible promptness;" "but," says Sickles, "I insisted in the most emphatic manner that my government could not, in such a case, wait for the judgment of a court, and repeated my request for a prompt decision of the matter by the executive." The satisfaction that Minister Sickles got on that occasion was a *promise* that his request would be complied with. His very positive intimation that the government of the United States would construe the jurisdiction of a prize court in this case as a declaration of a state of war, thus according the Cubans their long-hoped-for recognition of belligerency, was a dilemma from which there was but one escape, and that was by an unconditional release of the vessel. Sagasta informed Sickles that such orders would be transmitted to Havana forthwith. It will be seen how tardily they were obeyed, and what was the justification of the vigorous measures then in contemplation by the President.

While these negotiations were going on the *Aspinwall* lay in the harbor at Havana, alongside the Spanish flag-ship, or under her guns, an armed force on board, and her officers and crew deprived of all liberty, except that the captain was allowed to communicate with the

Consul-General. They were not even permitted to wet down her sides, and the hot sun started the calking, so as to render her unseaworthy, and the claim for demurrage was rapidly augmenting. Some three weeks after Captain McCarty's arrival in Havana, he was boarded by a party who began to take the coal out of the bunkers, to search for contraband-of-war. As they did not get through at night, they set an armed guard on the bunkers in order to see, as was supposed, that nothing came out of them and went overboard during the night. The captain could not stomach this insult, so he set his watches with his men, as if he was at sea, to see that nothing went into the bunkers during the night; "for," said he, "we were alongside the man-of-war, and I would have looked foolish next morning if they had taken out fifty or a hundred stand of arms which they had put in the night before." The Judge of the Marine Court came on board the next day with the examining party, and asked the captain why he had set a watch on the guard. The captain replied that it was because at present he had no confidence in a Spaniard, and that as they had put a guard on to see that nothing went out of the bunkers, he thought it best to put a watch on the guard to see that nothing went into them. The officers of the iron-clad *Saugus*, then in the harbor, were highly amused at the captain's strategy, but they commended his judgment and pluck.

For a week or more after Gen. Sickles's first interview with Sagasta, in which a promise of release was made, our government waited patiently for intelligence from Havana that the order had been carried into effect; but no such intelligence came. On the contrary, the only information which Mr. Fish was able to get was, that the instructions of the Madrid government were practically ignored. In the mean time the Secretary of the Navy laid before the President the law of reprisals, and the question of using the vigorous measures already indicated came up for final determination. The Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Postmaster-General were with the President for affirmative action. The Secretary of State held out the hope that it was yet possible to obtain satisfaction in a peaceable manner, and that an act of war like this would be gladly received by a large and powerful party in Spain, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by foreign complications; the Attorney-General (Hoar) and the Secretary of the Interior (Cox) were inclined to coincide with the views of the Secretary of State, while the Secretary of the Treasury, whose funding plan was then, and still is, the "apple of his eye," was opposed to any measures which would unsettle or endanger the foundations of the national credit, if they could be avoided without national humiliation. Finally, upon the suggestion of the Secretary of State, that officer was himself directed to inform the Spanish Minister, unofficially, that unless immediate satisfaction was given *this government would consider the propriety of resorting to the policy of reprisals.*

This communication was made. The reply of the Spanish Minister, verbal and unofficial, it is not proper to give; but the result was, that two imperative despatches went to Madrid—one from Mr. Fish, and one from Mr. Roberts. Mr. Fish said to Gen. Sickles: "It seems that the Madrid Government gives assurances which the authorities in Cuba refuse to fulfill. Ask explanation of these evasions, and the immediate execution of the promise made to you." Sickles responded promptly, and was informed by Sagasta (April 14th) that the delay in executing the promise already made was caused by the fact that the local authorities at Havana said they "had no power to take the case out of court." But the emphatic demonstration of the Secretary of State on the Spanish Minister, and the threat of the American Minister, that the mere assertion of belligerent rights by the judicial tribunals of Spain, with the concurrence of the government, would be taken as a sufficient declaration to other nations that a state of war existed, had undoubtedly decided the question,—for Gen. Sickles was further informed, at the same interview, that "the Council of Ministers decided *the day before* (April 13th) to order release of vessel forthwith, on receiving from me (him) a formal demand in writing for her surrender, as an American vessel carrying official despatches.

"Shall I make this demand?" telegraphed Sickles.

"Make demand!" flashed back the reply, from a now no longer amiable Secretary of State; "and request orders to be sent by telegraph for immediate release."

The demand was made the same day, and it was complied with as soon as Spanish red tape would allow. Referring to this interview, General Sickles uses very strong language, which indicates the temper with which he conducted the negotiations at Madrid. Having recapitulated the incidents of the case, he says: "I remarked that these incidents had caused a most painful impression, and that I had been directed by my government to ask for an explanation of this apparently intentional indisposition to accede to the just and reasonable demands of the United States. Mr. Sagasta said: 'There was equal sensitiveness in Spain, and that the two nations must practise mutual forbearance,' to which I replied, that the United States had so promptly and successfully exerted themselves to fulfill all their international obligations that they had a right to demand the same treatment from Spain; that nearly three months had elapsed since the grave and unatoned outrage of the capture of the *Lloyd Aspinwall* was committed, and that nothing had been done yet by the government or the agents of Spain even to liberate the vessel; and in contrast with this procrastination or indifference, I must remind him that in the same space of time the energetic and vigilant action of the executive and judicial authorities of the United States had broken up half a dozen attempted expeditions against the Spanish dominion in Cuba."

A further apology for the delay followed, and the action of the Council of Ministers culminated, after a suspense of thirteen days more,—during which a steady stream of telegraphic inquiries flowed from the State Department to our Consul-General at Havana,—in the final release and surrender of the vessel to the authority of the United States, leaving the question of indemnity for future consideration. Pending the negotiations, the owners had instructed their captain not to accept the surrender of the vessel without a tender of resulting damages. They assumed this position because they did not know but that her entire abandonment to the government might be better for the settlement of the case than their acceptance of her. Mr. Biddle, therefore, received the steamer as Consul-General, and a few days later the owners advised the State Department of their willingness to accept her, and Mr. Biddle was ordered to transfer her. Here, however, arose a new complication, requiring prompt action. The volunteer party in Havana were unusually turbulent at that time, and looked upon the release of the vessel with especial disfavor. Threats that she should not go out came to the ears of Captain McCarty, and also to the Consul-General. Mr. Biddle, having no special means at hand for her protection, communicated his fears to the State Department, and was informed by Ass't Secretary Davis that the owners had ordered the vessel's acceptance. But they also became alarmed for the further safety of their property; and early on the morning of May 2d, they applied to the Navy Department for protection. Secretary Robeson instantly telegraphed:—

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
May 2, 1870.

Rear-Admiral POOR, commanding North Atlantic Fleet, Havana:

As soon as the steamer *Lloyd Aspinwall* is delivered by the Consul to the captain, have her anchored under the guns of your fleet. Permit no interference with her by any person except the owners, without further orders.

GEO. M. ROBESON,
Secretary of the Navy.

This settled the matter. There was no "interference," of course, and Captain McCarty "wet down" and "calked up" his cracked-open sides at his pleasure. His crew, after ninety-eight days' imprisonment, once more stretched their legs under the protection of the flag. A board of survey, consisting of the engineer and carpenter of the United States flag-ship *Severn*, and two American shipmasters in the port of Havana, was convened by the Consul, and reported that it would require an expenditure of two thousand dollars to enable her to go to sea. One week after—really before she was fit for it—Admiral Poor, in his discretion, sent her to Key West, believing

her to be safer in an American port than under his own guns in a Spanish port,—since the fleet only consisted of his flag-ship the *Severn*, and the monitor *Saugus*,—a blood-tingling commentary on a nation with forty millions of people, one hundred and forty thousand miles of navigable waters, and *forty ships!* Here, at one time, it became necessary for the government to look the possibility of war square in the face, with a navy one-third the size of that of Spain. Certainly it required backbone to do that.

Secretary Fish followed the surrender of the vessel with an immediate proposition to settle the question of indemnity by arbitration. He was promptly seconded by the Spanish Minister, Señor Roberts, who transmitted the proposal to his government by cable, and requested its approval, which was given on the 16th of June following. A week later the commissioners were appointed:—John S. Williams, Esq. (Williams & Guion, 63 Wall Street, New York), on the part of the United States, and Mr. Juan M. Ceballos, a Spanish merchant of high standing established in New York, on the part of Spain. After some delay these gentlemen agreed on an umpire, Johannes Roessing, LL.D., Consul-General of the North German Confederation. The commissioners took the case, and after numerous meetings certified a disagreement to the umpire, who, about the 10th of November, 1870, rendered judgment for the United States of eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty dollars in gold for damages and demurrage to vessel, and one thousand two hundred and twenty dollars in gold for the crew. In retaliation for the captain's refusal to get up steam when he was ordered to proceed from Nuevitas to Havana, a claim was put in, as an offset, of fourteen hundred dollars for *towage!* It was not allowed. The judgment thus recorded is the first that has been obtained against the Spanish government for its many illegal seizures and interferences with the rights of American citizens and property.

Our own government has conducted its intercourse on these perplexing questions with marked justice, impartiality, and promptness, and has encountered to an almost exasperating degree the traditional Spanish policy of delay and indifference. When the retaliatory measures were under consideration, the temptation to use them was very strong, and the opportunity very fit; the country—particularly the Republican part of it—was much in need of the tonic effect of a bold policy; and this brief history shows there was backbone enough for the occasion, had not the necessity been opportunely averted by the skillful diplomatic foreshadowing of the measures in contemplation. The vessel released, the judgment rendered, the outrage to the flag only remains unatoned.

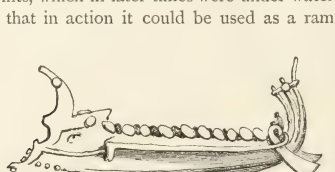
SHIPS.

From the fact that nearly three-quarters of our globe is covered with oceans, while what land there is is seamed with rivers that could be crossed only by the aid of some floating material, it is plain that man's ingenuity would very soon contrive something that would carry him over the water. A floating log might suggest a raft or a boat, from which he would pass by natural steps to the construction of larger craft, to transport him to neighboring islands and across wide bays. At all events, if before the flood he was confined to mere boats, after the ark was built there was nothing to prevent him from constructing large, if unwieldy vessels, while the propulsion of them by wind would suggest itself. History, however, gives no account of the rise and progress of shipbuilding; the first mention of ships shows that commerce, carried on by navigation, was at that time well established. In Genesis 49th chapter, 13th verse, Jacob, in blessing the tribes, says: "Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea, and shall be for an haven of ships," thus showing clearly that Egypt must have had at that time her harbor and her commercial marine. Although the Phœnicians are the first recorded sailors, the Mediterranean was unquestionably very early

navigated by the various nations along its borders. Indeed, navigation was for a long time confined to this sea ; for till the mariner's compass was discovered, and the method of ascertaining a ship's whereabouts by observation, the boldest mariner did not dare to venture far out on the wide ocean.

From the earliest time there were two classes of ships—merchantmen and vessels of war. The former were clumsy, flat-bottomed structures, with bow and stern alike—the bulwarks at both ends being square, high above which rose the stern and bow posts, which were often ornamented—the former sometimes with the head of a heathen god or of some hero. They had no helm ; but were steered by paddle-shaped oars, run out on either side at the stern. A huge mainsail, with a yard nearly as long as the ship, was the chief dependence in sailing, so that it was impossible to lie very close to the wind. Some of these, especially the grain-vessels of Egypt, were of large size, probably of a thousand tons burthen, and capable of carrying six hundred people. The one in which Paul was wrecked had two hundred and seventy-six on board.

The vessels of war of the ancients changed very little until the introduction of fire-arms. Little damage could be done until it became a hand-to-hand fight. A naval battle consisted of two armies fighting from the decks of vessels instead of on land. The bireme, trireme, and the galley were constructed on the same general principles, and remained for ages without any material change. The bireme had two ranks of rowers, the trireme three, while the galley was a long vessel, with only one rank of rowers on each side. The trireme had a strong beak, with two or three iron points, which in later times were under water, so that in action it could be used as a ram.

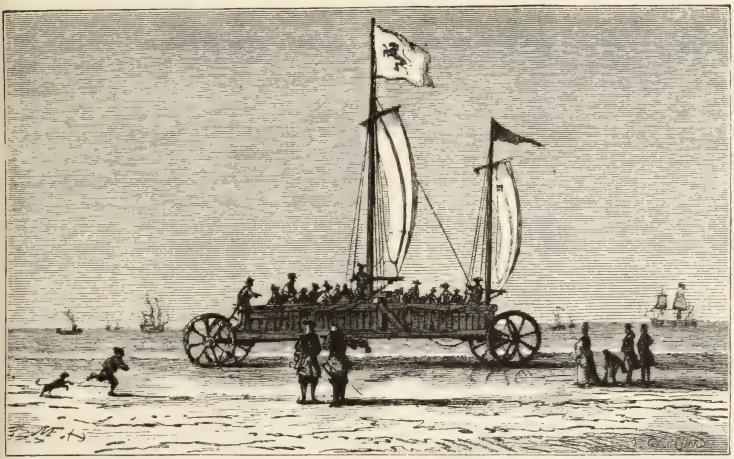


ROMAN VESSEL, FROM ANCIENT TERRA-COTTA MODEL.

Its single mast was then taken down, and it was propelled by oars, handled sometimes by as many as a hundred and seventy stout oarsmen. The combined action of these powerful men would give tremendous speed to the long, narrow vessel, and it would shoot through the water like a steamer, and woe to the unfortunate vessel that then exposed her side to the iron beak.

The Roman galley is familiar to all, and perhaps the famous battle of Actium was the most important one fought by these vessels previous to the use of fire-arms. There is a gulf on the western shore of Greece, thirty miles deep and nearly ten in breadth, but the two tongues of land that form it approach within a half a mile of each other at the entrance. Here, just thirty-one years before the birth of Christ, were assembled one bright September morning 200,000 men. Within, the bay was gay with gorgeously-decorated and well-armed vessels. On one side was Octavius, on the other Antony and Cleopatra. Antony had 20,000 legionaries and 2,000 bowmen, and with 300 vessels swept down the gulf to meet his adversary. The latter advanced, and the two fleets closed. Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion and terror. The wind rose, and the tossing vessels charged fiercely on each other, while the air was rent with the shouts and yells of the combatants. At length Octavius sent in fire-rafts, which, driven and favored by the gale, lighted like huge torches the ships of Antony, and amid the shrieks of the dying and the roar of the flames he fled after Cleopatra, who had deserted him in his hour of need.

Although the commerce of the world was confined almost exclusively to the Mediterranean Sea, the Britons and Saxons had their own peculiar models for vessels. They were built of stout oak timbers, and were flat-bottomed, so as to sail in shoal water. The sails were made of leather, and the steering was done with oars. Against these solid structures the beaks of the Roman galleys were driven in vain, while they were so high out of water that it was hard boarding them. To offset this, the Romans armed themselves with strong iron sickles, fastened to poles, with which they cut the rigging and let the sails



SAIL-CAR OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE : 17TH CENTURY.

down. The vessel then became unmanageable and helpless.

Alfred, with his queerly though strongly made Saxon ships, is regarded as the founder of the English navy.

For a thousand years after the battle of Actium, very little change occurred either in the tactics of naval warfare or the construction of vessels, although improvements were made from time to time as circumstances required. The ancient Romans had in their galleys baskets fastened to a crane, by which boarding parties were hoisted upon the enemy's deck. Platforms also were constructed round the mast, half way up, from which arrows and ponderous stones, and burning pitch, and sometimes live serpents were hurled below. But the discovery of the Greek fire was perhaps the greatest single advance step in maritime warfare. It was a compound that exploded like a cannon, sending up volumes of thick smoke, and burnt with a fury that nothing but sand or vinegar could extinguish.

The Venetians, from the sixth century, were distinguished for their seamanship; but the Crusades gave a new impetus to the commerce of Venice as well as that of Genoa; indeed, of all the Italian States. By the end of the 14th century she had 6,000 great and small vessels, besides 45 galleys, carrying in all 36,000 men. As in after days she ornamented her cannon elaborately, so now she had vessels on which art lavished the choicest decorations. Sitting in the lap of the sea, with all her streets channels of water, it was natural she should have richly wrought, costly, and gay vessels.

One of the most remarkable of these was the *Bucentaur*, with which the annual ceremony of wedding the sea was performed. Adorned with the most exquisite designs in sculpture, and inlaid with precious materials, and gay with colors, it presented a gorgeous spectacle on this great gala-day.

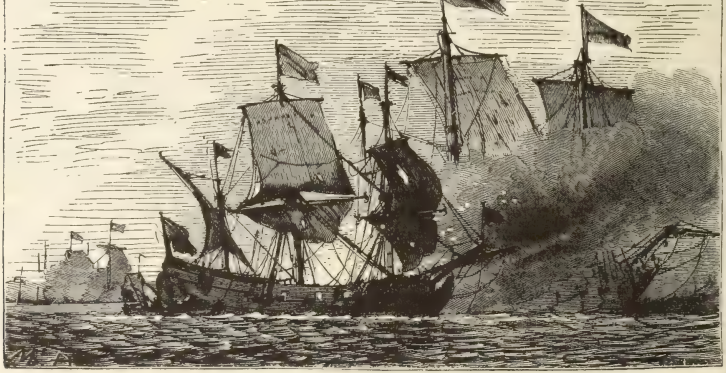
But it was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that both commerce and naval warfare underwent an entire revolution. In fact, everything in the political and moral world took an almost miraculous leap forward. The invention of fire-arms made an entire change in the size and construction of vessels of war necessary, while the mariner's compass, and the effort to reach India, sent vessels on voyages that ended in the discovery of a new world. In 1450 scarcely more than one-eighth of the world was known; the other seven-eighths were a sealed book.

In seeking India east, explorers circumnavigated Africa; in going west they opened up the western world. But while vessels built for commerce in the Mediterranean were sometimes of great size—those of the Genoese being 1,300 or 1,500 tons burthen—those designed for the broad ocean, and discovery, were not larger frequently than many of our yachts.

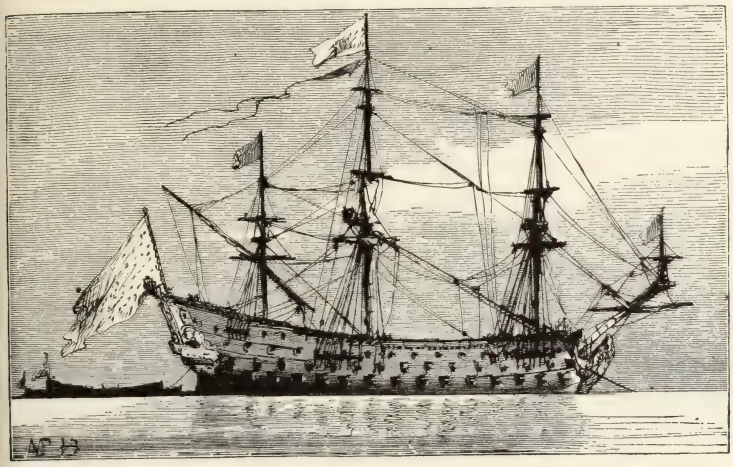
The Portuguese were the first who exhibited any decided scientific skill in shipbuilding and navigation. For seventy years they had boldly dashed along the coast of Africa, and finally pushed into the tempestuous Indian seas. They seemed to care little for size, but paid great attention to construction and rigging. The four vessels which Vasco de Gama took to India, and loaded with the choicest fabrics, were only 120 tons burthen.

The caravels of Columbus, with which he first crossed the Atlantic, were scarcely larger than our coasting craft. Few sailors at the present day would care to cross the ocean in them. Their size may be imagined by his complaining, in a second voyage, that his vessel was too large, it being a hundred tons burthen. They were bold sailors in those days, and preferred small craft, although unsafe in a storm, because they could approach nearer shore and explore inlets and rivers. The vessels were good sailers, going seven and eight knots in an hour, and would sail close to the wind, while they were easily handled. Cannon, as previously stated, caused large vessels of war to be built; and a Frenchman having introduced port-holes, two-deckers came into use. The English, in the time of Henry Seventh and Eighth, built vessels of war for the royal navy of imposing appearance, but so high and crank as to be fit only for smooth seas. The *Great Harry* was a good specimen of these kingly craft. Henry the Eighth embarked at Dover on one occasion in a ship, the sails of which were cloth of gold, while the bulwarks were hung all over with his own shields and those of his nobility. But the merchantmen that scoured the seas in every direction, tempted by the marvellous stories brought home by explorers of the treasures of the new world and distant lands, did far more for navigation than royal men-of-war. Jointed masts were introduced, and made stronger and higher, and studding-sails and the bonnet added, in order to carry a greater breadth of canvas. At this time, also, the chain-pump came into use, and long cables for anchoring.

Still war-vessels kept improving, and in the seventeenth century powerful frigates were



FIRESHIP: 17TH CENTURY.



LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP: 17TH CENTURY.

built, some of them three-deckers. In fact, commissioners having been appointed to inquire into the state of the navy in the time of both the Stuarts and Cromwell, reports of great value were furnished, which made for a while the ships of the royal navy superior in construction to the merchant ships. They, however, lacked the stern simplicity of ships of the line of later years, as will be seen in the towering, castle-like structure in the illustration given.

The Dutch became the great rival of England in her navy, and their renowned commander, Tromp, boldly sailed the English Channel with a broomstick at his mast-head, to indicate that he would sweep the English navy from the seas. In the war that raged between England and Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century, Tromp commanding the Dutch fleet and Blake the English, contested fiercely for the ascendency on the ocean; and when in February, 1653, they met, the latter with 80 and the former with 100 ships, an engagement took place which in the grandeur of its proportions and the fierceness and valor that distinguished it had never before been witnessed. It lasted for three days, when Tromp, under cover of a dark and stormy night, sailed away, sadly crippled and shattered.

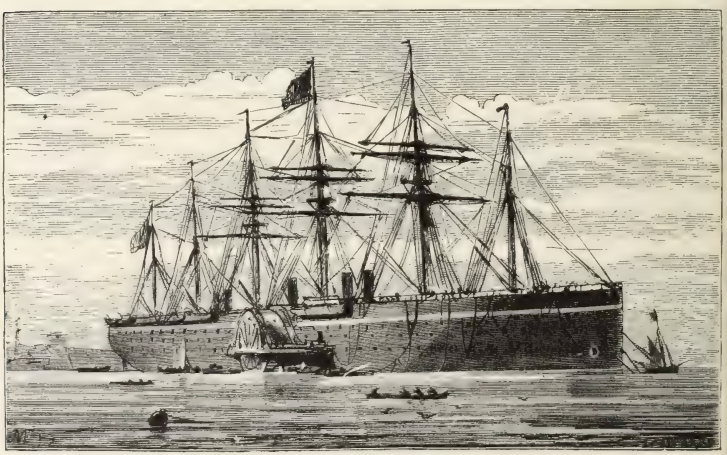
The buccaneers of this century were distinguished for daring seamanship and prowess. Morgan, the leader of these freebooters of the sea, made one of the most successful experiments with a fire-ship that had hitherto been attempted. Caught with a part of his force in Lake Maracaibo, by three Spanish men-of-war, his career seemed ended. They demanded his surrender; but the bold rover had been in as desperate a strait before and escaped, and bluntly refused. Fighting was out of the question, and so he had resort to stratagem. Fitting out one of his ships as a fire-ship, he dressed up a number of figures as pirates, and put them on deck, and placed small negro drums in the port-holes, to represent guns. He then ran up his colors, and with only twelve men with him in the fire-ship, took the lead, and bore down on the Spanish men-of-war. Steering straight for the largest vessel—the *Admiral*—he grappled her, and made fast before the Spaniard discovered the character of the vessel. Loaded with combustible matter, that burst into a conflagration as soon as it was ignited, it almost instantaneously wrapped the man-of-war

in flames that could not be extinguished, and it burnt to the water's edge. The fearful spectacle and disaster together caused the other vessels to be abandoned and Morgan sailed proudly out of the lake.

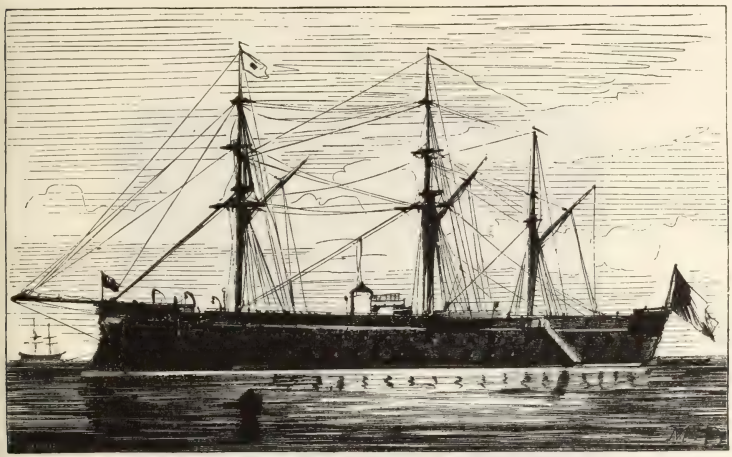
The commencement of the eighteenth century did not witness any great changes in the construction of ships. New models, by which increased speed was gained, were adopted, and men-of-war abandoned all elaborate decorations, adapting everything to hard work.

Probably under Nelson naval tactics, so far as the manœuvring and taking into action large fleets is concerned, reached its highest point of perfection. We speak of sailing vessels. But our war with England, in the beginning of this century, brought a new naval and commercial power into the field, which in improvements has outstripped all its predecessors. Our single-handed fights with English frigates, and the almost invariable result, astounded the world, and took from England the proud title of "Mistress of the Seas." In those fierce broadside to broadside engagements the enemy went to the bottom, or were left helpless wrecks, while our vessels came out of action ready for another fight. This extraordinary disparity in the effect of the broadsides of the two vessels was not at the time generally understood. We had introduced *sights on our cannon*, a thing never before attempted, and hence our broadsides were like rifle practice, which made a close fight a short, destructive one, for we hulled the enemy at almost every shot.

The introduction of steam has entirely revolutionized not only navies, but the commercial marine. We have no space for a detailed account of the rise and progress of this discovery, and its application to vessels. At first it was used to drive paddle-wheels; but two men, Smith of England, and Ericsson, a Swede, about the same time built, by way of experiment, two small screw steamers. Both were successful; but the English favoring their own countryman, Ericsson, in disgust, left the country and came to the United States, where his inventive genius and engineering skill have had full scope. The screw engine at length was applied to men-of-war, and will, doubtless, in the end be entirely used by all war-vessels, as they are less liable to be crippled by an enemy's shot. Heavily armored vessels are a new feature in modern naval warfare, necessitating all kinds



THE GREAT EASTERN.



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD SOLFERINO.

of improvements in guns, and shot, and fortifications.

Perhaps the greatest triumph in the way of shipbuilding is the *Great Eastern*. Her length on deck is 691 feet; breadth, 83 feet; draught of water, between 20 and 30 feet. Her screw engines are 1,600 horse-power, and her paddle engines 1,000 horse-power. She can carry 10,000 tons of coal, and go about 15 knots an hour.

Probably no attempt will ever be made to surpass this vessel, at least in dimensions, for even she draws too much water for most harbors.

Before the introduction of steam we were constantly improving in the construction and speed of our sailing craft, until our clipper packets were without rivals. Now, the attention of those most interested in sailing vessels is directed to yachts, in which the men of New York have taken the lead of the world. Model, hull, draught of water, spars, cut and trim of sails, have all been carefully studied on scientific principles, till now it seems as if the last point of improvement had been reached, and nothing more perfect than the *Sappho*, both in the way of simple beauty and speed, could be obtained.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O wise little birds, how do ye know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether pipèd they:—
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

"He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever he maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye:
Would that I might as trusting be!

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.



When the sole sun is low,
And myriad stars watch in the wakeful even,
Where lights that crystalline glow,
Suffusing faint and fair the azure slopes of heaven?

Is it the icy field
That masks, at either pole, the fervid sway
Wherewith the earth is wheeled,
Flaming, unwasting, in the slant sun's frory ray?

Is it the restless spirit
That haunts the bosom of the universe,
In void he doth inherit,
Kindling the electric flames that thought and being nurse?

Is it a weird portent,
Written in lightning on the living wall
Of the far firmament,
Pointing some world aghast to fate's impending fall?

Is it the flushing flame
Of some more fine ethereal sphere on fire,
With hue of radiant shame
Mantling the conscious heaven above the funeral pyre?

Is it the vivid beam
Once fixed in splendor 'twixt the cherubim,
Its winged Shekinah-gleam
Lighting the lonely sky with awful sign of Him?

STRASBURG AFTER THE SURRENDER.

SHORTLY after the capitulation, on the 28th of September, I started for Strasburg. The city had been free to visitors only two days, yet all South Germany seemed to be on a pilgrimage thither. "Pilgrimage" is the very word, for that implies a sacred shrine to be visited; and the longing of the Germans after the old "free city of the Holy Roman Empire" is akin to religious devotion. When they spoke of defeating the French army, capturing the French Emperor, besieging the French capital, a defiant, warlike tone pervaded their language; but during the siege of Strasburg not a German alluded to that subject without a sigh at the cruel necessity, and a hope that "the loftiest German cathedral" might not be injured. When the news came that the General who had so bravely defended his post felt compelled to surrender, there was no such exultation as follows an ordinary victory. Every one was glad, but apparently more rejoiced that the city had not been stormed, than that it had been captured. Personal friends of mine had special reasons for regarding the place with affection, and yet every German seemed to share their sentiments. It would take an army stronger than any now existing to overcome this feeling: brotherly and pitiful towards Strasburg, and yet tenaciously wrathful against the nation which has held it for so many years. Should the city remain German, its inhabitants will probably be discontented; but should it be given back to the French, all Germany will be wounded in a matter of sentiment; and matters of sentiment transcend diplomacy as well as logic. Bismarck is a bold man, but not bold enough to venture such a step.

This comes first to account for the crowd I met hurrying to the same point with myself. Some went on business, in all probability; some out of mere curiosity—the latter mostly foreigners; but the mass of the Germans went to see with their own eyes what remained of the city of their desires; to realize that Strasburg and its cathedral were German again; to tread the other bank of the Rhine and feel that it was no longer French. It was oftentimes poetical feeling; it was always that undefined thing the Teutons call *Geist*, and it was contagious withal. American by birth and education, I cannot write of my visit without consciously sharing the sentiment. My neighbor in the railway coupé had never been farther from home in his life. He did not go on business, nor was he rich, for he carried his supply of bread and Goettinger sausage in his pocket; yet he must see Strasburg. Opposite me was a venerable Professor of Theology, as eager to reach the place as a boy to get home on the first holiday. Another fellow-traveler was too afflicted in eyesight to see much at his journey's end, but he wanted to feel that he was in German Strasburg.



DISMOUNTED GUNS IN THE CITADEL SQUARE.

It was bright mid-day when the train stopped at Kehl. We were obliged to alight at the old station, about a quarter of a mile from the town. Ten years ago, before the railway bridge was finished, knapsack on my back and alpenstock in hand, I had stepped off from the same station, on my return from a long pedestrian tour in Switzerland. Then a single omnibus was sufficient to transfer all the passengers to Strasburg, except those of us who from habit preferred to walk. Now it was very different,—indescribably different. The roads were blocked with vehicles, even the adjoining fields being turned into provisional cab-stands. Omnibuses, cabs, hackney-coaches; last, and most numerous of all, primitive farm-wagons from the Black Forest were standing there in seemingly inextricable confusion. There must have been hundreds of the last-named vehicles, yet I saw none start away empty.

In one of these, every seat full, we crept towards and through Kehl. Our charioteer was willing enough to go faster, but speed was as much out of the question as in a train of loaded army wagons, or on Cortland street after a snow-storm, in the old times. We thus had an opportunity of noticing the effects of the French bombardment on this defenceless place. There can be no excuse for the destruction of this unwalled and ungarrisoned town; but a grave old Prussian has raked up from past records a fact which gives the event a retributive character. He told me: "When all Germany was illuminated, in 1813, on account of the defeat of Napoleon I., Kehl

alone, among German cities, remained in darkness. Now the nation with which it unrighteously sympathized has desolated it." In fact, it has profited most by its proximity to the French border; smuggling being systematically carried on. Yet it has paid dear for this position. This is the seventh time it has suffered from military operations, since Strasburg was appropriated by Louis XIV.

The handsome railway depot is a complete ruin. It stands on an elevated position at the German end of the bridge, closing the vista as one looks down the main street in Kehl. Here unfortunate travelers were delayed and annoyed by a custom-house examination. An American I know of, passing through on his wedding trip, came very near *not* passing through. Forced to get a new ticket, he must needs take such a roundabout way to avoid the possibility of smuggling, that on reaching the platform again he saw the train starting off with his bride. Love, however, achieves wonders, even enabling a man to get on a European railway train when in motion.

The pontoon bridge was already restored, and it was as full of pedestrians as Wall street at a quarter of three in the afternoon. The old bridge, I remember well, had two political planks in the centre. On the end of one was cut *Baden*, on that of the other, *France*. The restored bridge has no such line of demarcation, and it is no longer possible, by standing on either side of it, to be in two countries at once, and yet on the Rhine. What a grand river it is! Here, with no mountains to adorn it, no ruined castles to cast the spell of legend upon it, its bright rushing waters seem as winsome as where they whirl around the Loreley's crag. The draw of the railway bridge, on the German side, was blown up in July last. An unnecessary work of destruction, many now think; but then there was every reason to expect that the French army would cross it and overrun Baden, which was well-nigh defenceless. The

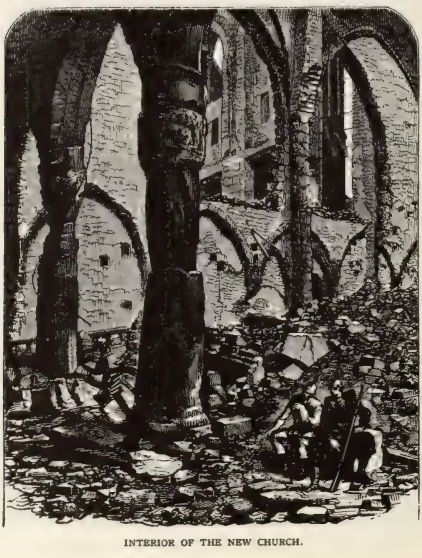


BEHIND THE WALL EAST OF THE STEINTHOR.

damage done does not seem very great, but the removal of the *débris* will be a difficult task. On the further bank there is a ruin on either side; neither a subject of regret. First comes the police bureau, where passports, *visé* by a French consul, were once rigorously demanded; then the custom-house, where the first French sentry was posted, and where I once had to wait until past midnight because my traveling companion, being an amateur photographer, had taken a camera with him, which was seized by the officials. It is difficult to say which party demolished these buildings.

An old Suabian Judge had remarked to me but the day before, that, next to the human lives, the most irreparable loss occasioned by this war was that of the *trees*. The ride to Strasburg confirmed this notion. This avenue was once so shady, but now, with the exception of the few rods nearest the bridge, the whole road is denuded. Hundreds of trees, which had weathered the fifteen political storms of France, have been wantonly cut down. This was done by the French themselves, in order to hinder the German advance; but three days sufficed to remove the obstacles, and the Badensers marched on to the Vosges without waiting to clear the roads in rear of Strasburg. The French taste for barricades, rural as well as urban, is a very costly one.

The remains of the citadel were soon visible; but only from within can one form any idea of the thorough work of demolition effected by the German artillery on this celebrated fortress. Indeed, from whatever direction Strasburg is approached, owing to the flatness of the plain, the view seems to be the same: strong walls, and towering above them an immense cathedral. But to-day that grand old spire, higher than St. Peter's, overtopped but a little by the great Pyramid itself, looks as it never did before. The pinnacle is slightly bent, but it takes sharp eyes to discover that, while he must be nearly blind who does not notice two flags waving from the tower, large enough to be undwarfed by the huge edifice itself. Very significant flags, moreover. These methodical Germans have a purpose in what they do. One is the black and white standard of the Prussians, the other the black, white, and red of the North German Union. They mean more than that Strasburg is captured; they give a hint as to her future. We might have looked for the black, red, and gold, the old German colors; or at least for the red and yellow ensign of the brave Badensers, who did most of the work outside the walls. But no, the Prussians intend to assert by this choice of flags that Strasburg and the Alsace will be joined most closely to Prussia, or at least to North Germany, which amounts to the same thing. Baden is nothing loath, for the ultramontane Alsatians would only disturb its liberal government, and the accession of territory would give still more difficult frontier duty in the Vosges, after the long years that it has stood guard opposite the French bank of the Rhine.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW CHURCH.

So here are Prussians on duty at the Austerlitz gate, by which we enter the city. They seem at home in the guard-house; but these French civic officials, who used to collect the *octroi* dues, look as if they would like to levy very severe



VIEW FROM THE STEINTHOR, LOOKING UP THE STEINSTRASSE.

contributions from this mass of humanity streaming by them undisturbed. Here we must alight; to drive farther is an impossibility. The peasantry of Upper Baden seems to be here *en masse*—babies, provisions, horses, wagons, and all. No signs as yet of the work of destruction; but let us push on if we can. Emerging from the throng at last, we ask a *commissionnaire* to conduct us to a hotel. No rooms to be had, is the response of a waiter who consents to answer us. Hundreds have been turned away already, all willing to pay twenty francs for a single bed. It is no better elsewhere. But we are hungry, and determine to eat our dinner here. The dining-hall is full; yet, after waiting a little, we secure seats. Ventilation is secured by the fact that some of the windows have been demolished by a stray shot, which ended its career in the largest mirror on the premises. We amuse ourselves, while waiting for our soup, by looking out on the Place Kleber. Three sides of the rectangle are comparatively uninjured, but along the fourth is a complete ruin. This edifice was the bureau of the French commandant. Whatever the bombs may have effected, it was the evident purpose of those firing them to demolish every military building in the city, and they have done this—and more too.

After a scanty, but expensive dinner, I started in search of lodgings. Having been commissioned by some German friends to inquire whether the housekeeper of a deceased relative had survived the siege, I sought her humble dwelling, and fortunately obtained the promise of quarters for myself and two others of the party. Asking, as in duty bound, after her state of health, she replied: "Thank God, I am alive; but six weeks passed in a cellar, part of the time with no meat but horseflesh, is not very agreeable." I hinted that Strasburg would now remain unharmed under German protection, but received such a rebuff that I deemed it best to abstain from such allusions, if I would be on good terms with my hospitable landlady. Yet this woman could not speak French, had her warmest friends in Germany, and called all who could not understand the horrible Alsatian German, "foreigners." But she was born under French rule, and her son had been in the National Guard.

Not far from her house stands the church of St. Thomas, the most celebrated Protestant place of worship in the Alsace. Here Oberlin is buried, and here is the beautiful monument to Marshal Saxe, which no visitor to Strasburg leaves unseen. The church has passed through the bombardment almost un-



VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS NEAR THE BREACH.

scathed. Indeed, that whole quarter of the city has suffered but little.

Most travelers, in times of peace, approach Strasburg by rail, entering the city between the Saverne gate and the "Steinthor." The great destruction was in the district between these gates and the canal on which the depot fronts. The lines of the fire seem to have converged on the Cathedral, extending over a semicircle from the Saverne gate on the north-west to the citadel on the south-east; the most important points aimed at being the Steinthor, where the breach was made, and the citadel itself. The general direction of the fortifications between these two points forms a straight line, behind which the work of destruction has been thorough. The annexed view is from this district.

Prussia is the first Protestant power in Europe, and yet the Catholic Cathedral and its adjuncts were spared as much as possible by her batteries, while the Protestant "New Church," and the various buildings of a literary character connected with it, were utterly ruined. This singular fact is readily accounted for. The besiegers could see little else than the Cathedral, and their fire was in a great measure guided by that landmark. The highest point between some of their most important batteries and the Cathedral was occupied by the cluster of buildings already alluded to. In fact, from the whole north-west front of their earthworks shots, flying over the Steinthor and falling short of the Cathedral, would usually strike somewhere in this ill-fated neighborhood. The destruction of the library is a great calamity, since it contained many manuscripts and rarities that cannot be replaced. The Germans have already begun to make collections for its restoration; it is therefore incredible that it was wantonly destroyed.

The New Church is only five or six hundred years old. It contained the monument of the celebrated preacher, John Tauler, who died in 1361, one hundred and fifty years before the Reformation. So spiritual were his discourses that he has warm admirers among the Protestants of to-day, and a large edition of his sermons has been circulated in America within the past few years.

The Prussians are quite practical in their regulations. No sooner did numbers of visitors appear in Strasburg than the military authorities began to sell tickets of admission to the more interesting parts of their work of demolition. It was a measure of prudence, for otherwise their sentries would have had difficulty in the performance of their duty; and of benevolence as well, for the money is devoted to the relief of the sufferers by the bombardment.* The price, a Prussian thaler,

* The larger cities throughout Germany have voted liberal amounts for the same purpose. The first for-

is high for Germans, yet the number sold averaged seven hundred per day shortly after the surrender.

The first place to be thus visited is the *Steinthor*. Scarcely a house remains within five minutes' walk of this point. The Germans had captured two outworks, numbered 52 and 53 on the plan of Strasburg, and pushing a crown-work in front of these, evidently intended to storm through the breach they had made by their cannonade. No easy task! My own impression is, that had the city been well garrisoned and well provisioned it could have held out much longer, and that, as it was, the capture by storm would have cost the besiegers dearly. That question must be settled by military critics, and I may be entirely wrong, since in this war precisely the most unexpected events have occurred. Still I may venture to affirm that the siege of Strasburg was marked by very few striking incidents. The sorties were weak and easily repulsed, while the nature of the siege operations afforded little opportunity for brilliant deeds of heroism. Two cannon were captured on one occasion by a party under the command of a young lieutenant from Heidelberg, who received "the Iron Cross" for his gallantry. Poor fellow, he did not wear it long. While I was in Strasburg, the Badensers, who had been chafing under their delay in the trenches, whipped the French in the open field near St. Dié, in the Vosges, and among the first victims on the German side was Lieut. Von Stipplin.

Strasburg was never besieged before, so that we have no data for an exact comparison; but undoubtedly the besiegers did their work with unusual rapidity. In six weeks they finished three parallels, took two outworks, and were ready to storm. This characteristic is due largely to the eagerness of the troops. But there is yet another one, which is not brilliant, furnishing little matter for the newspaper reporter, and yet the most certain and terrible peculiarity which can attend a successful siege; I mean the precision of the German fire. Here the scientific character of their warfare appears; and against this cool, steady, crushing method, based on superior knowledge, mere enthusiasm, or even heroism, avails little. They planted their pieces at the proper places, to do a certain work—and it was done. A view of the interior of the citadel is sufficient to show the skill with which they handled their cannon. This citadel was built by the celebrated Vauban, and had been strengthened whenever a war-cloud appeared on the Rhine. It was the strongest fortress in France, the pride of her engineers, and yet it was battered to pieces: there was no safety to be found behind its ramparts, save by burrowing under the earth.*

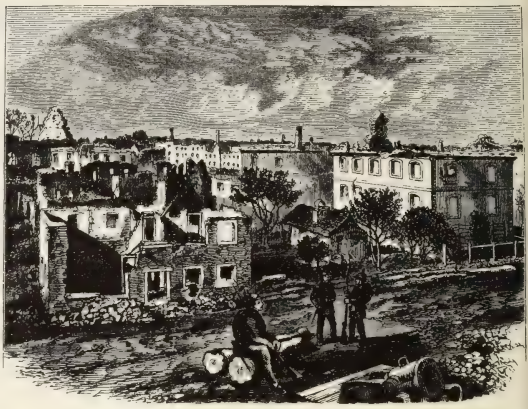
The Germans can spare it; their citadel should be placed on the west side of the town.

As already intimated, the Cathedral was spared as much as possible; but since the French used it as a watch-tower it could not remain untouched. The amount of rubbish lying outside the walls, and especially at the foot of the tower, shows that it must have been struck repeatedly. So immense is the edifice, however, that only upon closer inspection is the injury perceptible. Within, the damage is more noticeable. One grand old

mal act of the Governor-General of the Alsace, after his public reception in Strasburg by the city authorities, was to hand to the mayor a purse of 5,000 thalers, donated by the King of Prussia for the relief of the sufferers. According to the published appeal of the mayor, Professor Kness, of the academic medical faculty, the number of persons rendered houseless by the effects of the bombardment exceeds 6,000, and the losses must be reckoned by millions. It is to be hoped that this appeal, which is addressed to the benevolent of all lands, has evoked in our country the generous response so readily given by Americans.

* Those curious in regard to such matters may notice the following statistics, derived from official sources:—The number of guns of all kinds employed was 241: 44 of these were used by the Badensers against the citadel; the remainder by the Prussians against the fortifications about the city. As regards calibre, 58 were rifled 24-pounders; 80 rifled 12-pounders; 83 mortars, 2 rifled, 8 smooth 60-pounders; 19 50-pounders; the remainder 25 and 7-pounders. The number of shots fired in the 31 days of the actual bombardment was 193,722; among these 58,000 shells, many weighing 180 pounds. The average per day was 6,249 shots; per hour, 269; per minute, 4–5. The operations extended over six weeks; but the formal bombardment began on the 26th of August, ending on the 27th of September.

window is destroyed; the organ is torn to pieces, while the ceiling is perforated in many places. The clock has escaped altogether, but the wonderful mechanism is now silent. It tells the solar, sidereal, and mean time of the first day of the bombardment; even its ecclesiastical calendar remains *in statu quo ante bellum.* Its reanimation will, I presume, be an early duty of the Provisional Government of the Alsace. The Germans glory in this architectural masterpiece as their own; but to make the restoration complete, it should be in Protestant hands. From its pulpit reformers have preached, and the city about it was one of the strongholds of the pure faith in the sixteenth century. As Guttenburg began to print there, this was to be expected.



INSIDE THE CITADEL.

Calling to see an intelligent acquaintance in this neighborhood, I had an opportunity of judging respecting the feelings of the better class of the population. "What will become of us," he said, "we know only too well; we must become German, but no one need say that we will do it willingly." After he had expressed his conviction that France could not resist longer with any hope of success, I inquired whether he thought the nation would learn the proper lesson from its defeat, and introduce a system of popular education. "No," he replied; "both the priests and the rulers, whatever they may call the form of government, find the ignorance of the peasantry too favorable to their own schemes. They will both try to keep them uneducated."—"A poor outlook for the future," I remarked. "Well," he returned, with that peculiarly French shrug of the shoulders, "France is still in the advance. She has passed through most of her revolutions. They will come in Germany after a while." That seemed to be his only consolation. Yet he was far more moderate than most of the Strasburgers. One termagant, whose ire a German acquaintance unfortunately aroused, said, most vehemently: "If General Uhrich, that pitiful scoundrel, had not been a traitor, we could have held out three months longer." And then she fired off such a volley of wrathful epithets against the Emperor, Germans in general, and the parties present in particular, that we were glad to beat a hasty retreat. The greater proportion of the inhabitants still believe that the French have won half a dozen important victories in this war, and insist that the Germans filled their bomb-shells with petroleum and other combustibles.

Even my good landlady shares this opinion. She feels sadly enough. For many years she had been the housekeeper of an old gentleman, who was for sixty years confidential clerk in one of the business houses near the Cathedral. She had been the nurse of his only child until her death, then had tended his invalid wife until she was laid beside her daughter, and cared for him until, at the age of 84, he too was laid in the cemetery of St. Gallen, outside the Saverne gate. In most French cemeteries the lease of the sacred plot is good for five years only. So dear was the memory of this family to her, that when that period expired, she rebought the little enclosure, and continued to watch the flowers

blooming on the three graves. Yet she was poor, then earning her living as a washerwoman, and providing for her invalid son. I once visited that cemetery in company with those who had friends buried there. Returning to the carriage we found the coachman absent. Presently he returned, wiping his eyes. "Ah," said he, "I buried my wife here but last week. Each seeks their own dead!" How many now seek their dead in vain. The Badensers, the countrymen of the good old man I have been speaking of, ran their second parallel through the cemetery; his own people disturbed his resting-place. My good landlady holds the deed for the sacred earth, but who can find the spot now! Thousands are laid this year in nameless graves, far away from those who love them, and thousands lie in desecrated graves, with which the rude demon of war has made sad havoc.

Three hundred years ago there lived in the Suabian mountains a poet named Frischlin. In the romantic Urach valley, not far from where these lines are penned, he was dashed to pieces in attempting to escape from a castle-prison. He sang the praises of Strasburg in rough hexameters, which may be thus roughly reproduced:—

"Strasburg, loveliest grace of our common country, virtue's
Sacred retreat, harbor of justice, of faith the stout anchor,
Thee I salute, and the song that I sing thee, here on the Neckar,
Take, noble city. Oh, listen unto it, with favor regard it.
Never may foe scale thy ramparts and storm thee in heat of the battle!
Never may plague nor terrible hunger bring desolation within thee!
But may thy land, ever fruitful, with corn and with wine still be teeming!
May every house be pervaded by air that refreshes thy people,
And let the silver-winged angel of peace ever thee overshadow!"

The German author who has brought this apostrophe to public notice comments thus: "These verses of the old poet can scarcely be read at the present hour without sadness; in some quarters, it may be said, without shame: Yes, mother Germania has severely wounded her own daughter; but she did it against her will, in conflict with the robber who had stolen that daughter away, and from whom she tried to recapture her, as soon as she began to recover from her own protracted bodily weakness. Now and henceforth it will and must be her tenderest solicitude to heal the wounds of her daughter, and through loving care so to cherish her, that the bloom of her days of beauty may return."

So let it be; but her wounds are still open, and time alone can heal them; her French education may make her a wayward and troublesome daughter for staid mother Germania.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 211.)

CHAPTER X.

I BUILD CASTLES.

My companions had soon found out, and I think the discovery had something to do with the kindness they always showed me, that I was a good hand at spinning a yarn: the nautical phrase had got naturalized in the school: We had no chance, if we would have taken it, of spending any part of school-hours in such a pastime; but it formed an unfailing amusement when weather or humor interfered with bodily exercises. Nor were we debarred from the pleasure after we had retired for the night, —only as we were parted in three rooms, I could not have a large audience then. I well remember, however, one occasion on which it was otherwise. The report of a super-excellent invention having gone abroad, one by one they came creeping into my room, after I and my companion were in bed, until we lay three in each bed, all being present but



WILFRID PRESENTED TO MRS. WILSON. (SEE PAGE 209.)

Fox. At the very heart of the climax, when a spectre was appearing and disappearing momently with the drawing in and sending out of his breath, so that you could not tell the one moment where he might show himself the next, Mr. Elder walked into the room with his chamber-candle in his hand, straightway illuminating six countenances pale with terror —for I took my full share of whatever emotion I roused in the rest. But instead of laying a general interdict on the custom, he only said,

"Come, come, boys! it's time you were asleep. Go to your rooms directly."

"Please, sir," faltered one—Moberly by name—the dullest and most honorable boy, to my thinking, amongst us, "mayn't I stay where I am? Cumbermede has put me all in a shiver."

Mr. Elder laughed, and turning to me, asked with his usual good humor,

"How long will your story take, Cumbermede?"

"As long as you please, sir" I answered.

"I can't let you keep them awake all night, you know."

"There's no fear of that, sir," I replied. "Moberly would have been asleep long ago if it hadn't been a ghost. Nothing keeps him awake but ghosts."

"Well, is the ghost nearly done with?"

"Not quite, sir. The worst is to come yet."

"Please, sir," interposed Moberly, "if you'll let me stay where I am, I'll turn round on my deaf ear, and won't listen to a word more of it. It's awful, I do assure you, sir."

Mr. Elder laughed again.

"No, no," he said. "Make haste and finish your story, Cumbermede, and let them go to sleep. You, Moberly, may stay where you are for the night, but I can't have this made a practice of."

"No, no, sir," said several at once.

"But why don't you tell your stories by daylight, Cumbermede? I'm sure you have time enough for them then."

"Oh, but he's got one going for the day and another for the night."

"Then do you often lie three in a bed?" asked Mr. Elder with some concern.

"Oh no, sir. Only this is an extra good one, you see."

Mr. Elder laughed again, bade us good night, and left us. The horror however was broken. I could not call up one shiver more, and in a few minutes Moberly, as well as his two companions, had slipped away to roomier quarters.

The material of the tales I told my companions was in part supplied from some of my uncle's old books, for in his little library there were more than the Arcadia of the same sort. But these had not merely afforded me the stuff to remodel and imitate; their spirit had wrought upon my spirit, and armor and war-horses and mighty swords were only the instruments with which faithful knights wrought honorable deeds.

I had a tolerably clear perception that such deeds could not be done in our days; that there were no more dragons lying in the woods; and that ladies did not now fall into the hands of giants. But I had the witness of an eternal impulse in myself that noble deeds had yet to be done, and therefore might be done, although I knew not how. Hence a feeling of the dignity of ancient descent, as involving association with great men and great actions of old, and therefore rendering such more attainable in the future, took deep root in my mind. Aware of the humbleness of my birth, and unrestrained by pride in my parents—I had lost them so early—I would indulge in many a day-dream of what I would gladly have been. I would ponder over the delights of having a history, and how grand it would be to find I was descended from some far-away knight who had done deeds of high emprise. In such moods the recollection of the old sword that had vanished from the wall would return: indeed the impression it had made upon me may have been at the root of it all. How I longed to know the story of it! But it had gone to the grave with grannie. If my uncle or aunt knew it, I had no hope of getting it from either of them; for I was certain they had no sympathy with any such fancies as mine. My favorite invention, one for which my audience was sure to call when I professed incompetence, and which I enlarged and varied every time I returned to it, was of a youth in humble life who found at length he was of far other origin than he had supposed. I did not know then that the fancy, not uncommon with boys, has its roots in the deepest instincts of our human nature. I need not add that I had not yet read Jean Paul's Titan, or Hesperus, or Comet.

This tendency of thought received a fresh impulse from my visit to Moldwarp Hall, as I choose to name the great house whither my repentance had led me. It was the first I had ever seen to wake the sense of the mighty antique. My home was, no doubt, older than some parts of the hall; but the house we are born in never looks older than the last generation until we begin to compare it with others. By this time, what I had learned of the history of my country, and the general growth of the allied forces of my intellect, had rendered me capable of feeling the hoary eld of the great Hall. Henceforth it had a part in every invention of my boyish imagination.

I was therefore not undesirous of keeping the half-engagement I had made with Mrs. Wilson; but it was not she that drew me. With all her kindness, she had not attracted me; for cupboard-love is not the sole, or always the most powerful operant on the childish mind: it is in general stronger in men than in either children or women. I would rather not see Mrs. Wilson again—she had fed my body, she had not warmed my heart. It was the grand old house that attracted me. True, it was associated with shame, but rather with the recovery from it than with the fall itself; and what memorials of ancient grandeur and knightly ways must lie within those walls, to harmonize with my many dreams!

On the next holiday, Mr. Elder gave me a ready permission to revisit Moldwarp Hall. I had made myself acquainted with the nearest way by crossroads and footpaths, and full of expectation, set out with my companions. They accompanied me the greater part of the distance, and left me at a certain gate, the same by which they had come out of the park

on the day of my first visit. I was glad when they were gone, for I could then indulge my excited fancy at will. I heard their voices draw away into the distance. I was alone on a little footpath which led through a wood. All about me were strangely tall and slender oaks; but as I advanced into the wood, the trees grew more various, and in some of the opener spaces, great old oaks, short and big-headed, stretched out their huge shadow-filled arms in true oak-fashion. The ground was uneven, and the path led up and down over hollow and hillock, now crossing a swampy bottom, now climbing the ridge of a rocky eminence. It was a lovely forenoon, with gray-blue sky and white clouds. The sun shone plentifully into the wood, for the leaves were thin. They hung like clouds of gold and royal purple above my head, layer over layer, with the blue sky and the snowy clouds shining through. On the ground it was a world of shadows and sunny streaks, kept ever in interfluent motion by such a wind as John Skelton describes:—

> There blew in that gardynge a soft piplyng cold
> Enbrethyng of Zepherus with his pleasant wynde.

I went merrily along. The birds were not singing, but my heart did not need them. It was spring-time there whatever it might be in the world. The heaven of my childhood wanted no lark to make it gay. Had the trees been bare and the frost shining on the ground, it would have been all the same. The sunlight was enough.

I was standing on the root of a great beech-tree, gazing up into the gulf of its foliage, and watching the broken lights playing about in the leaves and leaping from twig to branch, like birds yet more golden than the leaves, when a voice startled me.

"You're not looking for apples in a beech-tree, hey?" it said.

I turned instantly, with my heart in a flutter. To my great relief I saw that the speaker was not Sir Giles, and that probably no allusion was intended. But my first apprehension made way only for another pang, for, although I did not know the man, a strange dismay shot through me at sight of him. His countenance was associated with an undefined but painful fact that lay crouching in a dusky hollow of my memory. I had no time now to entice it into the light of recollection. I took heart and spoke.

"No," I answered; "I was only watching the sun on the leaves."

"Very pretty, ain't it? Ah, it's lovely! It's quite beautiful—ain't it now? You like good timber, don't you?—Trees, I mean," he explained, aware, I suppose, of some perplexity on my countenance.

"Yes," I answered. "I like big old ones best."

"Yes, yes," he returned with an energy that sounded strange and jarring to my mood; "big old ones, that have stood for ages—the monarchs of the forest. Saplings ain't bad things either, though. But old ones are best. Just come here, and I'll show you one worth looking at. *It* wasn't planted yesterday, *I* can tell you."

I followed him along the path, until we came out of the wood. Beyond us the ground rose steep and high, and was covered with trees; but here in the hollow it was open. A stream ran along between us and the height. On this side of the stream stood a mighty tree, towards which my companion led me. It was an oak with such a bushy head and such great roots rising in serpent rolls and heaves above the ground, that the stem looked stunted between them.

"There!" said my companion; "there's a tree! there's someting like a tree! How a man must feel to call a tree like that his own! That's Queen Elizabeth's oak. It is indeed. England is dotted with would-be Queen Elizabeth's oaks; but there is the very oak which she admired so much that she ordered luncheon to be served under it . . Ah! she knew the value of timber—did good Queen Bess. *That's* now—now—let me see—the year after the Armada—nine from fifteen—ah well, somewhere about two hundred and thirty years ago."

"How lumpy and hard it looks!" I remarked.

"That's the breed and the age of it," he returned. "The wonder to me is they don't turn to stone and last for ever, those trees. Ah! there's something to live for now!"

He had turned away to resume his walk,

but as he finished the sentence, he turned again towards the tree, and shook his finger at it, as if reproaching it for belonging to somebody else than himself.

"Where are you going now?" he asked, wheeling round upon me sharply, with a keen look in his magpie-eyes, as the French would call them, which hardly corresponded with the bluntness of his address.

"I'm going to the Hall," I answered, turning away.

"You'll never get there that way. How are you to cross the river?"

"I don't know. I've never been this way before."

"You've been to the Hall before then? Who do you know there?"

"Mrs. Wilson," I answered.

"Hm! Ah! You know Mrs. Wilson, do you? Nice woman, Mrs. Wilson!"

He said this as if he meant the opposite.

"Here," he went on—"come with me. I'll show you the way."

I obeyed and followed him along the bank of the stream.

"What a curious bridge!" I exclaimed, as we came in sight of an ancient structure lifted high in the middle on the point of a Gothic arch.

"Yes, ain't it?" he said. "Curious? I should think so! And well it may be! It's as old as the oak there at least. There's a bridge now for a man like Sir Giles to call his own!"

"He can't keep it though," I said, moralizing; for, in carrying on the threads of my stories, I had come to see that no climax could last forever.

"Can't keep it! He could carry off every stone of it if he liked."

"Then it wouldn't be the bridge any longer."

"You're a sharp one," he said.

"I don't know," I answered, truly enough. I seemed to myself to be talking sense, that was all.

"Well I do. What do you mean by saying he couldn't keep it?"

"It's been a good many people's already, and it'll be somebody else's some day," I replied.

He did not seem to relish the suggestion, for he gave a kind of grunt, which gradually broke into a laugh as he answered,

"Likely enough! likely enough!"

We had now come round to the end of the bridge, and I saw that it was far more curious than I had perceived before.

"Why is it so narrow?" I asked wonderingly, for it was not three feet wide, and had a parapet of stone about three feet high on each side of it.

"Ah!" he replied; "that's it, you see. As old as the hills. It was built, *this* bridge was, before ever a carriage was made—yes before ever a carrier's cart went along a road. They carried everything then upon horses' backs. They call this the pack-horse bridge. You see there's room for the horses' legs, and their loads could stick out over the parapets. That's the way they carried everything to the Hall then. That was a few years before *you* were born, young gentleman."

"But they couldn't get their legs—the horses, I mean—couldn't get their legs through this narrow opening," I objected; for a flat stone almost blocked up each end.

"No; that's true enough. But those stones have been up only a hundred years or so. They didn't want it for pack-horses any more then, and the stones were put up to keep the cattle, with which at some time or other I suppose some thrifty owner had stocked the park, from crossing to this meadow. That would be before those trees were planted up there."

When we crossed the stream, he stopped at the other end of the bridge and said,

"Now, you go that way—up the hill. There's a kind of a path if you can find it, but it doesn't much matter. Good morning."

He walked away down the bank of the stream, while I struck into the wood.

When I reached the top, and emerged from the trees that skirted the ridge, there stood the lordly Hall before me, shining in autumnal sunlight, with gilded vanes, and diamond-paned windows, as if it were a rock against which the gentle waves of the sea of light rippled and broke in flashes. When you looked at its foundation, which seemed to have torn its way up through the clinging sward, you could not tell where the building began and

the rock ended. In some parts indeed the rock was wrought into the walls of the house; while in others it was faced up with stone and mortar. My heart beat high with vague rejoicing. Grand as the aged oak had looked, here was a grander growth—a growth older too than the oak, and inclosing within it a thousand histories.

I approached the gate by which Mrs. Wilson had dismissed me. A flight of rude steps cut in the rock led to the portcullis which still hung, now fixed in its place, in front of the gate; for though the Hall had no external defences, it had been well fitted for the half-sieges of troublous times. A modern mansion stands, with its broad sweep up to the wide door, like its hospitable owner in full dress and broad-bosomed shirt on his own hearth-rug: this ancient house stood with its back to the world, like one of its ancient owners, ready to ride, in morion, breast-plate, and jack-boots—yet not armed cap-a-pie, not like a walled castle, that is.

I ascended the steps, and stood before the arch—filled with a great iron-studded oaken gate—which led through a square tower into the court. I stood gazing for some minutes before I rang the bell. Two things in particular I noticed. The first was—over the arch of the doorway, amongst others—one device very like the animal's head upon the watch and the seal which my great-grandmother had given me. I could not be sure it was the same, for the shape—both in the stone and in my memory—was considerably worn. The other interested me far more. In the great gate was a small wicket, so small that there was hardly room for me to pass without stooping. A thick stone threshold lay before it: the spot where the right foot must fall in stepping out of the wicket, was worn into the shape of a shoe, to the depth of between three and four inches I should judge, vertically into the stone. The deep foot-mould conveyed to me a sense of the coming and going of generations, such as I could not gather from the age-worn walls of the building.

A great bell-handle at the end of a jointed iron-rod, hung down by the side of the wicket. I rang. An old woman opened the wicket, and allowed me to enter. I thought I remembered the way to Mrs. Wilson's door well enough, but when I had ascended the few broad steps, curved to the shape of the corner in which the entrance stood, and found myself in the flagged court, I was bewildered, and had to follow the retreating portress for directions. A word set me right, and I was soon in Mrs. Wilson's presence. She received me kindly, and expressed her satisfaction that I had kept what she was pleased to consider my engagement.

After some refreshment and a little talk, Mrs. Wilson said,

"Now, Master Cumbermede, would you like to go and see the gardens, or take a walk in the park and look at the deer?"

"Please, Mrs. Wilson," I returned, "you promised to show me the house."

"You would like that, would you?"

"Yes," I answered,—"better than anything."

"Come, then," she said, and took a bunch of keys from the wall. "Some of the rooms I lock up when the family's away."

It was a vast place. Roughly it may be described as a large oblong which the great hall, with the kitchen and its offices, divided into two square courts—the one flagged, the other gravelled. A passage dividing the hall from the kitchen led through from the one court to the other. We entered this central portion through a small tower; and, after a peep at the hall, ascended to a room above the entrance, accessible from an open gallery which ran along two sides of the hall. The room was square, occupying the area-space of the little entrance tower. To my joyous amazement, its walls were crowded with swords, daggers—weapons in endless variety, mingled with guns and pistols, for which I cared less. Some which had hilts curiously carved and even jewelled, seemed of foreign make: their character was different from that of the rest; but most were evidently of the same family with the one sword I knew. Mrs. Wilson could tell me nothing about them. All she knew was, that this was the armory, and that Sir Giles had a book with something written in it about every one of the weapons. They were no chance collection: each had a

history. I gazed in wonder and delight. Above the weapons hung many pieces of armor—no entire suits, however; of those there were several in the hall below. Finding that Mrs. Wilson did not object to my handling the weapons within my reach, I was soon so much absorbed in the examination of them, that I started when she spoke.

"You shall come again, Master Cumbermede," she said. "We must go now."

I replaced a Highland broadsword, and turned to follow her. She was evidently pleased with the alacrity of my obedience, and for the first time bestowed on me a smile as she led the way from the armory by another door. To my enhanced delight this door led into the library. Gladly would I have lingered, but Mrs. Wilson walked on, and I followed, through rooms and rooms, low-pitched, and hung with tapestry, some carpeted, some floored with black polished oak, others with some kind of cement or concrete, all filled with ancient furniture whose very aspect was a speechless marvel. Out of one into another, along endless passages, up and down winding stairs, now looking from the summit of a lofty tower upon terraces and gardens below — now lost in gloomy arches, again out upon acres of leads, and now bathed in the sweet gloom of the ancient chapel with its stained windows of that old glass which seems nothing at first, it is so modest and harmonious, but which for that very reason grows into a poem in the brain: you see it last and love it best—I followed with unabating delight.

When at length Mrs. Wilson said I had seen the whole, I begged her to let me go again into the library, for she had not given me a moment to look at it. She consented.

It was a part of the house not best suited for the purpose, connected with the armory by a descent of a few steps. It lay over some of the housekeeping department, was too near the great hall, and looked into the flagged court. A library should be on the ground floor in a quiet wing, with an outlook on grass, and the possibility of gaining it at once without going through long passages. Nor was the library itself, architecturally considered, at all superior to its position. The books had greatly outgrown the space allotted to them, and several of the neighboring rooms had been annexed as occasion required; hence it consisted of half a dozen rooms, some of them merely closets intended for dressing-rooms, and all very ill lighted. I entered it however in no critical spirit, but with a feeling of reverential delight. My uncle's books had taught me to love books. I had been accustomed to consider his five hundred volumes a wonderful library; but here were thousands—as old, as musty, as neglected, as dilapidated, therefore as certainly full of wonder and discovery, as man or boy could wish. —Oh the treasures of a house that has been growing for ages! I leave a whole roomful of lethal weapons, to descend three steps into six roomfuls of books—each "the precious life-blood of a master spirit"—for as yet in my eyes all books were worthy! Which did I love best? Old swords or old books? I could not tell. I had only the grace to know which I *ought* to love best.

As we passed from the first room into the second, up rose a white thing from a corner of the window-seat, and came towards us. I started. Mrs. Wilson exclaimed:

"La! Miss Clara! how ever——?"

The rest was lost in the abyss of possibility.

"They told me you were somewhere about, Mrs. Wilson, and I thought I had better wait here. How do you do?"

"La, child, you've given me such a turn!" said Mrs. Wilson. "You might have been a ghost if it had been in the middle of the night."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Wilson," said the girl merrily. "Only you see if it had been a ghost it couldn't have been me."

"How's your papa, Miss Clara?"

"Oh! he's always quite well."

"When did you see him?"

"To-day. He's at home with grandpapa now."

"And you ran away and left him?"

"Not quite that. He and grandpapa went out about some business—to the copse at Deadman's Hollow, I think. They didn't want my advice—they never do; so I came to see you, Mrs. Wilson."

By this time I had been able to look at the

girl. She was a year or two older than myself, I thought, and the loveliest creature I had ever seen. She had large blue eyes of the rare shade called violet, a little round perhaps, but the long lashes did something to rectify that fault; and a delicate nose—turned up a little of course, else at her age she could not have been so pretty. Her mouth was well curved, expressing a full share of Paley's happiness; her chin was something large and projecting, but the lines were fine. Her hair was a light brown, but dark for her eyes, and her complexion would have been enchanting to any one fond of the "sweet mixture, red and white." Her figure was that of a girl of thirteen, undetermined — but therein I was not critical. "An exceeding fair forehead," to quote Sir Philip Sidney, and plump, white, dimple-knuckled hands complete the picture sufficiently for the present. Indeed it would have been better to say only that I was taken with her, and then the reader might fancy her such as he would have been taken with himself. But I was not fascinated. It was only that I was a boy and she was a girl, and there being no element of decided repulsion, I felt kindly disposed towards her.

Mrs. Wilson turned to me.

"Well, Master Cumbermede, you see I am able to give you more than I promised."

"Yes," I returned; "you promised to show me the old house——"

"And here," she interposed, "I show you a young lady as well."

"Yes, thank you," I said simply. But I had a feeling that Mrs. Wilson was not absolutely well pleased.

I was rather shy of Miss Clara—not that I was afraid of her, but that I did not exactly know what was expected of me, and Mrs. Wilson gave us no further introduction to each other. I was not so shy, however, as not to wish Mrs. Wilson would leave us together, for then, I thought, we should get on well enough; but such was not her intent. Desirous of being agreeable, however—as far as I knew how, and remembering that Mrs. Wilson had given me the choice before, I said to her—

"Mightn't we go and look at the deer, Mrs. Wilson?"

"You had better not," she answered. "They are rather ill-tempered just now. They might run at you. I heard them fighting last night, and knocking their horns together dreadfully."

"Then we'd better not," said Clara. "They frightened me very much yesterday."

We were following Mrs. Wilson from the room. As we passed the hall-door we peeped in.

"Do you like such great high places?" asked Clara.

"Yes, I do," I answered. "I like great high places. It makes you gasp somehow."

"Are you fond of gasping? Does it do you good?" she asked, with a mock simplicity which might be humor or something not so pleasant.

"Yes, I think it does," I answered. "It pleases me."

"I don't like it. I like a quiet snug place like the library—not a great wide place like this, that looks as if it had swallowed you and didn't know it."

"What a clever creature she is!" I thought. We turned away and followed Mrs. Wilson again.

I had expected to spend the rest of the day with her, but the moment we reached her apartment, she got out a bottle of her home-made wine and some cake, saying it was time for me to go home. I was much disappointed—the more that the pretty Clara remained behind; but what could I do? I strolled back to Aldwick with my head fuller than ever of fancies, new and old. But Mrs. Wilson had said nothing of going to see her again, and without an invitation I could not venture to revisit the Hall.

In pondering over the events of the day, I gave the man I had met in the wood a full share in my meditations.

CHAPTER XI.

A TALK WITH MY UNCLE.

When I returned home for the Christmas holidays I told my uncle, amongst other things, all that I have just recorded; for although the affair seemed far away from me now, I felt that he ought to know it. He was

greatly pleased with my behavior in regard to the apple. He did not identify the place, however, until he heard the name of the housekeeper: then I saw a cloud pass over his face. It grew deeper when I told him of my second visit, especially while I described the man I had met in the wood.

"I have a strange fancy about him, uncle," I said. "I think he must be the same man that came here one very stormy night—long ago—and wanted to take me away."

"Who told you of that?" asked my uncle, startled.

I explained that I had been a listener.

"You ought not to have listened."

"I know that now; but I did not know then. I woke frightened, and heard the voices."

"What makes you think it was the same man?"

"I can't be sure, you know. But as often as I think of the man I met in the wood, the recollection of that night comes back to me."

"I daresay. What was he like?"

I described him as well as I could.

"Yes," said my uncle, "I daresay. He is a dangerous man."

"What did he want with me?"

"He wanted to have something to do with your education. He is an old friend—acquaintance I ought to say—of your father's. I should be sorry you had any intercourse with him. He is a very worldly kind of man. He believes in money and rank and getting on. He believes in nothing else that I know."

"Then I am sure I shouldn't like him," I said.

"I am pretty sure you wouldn't," returned my uncle.

I had never before heard him speak so severely of any one. But from this time he began to talk to me more as if I had been a grown man. There was a simplicity in his way of looking at things, however, which made him quite intelligible to a boy as yet uncorrupted by false aims or judgments. He took me about with him constantly, and I began to see him as he was, and to honor and love him more than ever.

Christmas-day this year fell on a Sunday. It was a model Christmas-day. My uncle and I walked to church in the morning. When we started, the grass was shining with frost, and the air was cold; a fog hung about the horizon, and the sun shone through it with red rayless countenance. But before we reached the church, which was some three miles from home, the fog was gone, and the frost had taken shelter with the shadows; the sun was dazzling without being clear, and the golden cock on the spire was glittering keen in the moveless air.

"What do they put a cock on the spire for, uncle?" I asked.

"To end off with an ornament, perhaps," he answered.

"I thought it had been to show how the wind blew."

"Well, it wouldn't be the first time great things—I mean the spire, not the cock—had been put to little uses."

"But why should it be a cock," I asked, "more than any other bird?"

"Some people—those to whom the church is chiefly historical, would tell you it is the cock that rebuked St. Peter. Whether it be so or not, I think a better reason for putting it there would be that the cock is the first creature to welcome the light, and tell people that it is coming. Hence it is a symbol of the clergyman."

"But our clergyman doesn't wake the people, uncle. I've seen him send *you* to sleep sometimes."

My uncle laughed.

"I daresay there are some dull cocks, too," he answered.

"There's one at the farm," I said, "which goes on crowing every now and then all night—in his sleep—Janet says. But it never wakes till all the rest are out in the yard."

My uncle laughed again. We had reached the churchyard, and by the time we had visited grannie's grave—that was the only one I thought of in the group of family mounds—the bells had ceased, and we entered.

I at least did not sleep this morning; not however because of the anti-somnolence of the clergyman—but that, in a pew not far off from me, sat Clara. I could see her as often as I pleased to turn my head half-way

round. Church is a very favorable place for falling in love. It is all very well for the older people to shake their heads and say you ought to be minding the service—that does not affect the fact stated—especially when the clergyman is of the half-awake order who take to the church as a gentleman-like profession. Having to sit so still, with the pretty face so near, with no obligation to pay it attention, but with perfect liberty to look at it, a boy in the habit of inventing stories could hardly help fancying himself in love with it. Whether she saw me or not, I cannot tell. Although she passed me close as we came out, she did not look my way, and I had not the hardihood to address her.

As we were walking home, my uncle broke the silence.

"You would like to be an honorable man, wouldn't you Willie?" he said.

"Yes, that I should, uncle."

"Could you keep a secret now?"

"Yes, uncle."

"But there are two ways of keeping a secret."

"I don't know more than one."

"What's that?"

"Not to tell it."

"Never to show that you knew it, would be better still."

"Yes, it would—"

"But, suppose a thing:—suppose you knew that there was a secret; suppose you wanted very much to find it out, and yet would not try to find it out: wouldn't that be another way of keeping it?"

"Yes, it would. If I knew there was a secret, I should like to find it out."

"Well, I am going to try you. There *is* a secret. I know it; you do not. You have a right to know it some day, but not yet. I mean to tell it you, but I want you to learn a great deal first. I want to keep the secret from hurting you. Just as you would keep things from a baby which would hurt him, I have kept some things from you."

"Is the sword one of them, uncle?" I asked.

"You could not do anything with the secret if you did know it," my uncle went on, without heeding my question; "but there may be designing people who would make a tool of you for their own ends. It is far better you should be ignorant. Now will you keep my secret?—or in other words, will you trust me?"

I felt a little frightened. My imagination was at work on the formless thing. But I was chiefly afraid of the promise—lest I should anyway break it.

"I will try to keep the secret—keep it from myself, that is—ain't it, uncle?"

"Yes. That is just what I mean."

"But how long will it be for, uncle?"

"I am not quite sure. It will depend on how wise and sensible you grow. Some boys are men at eighteen—some not at forty. The more reasonable and well-behaved you are, the sooner shall I feel at liberty to tell it you."

He ceased, and I remained silent. I was not astonished. The vague news fell in with all my fancies. The possibility of something pleasant, nay even wonderful and romantic, of course suggested itself, and the hope which thence gilded the delay tended to reconcile me to my ignorance.

"I think it better you should not go back to Mr. Elder's, Willie," said my uncle.

I was stunned at the words. Where could a place be found to compare for blessedness with Mr. Elder's school? Not even the great Hall with its acres of rooms and its age-long history, could rival it.

Some moments passed before I could utter a faltering "Why?"

"That is part of my secret, Willie," answered my uncle. "I know it will be a disappointment to you, for you have been very happy with Mr. Elder."

"Yes, indeed," I answered. It was all I could say, for the tears were rolling down my cheeks, and there was a great lump in my throat.

"I am very sorry indeed to give you pain, Willie," he said kindly.

"It's not my blame, is it, uncle?" I sobbed.

"Not in the least, my boy."

"Oh! then, I don't mind it so much."

"There's a brave boy! Now the question is what to do with you."

"Can't I stop at home then?"

"No, that won't do either, Willie. I must

have you taught, and I haven't time to teach you myself. Neither am I a scholar enough for it now; my learning has got rusty. I know your father would have wished to send you to College, and although I do not very well see how I can manage it, I must do the best I can. I'm not a rich man, you see, Willie, though I have a little laid by. I never could do much at making money, and I must not leave your aunt unprovided for."

"No, uncle. Besides, I shall soon be able to work for myself and you too."

"Not for a long time if you go to College, Willie. But we need not talk about that yet."

In the evening I went to my uncle's room. He was sitting by his fire reading the New Testament.

"Please, uncle," I said, "will you tell me something about my father and mother."

"With pleasure, my boy," he answered, and after a moment's thought began to give me a sketch of my father's life, with as many touches of the man himself as he could at the moment recall. I will not detain my reader with the narrative. It is sufficient to say that my father was a simple honorable man, without much education, but a great lover of plain books. His health had always been delicate; and before he died he had been so long an invalid that my mother's health had given way in nursing him, so that she very soon followed him. As his narrative closed my uncle said: "Now Willie, you see, with a good man like that for your father, you are bound to be good and honorable. Never mind whether people praise you or not; you do what you ought to do. And don't be always thinking of your rights. There are people who consider themselves very grand because they can't bear to be interfered with. They think themselves lovers of justice, when it is only justice to themselves they care about. The true lover of justice is one who would rather die a slave than interfere with the rights of others. To wrong any one is the most terrible thing in the world. Injustice *to* you is not an awful thing like injustice *in* you. I should like to see you a great man, Willie. Do you know what I mean by a great man?"

"Something else than I know, I'm afraid, uncle," I answered.

"A great man is one who will try to do right against the devil himself; one who will not do wrong to please anybody or to save his life."

I listened, but I thought with myself a man might do all that, and be no great man. I would do something better—some fine deed or other—I did not know what now, but I should find out by and by. My uncle was too easily pleased; I should demand more of a great man. Not so did the knights of old gain their renown. I was silent.

"I don't want you to take my opinions as yours, you know, Willie," my uncle resumed. "But I want you to remember what my opinion is."

As he spoke, he went to a drawer in the room, and brought out something which he put in my hands. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was the watch grannie had given me.

"There," he said, "is your father's watch. Let it keep you in mind that to be good is to be great."

"O thank you, uncle!" I said, heeding only my recovered treasure.

"But didn't it belong to somebody before my father? Grannie gave it me as if it had been hers."

"Your grandfather gave it to your father; but when he died, your great-grandmother took it. Did she tell you anything about it?"

"Nothing particular. She said it was her husband's."

"So it was, I believe."

"She used to call him my father."

"Ah, you remember that!"

"I've had so much time to think about things, uncle!"

"Yes. Well—I hope you will think more about things yet."

"Yes, uncle. But there's something else I should like to ask you about."

"What's that?"

"The old sword?"

My uncle smiled, and rose again, saying

"Ah! I thought as much.—Is that anything like it?" he added, bringing it from the bottom of a cupboard.

I took it from his hands with awe. It was

the same. If I could have mistaken the hilt, I could not mistake the split sheath.

"Oh, uncle!" I exclaimed, breathless with delight.

"That's it—isn't it?" he said, enjoying my enjoyment.

"Yes, that it is! Now tell me all about it, please."

"Indeed I can tell you very little. Some ancestor of ours fought with it somewhere. There was a story about it, but I have forgot it. You may have it if you like."

"No, uncle! May I? To take away with me?"

"Yes. I think you are old enough now not to do any mischief with it."

I do not believe there was a happier boy in England that night. I did not mind where I went now. I thought I could even bear to bid Mrs. Elder farewell. Whether therefore possession had done me good, I leave my reader to judge. But happily for our blessedness, the joy of possession soon palls, and not many days had gone by before I found I had a heart yet. Strange to say, it was my aunt who touched it.

I do not yet know all the reasons which brought my uncle to the resolution of sending me abroad: it was certainly an unusual mode of preparing one for the university; but the next day he disclosed the plan to me. I was pleased with the notion. But my aunt's apron went up to her eyes. It was a very hard apron, and I pitied those eyes although they were fierce.

"Oh, auntie!" I said, "what are you crying for? Don't you like me to go?"

"It's too far off, child. How am I to get to you if you should be taken ill?"

Moved both by my own pleasure and her grief, I got up and threw my arms round her neck. I had never done so before. She returned my embrace and wept freely.

As it was not a fit season for traveling, and as my uncle had not yet learned whither it would be well to send me, it was after all resolved that I should return to Mr. Elder's for another half-year. This gave me unspeakable pleasure; and I set out for school again in such a blissful mood as must be rare in the experience of any life.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUSE-STEWARD.

My uncle had had the watch cleaned and repaired for me, so that notwithstanding its great age, it was yet capable of a doubtful sort of service. Its caprices were almost human, but they never impaired the credit of its possession in the eyes of my school-fellows; rather they added to the interest of the little machine, inasmuch as no one could foretell its behavior under any circumstances. We were far oftener late now, when we went out for a ramble. Heretofore we had used our faculties and consulted the sky—now we trusted to the watch, and indeed acted as if it could regulate the time to our convenience, and carry us home afterwards. We regarded it, in respect of time, very much as some people regard the Bible in respect of eternity. And the consequences were similar. We made an idol of it, and the idol played us the usual idol-pranks.

But I think the possession of the sword, in my own eyes too a far grander thing than the watch, raised me yet higher in the regard of my companions. We could not be on such intimate terms with the sword, for one thing, as with the watch. It was in more senses than one beyond our sphere—a thing to be regarded with awe and reverence. Mr. Elder had most wisely made no objection to my having it in our bed-room; but he drove two nails into the wall, and hung it high above my reach, saying the time had not come for my handling it. I believe the good man respected the ancient weapon, and wished to preserve it from such usage as it might have met with from boys. It was the more a constant stimulus to my imagination, and I believe insensibly to my moral nature as well, connecting me in a kind of dim consciousness with foregone ancestors who had, I took it for granted, done well on the battle-field. I had the sense of an inherited character to sustain in the new order of things. But there was more in its influence which I can hardly define—the inheritance of it even gave birth to a certain sense of personal dignity.

Although I never thought of visiting Mold-

warp Hall again without an invitation, I took my companions more than once into the woods which lay about it; thus far I used the right of my acquaintance with the housekeeper. One day in spring, I had gone with them to the old narrow bridge. I was particularly fond of visiting it. We lingered a long time about Queen Elizabeth's oak; and by climbing up on each other's shoulders, and so gaining some stumps of vanished boughs, had succeeded in clambering, one after another, into the wilderness of its branches, where the young buds were now pushing away the withered leaves before them, as the young generations of men push the older into the grave. When my turn came, I climbed and climbed until I had reached a great height in its top. Then I sat down, holding by the branch over my head, and began to look about me. Below was an entangled net, as it seemed—a labyrinth of boughs, branches, twigs, and shoots. If I had fallen I could hardly have reached the earth. Through this environing mass of lines, I caught glimpses of the country around—green fields, swelling into hills, where the fresh foliage was bursting from the trees; and below, the little stream ever pursuing its busy way, by a devious but certain path to its unknown future. Then my eyes turned to the tree-clad ascent on the opposite side: through the topmost of its trees shone a golden spark, a glimmer of yellow fire. It was the vane on the highest tower of the Hall. A great desire seized me to look on the lordly pile once more. I descended in haste, and proposed to my companions that we should climb through the woods, and have a peep at the house. The eldest, who was in a measure in charge of us—his name was Bardsley, for Fox was gone—proposed to consult my watch first. Had we known that the faithless thing had stopped for an hour and a half, and then resumed its onward course as if nothing had happened, we should not have delayed our return. As it was, off we scampered for the pack-horse bridge, which we left behind us only after many frog-leaps over the obstructing stones at the ends. Then up through the wood we went like wild creatures, abstaining however from all shouting and mischief, aware that we were on sufferance only. At length we stood on the verge of the descent, when to our surprise we saw the sun getting low in the horizon. Clouds were gathering overhead, and a wailful wind made one moaning sweep through the trees behind us in the hollow. The sun had hidden his shape but not his splendor in the skirts of the white clouds which were closing in around him. Spring as it was, I thought I smelled snow in the air. But the vane which had drawn me shone brilliant against a darkening cloud, like a golden bird in the sky. We looked at each other, not in dismay exactly, but with a common feeling that the elements were gathering against us. The wise way would of course have been to turn at once and make for home; but the watch had to be considered. Was the watch right, or was the watch wrong? Its health and conduct were of the greatest interest to the commonweal. That question must be answered. We looked from the watch to the sun, and back from the sun to the watch. Steady to all appearance as the descending sun itself, the hands were trotting and crawling along their appointed way, with a look of unconscious innocence, in the midst of their diamond coronet. I volunteered to settle the question: I would run to the Hall, ring the bell, and ask leave to go as far into the court as to see the clock on the central tower. The proposition was applauded. I ran, rang, and being recognized by the portress, was at once admitted. In a moment I had satisfied myself of the treachery of my bosom-friend, and was turning to leave the court, when a lattice opened, and I heard a voice calling my name. It was Mrs. Wilson's. She beckoned me. I went up under the window.

"Why don't you come and see me, Master Cumbermede?" she said.

"You didn't ask me, Mrs. Wilson. I should have liked to come very much."

"Come in, then, and have tea with me now."

"No, thank you," I answered. "My schoolfellows are waiting for me, and we are too late already. I only came to see the clock."

"Well, you must come soon, then."

"I will, Mrs. Wilson. Good night," I answered, and away I ran, opened the wicket for myself, set my foot in the deep shoe-mould, then rushed down the rough steps and across the grass to my companions.

When they heard what time it was, they turned without a word, and in less than a minute we were at the bottom of the hill and over the bridge. The wood followed us with a moan which was gathering to a roar. Down in the meadow it was growing dark. Before we reached the lodge it had begun to rain, and the wind, when we got out upon the road, was blowing a gale. We were seven miles from home. Happily the wind was in our back, and, wet to the skin, but not so weary because of the aid of the wind, we at length reached Aldwick. The sole punishment we had for being so late—and that was more a precaution than a punishment—was that we had to go to bed immediately after a hurried tea. To face and fight the elements is, however, an invaluable lesson in childhood, and I do not think those parents do well who are over careful to preserve all their children from all inclemencies of weather or season.

When the next holiday drew near, I once more requested and obtained permission to visit Moldwarp Hall. I am now puzzled to understand why my uncle had not interdicted it, but certainly he had laid no injunctions upon me in regard thereto. Possibly he had communicated with Mrs. Wilson: I do not know. If he had requested Mr. Elder to prevent me, I could not have gone. So far, however, must this have been from being the case, that on the eve of the holiday, Mr. Elder said to me:

"If Mrs. Wilson should ask you to stay all night, you may."

I suspect he knew more about some things than I did. The notion of staying all night seemed to me, however, out of the question. Mrs. Wilson could not be expected to entertain me to that extent. I fancy, though, that she had written to make the request. My schoolfellows accompanied me as far as the bridge, and there left me. Mrs. Wilson received me with notable warmth, and did propose that I should stay all night, to which I gladly agreed, more, it must be confessed, from the attraction of the old house than the love I bore to Mrs. Wilson.

"But what is that you are carrying?" she asked.

It was my sword. This requires a little explanation.

It was natural enough that on the eve of a second visit, as I hoped, to the armory, I should, on going up to bed, lift my eyes with longing look to my own sword. The thought followed —what a pleasure it would be to compare it with the other swords in the armory. If I could only get it down and smuggle it away with me! It was my own. I believed Mr. Elder would not approve of this; but at the same time he had never told me not to take it down: he had only hung it too high for any of us to reach it—almost close to the ceiling in fact. But a want of enterprise was not then a fault of mine, and the temptation was great. So when my chum was asleep, I rose, and, by the remnant of a fading moon, got together the furniture—no easy undertaking, when the least noise would have betrayed me. Fortunately there was a chest of drawers not far from under the object of my ambition, and I managed by half inches to move it the few feet necessary. On the top of this I hoisted the small dressing-table, which, being only of deal, was very light. The chest of drawers was large enough to hold my small box beside the table. I got on the drawers by means of a chair, then by means of the box I got on the table, and so succeeded in getting down the sword. Having replaced the furniture, I laid the weapon under my bolster, and was soon fast asleep. The moment I woke I got up, and before the house was stirring had deposited the sword in an outbuilding whence I could easily get it off the premises. Of course my companions knew, and I told them all my design. Moberly hinted that I ought to have asked Mr. Elder, but his was the sole remark in that direction.

"It is my sword, Mrs. Wilson," I answered.

"How do you come to have a sword?" she asked. "It is hardly a fit plaything for you."

I told her how it had been in the house since long before I was born, and that I had brought it to compare with some of the swords in the armory.

"Very well," she answered. "I daresay we can manage it; but when Mr. Close is at home, it is not very easy to get into the armory. He's so jealous of any one touching his swords and guns!"

"Who is Mr. Close, then?"

"Mr. Close is the house-steward."

"But they're not his then, are they?"

"It's quite enough that he thinks so. He has a fancy for that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't see anything so precious in the rusty old rubbish."

I suspected that, as the saying is, there was no love lost between Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Close. I learned afterwards that he had been chaplain to a regiment of foot, which, according to rumor, he had had to leave for some misconduct. This was in the time of the previous owner of Moldwarp Hall, and nobody now knew the circumstances under which he had become house-steward—a position in which Sir Giles, when he came to the property, had retained his services.

"We are going to have company, and a dance, this evening," continued Mrs. Wilson. "I hardly know what to do with you, my hands are so full."

This was not very consistent with her inviting me to stay all night, and confirms my suspicion that she had made a request of that purport of Mr. Elder, for otherwise, surely, she would have sent me home.

"Oh! never mind me, Mrs. Wilson," I said. "If you will let me wander about the place, I shall be perfectly comfortable."

"Yes; but you might get in the way of the family, or the visitors," she said.

"I'll take good care of that," I returned. "Surely there is room in this huge place without running against any one."

"There ought to be," she answered.

After a few minutes' silence, she resumed,

"We shall have a good many of them staying all night, but there will be room for you, I dare say. What would you like to do with yourself till they begin to come?"

"I should like to go to the library," I answered, thinking, I confess, of the adjacent armory as well. "Should I be in the way there?"

"No; I don't think you would," she replied, thoughtfully. "It's not often any one goes there."

"Who takes charge of the books?" I asked.

"Oh! books don't want much taking care of," she replied. "I have thought of having them down and dusting the place out, but it would be such a job! and the dust don't signify upon old books. They ain't of much count in this house. Nobody heeds them."

"I wish Sir Giles would let me come and put them in order in the holidays," I said, little knowing how altogether unfit I yet was for such an undertaking.

"Ah well! we'll see. Who knows?"

"You don't think he would!" I exclaimed.

"I don't know. Perhaps he might. But I thought you were going abroad soon."

I had not said anything to her on the subject. I had never had an opportunity.

"Who told you that, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Never you mind. A little bird. Now you had better go to the library. I dare say you won't hurt anything, for Sir Giles, although he never looks at the books, would be dreadfully angry if he thought anything were happening to them."

"I'll take as good care of them as if they were my uncle's. He used to let me handle his as much as I liked. I used to mend them up for him. I'm quite accustomed to books, I assure you, Mrs. Wilson."

"Come then; I will show you the way," she said.

"I think I know the way," I answered. For I had pondered so much over the place, and had, I presume, filled so many gaps of recollection with creations of fancy, that I quite believed I knew my way all about the house.

"We shall see," she returned with a smile. "I will take you the nearest way, and you shall tell me on your honor if you remember it."

She led the way, and I followed. Passing down the stone stair and through several rooms, mostly plain bed-rooms, we arrived at a wooden staircase of which there were few in the place. We ascended a little way, crossed one or two rooms more, came out on a small gallery open to the air, a sort of

covered bridge across a gulf in the building, re-entered, and after crossing other rooms, tapestried, and to my eyes richly furnished, arrived at the first of those occupied by the library.

"Now did you know the way, Wilfrid?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "I cannot think how I could have forgotten it so entirely. I am ashamed of myself."

"You have no occasion," she returned. "You never went that way at all."

"Oh, dear me!" I said; "what a place it is! I might lose myself in it for a week."

"You would come out somewhere, if you went on long enough, I dare say. But you must not leave the library till I come and fetch you. You will want some dinner before long."

"What time do you dine?" I asked, putting my hand to my watch-pocket.

"Ah! you've got a watch—have you? But indeed on a day like this, I dine when I can. You needn't fear. I will take care of you."

"Mayn't I go into the armory?"

"If you don't mind the risk of meeting Mr. Close. But he's not likely to be there to-day."

She left me with fresh injunctions not to stir till she came for me. But I now felt the place to be so like a rabbit-warren, that I dared not leave the library, if not for the fear of being lost, then for the fear of intruding upon some of the family. I soon nestled in a corner, with books behind, books before, and books all around me. After trying several spots, like a miner searching for live lodes, and finding nothing auriferous to my limited capacities and tastes, I had at length struck upon a rich vein, had instantly dropped on the floor, and, with my back against the shelves, was now immersed in "The Seven Champions of Christendom." As I read, a ray of light which had been creeping along the shelves behind me, leaped upon my page. I looked up. I had not yet seen the room so light. Nor had I perceived before in what confusion and with what disrespect the books were heaped upon the shelves. A dim feeling awoke in me that to restore such a world to order would be like a work of creation; but I sunk again forthwith in the delights of a feast provided for an imagination which had in general to feed itself. I had here all the delight of invention without any of its effort.

At length I became aware of some weariness. The sunbeam had vanished, not only from the page, but from the room. I began to stretch my arms. As the tension of their muscles relaxed, my hand fell upon the sword which I had carried with me and laid on the floor by my side. It awoke another mental nerve. I would go and see the armory.

I rose, and wandered slowly through room after room of the library, dragging my sword after me. When I reached the last, there, in the corner next the outer wall of the house, rose the three stone steps, leading to the little door that communicated with the treasury of ancient strife. I stood at the foot of the steps, irresolute for a moment, fearful lest my black man, Mr. Close, should be within, polishing his weapons perhaps, and fearful in his wrath. I ascended the steps, listened at the door, heard nothing, lifted the old, quaintly-formed latch, peeped in, and entered. There was the whole collection, abandoned to my eager gaze and eager hands! How long I stood, taking down weapon after weapon, examining each like an old book, speculating upon modes of use, and intention of varieties in form, poring over adornment and mounting, I cannot tell. Historically the whole was a sealed book; individually I made a thorough acquaintance with not a few, noting the differences and resemblances between them and my own, and instead of losing conceit of the latter, finding more and more reasons for holding it dear and honorable. I was poising in one hand, with the blade upright in the air—for otherwise I could scarcely have held it in both—a huge, two-handed, double-hilted sword, with serrated double edge, when I heard a step approaching, and before I had well replaced the sword, a little door in a corner which I had scarcely noticed—the third door to the room—opened, and down the last steps of the narrowest of winding stairs, a little man in black screwed himself into the armory. I was startled but not altogether frightened. I felt myself grasp-

ing my own sword somewhat nervously in my left hand, as I abandoned the great one, and let it fall back with a clang into its corner.

"By the powers!" exclaimed Mr. Close, revealing himself an Irishman at once in the surprise of my presence, "and who have we here?"

I felt my voice tremble a little as I replied,

"Mrs. Wilson allowed me to come, sir. I assure you I have not been hurting anything.

"Who's to tell that? Mrs. Wilson has no business to let any one come here. This is my quarters. There—you've got one in your hand now! You've left finger-marks on the blade, I'll be bound. Give it me."

He stretched out his hand. I drew back.

"This one is mine," I said.

"Ho, ho, young gentleman! So you're a collector—are you? Already too! Nothing like beginning in time! Let me look at the thing though."

He was a little man, as I have said, dressed in black, with a frock coat and a deep white neckcloth. His face would have been vulgar, especially as his nose was a traitor to his mouth, revealing in its hue the proclivities of its owner, but for a certain look of the connoisseur which went far to redeem it. The hand which he stretched out to take my weapon was small and delicate—like a woman's indeed. His speech was that of a gentleman. I handed him the sword at once.

He had scarcely glanced at it when a strange look passed over his countenance. He tried to draw it, failed, and looking all along the sheath, saw its condition. Then his eyes flashed. He turned from me abruptly, and went up the stair he had descended. I waited anxiously for what seemed to me half an hour: I dare say it was not more than ten minutes. At last I heard him revolving on his axis down the corkscrew staircase. He entered and handed me my sword, saying—

"There! I can't get it out of the sheath. It's in a horrid state of rust. Where did you fall in with it?"

I told him all I knew about it. If he did not seem exactly interested, he certainly behaved with some oddity. When I told him what my grandmother had said about some battle in which an ancestor had worn it, his arm rose with a jerk, and the motions of his face, especially of his mouth, which appeared to be eating its own teeth, were for a moment grotesque. When I had finished, he said, with indifferent tone, but eager face—

"Well, it's a rusty old thing, but I like old weapons. I'll give you a bran new officer's sword, as bright as a mirror, for it—I will. There now! Is it a bargain?"

"I could not part with it, sir—not for the best sword in the country," I answered. "You see it has been so long in our family."

"Hm! hm! You're quite right, my boy. I wouldn't if I were you. But as I see you know how to set a right value on such a weapon, you may stay and look at mine as long as you like. Only if you take any of them from their sheaths, you must be very careful how you put them in again. Don't use any force. If there is any one you can't manage easily, just lay it on the window-sill, and I will attend to it. Mind you don't handle—I mean touch the blades at all. There would be no end of rust-spots before morning."

I was full of gratitude for the confidence he placed in me.

"I can't stop now to tell you about them all, but I will—some day."

So saying he disappeared once more up the little staircase, leaving me like Aladdin in the jewel-forest. I had not been alone more than half an hour or so, however, when he returned, and taking down a dagger, said abruptly,

"There, that is the dagger with which Lord Harry Rolleston"—think that was the name, but knowing nothing of the family or its history, I could not keep the names separate—"stabbed his brother Gilbert. And there is——"

He took down one after another, and with every one he associated some fact—or fancy perhaps, for I suspect now that he invented not a few of his incidents.

"They have always been fond of weapons in this house," he said. "There now is one with the strangest story! It's in print—I can show it you in print in the library there. It had the reputation of being a magic sword——"

"Like King Arthur's Excalibur?" I asked,

for I had read a good deal of the history of Prince Arthur.

"Just so," said Mr. Close. "Well, that sword had been in the family for many years—I may say centuries. One day it disappeared, and there was a great outcry. A lackey had been discharged for some cause or other, and it was believed he had taken it. But before they found him, the sword was in its place upon the wall. Afterwards the man confessed that he had taken it, out of revenge, for he knew how it was prized. But in the middle of the next night, as he slept in a roadside inn, a figure dressed in ancient armor had entered the room, taken up the sword, and gone away with it. I daresay it was all nonsense. His heart had failed him when he found he was followed, and he had contrived by the help of some fellow-servant to restore it. But there *are* very queer stories about old weapons—swords in particular. I must go now," he concluded, "for we have company to-night, and I have a good many things to see to."

So saying he left me. I remained a long time in the armory, and then returned to the library, where I seated myself in the same corner as before, and went on with my reading—lost in pleasure.

All at once I became aware that the light was thickening, and that I was very hungry. At the same moment I heard a slight rustle in the room, and looked round, expecting to see Mrs. Wilson come to fetch me. But there stood Miss Clara—not now in white, however, but in a black silk frock. She had grown since I saw her last, and was prettier than ever. She started when she saw me.

"You here!" she exclaimed, as if we had known each other all our lives. "What are you doing here?"

"Reading," I answered, and rose from the floor, replacing the book as I rose. "I thought you were Mrs. Wilson come to fetch me."

"Is she coming here?"

"Yes. She told me not to leave the library till she came for me."

"Then I must get out of the way."

"Why so, Miss Clara?" I asked.

"I don't mean her to know I am here. If you tell, I shall think you the meanest——"

"Don't trouble yourself to find your punishment before you've found your crime," I said, thinking of my own processes of invention. What a little prig I must have been!

"Very well, I will trust you," she returned, holding out her hand—"I didn't give it you to keep, though," she added, finding that, with more of country manners than tenderness, I fear, I retained it in my boyish grasp.

I felt awkward at once, and let it go.

"Thank you," she said. "Now, when do you expect Mrs. Wilson?"

"I don't know at all. She said she would fetch me for dinner. There she comes. I do believe."

Clara turned her head like a startled forest creature that wants to listen but does not know in what direction, and moved her feet as if she were about to fly.

"Come back after dinner," she said: "you had better!" and darting to the other side of the room, lifted a piece of hanging tapestry, and vanished just in time, for Mrs. Wilson's first words crossed her last.

"My dear boy—Master Cumbermede, I should say, I am sorry I have not been able to get to you sooner. One thing after another has kept me on my legs till I'm ready to drop. The cook is as tiresome as cooks only can be. But come along; I've got a mouthful of dinner for you at last, and a few minutes to eat my share of it with you, I hope."

I followed without a word, feeling a little guilty, but only towards Mrs. Wilson, not towards myself, if my reader will acknowledge the difference—for I did not feel that I ought to betray Miss Clara. We returned as we came; and certainly whatever temper the cook might be in, there was nothing amiss with the dinner. Had there been, however, I was far too hungry to find fault with it.

"Well, how have you enjoyed yourself, Master Wilfrid? Not very much, I'm afraid. But really I could not help it," said Mrs. Wilson.

"I couldn't have enjoyed myself more," I answered. "If you will allow me, I'll go back to the library as soon as I've done my dinner."

"But it's almost dark there now."

"You wouldn't mind letting me have a candle, Mrs. Wilson?"

"A candle, child! It would be of no use. The place wouldn't light up with twenty candles."

"But I don't want it lighted up. I could read by one candle as well as by twenty."

"Very well. You shall do as you like. Only be careful, for the old house is as dry as tinder, and if you were to set fire to anything, we should be all in a blaze in a moment."

"I will be careful, Mrs. Wilson. You may trust me. Indeed you may."

She hurried me a little over my dinner. The bell in the court rang loudly.

"There's some of them already! That must be the Simmonses. They're always early, and they always come to that gate—I suppose because they haven't a carriage of their own, and don't like to drive into the high court in a chaise from the George and Pudding."

"I've quite done, ma'am: may I go now?"

"Wait till I get you a candle."

She took one from a press in the room, lighted it, led me once more to the library, and there left me with the fresh injunction not to be peeping out and getting in the way of the visitors.

(To be continued.)

TO MY WILD SIS.

Be like the rose. It doth not burst
To the full pride of life at first:
It openeth not to sun and dew
Its earliest and fairest hue;
But, charier of its sweet perfume,
It mantleth up its freshening bloom
Till it can burst and bloom with power,
A beautiful and perfect flower.

Be like it, then, and place not now
The wreath of fashion on thy brow;
But be thou in thy budding years
As pure and taintless as thy tears.
Let hallowed thought and simple truth
Be but the deepened hues of youth;
And thou shalt have in future hour
A perfect woman's hallowed power—
A power to love and soothe and bless
A portion of earth's wretchedness.

But be thou still, my wayward girl,
A treasure like the ocean pearl,
Whose worth, though much and pure it be,
Keeps holy shrine beneath the sea.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN GERMANY.

Of all the numerous Christmas gatherings at which I have "assisted" in Germany, the most interesting was that of the *Bergwerk*,—the most distinguished of the numerous club associations of the city where I was residing. The members are either artists or authors. It is called the "*Bergwerk*," or "Mine;" its members are "*Knappen*," or master-workmen. As the most precious substances of the material world are gained only through hard labor, so in the realms of intellect and art treasures of thought and genius are obtained only after much hard drudging and delving. In accordance with the significance of their name, the members at their meetings adopt the costume and phraseology of the miners,—each one throwing over his coat—upon which often glitters more than one decoration bestowed by princely hands—a miner's blouse, and placing upon his head a little round cap with no ornament but a gilt hammer and pick, the badge of the society. In his hand he carries a wooden hammer, and all expressions of approbation are given by a vigorous rapping and thumping upon a wooden block beside him. The assembly presents a most grotesque appearance,—the uninitiated would hardly suspect the bright stars in the world of literature and art which are hiding away under this curious disguise.

I will premise that ladies are not admitted to their weekly meetings. It is only the expansively generous influence of Christmas which induces them, once a year, to throw out their Society's arms, and embrace the fair ones allied with its members.

Years ago, when the organization was in its youth, and the "Miners" brisk and lively, they gave, from time to time, the finest balls of the season, which were often graced by the presence of the King and Court; but now they assert that, although there is great art in dancing well, it is not the noblest art to pursue.

Each member is called a "*Knappe*," as I have said, but on admission to the order he must be christened anew—receiving some comical name suggested by the peculiarities of his profession. Under penalty of a fine for violation of the rule, these names must be used by the members as they address each other.

Some of these appellations are very droll, perhaps a little sarcastic. A celebrated romance-writer, somewhat diffuse in his style, is called the "Knappe *Tintenklecks*"—"Ink-splash!" A renowned violinist gets no better name than "*Pizzicato;*" a singer is but a "*Kehlkopf*"—Larynx; a wealthy banker, who in his leisure hours dabbles with the muses, is told, in the word "*Zahlwort*," to look to his counters. An architect, under whose direction some of the finest buildings in the country have been erected, is christened "*Shnörkel*"—Flourish. A German savant, who has more than once visited the icy regions of the North, is dubbed "Esquimaux," and the word "Croup" keeps the poet-doctor constantly in mind of the responsibilities of his profession. One of the greatest baritones that the world has ever known, now retired into private life, has his past triumphs brought to mind as the members call out "*Knappe Furioso*." Another musician, a pianist, whose weakness, if he has any, is a leaning towards a certain school, perhaps not over popular, is designated "*Futurus*." A classical professor is the "Lexicon" of the party, while a mathematician is but a "Fraction." A poet is told to look to his "Feet," an artist is a "Sketch." "Fig-leaf" suggests to a sculptor the difficulties of properly adjusting drapery; an amiable young Pole, whose exquisite silhouettes have created a new branch of art, is called "*Knappe Tusch*"—Indian Ink. A group of architects form "Beams," "Squares," "Freestones," "Keystones," etc., while a company of musical celebrities answer to the euphonious titles of "Fiddlestick," "Fiddlestring," "Shake," "Trill," "Quaver," "Quodlibet," "Sharp," "Valve," etc. A renowned student and teacher of æsthetics, who soars into regions high above those where the ordinary student dwells, is called "*Plackholz*"—"Plodder" or "Plodhorse." Just think of it! What a shock it must give to his exquisitely refined nature to be brought down to common life in that abrupt manner.

The mock gravity with which these hoary-

headed savants, wits, poets, artists, etc., employ these terms in addressing each other, is, to a stranger, the most comical part of all.

On that memorable Christmas eve when I was admitted,—the first American lady who ever entered into those sacred precincts,—we assembled at an early hour in the beautiful rooms belonging to the Bergwerk. The president of the society, being a royal architect, was enabled, in the construction of one of the government buildings, to reserve a cozy room for his pets. The liberality of the government in according the space has not been unequalled by the generosity of the "Miners" in decorating it in a becoming and characteristic manner. It is furnished with a library; statues adorn the niches; paintings, engravings, and elaborate architectural plans cover the walls—all the productions of the Miners' own heads and hands.

Of course the evening commenced with a peace-offering to the demon of appetite. How little we should hear of discord and dissension if people reserved the discussion of all knotty questions till after dinner! At any rate, on that occasion groups of threes, fours, and a dozen gathered around the tables, ate, drank, and cracked jokes, till the whole company was in a most genial mood. Do not imagine that any had imbibed too much. The Germans drink copiously, but the liquors are light, and their natures are not easily excited.

About ten o'clock, a curtain drawn across a temporary stage was removed, revealing a forest scene. Deep in its recesses sat the goblin Rübezahl, guarding the entrance to a dark cavern, which, by a stretch of imagination, could be supposed to represent the shaft of the "mines" in which we were then reveling. Rübezahl is the goblin of the mines of the Riesengebirge. Whatever his usual temper may be, he was, on this evening, well disposed—and sat grinning before a bright fire, delighting mightily in the fun going on during the distribution of the gifts, which were heaped upon the rocks around.

The youngest members of the Society, acting as servants of the elder, hastened to distribute the presents to the gentlemen first. Each member had sent something to another member, who had been apportioned to him by lot. Of course, the recipient of the gift had no idea who was the giver. A comical challenge to address the company accompanied each; and after the wrappers were removed, and the presents inspected, the president, by several vigorous strokes of the hammer, brought the meeting to order. In a few appropriate words he thanked the "Miners" for his exquisite present, the donation of the whole Society, read a few business reports, and then called upon the others to return thanks to their unknown donors.

Here followed, for more than an hour, such "a feast of reason and flow of soul" as I had supposed existed only as a figure of speech. No one present that evening could ever after call the Germans a "heavy people." Their jokes were not a mere play upon words—a conglomeration of slang phrases which sometimes passes for wit, but they were the true, current coin, coming forth pure and sparkling from the mint,—no base alloy tarnishing their purity or depreciating their value. The speeches were all improvised, but the gift was always the suggesting topic. The incog. giver was hunted out, and decorated with flaming titles, conferred either in poetry or prose, as the genius of the speaker dictated. The present, which was sure to be of a most absurd kind, was represented as filling a want long felt in the ménage of the receiver, for which he poured forth the most profuse thanks in a style so finished that it was difficult to believe that each one spoke without the slightest preparation. I could not enumerate all the gifts, but remember a few as being absurdly boyish in character. The banker received a huge multiplication card, which he facetiously remarked was more acceptable than the division table would have been. The violinist had a sugar violin in return for the "linked sweetness, long drawn out," with which he had so often entertained his friends. The thin, spare "Lexicon," who looked as if he never smiled—might indeed have thrust the word mirth out of his vocabulary—was told in a huge *Pokal*, or goblet, to drink and be merry. A renowned actor had a box of toys—a puppet-show—which he said would beguile many a weary hour. The romance-

writer promised to take the lessons, in a book of sermons on the "sin of lying," seriously to heart; while the poet said, after reading the *History of the Quakers*, he too might learn to appreciate plainness of speech. Do not suppose that I am attempting to transcribe the wit and humor of that evening, which flowed in such copious streams. The manner, the time and place, lent the charm which a mere description must fail to convey. But I gasped for relief when the speeches were over, for my poor brain was in a whirl; it could not take in so much at once, though truth compels me to state that the humorous charger, prancing too gayly, sometimes ignominiously threw his rider to the ground; but these were exceptional discords to the harmonious brilliancy of the whole.

Then came a musical entertainment, partly serious, partly comical. Some artists did their best, while others, for our greater delectation, tried to do their worst. A quintette party gave us a representation of an amateur concert; and certainly only great artists could have done the thing so badly. The leader commenced by an address to the performers, urging upon them the necessity of unanimity of action, the subduing of each individual will for the common good, and telling them that if one of them should, for a moment, feel inclined to improvise an obligato, he should, before rushing away with his idea, ascertain if the others were willing to await his return to reason—and the tune. Above all, he exhorted them, if they could not exactly keep together through the whole performance, they should, at least, try to strike the final chords *ensemble*. The excruciating discords which followed were drowned in roars of laughter.

Thereupon came a comic song called the "Isthmus of Suez," in which every political event of the last decade was drolly set forth to the music of a *Volkslied*.

Then the president announced that a celebrated preacher had asked permission to address the company upon the sin of *Langeweile* —tediousness. A furious rapping of the hammers greeted the entry of an artist, whose pictures, in their rich coloring, rival Titian's, disguised as a Jesuit Father. With downcast eyes, and hands crossed upon his breast, he slowly passed to the speaker's desk and commenced his discourse, which consisted of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. For five minutes he rang the changes upon A B C alone, but they were all given with such fire, such variety of modulation and gesture, that one would hardly believe that he was not really haranguing the audience in a most eloquent manner. At one moment his voice rose in tones of the loudest denunciation; the next it assumed an argumentative strain. Again he besought, supplicated, seemed to weep even with sorrow for the obstinacy of his hearers. Then he turned to sarcastic weapons—hurling bitter, cutting sounds at his imaginary opponents. After twenty minutes he retired, and although not one word had been uttered, we all exclaimed, "What an eloquent speech!" I had never in my life heard anything so supremely ludicrous. And so the evening wore on with a variety of entertainment, enough to have filled up a dozen evenings.

One of the by-laws requires the members to bring something, of their own work, for each meeting. Thus the poet's last effort, the artist's newest work, the architect's grand plan, treatises upon topics grave and gay, are proved in the caverns of the "Mine" before emerging into the outer world.

Once or twice in the course of the evening, just to prove that the members were not too old for such things, one and another of the musical celebrities—whose thrilling harmonies charm the multitude—thought it not beneath their dignity to strike up a bewitching waltz, a jolly polka, or a romping galop, and away went the joyous crowd, spinning, whirling, jumping, with all their youthful fire and elasticity. To one of my many exclamations of delight a Knappe replied:—

"It is heavier than usual this evening. There seems to be no life in us."

"Well!" I said, "you must have adamantine natures if you can bear any more than this."

"Ah!" was the sad rejoinder, "it is plain that we are growing old and grim. The cobwebs of time are spun upon the gray walls of these caverns where we dig and toil; these intellectual gymnastics avail naught but to show that no human efforts can renew the

vigor of the muscles from which youth has departed forever. Better were it that we rest content with the laurels already won, leaving the rising generation to penetrate into the deeper recesses, and bring forth the yet undiscovered treasures."

Occasionally simple refreshments were passed,—lemonade, and cakes ornamented with sugar hammer and pick.

Finally came the ladies' turn to receive their gifts. They were escorted to the table, where the presents lay heaped up. Each one being disguised, the lady selected any shape that struck her fancy, and removed the wrappings to find some exquisite article *de virtu*. The ladies were not required, as were the gentlemen, to address their thanks to the assembled company. Perhaps they thought that if we once got the floor the house would never be brought to order again. We did our best to appear grateful, casting thankful looks right and left.

A touching tribute was paid to the memory of their fellow-workers, who, after years of toil, side by side, had since the last Christmastide cast away their implements, and gone beyond those walls which, once scaled, are never more repassed.

The *grande finale* was the mimic torch-light procession through the galleries of the "Mine." Adjoining the Society's rooms is a concert-hall, capable of accommodating three or four thousand persons. Its Egyptian darkness on that night was but little relieved, as the company, with wee Christmas candles in hand, wound round and round this immense space, the flittering fire-fly light of the tiny candles producing a drolly weird effect.

What else could be done? The night was far spent; so a wag suggested, for variety, that we should all go home. With deferential politeness the cavaliers pressed their lips upon the ladies' hands, thanked them for having graced the evening with their presence, and wished that they might be oftener among them. Why do they not invite them, then? One can hardly tell where the fault lies that the sexes are so much divided in their amusements. The German gentleman professes to like the society of ladies, but as he rarely seeks it, it would follow that he regards the time passed with them as in a measure wasted.

But I do not propose to write a treatise upon the condition of woman in Germany. It would be ungenerous and ungrateful on my part to pass any censures upon a people who have always been kind to me as a stranger, and have given me an evening's entertainment which I shall all my life remember with delight.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

CHRISTMAS.

To the one hundred thousand families into which this number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY will go, we heartily wish A MERRY AND A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

We pity the man who can find nothing in this holiday but an occasion of social merry-making, and the bestowal and interchange of gifts, and who fails to realize that it commemorates the beginning and the source of more blessings than he can count. The hat he wears, the coat that covers him with comfort and comeliness, the house that shelters him, the culture that gives him personal and social value, the books that fill his library and enrich his leisure, the institutions that organize his privileges in church and State and society, the pictures that adorn the walls of his dwelling, the gentleness of character and the harmony of social relations that make life so sweet and safe, in contrast with the conditions of savage existence, and even the quality of the air he breathes—for climate is modified by the changes wrought through Christian civilization—are the result of the wonderful life that, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, drew its first breath in a stable, while the great star looked on, and the angels tunefully told of God's good-will to men. The life that began then and there became the way to happy immortality and heaven. The leader then born—himself perfection—took his place at the front of progress; and every excellence achieved by individuals and nations has been the result of a faithful following in his shining footsteps.

What are we, in all that is admirable and desirable in character and condition, that is not directly traceable to the manger of Bethlehem? The being introduced to an earthly existence there brought with him the means for the transformation and redemption of a race. The best civilization the world has ever seen was founded upon the principles of the religion which he

taught. All institutions have been good just in the proportion in which they have incorporated his spirit and his precepts. The noblest inspirations of art, in cathedrals and pictures and statuary, have been drawn from him. In ten thousand ways he is the fountain of the world's life; and those who contemn his person and his mission must do it dissuaded by the blessings which he bears to them during every moment of their lives.

Let the children wish each other "A merry Christmas;" and, in the gifts that come to them, realize a pleasure which no other day of all the year can bestow. They are young, and can know little more than the simple fact that their hands are full of good because Jesus Christ was born. But with us, who are older, the day should be one of profound gratitude and of sweet and solemn pleasure. We commemorate the birthday of a personal friend, or of a public benefactor, with gay festivities; but the birthday of the Divine Redeemer of a race calls for emotions deeper than merriment, and rites more dignified and significant than the eating of a dinner.

"A merry Christmas!" then, to the children, and a deeply happy and grateful Christmas to all!

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

In that month of all the year that has been specially consecrated, by tradition and religious observance, to the birthday of the Prince of Peace, the world is this year compelled to look forth upon a prospect of war, unparalleled in magnitude and uncertain in its course and conclusion. The Franco-Prussian contest still rages, and not only engenders its own woes and crimes, but embitters the new conflict now threatened in the Eastern countries of Europe. Should war actually break out between England and Russia, it would scarcely fail to become general throughout Europe, and, by so doing, materially to change its original shape and tendency. It would directly become involved with the war now raging in France; for, of necessity, England would then become the ally of France, as she was in the Crimean war; while Russia would ally herself with Germany. Nor could this struggle long continue without the result foreshadowed by Lord Clarendon in his secret despatch to Sir Hamilton Seymour, in March, 1853. The English minister, then holding the same place and the same sentiments that Lord Granville now holds, said, that "no great question can be agitated in the East without becoming a source of discord in the West; and every great question in the West will assume a revolutionary character, and embrace a revision of the entire social system." And we have the authority of no less a person than Count Bismarck that such revisions can only be accomplished by "blood and iron"—a remark which he has been illustrating, on a grand scale, since the first of August last.

It may be, however, that a general European war is not so imminent as many imagine. If the demands of Gortschakoff for a revision of the treaty of Paris are persisted in, and if diplomacy cannot settle the matter, war is certain to follow,—but it may not be for months yet. It is probable, however, that, if the Franco-Prussian war does not soon close, this fact alone will compel hostilities between England and Russia; for in no way, except by war, can England and Austria make sure of checking the progress of Russia in Turkey. As "England's distress is Ireland's opportunity," so the humiliation of France is the opportunity of Russia. If the Czar really means to carry out the policy of his father Nicholas, and establish himself as the political head of the fifteen million Christians now under the Sultan's government, he can do so now with very little opposition, if England does not threaten war. He will not need the active co-operation of his kinsman, the King of Prussia, nor will he fear the military force of Austria and Turkey. England alone has the power to thwart him, either by actual war, or by such a menace of it as will persuade him that diplomacy is his best resort. The maintenance of general peace in Europe depends, therefore, to-day upon the firmness of Russia in pushing forward, and the resolution with which England opposes.

The immediate cause of quarrel is what is known as "the neutralization of the Black Sea." This phrase came into general use at the time of the treaty of Paris, in March and April, 1856, but the fact implied had existed by treaty ever since June, 1841. In that month a treaty was made between the five great powers of Europe—England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia—by which the Sultan was allowed to exclude from the entrance of the Black Sea all ships-of-war. He might invite them to enter, but he was at liberty to exclude them. During the Crimean war Gortschakoff, now the Russian prime minister, but then ambassador at Vienna, proposed, as one condition of peace, that the Czar and the Sultan should both be allowed to maintain war vessels in the Euxine,—the number to be decided upon by the two powers between themselves,—while all other war vessels should be excluded. This, of course, was refused by the other powers, and the eleventh article of the Paris treaty, taken in connection with a special convention on the subject, fixed the number of war vessels of Russia and Turkey in the Black Sea at ten each, for coast service. All other vessels-of-war, of any nation, were to be excluded. It is this stipulation of 1856 that Russia now maintains the right to disregard. The answer made by Lord Granville is the obvious one,—that conditions imposed by a Congress of powers cannot be set aside at the will of a single nation. It is our secession movement over again,—Russia claiming the right to secede from the Paris agreement, just as South Carolina seceded from the Federal Union. In itself, however, the Russian demand for a revision of the treaty is not an unfair one; and it reopens the old question, whether the Western powers of Europe will maintain the Turks in possession of their decaying empire.

In his remarkable conference with Sir Hamilton Seymour in 1853, the Czar Nicholas asserted that it

was not for the interest of Europe that the "Sick man" of Turkey should continue there. "The Turkish Empire," he said, "is to be tolerated,—not reconstructed if it falls in pieces." England then thought otherwise; and so she does now. There is no point of her foreign policy so well established, none which she is so little likely to yield as this, and hence the danger of war now as in 1854. It might then have been averted but for the intrigues of Louis Napoleon, who wanted to strengthen his then recent usurpation by an alliance with England against Russia; it might now be averted, but for the ruin which Louis Napoleon has finally brought upon France. If that great nation is allowed to remain under the chastisement of Prussia, war between England and Russia, to be followed by a general European war, seems inevitable. Of this the English have gradually become aware, and the whole weight of that nation is now throwing itself, to some purpose, in favor of an armistice in France. And thus the Eastern menace of war may bring about peace in the West of Europe. This is the gleam of hope in the stormy sky of this sad December.

There is, however, a far better hope in the results of the conflict now raging. The basis of peace proposed by Bismarck—the cession of territory—can hardly be accepted by France. If forced upon her now, she will exact vengeance for it hereafter, when her turn comes. But the basis of peace suggested by Senator Sumner—the general disarmament of the European nations—is timely, practical, and of immense value to civilization. In the demonstration which Russia is now making, the shrewd ministers of the Czar have several objects in view; but one of them, no doubt, is such a general disarmament. And if a peace congress of the European powers should assemble to consider the propositions of Russia, we doubt not that one of them would look to the reduction of the standing armies. For such a result the way is now open. The French standing army is destroyed; that of Austria can with difficulty be supported from her bankrupt treasury; that of Prussia will no longer be needed, nor will the people tolerate the burden of it much longer. If Russia, then, comes forward and offers to disband half a million of soldiers, a European peace may yet be possible on the condition of a universal disarmament. This is the most hopeful view that can be taken of the present European complication.

The dethroned Emperor of France is cherishing the hope that he may be recalled to Paris when peace is declared, and be allowed to rebuild the throne of his son, if not his own. Probably there are many Germans and a few Frenchmen who believe such a restoration possible, but we think that they cherish a delusion. The republic may not endure; but it is not likely to be succeeded by a Bonaparte empire; so much seems to have been made sure by the events of the war. The virtual union of Germany under a single government is another of its good results. Indirectly, the deposition of the Pope as temporal sovereign has been caused by the war, the good effects of which have, so far, greatly outweighed its evils. A war between England and Russia would probably drive the Turk out of Europe and liberalize the whole political system of the Old World. The cause of the people in Europe is now in such a posture that it must advance by whatever takes place. It has had already some signal triumphs in the year 1870, and appears destined to other successes in 1871. But its hope now is in peace rather than in war, and the American people, as its most powerful representative, ought to offer their prayers and exert their influence for the restoration and continuance of peace.

WOMEN AND WINE.

WOMAN has never been associated with wine without disgrace and disaster. The toast and the bacchanal that, with musical alliteration, couple these two words, spring from the hot lips of sensuality, and are burdened with shame. A man who can sing of wine and women in the same breath, is one whose presence is disgrace, and whose touch is pollution. A man who can forget mother and sister, or wife and daughter, and wantonly engage in a revel in which the name of woman is invoked to heighten the pleasures of the intoxicating cup, is, beyond controversy and without mitigation, a beast. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Ay, cakes and ale, if you will, but let it be cakes and ale. Let not the name by which we call the pure and precious ones at home be brought in to illuminate a degrading feast.

Of the worst foes that woman has ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more shame, sorrow, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes, scattered all over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and the horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can

be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty,—and not unfrequently the beggary,—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

And now what shall we see on the New-Year's Day, 1871? Women all over the city of New York—women here and there all over the country, where like social customs prevail—setting out upon their tables the well-filled decanters which, before night shall close down, will be emptied into the brains of young men and old men, who will go reeling to darker orgies, or to homes that will feel ashamed of them. Woman's lips will give the invitation, woman's hand will fill and present the glass, woman's careless voice will laugh at the effects of the mischievous draught upon their friends, and, having done all this, woman will retire to balmy rest, previously having reckoned the number of those to whom she has, during the day, presented a dangerous temptation, and rejoiced over it in the degree of its magnitude.

O woman! woman! Is it not about time that this thing were stopped? Have you a husband, a brother, a son? Are they stronger than their neighbors who have, one after another, dropped into the graves of drunkards? Look around you, and see the desolations that drink has wrought among your acquaintances, and then decide whether you have a right to place temptation in any man's way, or do aught to make a social custom respectable which leads hundreds of thousands of men into bondage and death. Why must the bottle come out everywhere? Why can there not be a festal occasion without this vulgar guzzling of strong drink?

Woman, there are some things that you can do, and this is one: you can make drinking unpopular and disgraceful among the young. You can utterly discountenance all drinking in your own house, and you can hold in suspicion every young man who touches the cup. You know that no young man who drinks can safely be trusted with the happiness of any woman, and that he is as unfit as a man can be for woman's society. Have this understood: that every young man who drinks is socially proscribed. Bring up your children to regard drinking as not only dangerous but disgraceful. Place temptation in no man's way. If men will make beasts of themselves, let them do it in other society than yours. If your mercenary husbands treat their customers from private stores kept in their counting-rooms, shame them into decency by your regard for the honor of your home. Recognize the living, terrible fact that wine has always been, and is to-day, the curse of your sex; that it steals the hearts of men away from you, that it dries up your prosperity, that it endangers your safety, that it can only bring you evil. If social custom compels you to present wine at your feasts, rebel against it, and make a social custom in the interests of virtue and purity. The matter is very much in your own hands. The women of the country, in what is called polite society, can do more to make the nation temperate than all the legislators and tumultuous reformers that are struggling and blundering in their efforts to this end. At any rate, if they will try, they shall have SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY to help them.

SOCIAL TAXES.

THE typical American is not an unsocial person. Indeed, he is very far from being anything of the kind. Foreigners regard the American as one who has a particular fondness for living with his windows up and his doors open. Yet it is doubtless true that there is a notable lack of freedom and ease in the intercourse of American society, and that the coming together of men and women for the interchange of thought and feeling is attended with difficulties that only the rich may successfully encounter. If half a dozen friends are invited to dinner it is deemed necessary to crowd the table with superfluous viands and dainty and costly dishes. If the same number are invited to tea, there is hardly less expense and trouble incurred. Instead of the simple tea, and the light food that appropriately accompanies it, in the ordinary life of the family, there is a supper, in which salads and solid dishes, cold and hot, and all expensive, are crowded upon the jaded appetite. Even this is not enough. Before the guests depart, they are often beset again with dainty offerings of ice and fruit and coffee. When we come to more ambitious gatherings we encounter more preposterous folly. An ordinary social party is a huge feast, which begins at the time when people ought to be going to bed, ends when they ought to be getting up, and crowds the stomach with luxurious and burdensome food and drinks at the time when it ought to be in its profoundest rest. One such party exhausts the resources of the family which gives it for a year or two, unless they are people of abounding wealth, turns their house upside down, and breaks up their whole family life for a fortnight. The payment for entertainment, in music and dainties and flowers, makes the purse-carrier groan, and wrings from him the glad declaration that his duty is done for a twelve-month, at least! One party is just like every other party, except that one is more or less expensive than another. There is rivalry of dress among the women, to be sure, and such new toilets as they can afford to make from time to time, and often such as they cannot afford to make; but there are the same old fiddles, playing the same old quadrilles and waltzes; there is the same caterer and the familiar ices and salads; the same "How do you *do?*" and the same "Good Night," and "We have had such a splendid time!"

Now we protest that there must be some better way than this. The great multitude are those who, in some calling or profession, work for their bread. To furnish a dinner and tea such as we have described,

would be felt by them as a severe tax. No matter how intellectual and socially valuable these people may be, they shrink from entering society that imposes such burdens. As they feel it to be impossible for them to return in kind the expensive civilities which a wealthy neighbor extends to them, they shrink back into their own houses and go nowhere. Everywhere, and all the time, these costly entertainments, at dinner and tea and social assembly, operate as a bar to social intercourse. Indeed, they have become, in the full, legitimate meaning of the word, a nuisance. To those who give them they are not pleasant in any respect. They are provided with no expectation of a compensating pleasure; and few besides the young—to whom any opportunity for dancing and frolicking is agreeable—take the slightest satisfaction in them. They are glad when their toilet is made, glad when the refreshments are offered, glad when the show is over and they can go home, glad when they get safely to bed, and particularly glad the following morning if they can look over their coats and dresses and find that they are not ruined.

Have we exaggerated in the least in these representations? Nay, have we not told the exact, notorious truth? We protest again, then, that there must be some better way. Here is another opportunity for woman to do good; for it is woman, in her social pride and in her pride of house-keeping, who has more to do with this thing than man. The woman who can make her drawing-room attractive by informal gatherings of men and women, who shall not be put through the tortures of the toilet, nor burdened with a sense of obligation by the luxuries prepared for their entertainment, is the real social queen. The essential vulgarity of the phase of social life which we are considering is decided by the simple fact that the great question of the hostess concerns the stomachs of her guests, and the great question of her guests relates to the decoration of their own backs. It elevates nobody, it refines nobody, it inspires and instructs nobody, and it satisfies nobody. Yet we go on year after year upholding these social usages which we despise. Let us find the better way, and follow it!

THE OLD CABINET.

VERY different from the interest manifested elsewhere in this country in the war which has dethroned Napoleon, is that felt in a certain old town on the banks of the river Delaware. There they read of and gossip about the career and misfortunes of this or that prince and noble lady as you would about those of your own neighbors and acquaintances who had gone into far lands, and to whom strange things had happened.

The old people will tell you how one day, long ago, as the Doctor's gig was swinging along the White Hill road, it was hailed by a passing coach, whose inmate, a mild-eyed, middle-aged "foreign gentleman," made polite inquiry concerning some property for sale in the borough. They will tell you of the wide tract of woodland that the rich stranger from Philadelphia bought along the Crosswicks Creek, where it empties into the Delaware at Bordentown,—and the beautiful lake he fashioned, and the boat-houses and the observatory overlooking the grand sweep of the Delaware and the pretty Pennsylvania farms,—of the hundreds of men he had at work, cutting pathways through the forest, and building roads that ran for miles and miles into the thick woods, winding through ravines and over bridges, and down by the dark, cool river. Yes, and they will tell you of the mysterious underground passages leading out to the lake and the river, through which (it was whispered) he had prepared a way of escape from the big-moustached Spaniards, who were said to be ever prowling around, waiting for a chance to clap him into a close carriage and whisk him away, while they took possession of the treasures of which he had despoiled their land.

"The Count," they called him; for when Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, ex-king of Naples and of Spain, came to Republican America, he dropped all his grander titles and assumed the humble one of Count of Survilliers.

And much beloved was this kind old Count in Bordentown. The children of those days—the men and women of to-day—have very pleasant memories of his benign face (so like, and yet so unlike, that younger brother of his) and gentle, affectionate manners, and sweet broken English, and dainty bon-bons. Often they would meet him strolling through the shadowy avenues of the park with that memorable hatchet in his hand, without which he was never seen (ah, those wicked Spaniards); he would stroke their curls and say fatherly words to them. And sometimes the children were led into the grand house; and O, such pictures and statues and pastry; a king's palace indeed!

When the lake was frozen over he would have royal fires built on the island in the centre, and he would pour heaps of oranges and of goodies upon the ice, and stand and laugh while the skaters scrambled for them; and what beautiful prizes for the swiftest in the race!

Then there was the Prince Lucien Murat, son of the magnificent Marshal and of Caroline, the sister of Napoleon. He lived on Park Street, quite near the Count—a lazy, good-natured prince he was, fond of gunning and cock-fights, and boon companions, and a famous teller of stories. You might have seen him lolling of an afternoon in his hammock, hailing Tom, Dick, and Harry (for he knew them all) as they passed along the road; or telling his marvellous yarns in the village tavern. Open-handed and generous he was as long as

the money held out,—which was not long, to be sure,—so the Madame opened a school in the Park Street house.

And the children who went to the Murat school, what visions arise anew of exquisite draperies folded away in dim chambers,—relics of the Empire, treasured in wearied expectancy and hope. That wonderful carpet of zephyr-work, made by the maids of honor of Queen Caroline, would it ever be outspread again to the light in *la belle France!* Her wise aunt would not let Annie "spread her hands" with a broom; was she not to be a great lady some day!—and has she not since—the Duchesse de Mouchy—shone one of the brightest stars in the brilliant galaxy of which Eugénie was the centre! "Sonny" Murat they called the Prince Joachim; and Achille was not much more than a baby when the family left for France.

But the Madame,—the stately and beautiful woman who came into the school-room at two o'clock, and smiling made sunshine in their young hearts,—how patient she was, how gentle, how refined! How glad they were when good fortune came at last to her and hers, and how they pray that no harm may come to that real noblewoman in all this present trouble.

The Bonaparte Park at Bordentown still exists in name. But only a portion of it is kept up as of old—it would require a kingly revenue to maintain the vast territory as it was maintained in the days of Joseph. A wealthy Englishman has built a splendid villa there; but the old mansion is gone; many of the roads are overgrown and in ruins; the lake is choked and narrowed; the secret passages are walled up. A sombre, square, rough-cast building still stands on the marshy border of the lake—adjoining the site of the main residence, now demolished. It has been empty for years. The well-trodden path which runs along the park railings from the edge of the town far out into the country is known as the Lovers' Walk,—overshadowed by green, knowing branches and slippery with the needles of the pines. In a little hollow, through which ripples the Bellevue brook, this path passes very near the lonely Lake-House—and here, after dark,—don't be frightened, but cling closer, if you will, till it is passed!

Prince Lucien's mansion is owned by Mrs. Flynn, and used as a tenement house; but in the Episcopal graveyard is a small stone: carved on it the simple word, Murat. Two little twin princes lie there asleep—and it is well.

O, THE text?

Well, it was something about the Jews, or Babylon, or the confusion of tongues, or—

It's no use. We've forgotten it altogether, and may as well own up.

The confession is a humiliating one. We feel as shame-faced as we did fort'—that is to say a good many years ago, when Aunt Priscilla—instead of Theodosia—asked us regularly every Sunday noon that same perplexing question, and we, as regularly, failed to remember.

We have been sitting to-day in the same square, old-fashioned pew where we sat in childhood, under the droppings of the same prim, high-perched pulpit. Our back has been made miserable—though a little lower down—by the identical white, worm-eaten wooden moulding that worried our youthful spine—ay! and our knees have found again the familiar hollows in the dingy-red cushion, stowed away under the seat, in the corner we know so well.

It was not that the parson's voice lulled us to sleep in those boyish days. It was not that our mental pinions sank down and were still while the waters of admonition pattered over them. The very first drop—the shrug of the shoulder and nervous premonitory cough as the sermon was outspread upon the desk—stirred them into new life, and away they fluttered and glanced, carrying us, swift as Aladdin, into all climes and countries, through all the wonderful past and the heroic future, through palace and cathedral, through plans, perplexities, and accomplishments. Dreams, to be sure, but they were day-dreams, not visions seen in sleep.

A change of tone—each change measuring off the journey as surely as mile-posts along the way—aroused us to a sense of words spoken; and off we sailed again into the wide, dim regions of the otherwhere. But it was not always so. We remember once—a little child had died that week; and there was something in the preacher's voice that made us listen. We told Aunt Priscilla the text that day: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Long ago he had lost a little child himself, they said; his only one. The good old man's "remains," tells the marble tablet on the wall, "rest beneath the chancel." It was another's voice that we heard to-day, that of our friend the present incumbent. Yet at the first word of preachment away we went on that strange, busy knight-errantry through all time and space—coming back now and then to the little church, only to start afresh upon some new crusade.

It is a fact;—we *don't* know what the text was, and have only a very dim conception of the general drift of the sermon. We acknowledge our sins, and our transgressions are ever before us. But we put ourselves as an extreme case—and ask what is to be done? Especially, what is to be done with extreme cases? In the first place, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves (as we are), and school ourselves to attention (as we mean to do). In the second place, is there nothing that our friend, the present incumbent, can do to help us? Many an earnest, excellent sermon we have heard him preach—yes, heard him all the way through. But—

The idea of the old school of acting was that the stage is to ordinary life what blank verse is to prose; that it lowered the dignity and lessened the effect of the art when the player performed his rôle much as

his fellow-man would have performed his in a similar situation off the boards. The costume was prepared with the same idea; the king, in whatever play, strutted about under the regulation hat, with ever the same long plume dangling; and the stage villain would not scare you after the first shock, even at midnight, in a dark and lonesome lane. All was declamation and bombast and strut. The stage still holds sorely by its old traditions; but, at this present writing, the greatest living exemplar of the *natural* school of acting is running, in New York, well beyond his hundred nights in a single character.

And now, to take up the "but" we dropped at the end of another paragraph; we generally know just the tone our friend, the present incumbent, is going to strike when he opens that morocco roll on the pulpit desk. It is not a monotone exactly,—there are variations; there is something of pathos at times—a stately kind, to be sure. Yet it has the effect of monotony. More than this, and this is what we are aiming at, it is stilted, and distant, and unnatural. We have sometimes asked ourselves: Can this declamatory parson, in the prim, high-up pulpit, be our friend who has sat by us here at the Old Cabinet on many a summer eve, while with features glorified by the fading sunlight, he has talked deeply and tenderly, as man talks to man, of the things that concern all mortals most? Can this be he whom one day last autumn we saw at neighbor Thorne's cottage, standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the "living room," leaning over an oaken chair, and saying such familiar, hopeful, glowing words to the solemn little company as even to bring something like a gleam of peace to the wrinkled, troubled face of neighbor Thorne himself, who sat there by the coffin of his "old woman?"

Yes, we could wish that oftener our friend would go into the pulpit without the regulation hat and plume. But after we have covered our own shortcomings, in the matter of attention and memory, by a "complaint of parsons," shall we not say something that is in our hearts concerning this mighty influence of the pulpit? Mighty indeed—for all cases are not "extreme," and all parsons do not model their pulpit ministrations after those of the present incumbent, or his whose remains "rest beneath the chancel." Only those who mix much with the world; who know the terrific downward tendency there is—the sloping toward the pit from the church porch and from every man's front door; the temptations, all the stronger and subtler for those who think themselves well grounded, that assail men in every road and by-way of life; only those who imagine, at least, what that good wise man meant who confessed himself capable of committing every crime he had ever heard of; only such can fully appreciate —even in the lowest utilitarian sense—the good that comes to men of this constant uplifting of the moral standard, this preaching of the Word—even though sometimes feeble, or to ears too often deaf.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

HOLIDAY SHOPPING.

About this season of each year the papers fill with advertisements of "Holiday Gifts." "Dietetic Saleratus" feels the spirit of the season—so do "low-down grates," soup-kettles, baby-jumpers, egg-beaters, revolving gridirons, and patent wringers; each seeking to invest itself with the name, if not the charm, of blessed Christmas. And there are practical souls who fall into the trap, and actually persuade themselves that a copper boiler may acquire a certain adventitious interest by being purchased and presented on a holiday.

Every shop is crowded with busy buyers. Papas and mammas laugh in each other's faces as they stand side by side, squeaking the dolls and enumerating the dishes of the toy dinner-set. Little people with little pockets flatten anxious noses against great shop windows, intent upon stretching a small sum over many large relatives. Grandmammas, whose white cap-strings have many times of late been pushed aside to make room for whispering lips, go about, list in hand, determined that each child shall have its wish—Flora the furs she hankers after, little Jack his Japanese kite, and Harry that set of Dickens, without which life seems to him incomplete. There are economical buyers, and methodical buyers, and aimless buyers, seeking to have their minds made up for them by somebody. There are rich buyers; turning over all sorts of splendid trifles with the languor which proceeds from unlimited power of gratification. And there are poor buyers; and—saddest group of all—those who do not buy at all, but only look from without upon the many groups within; upon enjoyments and opulence far beyond their reach.

It were vain to even attempt cataloguing the temptations which are this year spread out for the bewilderment of holiday shoppers. There is variety for every taste, and price for every pocket. Does any one want a picture, a picture which shall not cost too much? Here are sketches of the great Masters in Autotype, reproducing exactly line and tint, and showing the rise of those exquisite fancies which at a later day ripened into Raphael's Virgins, or the seraphic forms of Fra Angelico. Here are German, Italian, and Carbon photographs; engravings of all prices, from three dollars to three hundred; chromos whose softness and glow emulate the best water-colors; and dainty enamels on porcelain in frames of velvet, or shrines of carved wood. Or, if we turn to books, to say nothing of those for the old, there are songs and stories and fairy legends for the children—illustrated in color, in silhouette, in photograph—all art, all science made to contribute to the amusement of

the favored little folks of the day. Or if toys are in order, their name is legion. Pet wants a doll, does she? She can have one two inches long, or two yards —or of any intervening size, and Dolly can have the appointments of a princess—camel's hair shawl, diamond necklace, ermine cloak, card-case, photograph-album, ivory brush and comb, parasol, and Saratoga trunk! Or if it is Master Neddy's turn to be served, here are blocks, games, and tools in infinite variety. Here are cunning little work-boxes for little seamstresses who hem papa's handkerchiefs; writing-cases for beginners, happy souls to whom pen and ink suggest only importance and pleasure; croquet sets with glistening balls and stakes of brilliant hue, whose only aspect awakens longings for spring; and in-door croquet, so enticing that the longing subsides, and we are content to wait. Have you a great, *great* deal of money to spend? If so, you may venture to wander into the realm of bronze; if not, we advise you to abstain. Then there are exquisite things to be had in the way of India wares and China, Vienna goods, Russia leather, and buhl. Some appreciative lover of a bright fire will want one of these bellows of scarlet and gilt lacker with brush to match, or a copper or brass coal-scuttle—or that screen of brilliant open work fire-gilt—or that other more modest one of plate glass set in walnut. Dear to the home and heart is anything that goes to make a fireside attractive.

All these things (and a myriad more) are to be had in the Broadway and Sixth Avenue shops. Many persons, especially those who come into town for a day's shopping, exhaust themselves by going long distances to Maiden Lane, the Bowery, etc., under the idea that things are cheaper in those remote localities. We are of opinion that this is a mistake, and that on the whole no money is lost, and much time and strength are saved, by keeping nearer the great centres of business.

Of another kind of shopping we have not trusted ourselves to speak, though it is most delightful of all, and its reflected glow does more than any other to brighten our homes at this Christmas time. There they lie, the piles of coal, the warm blankets, the barrels of flour. A touch from us, and lo! they become Christmas cheer to bare homes and cold hearths—the best and truest work of the Christ season. Try it, dear everybody, and see if we are not right.

A GLANCE AT THE FASHIONS.

The war in Europe has left its traces on our winter fashions. Berlin gives the law this year instead of Paris. We notice something of German solidity and sobriety in shape and color, which does not remind one of the fantastic elegancies of last year and the year before. Very dark hues prevail, and soft thick materials which fall into graceful folds and draping. Bottle green, "marron" brown, mulberry, navy blue, deep claret, are the prevailing hues; all so dark as to border on black, and reveal themselves as color only when in a favorable light. There is a certain *usefulness* about the styles which suggests a practical people like the Berlinese. Short dresses, menaced a while by destruction, have resumed their reign, and are worn for all occasions by young girls, and even by older people. The hoop has increased a trifle in size, but is dispensed with altogether by not a few. The sash has been superseded by the postilion basque and bow, the waist in front ending in points either sharp or squared, trimmed to correspond with the rest of the dress. For cloaks large wraps of soft material are worn by older people. Sacques lean to the paletot shape, like a man's double-breasted coat. They are made of fur, plush, velvet, quilted silk, or the material of the dress with which they are worn. Sleeves are open, or trimmed to look so, with plaitings falling from below the elbow to the wrist.

Cloth, cashmere, merino, velvet, are worn for suits. For mourning street wear is a new material called "drap de France," a thicker and warmer cashmere; and for house wear a beautiful serge-like fabric which is known as "drap de Cyr," or elsewhere as imperial serge. These, with cashmere, bombazine, and Henrietta cloths, are suitable for the deepest mourning.

In bonnets the prevailing novelty is the "Gypsy," which on pretty heads produces a quaint and piquant effect enough. It has the disadvantage of being difficult to make and trim at home, which fact will probably render it popular with milliners for a long time to come.

Our friends in the country will be glad to learn that the monstrous loops of braided hair worn last year are no longer *de rigueur;* and that anybody whose head has not acquired a permanent bald spot by wearing them, is at liberty to adopt instead a heavy knot of braids or coils. The sausage-like curl, too, which of yore dangled down the back of the fair and fashionable, may now be replaced in its box, to await the reflux of the tide of popular favor.

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

Talking of Christmas and the fashions, we must not forget the home-trimmings soon to be worn. Fortunately, the old, old fashion of the evergreens becomes newer every year. In the fresh growth whose roots strike eighteen centuries deep the flowerless plants take up a sudden bloom; their stiff and rugged forms become beautiful with household grace. What wonder, as each Christmas draws near, we hasten to brighten our homes with their branches? The trimmings need not be elaborate or showy. A few little sprays may suffice—anything to make a writing on the wall that every one, from grandpa to the baby, may read.

If wreaths and festoons are required, long strings of twine may be deftly covered with Arbor Vitæ sprigs, and swung from point to point, or wound about some else bare column; or, better still, the trailing evergreen, popularly known as German ivy, may be used. It is found in many localities, but most abun-

dantly, we believe, in he Orange Mountains. If one cannot turn mountaineer for its sweet sake, it may be purchased in almost any street or market-place as the blessed day draws near. Hemlock, pine, spruce, ivy, and laurel boughs, all are beautiful—a cluster here, a festoon there, and perhaps a few green sprays tenderly encircling the picture of one whose memory draws the living closer together.

Sometimes a Christmas motto may be needed over archway or entrance, or in grandmamma's warm corner where the big chair stands. It is easily made by cutting the required letters out of stiff paper, and lightly sewing on bits of Arbor Vitæ, taking care that the letter's edge be not too sharply defined. Another way of covering the forms is to glue moss upon them; and still another (though it is traitorous to suggest it) is to paint the paper letters with glue and immediately sprinkle on a quantity of fine evergreen clippings scarcely larger than rose thorns.

Then there's the Christmas tree. Never omit that. Let it be large or small, richly lighted and laden, or only daintily pricked off with candies, candles, and follies—but a Christmas tree let there be. Hemlock, cedar, pine, and spruce are suited to the purpose, but prettier and firmer than all is the species known as the white pine—so rich a green, and withal so light and feathery that, lit with its hundred tapers, it looks like a Christmas fountain covered with sparkles of sunlight.

Is it more *stylish* to have Christmas trees for the children than to let the little creatures hang up their stockings as their great-grandmothers did? No, no. We all do as we please in the matter. The high fashion authorities are silent here; you must lay your ear against the great warm heart of Christmas and listen.

PARLOR BULBS.

ANY of us who are hoping for hyacinths in March should set about planting bulbs without delay. Gardeners advise the last of November, but it is not yet too late to secure flowers. Bulbs planted in water should be set for two or three weeks in a dark closet, till the thread-like root filaments half fill the glass. A bit of charcoal should be kept in the water, to absorb all vegetable decay.

When the roots are formed, remove the glasses to a sunny window, and change the water once a week.

Bulbs in earth should also be shaded for a fortnight to give the roots a chance to strike. Crocus, jonquil, narcissus, and polyanthus bulbs all grow freely in the house when set in pots or boxes, and their many-tinted bells, in February and early March, ring the dirge of winter and peal gladly to returning spring, at least six weeks before their sisterhood under the snow can get their chimes in order.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

THE modern Christmas season always was marked by a literature of its own, embodying the hallowed or the festive associations of the glad anniversary, stories or songs of good cheer, or luxurious editions of dear old poems. In the days of our grandmothers these yearly volumes were the annuals, their cohorts all gleaming in purple and gold, and fierce was the rivalry between the publishers of the *Tokens* and the *Books of Beauty*, the *Forget Me Nots* and the *Literary Souvenirs*. We have altogether forgotten the *Forget Me Nots* and never think of the *Souvenirs*, for our Christmas books are of a braver kind.

Very appropriate, in title and dress and contents, for the season is the second volume in the splendid reissue (by Scribner & Co.) of the famous *Folks Songs*. In *Songs of Home* the publishers present not only the poems of the fireside, and all home associations and affections with which the original volume abounded, but they have enriched the collection by the addition of such exquisite verses as Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp," H. H.'s "Coming Across," Mary E. Dodge's "Blossom-Time," Mrs. Whitney's "Larvæ," and that tender passage from Whittier, beginning:—

> "How strange it seems, with so much gone
> Of life and love, to still live on!"

Among the pictures prepared expressly for the present volume, those of Harry Fenn, illustrating Kingsley's "Fishermen," and Lowell's "First Snow-Fall," and C. C. Griswold's designs accompanying Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket," and Brainard's "Epithalamium," are especially poetic and effective. Hennessy and La Farge also contribute new and characteristic designs, and altogether the new volume, with its profusion of choice poetry, its wealth of illustration, and beauty of typography and binding, forms one of the daintiest and most welcome of gift-books imaginable.

Among the exquisite reproductions of familiar poetry that have appeared of late years from the American press there has not been a more magnificent volume than *The Song of the Sower*, just published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Bryant may well regard with satisfaction this successful effort at illustrating one of his happiest pieces of verse. The book is of forty-eight pages, and there are forty-two engravings on wood—engravings of the utmost beauty, delicacy, and tenderness. It is difficult to discriminate among so many pictures of excellence, but what could be finer than the old barn on page 15, which Fenn has drawn and Karst engraved with such truthfulness in every line? Or where shall we find a more faithful drawing than Homer's factory girl on page 29, which the same engraver has cut from the block? There must have been perfect sympathy between Messrs. Perkins and Langridge in producing

the forest scene on page 34, for well has the burin rendered what the pencil had so skillfully portrayed. The little domestic picture on page 40 is sweetly drawn and carefully engraved by Messrs. Hennessy and Linton, though there is just a little excess of luxury in the "interior" which takes the subject out of the range of universal motherhood into the domain of *genre* and fashionable life. We may pause just a moment here, in our glance at the engravings, to say that the passage illustrated on pp. 39, 40, contains one of the delicatest fancies in all Mr. Bryant's poetry:

> "Brethren, the sower's task is done,
> The seed is in its winter bed.
> Now let the dark-brown mould be spread,
> To hide it from the sun;
> And leave it to the kindly care
> Of the still earth and brooding air,
> As when the mother, from her breast,
> Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
> And shades its eyes and waits to see
> How sweet its waking smile will be."

On page 43 we have a great breadth of landscape, with wooded slopes, and a farm-house near at hand, and over all broods the perfect repose of summer in the country—Griswold draws and Edwards engraves it—and it is in effective contrast not only with the picture on the next page, where icy winter reigns, but with the composition on page 46, filled with the animated life of commerce and agriculture on road and river. *The Song of the Sower*, as published by the Appletons, may be ranked with the *Song of the Bell*, as illustrated by Maurice Retsch, and yet it is distinctively American, in thought, tone, and feeling.

Tent-Life in Siberia is the title of one of the most interesting and well-written books of travel which have appeared this season. The author had the advantage of being one of an exploring party whose object was of great practical utility, but which necessitated traveling over comparatively unknown regions, and offered rare facilities for observation. Accordingly these pages are filled with elaborate and careful sketches of scenery, natural phenomena, and adventure, some of which are quite fresh, curious, and impressive. We have never read more vivid and apparently conscientious verbal delineations of the Arctic aspects of Nature. The book, which is published by Putnam & Sons, is quite a model of mechanical beauty.

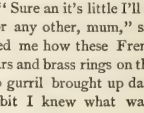
"Are we a Nation?" is a question which was answered satisfactorily enough in the recent civil war, but we are apt to forget that before the struggle there were two opinions on this subject—a fact brought historically to our recognition in a political essay of J. M. Bundy, which has lately appeared from the press of George P. Putnam & Sons. The essay was written several years ago, and it contributed, in a very great degree, to settle the question of Federal *versus* State sovereignty in the minds of the people of Wisconsin, where the author then lived. It has been republished at the instance of many eminent members of the bar of Wisconsin, and is prefaced by a letter of Senator Howe, in whose judgment it is likely to perform an important service in making that a demonstration in history and political argument which the war established by the force of arms. The style and manner of the essay are alike admirable; it is calm in tone, dispassionate in the maintenance of its position, able in its marshalling of authorities, and earnest but unambitious in diction.

Two very attractive volumes have just been added by Charles Scribner & Co. to their "Illustrated Library of Wonders," namely, a popular and entertaining account of *Balloons* (a timely subject, in view of their use by the beleaguered Parisians), and a curious and strikingly illustrated work on *Bodily Strength and Skill*. The publishers announce that twenty volumes of the Library, containing one thousand illustrations, will be ready before the holidays.

ETCHINGS.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it mysel, with five good charac'ters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner 'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the



missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' sheared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, misthrusting if I



was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenestest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whishkers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a'larnin him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin'? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more 'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says



I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

THERE's a song in the air!
  There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
  And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

II.

There's a tumult of joy
  O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
  Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire, and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

III.

In the light of that star
  Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
  Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

IV.

We rejoice in the light,
  And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
  From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

Christmas Carol.

Words by J. G. HOLLAND. Music by GEORGE J. HUSS.

Moderato.

f *pp* *mf* *p* *p* *p* *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep prayer And a ba - by's low cry!

pp

CHORUS.

f

And the star rains its fire while the Beau - ti - ful sing, For the manger of Beth - le-hem cradles a

crescendo. *pesante.*

p *f*

a tempo. *Omit in fourth verse.*

King! For the manger of Beth-le- hem cra - dles a King!

ritard.

a tempo. *p* *p* *pp* *D. S. 𝄋*

ritard.

Ending of fourth verse.

f *ff* *piu lento.*

And we greet in his cra - dle our Sav - iour and King, our Sav - iour and King, our Sav - iour and King.

piu lento.

ritard. *f* *ff*

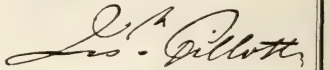
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

CELEBRATED

STEEL PENS.

Sold by all dealers throughout the world.

Every Packet bears the Fac-Simile of his Signature.



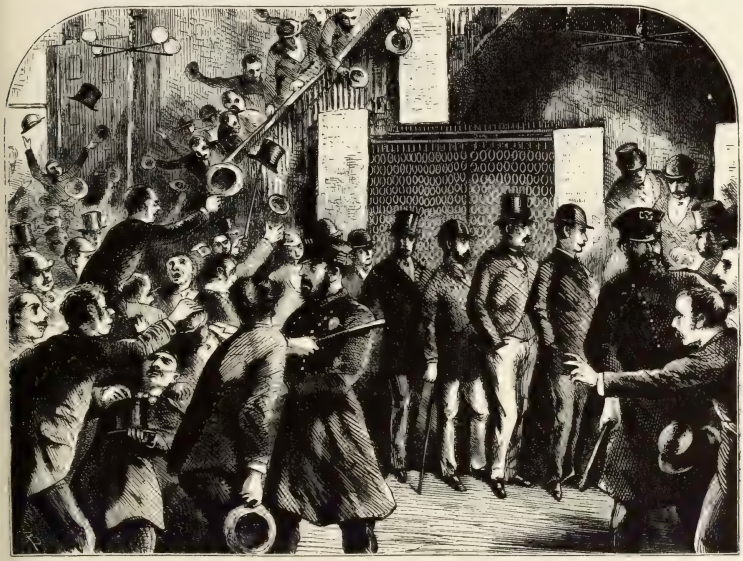
MANUFACTURER'S WAREHOUSE, 91 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1871. No. 4.

THE NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY.



THE ANNUAL ELECTION—SCENE AT THE POLLS.

THE NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY is a remarkable example of a large and valuable institution, which combines all the principal features of a circulating library and a permanent collection for purposes of study and reference. It is remarkable, not only because it fulfills so well these double functions, which are not often successfully united, but also because it has built itself up by degrees without either endowment or State aid, is entirely self-supporting, and was founded and has always been managed by young men who have neither special aptitude for literary pursuits, nor much experience in any kind of business. It is in fact the creation of merchants' clerks, who can spare only a few hours in the week from their desks and counters, and have never had much leisure to devote to any kind of books except day-books and ledgers. It has been in existence just fifty years. During that time it has had, like most other things, its seasons of good and bad fortune; but it has never been in very serious difficulties; for a long while past it has been uninterruptedly prosperous, and to-day it is the fourth in size of the libraries of this country, and the largest lending-library in America.

The real founder of the New York Mercantile Library was William Wood, a native of Boston, who devoted a great deal of time and money to the establishment of institutions for the benefit of clerks and apprentices, sailors, prisoners, and literary societies, and is credited by Lord Brougham, with first developing and putting to practical use the plans devised by Franklin for the creation of lending-libraries. Mr. Wood had been a dealer in glass and earthenware in Boston about the beginning of the century, and afterward did business in London. He founded a library for clerks in Liverpool, and after his return to America, established in Boston the first institution of the kind in this country, a few months before the beginning of the Mercantile Library in New York. He may be said to have carried his unostentatious benevolence all over the continent. He saw his plans adopted at Philadelphia, Albany, New Orleans, and many other places, and in 1823 he founded "The Apprentices' Library Association of the Village of Brooklyn," now known as the Brooklyn Institute and Youths' Free Library. A curious illustration of his method of working is given in Mr. Stiles's *History of Brooklyn*. He called at the office of a Brooklyn newspaper one day to talk over his project of an Apprentices' Library, and found the editor, Colonel Spooner, delighted with the idea. "Well," said Mr. Wood, "let's begin at once;" and with that he proceeded to select from the editor's shelves all the volumes that were suitable for his purpose, and to pile them up in a corner. It was several years before the society was rich enough to buy any books. All was done at first by begging, and it is related that the officers used to go around from house to house, with a wheelbarrow to collect donations. Mr. Wood is described as a jovial old bachelor, fond of books and of children, and generally beloved by young men as a sort of universal guide, philosopher, and grandfather. He spent the closing years of his life at Canandaigua, and died there about eighteen or twenty years ago, at the age of seventy-five.

It was in 1820 that he began to interest himself in the formation of a clerks' library in New York. He talked with the young men and filled a small knot of them with enthusiasm for the scheme. He talked with the old merchants, and showed them how they might find a profit by investing a few hundred dollars in an institution which would keep their employés away from the rum-shop and the billiard-room. A call was at last issued in his name for a meeting of clerks and others, to take the matter into consideration. They met at the Tontine Coffee House in Wall street, on the 9th of November, Mr. C. C. Cambreleng acting as chairman. A second meeting was held on the 27th of the same month, and at this a constitution was adopted and the first officers were chosen,—Lucius Bull, President; George S. Robbins, Vice-President; and Allen Robbins, Secretary. Mr. Wood was elected a director. The board lost no time in getting to work. They raised a little money by the contributions of public-spirited merchants; they obtained the names of a pretty fair roll of members; they bought and begged books; and on the 12th of February, 1821, the library was opened in an upper room at No. 49 Fulton street. Mr. John Thompson was the first librarian. He received the munificent salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a year, and was burdened with the charge of seven hundred volumes, which were accessible to members only in the evening.

We shall not pause to chronicle the successive steps by which, from this humble beginning, the Library rose to its present position; all these will no doubt be duly described in the elaborate history of the institution, which some of the old members and ex-officers are now preparing for the press; but we may say that for three years very little progress was made, and but for the indefatigable and courageous Mr. Wood, the whole scheme would probably have fallen through. By the year 1826, however, the prospects were so bright that the officers felt justified in hiring a suite of rooms in the Harpers' building, in Cliff street, and starting the reading-room, which has ever since been such an important feature of the institution. The whole stock of periodicals at the beginning consisted of four weekly papers and seven magazines.



CLINTON HALL.

Two years later the number of volumes had risen to 4,400; the number of members was about 1,200, and the income from annual dues and fees amounted to $1,750.

About this time begins the connection of the Mercantile Library with the Clinton Hall Association—a corporation which we can best define by saying that it is practically a Board of Trustees, composed of older men than those who manage the affairs of the Library; that its chief function is to hold and control real estate for the benefit of the institution; and that in one way or another it has a limited corrective authority over the transactions of the junior society. When the Library first proposed to put up a building of its own, in 1828, and asked the merchants of the city to raise a subscription for that purpose, there were many who were ready enough to give—Arthur Tappan, for instance, at once started the list with a donation of $1,000—but doubted the prudence of trusting young and inexperienced clerks with the exclusive management of property which in a few years must certainly become immensely valuable. Hence the subscribers to the building fund, organized as a distinct body, elected seven trustees—William W. Woolsey being the first president, and John W. Leavitt the first treasurer—and kept the title to the property in their own name. The fund was divided into shares of $100 each, and during the year the subscriptions amounted to no less than $33,500. With this fund the old Clinton Hall was begun on the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, and on the 2d of November, 1830, it was formally opened to the public.

Beekman street was pretty well up town in those days, but in the course of twenty years the dwelling-houses got far away beyond it, and by 1850 there were hardly any members of the Association who lived within a mile of the Library. An agitation for removal began to stir the politics of the institute. Reasonable as the proposition seemed, it was hotly contested—in fact, it is the habit of the members to debate everything connected with the policy of the Library rather more earnestly than if the fate of the nation depended upon the issue; and when the question was put to a vote of the whole body in January, 1853, the anti-removal party carried the day by a considerable majority. Just here, however, the history of the controversy assumes a comical aspect; for while the one side was rejoicing over its victory and the other sulking over its defeat, it was discovered that the Clinton Hall Association had already sold the old building and bought the Italian Opera House in Astor Place, and so the dispute had been about nothing at all. The Library was opened in its new quarters in May, 1855, and there it has since flourished, growing so fast that it is already beginning to choke for want of room, and to meditate another removal to a commodious fire-proof edifice, for the erection of which a very respectable sum of money has been laid aside. The debt contracted at the time of the removal to Astor Place was all paid off by the spring of 1866, and since that



THE READING-ROOM.

time the institution has not only been entirely self-supporting, but has been able to add to its reserve fund every year.

The building in Astor Place (which, like the old one, is called Clinton Hall) is nearly wedge-shaped in its ground plan, and the reading-room and library occupy the second and third stories of the big end of the wedge. They are approached by a broad double staircase, starting from the entrance hall, which runs through from Astor Place to Eighth street. On one side of the first landing is the salesroom of Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co., book auctioneers, who lease all that part of the building not required by the Library Association. On the other side is the entrance to the reading-room. It is a cheerful, well-lighted, well-ventilated apartment, with rows of tall windows opening to the floor,—not encumbered with superfluous ornament, nor decorated with furniture too good to be used, but a room in which one can pass an hour or so very pleasantly with the aid of a comfortable chair and a copy of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. The newspapers are placed on standing files, with high stools in front of them for those who prefer to sit. The literary journals are scattered over the long oak tables which stretch in two rows down the middle of the room. At the end opposite the door are racks for the reviews and magazines, each having its appropriate numbered compartment.

We believe there is no leading newspaper of the United States which is not to be found in this room. All the principal papers of London are here; all the principal papers of Paris *were* here until Von Moltke suddenly cut off the supply; Berlin, Vienna, and other great European capitals send specimens of their periodical literature; and there is a liberal representation of the press of Canada and the West Indies. At the date of the last Annual Report there were 208 different newspapers on the files, and 174 magazines and reviews.

These are so well selected that, with their aid, one can easily obtain a correct idea of public opinion in any part of the world. Science, politics, general literature, religion, and special studies of all kinds are quite as well represented as the newspaper chronicles of the day. At one table you may see a group of sober-looking gentlemen absorbed in the political essays of *The Saturday Review*, the criticisms of *The Athenæum*, the financial speculations of *The Economist*, or the figures of *The Railroad Journal*. Opposite, may be, is a young doctor studying a medical review, or a divinity student reading *The Congregational Quarterly*. The story papers are greatly in demand, and though there are many of them, foreign and domestic, there are not more than the readers have pretty constant use for. A certain low stand about the middle of the room is never without visitors. Here are kept the principal comic papers of Europe, and an interesting lesson in the varieties of national humor might be learned by contrasting *Punch* and *Judy* with the grotesque and flavorous drolleries of the *Kladderadatsch* and the *Fliegende Blätter*, the rude wit of *Charivari*, and the highly-seasoned satire of *La Vie Parisienne*. The comparisons are broken indeed, just now, for Paris has other work on hand than sending us the vagaries of her comic artists; but Germany has laughed as heartily as usual all through the war, and has, of course, shown us Napoleon and Gambetta, Jules Favre and M. Thiers, in all sorts of ridiculous attitudes and disguises. There is an extensive variety of pictorial papers of the character of *The Illustrated London News*. *The Graphic*, with its admirable drawings and careful printing; the French illustrated papers—inferior in all respects to the English; the German, better than the French but not equal to *The Graphic;* and lastly, a Canadian illustrated journal, which is a marvel of enterprise, but also, we regret to say, a marvel of bad wood engraving, are here on exhibition. We believe, in fact, that no reading-room in the United States compares with this for variety and extent, except the admirable free reading-room at the Cooper Institute.

At the upper end of the room is an elevated desk for the superintendent, who is always a lady. The natural taste of the sex for neatness and order finds in this office an ample opportunity for exercise, and notwithstanding the numbers who resort to the reading-room, the periodicals are well kept, and a comfortable aspect of tidiness pervades the apartment. Unfortunately, there are men with so little conscience as occasionally to mutilate a paper or magazine—to furtively tear out a picture, or even put a periodical in their pocket—and the officers are always on the watch for mean rogues of this sort; but the losses upon the whole are much less serious than one might naturally suppose, and the damages are promptly repaired—as far as paste and thread will repair them. Behind the superintendent's desk, separated by a counter and railing from the rest of the room, is a row of small alcoves. In these are filed away a few of the back numbers of every paper, magazine, and review received at the establishment, and you can see any one you want by asking for it. Here, too, is a valuable collection of books of reference—dictionaries in all languages; gazetteers; maps; annual registers; the best cyclopædias--American, English, French, and German; Biblical dictionaries—whatever, in fact, a man is likely to want for an explanation of the hard things that he finds in his reading. The counter is not an impassable barrier, for you may always see somebody behind it, deep in the consultation of the big volumes which are not allowed to be taken away from the room. If you want any other book not to be found in these alcoves, write the title of it on one of the cards kept at the desk, add your name and the number of your ticket, and give the card to the lady at the desk. She sends it up to the library in a dumb-waiter, and in a moment or two the book comes down by the same conveyance.

The ornaments of the room are confined to a few works of art presented at various times by the friends of the institution both at home and abroad, portraits of eminent New York merchants and other persons, casts of statuary, and some interesting framed autographs. On each side of the entrance there is a small room, one for the exclusive use of ladies, the other for "conversation." But neither seems to be much used. Ladies have no hesitation

in taking their seats at the tables in the main room, where the periodicals are close at hand, and their presence attracts no special notice. In fact, the good order and quiet which always prevail in the reading-room are no doubt attributable to the frequent visits of the gentler sex, as well as the fact that it is a woman who is charged with the enforcement of the rules. The most boisterous and incorrigible of young bloods would immediately stop talking and take his feet off the table, if the request came from the lips of a good-looking superintendent in petticoats. There are two ladies employed in the reading-room, who relieve each other at stated hours, and they never seem to have the slightest difficulty in keeping order.

The reading-room is visited by about one thousand persons every day. In the morning the readers are chiefly substantial merchants, retired business men, professional and literary gentlemen, and perhaps a few journalists. There are many faces which you will see there almost every day from one end of the year to the other, and some of the habitual visitors have their favorite corners, not to say their favorite chairs, where, at certain hours, they may be confidently looked for. Most of these are men without active business; some have grown rich; some have broken down in the race for wealth and given up in despair; some retain a nominal connection with commerce, but only saunter into their counting-rooms towards mid-day and leave the burden to the younger generation; some wear an unmistakable air of prosperity and comfortable idleness; and a few have the cowed and shabby look of men who have breakfasted badly at a cheap boarding-house and slept in a mean little hall bed-room. As the day wears on, ladies and literary men become more numerous, and the Bohemians of the daily and weekly press stray in and out, hunting up a fact or running over the magazines in search of an idea. We are bound to say that whispering now becomes rather more frequent, and the ladies are much less attentive readers than the middle-aged gentlemen who filled the room in the morning. It is not until six or seven o'clock in the evening that the class of young men for whom the institution is chiefly designed are found here in great numbers. As soon as the dinner or tea hour has passed the clerks begin to drop in, and until the room closes for the night at ten o'clock, the desks and tables are well filled, and the silence is broken by the continual rustle of leaves. This is the time when the reading-room fulfills the noblest of its functions,—when it not merely serves for the amusement of the curious and idle, and the convenience of the studious, but draws away from the worst temptations of the great city those who are most accessible to its seductions and least able to guard against them.

The library is situated on the third floor of the building, immediately over the reading-room. A lofty apartment, with a dome and skylight supported by a circle of fluted columns, it seems to be well enough adapted to its special purpose,—the reception and delivery of books,—but it has no beauty, either of ornament or architectural design; it is rather cramped, and it lacks even the elegance which rows of neatly-bound books generally confer upon a library, for all the volumes here are covered with brown paper, and the shelves, though neatly kept, present a decidedly dingy aspect. In fact it is not a lounging-place for readers, but a depot where business is transacted with mercantile despatch and regularity. A counter runs around the room from column to column, and no one is admitted behind it except the attendants, officers, and ex-officers of the library, and those who receive special permission to visit a certain nook set apart for "consulting readers." Alcoves radiate from the central circle formed by the counter and the columns, and iron galleries, approached by light staircases, divide each alcove into three stories.

The arrangement of books is peculiar, and perhaps an old-fashioned bibliophile would call it horribly unphilosophical, for there is no attempt at classification by subject, the only purpose of the librarian who devised the system being to place the books so as to expedite delivery. As novels are more called for than any other kind of literature, the alcoves nearest the delivery desk—comprising about a third of the whole library—are appropriated to them. The rest of the books are arranged in strictly alphabetical order, under the



THE LIBRARY.

author's name when that is known, and under the first letter of the leading word in the title when the work is anonymous. There are some exceptions to this rule, however, for books in foreign languages are placed by themselves, and bound volumes of those periodicals for which there is not a very active demand, are stored away in the second gallery. This arrangement is found to work very well for a lending library, though for an institution like the Astor, where a student often wants to collate all the accessible authorities on a given subject without knowing, before hand, what those authorities are, it of course would not answer. At the Mercantile there is no delay in finding what you want, and books are not liable to be misplaced. The lettering on the back of the paper cover shows the attendant at a glance where the volume belongs, and as this lettering is always carefully done, by an experienced person, mistakes are very rare.

Now let us see the system of delivery: Each member on joining the library has a folio assigned him in the ledger, and its number is written on the ticket which is given him as a certificate of membership. Let us suppose you have received one of these

tickets, have taken out a book, have read it, and now want another. You look through the printed catalogue, of which there are several copies chained to the counters, and having made your selection, you fill up a card on which is printed the following blank form :—

FOLIO

{ } *Returns*

Wants one of the following :

Name, *Address,*

You hand that to one of the attendants, and after checking off the volume you have returned, he looks for the first one on your list of books wanted ; if that is already out, he looks for the second. When he has found a book for you he hands it, with your application card, to the delivery clerk. This gentleman occupies a large desk at the central counter, and has before him two immense drawers, divided into partitions for the reception of the cards. Each member's name has a place in one or the other of these drawers, and the number of the folio shows where that place is. The clerk turns instantly to your name, and finds the card you handed in when you last borrowed a book. If the date, stamped at the time of delivery, shows that you have kept it longer than the rules allow, he levies a small fine, and you must pay it before you can borrow again. All formalities transacted, the old card is destroyed, the new one put in its place, and you are sent away in peace. You may change your book three or four times a day, and the young men at the desk will never complain of the trouble. No women are employed in this part of the library—there is too much running about to suit them ; but ladies are among the most frequent visitors, and we dare say that hourly intercourse with young women has a mollifying influence upon the manners of the attendants. Whether it is the effect of association or natural urbanity, we cannot undertake to decide ; but the employés of the Mercantile Library could certainly give lessons in politeness to the officials of almost any of our public institutions.

The system of checking books, as we have described it, enables the librarian to ascertain in a moment just what any particular member has borrowed ; but it evidently does not show what has become of any particular book. For instance, you have called four or five times for Jones Robinson's latest romance, and the answer is always, "Out." Now, Jones Robinson is not a popular author, and you are justified in suspecting that his romance is not borrowed as fast as it comes in, but that somebody has lost it, or kept it over the time. The librarian has no record to show who has that book, or how long it has been out. He can look over every member's account, and thus he will find it sooner or later ; but there are more than 10,000 members, and it would take longer to find Jones Robinson's book than any of the writings of that eminent romancer are worth. Many attempts have been made to devise a double system of accounts, so that a check could be kept upon the members and the books at the same time ; but every plan hitherto tried has complicated the process of delivery too much, and involved great waste of time without corresponding advantage. A partial book record, however, is now kept, and is, perhaps, as good as any that can be suggested. Whenever a standard work is borrowed, the delivery clerk marks upon a little yellow ticket simply the folio number of the borrower. Every day the yellow tickets are examined, and if it appear, say, that folio 10,029 has had a book more than three weeks, the clerk turns to the drawer, finds out who folio 10,029 is, and what book is charged against him, and sends him a notice that his time is up. It is found impracticable to apply this system to novels, which form the greater part of the circulation of the library ; but it is useful as far as it goes, and prevents the loss of many valuable books.

Of late years a postal order scheme has been perfected, and for convenience and simplicity it could hardly be improved. Its design is to enable members to draw books without visiting the library. Blank forms are obtained from the Post-office Department, about the size and shape of a newspaper wrapper, bearing on one side a two-cent postage stamp, and the printed address, "Mercantile Library,

Astor Place, City," and on the other a blank application, with a five-cent "Mercantile Library delivery stamp," and some printed directions. You fill up the application in the usual way, fold the wrapper like a note (it is already gummed), and drop it in the nearest Post-office box. In a few hours at furthest a messenger brings to your house the book you have asked for, and takes away the volume you want to return. The system is fast increasing in popularity. A horse and wagon are constantly employed in the collection and delivery, and the number of volumes sent out in this way is about 12,000 annually. The delivery blanks are sold at the rate of seven cents each—two cents representing the postage and five the cost of the delivery.

But the library is not content with doing so much for the young men of New York; it is gradually taking care of the suburbs also. Branch offices have been opened at Yonkers, Norwalk, Stamford, Elizabeth, and Jersey City (not to speak of branches near the two extremities of the metropolis, namely, in Cedar street and Yorkville), at each of which there is a collection of about 500 volumes, and a desk for the reception and delivery of books belonging to the main office in Astor Place. Every morning a stout canvas bag, containing books returned and application cards for books wanted, is sent by express from each of these offices to the library, and every afternoon the bag goes back full. The directors offer to establish a branch in any suburb where one hundred subscribers can be obtained in advance, and we may expect, therefore, a great development of this part of the enterprise.

It will be seen from what we have already said, that the library has extended its advantages far beyond the limited class for which it was founded. Its management remains, indeed, in the hands of clerks; but nobody is excluded from its privileges. Ladies are among its more frequent patrons; professional men, merchants, gentlemen of leisure, all make constant use of it. By the constitution no one but a clerk can vote or hold office in the institution; but the definition of a clerk has been gradually stretched to comprehend not only young men in mercantile pursuits, but nearly everybody who lives on a salary. These members pay an initiation fee of $1, and a subscription of $4 a year. When they go into business for themselves, and are graduated as merchants, they lose the right to vote and hold office, but retain the other privileges of membership at the same rate of payment. Any other person may become a subscriber, with the right to use the reading-room and borrow books, on payment of $5 a year. The number of active members on the 30th of April, 1870, was 7,223; of subscribers, 3,705; of honorary members, 99; of Clinton Hall stockholders, 1,762; of editors, with free admission, 78; making a total of 12,867 persons entitled to the use of the library and reading-room. This is about 2,000 more than ever appeared on the rolls before; but there is not a steady increase in the membership, as we should suppose there would be in a fast growing city, and in this respect the institution has been nearly stationary for the last five or six years.

During the year 1869–'70 about 3,000 members joined, but then during the same time 2,500 withdrew. Just before the election of officers there has always been a great accession of new names, procured by the influence of rival candidates, and many of these drop off as soon as they have voted. A great many young men also join the library in a sudden fit of steadiness, take out one book, throw it aside, and neither visit the place again nor return the book. The last annual report shows that a large number of the "withdrawals" must be of this kind. Of the 2,583 names removed from the books last year only 168 were formally withdrawn; the rest are marked "closed by the Constitution."

We mentioned in the beginning of this article that the New York Mercantile Library was the fourth in the country in point of size. The largest is the Library of Congress, which, in 1869, had 175,000 volumes, and at the end of 1870 must have had about 183,000. The Boston Public Library comes next with 165,000. The Astor Library has 138,000. The Mercantile has nominally 120,000 volumes, and increases at the rate of 13,000 volumes a year, while the annual growth of

the Boston and Congress Libraries is only 9,000 each. It would be difficult, however, for the librarian to account for all the books which appear on the catalogue. The losses are inevitably heavy, and there seems to be no way of preventing them. One of the ex-librarians estimated the annual loss of volumes borrowed and never returned, at about 300; but this is certainly far below the truth. Perhaps 10,000 volumes which are supposed to be in the library may be set down as lost beyond recovery,—most of them being in the hands of persons who have moved away and left no trace of their residence. Many are deliberately stolen, and sometimes the library suffers from its courtesy to impostors who have no claim whatever to the privileges of such an institution. We saw, not long ago, the book account of a lively gentleman who had succeeded in convincing the librarian that he was sub-editor of a leading New York paper, and on the strength of that had borrowed (though he was not a member) *all* the important works relating to a particular subject, including several valuable volumes. He was never seen again. The journal whose name he used did not know him, and, of course, the books were not recovered. But after all, if we consider the enormous circulation of this library, and the fact that no deposit or other guarantee is required of borrowers, it is wonderful that the depletion of its store has been so slight. Probably no other library in the world, except the great free libraries of Liverpool and Manchester, and certainly no other library in America, sends out so many volumes in the course of the year. The circulation of the Mercantile during the year ending May 1st, 1870, was 234,120, and the next annual report will probably show a circulation of 300,000, not including the books used for consultation in the library. This is considerably in excess of the returns of the Boston institution, whose annual circulation, at the latest report, was 218,000.

Some curious particulars respecting the circulation in New York are furnished by Mr. A. M. Palmer, the very competent Librarian.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Of the total number of volumes delivered last year, 169,646 were works of fiction, 57,272 were works of standard English and American literature, and 7,202 were in foreign languages. The returns for past years show that the proportions vary but little—that is to say, the novels make up about 70 per cent. of the total circulation. Of course they do not constitute anything like 70 per cent. of the works in the library. Novels are read quickly and changed often, and pass through a dozen hands while more serious works are passing through one.

The average daily delivery of books is 760, about three-quarters of which are handed over the counter of the library proper in Astor Place, the rest being distributed by the branch offices or delivered by carriers. But the circulation fluctuates between widely distant extremes. In mid-summer it has been but little over 300 a day. In winter it always rises, and on the 19th of February last it reached the large number of 1,832 volumes. That day was a Saturday, and as Washington's birthday came on the following Tuesday, the members had to provide reading matter for two holidays.

Saturday always presents an animated scene at the library. In the afternoon great numbers of young ladies turn aside from the regular Broadway promenades, and throng the library counters, looking over the latest novels and other new books, some scores of which are there spread out for inspection; or searching the catalogue, or taking advice from the clerks about something to read for the coming week. If the young men can get away from business before dusk, it is noticed that they have no objection to come for their weekly supply while the hall is still gay with ribbons and bright eyes, and many of them perhaps are unreasonably long in making their selections. The crowd, however, comes later in the evening. Then indeed the clerks must be brisk. There is a constant running from counter to alcove, from gallery to gallery, a constant calling out of numbers, and a wild shouting of titles. "Folio seven thousand and ten! Here you are!" and a book is laid on the desk with a delicate sort of a whack. "Folio ninety-six! Mark Twain is out; try something else?" "Folio five hundred! Where is five hundred? Who asked for *Little Women?* Is this yours, Madame?" and so on, hour after hour, till the clock strikes nine, and then there is rest for the weary clerks till eight o'clock on Monday morning.

Of course it always happens that a great many people want the same book, especially when the book is new, and the librarian consequently buys a number of copies of every publication for which there is likely to be a general demand. He bought 500 copies of *Lothair*, and afterward sold about 150 of them, as the public interest in the work gradually died away. There are still, however, 50 or 75 copies in use all the time. More of the surplus stock might be sold; but experience has shown that the popularity of a book is subject to unforeseen revivals, and if Mr. Disraeli should die, or become prime minister, or do anything else to bring himself into prominent notice, there would be a sudden call for all the copies on hand. Moreover, books wear out very soon in a lending library, and it is desirable to have a reserve to renew them from. Of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* the library has 115 copies, all of which are constantly in use and ordered in advance. Of *Man and Wife* 250 copies were purchased, and the demand was far in excess of the supply. Among the most popular of recent publications are Miss Alcott's *Little Women* and *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, 250 copies of each being in constant circulation; *A Brave Lady*, which calls for 75 copies; *The Gates Ajar*, 52 copies; *Hedged In*, 50 copies; *The Villa on the Rhine*, 50 copies; *The Countess Gisela*, 50 copies; Pumpelly's *Across America and Asia*, 30 copies; Orton's *The Andes and the Amazon*, 20 copies; Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, 20 copies; Miss Mitford's *Life and Letters*, 25 copies; Lecky's *History of European Morals*, 10 copies; Froude's concluding volumes, 15 copies; Hall's *Health by Good Living*, 20 copies. Most of these figures apply to the date of the last annual report, and since that time there has probably been a falling off in the demand for some of the books enumerated. There is a steadily in-

creasing call for Dickens, which of course was greatly augmented after his death; but *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is not much in demand. *Red as a Rose is She* was so popular that 100 copies were called for all the time; and the librarian was also obliged to buy a number of extra copies of two previous works by the same writer, which had almost passed out of circulation. Of Miss Evans's *Vashti* 200 copies were for some time in constant use, but it is little read now. On the other hand it was necessary to buy last year 15 extra copies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 12 of *Beulah*, and 6 of *The Marble Faun*. Of so serious a work as Henry James's *Secret of Swedenborg*, there is a steady use for 5 copies.

There is an increasing demand for Buckle, Mill, and the essays and reviews of Macaulay, of all of which it has been necessary to enlarge the stock. Tyndall, Huxley, and Lubbock are very extensively read; and the new theories and developments of science seem to excite a great deal of interest among the patrons of the Library. If there is no perceptible change in the ratio between works of fiction and standard literature circulated, there is certainly an improvement in the public taste manifested by the relative popularity of good and mediocre authors in both those departments. In fiction, for example, out of 1,000 volumes issued recently in a single day, no fewer than 55 were by Thackeray, and 25 by Scott. The steady advance of the popular relish for Thackeray is unmistakable. Every year the admirers of this noblest among novelists are multiplied, and the librarian finds it more and more difficult to satisfy their applications. The popularity of Sir Walter Scott seems also to augment. Charles Reade and Mrs. Craik (Miss Muloch) are steady favorites. The circulation of Charlotte Bronte's novels has always been large. and grows larger and larger every year.

In another department of literature it is interesting to know that a taste for the master works of Germany is spreading very fast. Of late years there has been a constantly growing demand for English translations of Goethe and Schiller—especially Goethe—while the originals of these works are also called for pretty often. Voltaire is renewing his youth; and Lamartine, whose popularity was long on the wane, is now gaining a hold upon a new generation of readers. Many will be surprised to learn that a taste for genealogical research has become very general. The Library has a large collection of works in this department, and all of them are in demand. Works on theology or morals find great numbers of readers. Treatises on physical education and cognate subjects are universally popular, not one of any note being allowed to stand idle on the shelves. Books on landscape-gardening and architecture are much more generally read than one would suppose, considering that so large a majority of the members have no opportunity to put their lessons to practical use. Narratives of travel, of course, are always in demand; and biography, in which the Library is exceptionally rich, grows more and more popular every year. The bound files of daily newspapers are in use, one might almost say, day and night. This, however, is not owing entirely to a popular passion for historical research; for a large proportion of the persons who consult them are lawyers' clerks and others interested in legal proceedings, which require a reference to court reports, notices, adver-



THE LIBRARIAN'S ROOM.

tisements, and so on. Everybody, in fact, who has occasion to refer to back numbers of a newspaper is perforce driven to the Mercantile Library, since the editors of the leading journals do not, as a rule, permit their office files to be examined.

In a comfortably-furnished little room, opening out of one of the alcoves, sits the quiet young man who is the executive head and administrator of this extensive establishment. Mr. A. M. Palmer was appointed Librarian in October, 1869; and though he has been but a little while in office, he has introduced so many improvements, and increased so much the popularity of the Library, that the Directors have already abundant proof of the wisdom of their choice. The system under which the Library is administered is of course the growth of years, and the product of the labor and ingenuity of various librarians, prominent among whom, both for capacity and length of service, was Mr. S. Hastings Grant. It is the librarian's province to purchase books, direct the daily labors of his subordinates, oversee the entire regulation of the Library and reading-room—in fact, to govern the whole establishment. There is a supervisory Board of Directors, to whom the librarian is responsible; but these gentlemen are of course unable to take much practical share in the management. Under the constitution they must all be clerks, so that they have little time to devote to the affairs of the Library, even had they the disposition. Twelve Directors are chosen, by vote of the members, for a term of three years, one-third retiring every year; and the Directors select from their own number a President, Vice-President, two Secretaries, and a Treasurer. Mr. M. C. D. Borden is now serving his second term as President. None of these officers receive any compensation or enjoy any important privileges which are not shared by all the members.

The annual elections, however, are scenes of the most intense excitement; and, in the eyes of a young clerk, running for office in the Mercantile Library Association is only a little less important affair than running for Congress. There are usually two tickets in the field, the "Regular" and the "Reform," the difference between which it would puzzle anybody to define. Last year, for instance, it was generally understood that the Reformers were in favor of opening the reading-room on Sunday, and the Regulars were not, and on this point the canvass was made to turn. In point of fact, both parties were anxious to have the room open on Sunday, and neither had power to act in the matter, the decision resting entirely with the Clinton Hall Trustees! One cry, however, was as good as another for keeping up the excitement, and there was consequently a very lively fight. The streets were placarded with appeals; the newspapers contained long advertisements; the rival candidates and their friends made personal visits to as many of the members as they could reach. Even the "naturalization mills," which are said to have manufactured voters with such rapidity at the City Hall, were imitated, on this as on many other occasions, at Astor Place. Members were initiated at the instance (and perhaps at the expense) of anxious office-seekers, merely in order that they might vote for their friends; and indeed during many years it was usual for the list of membership, just before the election, to be increased by at least 1,000 or 1,200 names. This, to be sure, represented a substantial gain to the treasury; but not a permanent one, for most of these "naturalized voters" fell off after paying the first half year's



THE DIRECTORS' ROOM.

dues. A recent amendment to the constitution, however, has swept away this custom, by providing that no one shall vote who has not been a member at least three months.

The polls open on the third Tuesday in May at eight o'clock in the morning, and close at nine P.M. Long before the opening, the staircase is crowded with members. Canvassers press the claims of their respective parties, and thrust ballots into the hands of undecided voters. A long cue is formed with some difficulty, reaching down the stairs, and through the hall, and out into the street, and the strong force of police on duty have about as much as they can do to keep the exuberant animal spirits of the free and unterrified electors within reasonable bounds. When the voting begins, there is for a while a little Babel of confusion. Every man who offers a ballot gives his name, folio, and place of business, and the inspectors check it off by the books of membership, which serve as a registry. As the morning wears away, the crowd disperses, for most of the clerks must be at their business, and for several hours there is a lull. But towards evening the contest begins in earnest. Now the uproar becomes hideous ; the police force is increased ; the anxiety of the election agents, as one party or the other seems to gain, rises in its intensity, and the way of the voter to the polls is beset with terrors.

We regret to say that the young gentlemen have been known to take advantage of a singular omission of the statute law, which makes it no felony to vote unlawfully at a Mercantile Library election, and that repeating has consequently been practised to an extent at which the Sixth Ward would stand aghast. At the election in May, 1870, it was reported, we suppose with truth, that a room was provided in a convenient location, where the repeaters changed their coats and hats after every vote, and thence issued into the presence of the inspectors with fresh names, fresh folios, and fresh business addresses. Of course to do this it was necessary to get at least a partial list of the members—which was easy enough—and the repeater ran the risk of adopting the name of somebody who had voted already ; but if his fraud was detected, the inspectors could do nothing but refuse his vote. In point of fact, during the evening about one vote in every six was rejected ; but many illegal ballots must have been cast in the hurry and confusion. After the close of the polls most of the members hang about the hall until the result is declared, and amuse themselves in the meantime with noise, and uproar, and practical jokes, such as are hardly known elsewhere except in the Board of Brokers, when the gentlemen of Wall street chance to be in one of their facetious moods. How much can be made of a little thing is well illustrated by the result of the hotly contested election of last year. Only twelve hundred members voted, though the confusion was enough to indicate a constituency of six or seven thousand. It is a proof of the satisfaction of the members with the administration of the Institution, that the "Regular" ticket triumphed by a majority of 175, the principal officers being re-elected. No ladies voted, though many were entitled to ; but a colored citizen deposited his ballot, and it is gratifying to know that his right was not questioned.

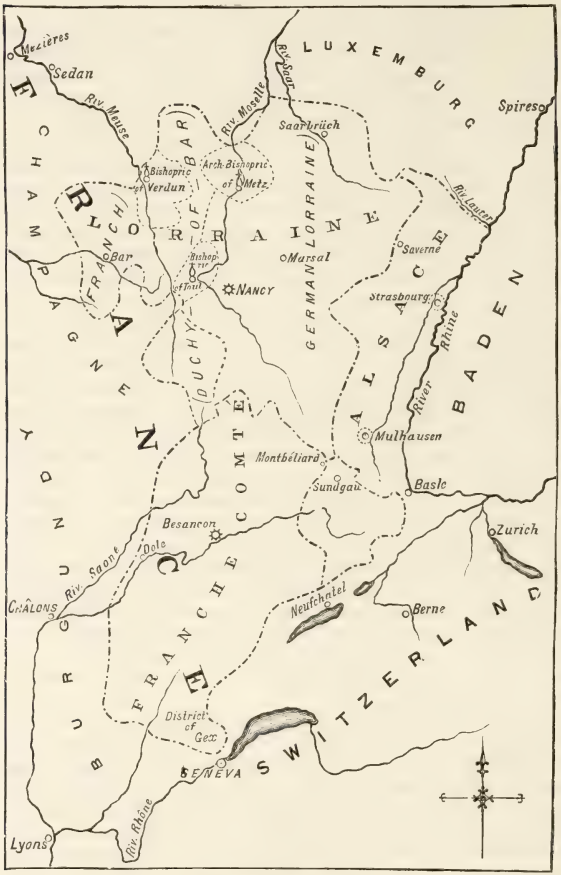
There are other topics connected with the Library which we must dismiss with a hurried word. Walking down a narrow passage-way that runs off at right angles with the main hall, opposite the entrance to the Library, we find on the left a row of small rooms, in which evening classes are held in the modern languages, elocution, music, and phonography. Their purpose is to enable young men to obtain instruction at a low price, and in this way they have been of great benefit ; but the work they have hitherto done for a small price is now done by various public institutions without any price at all, and the Directors are accordingly discussing the propriety of giving them up. The lecture system, however, is a means of popular instruction which the association has pursued with remarkable success. The best lyceum speakers are always secured for the Mercantile Library courses, and during the present Winter the society has had the eredit of introducing "Tom Brown" Hughes to New York, besides securing Mr. Sumner, Mr. Mundella, and other more or less eminent persons.

In the extreme corner of the Library building there is a little room, hardly bigger than a cell, where two or three men are constantly at work in certain very important duties. To this room every book is brought as soon as it is purchased. A clerk enters the title, size, date and place of publication in a large "accession book." The cataloguer makes a transcript of this entry on a card, which he places immediately in its alphabetical place in a drawer provided for the purpose. Another card, with the same title, is placed in a drawer reserved for the classification of works by subjects. Thus whenever it becomes necessary to print a supplementary catalogue, as it does every few years, a copyist has only to transcribe for the printer the contents of these drawers, and the books on the shelves need not be touched. The new book, having been entered, is now passed to a rough pine table, where the coverer stands, with piles of brown paper of different sizes, a paste-pot, and a pair of scissors. In a few seconds the book is covered, lettered, and ready to be placed on the shelves. On the other side of the room is a heap of tattered volumes waiting for repair. Every day a big basketful of them is brought in from the Library. Some need nothing but re-covering. Others want a bit of paste. Many can only be saved by the binder. On an average every book has to be re-covered after three issues. The annual consumption of paper for this purpose is no less than 2,000 pounds. The cost of binding is about $2,500 a year; and as this is always done in the plainest possible manner, it is evident that a great number of books must go to make up the total. The fresh paper-covered novels added to the Library—all of which are substantially bound before they are placed on the shelves—amount to about ten for every day in the year.

Before long the Mercantile Library Association will have a bindery of its own. Before long, also, if the plans of the Directors do not miscarry, it will have a handsome fireproof building, with abundant shelf-room, and abundant facilities of all kinds for doing its own work under its own roof. At the present rate of increase it will soon be the largest library in the United States; and though it is not likely to rival in the value of its contents such magnificent foundations as that of Mr. Astor, it will always be a monument to the good sense of the young men of New York, and a public benefit for which the whole community will have reason to be thankful.

THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF LORRAINE AND ALSACE.

The consolidation of many distinct States into a few great nations has been the gradual work of the last half a dozen centuries of European history; and the process, it is well known, is still incomplete. It was one of the mischievous results of the feudal system, that it gave rise to an extreme multiplication of fiefs of various kinds, and nearly all independent of one another. Every feudatory laid claim to some of the attributes of sovereignty. Each higher grade had a more extensive jurisdiction: until, when we reach the grand dukes, marquises, and earls, we find them to have been at one time kings in all but the name. Germany has longest retained traces of this minute subdivision, but France was once in about the same condition. In Germany, however, the Imperial dignity being theoretically elective, and, in point of fact, passing from one princely family to another, the association of that dignity with any particular house did not secure to it an undisputed predominance, nor lead to tightening the bands which united the members of the loosely-framed organism. But it was otherwise in France. Originally, when Hugh Capet, the heir to the duchy of France,—a limited territory in the heart of the country,—was elected to fill the throne of Charlemagne, there were no less than seven fiefs of such importance that any one of them rivalled in power that with which the crown was now combined. Upon these depended a large number of very considerable duchies and



LORRAINE AND ALSACE.

counties. Below came the viscounts and barons; still lower, the holders of single castles; and, last of all, the peasants and serfs, the only industrious and producing classes, who formed the foundation of this singular pyramid, and by their despised but useful labors sustained in idleness all the successive grades of the privileged classes.

It took the French kings about five centuries to bring this heterogeneous mass into some degree of order, and to realize the conception of a single country. Much injustice was incidentally done, and in the process many franchises were lost and a strong despotism established. Yet almost anything was preferable to the incessant discord and warfare of petty barons, who, while powerless for good, were yet sufficiently strong to obstruct commerce by the imposition of exorbitant tolls and customs, if not by plundering travelers, or imprisoning them with a view to the exaction of a heavy ransom.

Even when, as the result of his successful contest with Charles the Bold, Louis XI. had, by the incorporation of Burgundy, given to France something approaching its natural boundaries, France, although it stretched from the ocean to the Alps and the Mediterranean, only touched the Pyrenees at certain points separated from each other by a number of minor States (Béarn, Foix, etc.), while in the opposite direction the north-easterly boundary scarcely reached the river Meuse. Not to speak of the Comtât Venaissin (the Pope's domain around Avignon), and the principality of Orange, which this in turn almost surrounded, the Duke of Savoy held the district of *Bresse*, stretching far to the west of Geneva, and coming so near to Lyons as to make it a border town. And north of this a large

triangle, made up of Franche-Comté, Lorraine, and Alsace, was equally foreign territory. This triangle comprised the district now apportioned among *nine* of the eighty-six departments into which France is divided, or about one-tenth of its entire area.

It may well be imagined that it was not long before the eyes of the French monarchs were turned covetously in the directions where their boundaries were so manifestly inconvenient and unnatural. The foreign possessions at the foot of the Pyrenees gave Spain a safe approach into the valley of the Garonne: Bresse, in Savoy's hand, was a perpetual menace directed against the large city to whose gates it extended. Avignon, completely encased in French territory, was harmless. But the three provinces which brought Germany to the very border of Champagne were a prize for which there could not but arise a struggle before long.

The peculiar features of the political geography of Lorraine undoubtedly facilitated the designs which the French monarchs formed against it, and made it the first to be assailed. The same peculiarities, also, perhaps saved it from at once falling entirely into their hands. This fertile territory, measuring about one hundred and twenty miles in length from north to south, by one hundred from east to west, according to Count d'Haussonville, the most recent historian of the union of the province to France, was divided into five principal parts — Lorraine proper, Vosges, German Lorraine, Barrois *mouvant* (that is, under the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris), and Barrois *non-mouvant* (or subject to the sovereign court of Lorraine). It was further broken up by fiefs of the French king and of the German empire.

And lastly, it was split into a number of separate fragments by the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, whose spiritual heads had succeeded in asserting their sway over a very considerable extent of country, as rich and populous as any in the land. It was the unprotected situation of these bishoprics that served as the occasion for extending the domain and influence of France in the direction of the Rhine.

SURPRISE OF THE "THREE BISHOPRICS."

Maurice of Saxony had, in 1551, become disgusted with the service of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Especially was he vexed that his master should turn a deaf ear to all his entreaties for the liberation of his father-in-law, the Landgrave of Hesse, from the confinement to which he had been consigned five years before. The ambitious commander-in-chief of Charles's troops resolved therefore to turn not only his own sword, but the arms of his victorious followers, against the Emperor. But before executing his crafty design, he associated with himself other Protestant princes of the Empire, among whom may be particularly mentioned the Margrave Albert of Brandenburg, and applied for support to Henry the Second, king of France. This monarch was only too glad to embrace the opportunity of striking a blow under such favorable circumstances at the prince who for many years had been the successful rival of his father, and who, not content with having himself enjoyed the imperial dignity, was planning to secure the succession to his son Philip. A secret treaty was therefore readily concluded. Henry, in addition to furnishing a large sum of money to his confederates, was himself to take the field as the "Protector of the liberties of the Holy Empire."

Before the affair came to actual blows, there was the ordinary profusion of wordy proclamations containing truth and fiction combined in about the customary proportions. Henry in particular took care to justify himself in the eyes of the world. He boasted that he had nothing more at heart, after the establishment of religion, than the security of the public tranquillity, and recounted at some length the measures which he had taken to confirm it at home and abroad. Next the aggressive measures of the Emperor were passed in review, especially his instigation of the Duchess dowager of Lorraine to refuse to do him homage for the duchy of Bar, "which was beyond all dispute a fief of his crown." But besides these personal injuries, Henry professed himself deeply moved with sympathy for the German princes, now menaced in their dearest liberties; and in making with them an alli-

ance, which was only a renewal of the old league between the two nations, he "took God to witness, that all the fruit which he expected from the war was to restore Germany to her ancient dignity, to deliver John Frederick of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse from their long and unjust captivity, and thereby to give a new proof of the regard which he had for the ancient union subsisting between the kings of France and the princes of Germany. This would be the true means of rendering it more close, by freeing these people from the yoke that was being placed on their necks."

The "very Christian king," having thus demonstrated his perfect disinterestedness to the entire satisfaction of all who desired to credit his professions, made his preparations for the campaign, not omitting to conciliate the favor of Heaven upon his compact with the Protestants of Germany, by devoutly "visiting the relics and monuments of St. Denis, St. Eleuthère, and St. Rustique, apostles of France." Perhaps, however, he relied more, in his endeavor to remove the embarrassing inconsistency of his course, and to attest the immaculate orthodoxy of his sentiments, upon the fact that before leaving he made his appearance in Parliament with great pomp, and strenuously urged that august body to redouble its severity in the persecution of the French heretics. As the judges had for many years been consigning the bodies of the Protestants to the flames in the "estrapade," and confiscating their property, it may be thought that the injunction was intended rather to display the king's own zeal, than for any practical aggravation of punishment.

With a powerful army, and preceded by Constable Montmorency, his trusted general, Henry marched from Paris early in the spring of 1552 to Chalons, thence to Vitry and Joinville. Here, upon the borders of Lorraine, he received a visit from the Duchess Dowager, who came (it was presumed a little reluctantly, and only because the support of her uncle, the Emperor, was too distant to help her) to place her lands and those of her son, the Duke, under the King's protection. Henry accepted her apologies, and expressed the intention of assigning the young Duke a residence in France with his son the Dauphin, and of later concluding a more firm alliance. On receiving tidings of the King's approach, the magistrates and inhabitants of Toul and Metz had taken in the full danger that awaited their independence. The former city, however, was too feeble to hope to withstand so large a force, and the municipal authorities without hesitation came out to meet the King and offer him the keys. Among the inhabitants there was every mark of joy. Indeed, so great a crowd was gathered to greet him, that Henry, avoiding the gate at which he was expected, and where the royal canopy was in readiness, made the circuit of the walls, and entered elsewhere through a crowd which was scarcely smaller than that which he sought to shun. In full armor, accompanied by a martial company of princes and lords, and preceded by a goodly array of "heralds-at-arms, clothed in their habits of crimson and azure velvet sprinkled with fleurs-de-lys," and proclaiming his approach by sound of trumpet and clarion, Henry rode to the portal of the cathedral. Here, in the presence of the assembled clergy and people, in their richest attire, the monarch took a solemn oath to maintain the city in all its rights and liberties, and then entered the church and listened to the joyful Te Deum raised in honor of his advent.

Leaving a garrison in Toul, Henry took the road by Nancy, the capital of Lorraine, and Pont-à-Mousson to Metz. Constable Montmorency had preceded him, and had demanded free passage for the King, such as had been accorded in time past to the Emperor. The prudent magistrates, who had gradually acquired a dominant position in the city to the detriment of the episcopal authority, were unwilling to accede to the summons. As an independent and neutral city, they said, Metz could do no more with safety than permit the King and the constable, with a small retinue of nobles, to enter and receive the hospitalities which they were ready to accord them. But Montmorency was a man of few words and rough manners, and his threat to turn his cannon against the walls had a wholesome effect. Besides, if we may credit the chronicler, who himself served in the army, the people were less reluctant

than their superiors to see the rule of the French. Oppressed and robbed by the extortions of the *seigneurs*, they were ready to welcome any change that would free them of their tyrannical masters. It was, therefore, at length concluded that the Constable, with a number of princes and gentlemen, and with two ensigns of infantry, should be admitted to Metz. The arrangement, it must be admitted, was not carried into effect according to the understanding of the citizens. The two ensigns, which should together have consisted of only six hundred men, were made twice as strong, and the Constable's escort numbered no less than fifteen hundred men. Detecting the fraud when a part of the body had entered their city, the inhabitants of Metz attempted to close the gate against the rest; but it was too late. Those that were within opened to those who remained without. "Thus it was," observes the chronicler, "that this puissant city, after having reigned from time immemorial in all loftiness and presumptuous pride, was in a little while surprised and reduced to the obedience of the King, on that Sunday on which we commemorate the entry of Jesus Christ into that of Jerusalem, which was the tenth day of April, 1552."

Meantime Henry, after sending off the young Duke of Lorraine, in spite of the tears of his mother, under the escort of a company of men-at-arms, and almost as a captive, to the city of Rheims, where the young princes of France were then residing, advanced to Metz, which he reached on the 18th of April. Never had the city witnessed so magnificent an entry. Almost every great noble of France was present, and the Romish Church was represented by no less than three French cardinals dressed in their red robes, each a person deserving more than a passing notice:—the Cardinal of Lorraine, the bloody persecutor; the Cardinal of Châtillon, Coligny's elder brother, and one day to become himself a Protestant; and the Cardinal of Lenoncourt, who was also Archbishop of Metz. Here, again, the King first alighted in front of the great church of St. Stephen, where, with his right hand upon the Gospels, he swore "to maintain and defend, to the utmost of his ability, the rights, liberties, and pre-eminence of this very ancient and opulent city."

We need not trace further the progress of the campaign. If its principal object was to gain possession of Strasburg, and to obtain for France a hold upon the Rhine, it signally failed; for the inhabitants positively refused to admit the royal army, and the King did not deem himself strong enough to treat it otherwise than with extreme courtesy. "As to describing with accuracy the situation and walls of Strasburg," writes the disappointed chronicler whom we have more than once quoted, "I am unable to do it, not having approached within a league of it; for the citizens would permit no one to enter; no, not even to come within a cannon-shot of it. To see it, everybody judged it to be a very beautiful, large, and rich city." Another rich prize, however, awaited the King on his homeward march—the city of Verdun, the third of the "Bishoprics," which Cardinal Lorraine, its spiritual head, succeeded in inducing to open its gates to the French. By these successive acquisitions the power of France had been extended far towards the Rhine. Not only had the French character of the Duchy of Bar been irrevocably fixed; but the frontier was defended by strong outposts, which at the same time secured France and menaced Germany. It was evident that from this time Lorraine must exist only as a dependency of France, and that the incorporation of the remainder, or the ducal portion, could scarcely fail to follow in due time.

The Emperor Charles V. was not slow in understanding the deep wound which had thus been inflicted on the German Empire, and he prepared to forestall its probable consequences by attempting the recovery of the lost ground. Maurice, and the greater part of the Protestants, having succeeded by hard blows in extorting from their unwilling antagonist the concessions, political and religious, which they demanded, entered into the pacification of Passau, which thereafter formed the basis of religious toleration in Germany. In this agreement Henry refused to be included. This was in August, 1552. The next month Charles crossed the Rhine, and in October laid siege to Metz with a well-equipped army

of 60,000 men. If this fell, the other cities would surrender at once, and the way to Paris would be laid open. But the months that had intervened since its capture had not been lost. Instead of the neglected and dilapidated fortifications which the French had found, new and imposing works, capable of an obstinate defence, confronted the Germans, and the city, which was previously destitute alike of sufficient men and of stores, was provisioned for months, and garrisoned by a brave soldiery under command of the intrepid Francis, Duke of Guise. Ambitious nobles of every rank threw themselves into the city, while the flower of the German forces, under the Duke of Alva and the ablest generals Spain could furnish, led in the assault. But in the end the besieged were successful. They repaired by night the breaches made by day. They repulsed the storming parties of the enemy; their sorties made his position insecure; their mines rendered his mines useless. The victims of disease engendered by exposure to rain and cold outnumbered those who were slain by the sword. Before the middle of January, 1553, the fragments of the various corps of the Emperor's army had retreated from before Metz. So pitiful was the plight of many fugitives whom the French overtook on their way back to Germany, that the chronicler tells us the very pursuers were moved with compassion, and allowed them to continue their journey. Many tottered and fell of sheer exhaustion, and at the roadside became the prey of birds and wild beasts.

CONQUEST OF ALSACE.

More than three quarters of a century passed before a fortunate accident threw into the hands of the French the territory along the Rhine, which they had long coveted. Richelieu, after being a spectator of the terrible conflict which has become familiar to us as the "Thirty Years' War," at length resolved to take advantage of an opportunity that might never again arrive, for rendering the Emperor of Germany a less formidable neighbor, as well as for national aggrandizement. For several years, however, the success of the war scarcely answered the expectations of the monarch, who thus far had confined himself to subsidizing the confederates, and had put no army in the field. Once an invasion of France was carried as far south towards Paris as Soissons, and the capital was terrified with the prospect of a siege. But a few years later the war took another and a more fortunate turn. Duke Bernard of Weimar,—a brilliant strategist, whose untimely death alone prevented him from acquiring and transmitting to posterity the name of one of the first military geniuses of modern times,—finding his native territory in Franconia overrun by the enemy, and himself destitute of troops, and having lost all hope of efficient support from the side of Sweden, resolved to make an arrangement with the intriguing minister of Louis the Thirteenth. It was not difficult to come to terms; for if Bernard was in lack of funds for raising an army, Richelieu was in want of a resolute and skillful leader to counterbalance the influence of Oxenstiern and the Swedes upon the fortunes of Germany. "From a prince like Bernard, who was unable to maintain himself without the assistance of a foreign power," observes Schiller, "France had nothing to apprehend, since even the most fortunate issue would not suffice to place him beyond dependence upon this crown." In the autumn of 1635 the Saxon duke made his appearance at the court, then sojourning at the favorite palace of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where, in October, a compact was entered into between Bernard, no longer as a Swedish general, but in his own name, and the most Christian King. The latter, by this agreement, promised to pay him a pension of 1,500,000 livres for himself, and 4,000,000 for the support of an army which he was to command under the royal authority. The diplomatic dealings of the great are not wont to be characterized by any unusual amount of candor, and it is therefore by no means surprising that in the present engagement each of the "high contracting parties" had fully made up his mind to overreach the other. By a secret article, which Richelieu never intended to fulfill, but which was to incite Bernard to greater zeal in the undertaking, he promised to give all Alsace, when conquered, to the Duke, to be held as a fief from the king of France; while Bernard, not ignorant of the insincerity

of the Cardinal's professions, was equally firmly resolved to retain all that fell into his hands, and to build thereupon, in conjunction with his patrimonial estates, a principality of the first rank.

The work laid out for Bernard he executed to the letter. By the end of 1638 he had conquered not only a very considerable portion of Alsace, but also the district of Brisgau, now forming part of the Grand Duchy of Baden. And on the 18th of December of that year he confirmed his conquests and united the two portions by capturing, at the end of a very remarkable campaign, and after a desperate struggle, the strongly situated town of Brisach, with its bridge across the Rhine. Not inferior to his own joy at his success in making himself master of this critical point, was the exultation of Cardinal Richelieu. It was when the tidings of the victory reached the French court, that that dramatic incident occurred which historians have been fond of narrating. Father Joseph du Tremblai was dying—"the faithful, indefatigable agent, inexhaustible in expedients and resources, who, without title and without official character, had served Richelieu more effectually than all the Secretaries of State with portfolios." "Take heart, Father Joseph," cried the Cardinal, almost beside himself with delight, in the ears of the dying man, "Take heart, Brisach is ours!" But the triumph, which at another time would have kindled his enthusiasm, only brought a momentary expression of satisfaction on the face of one for whom the things of this life were fast fading out of sight. Not so with the Cardinal. "Already," says the historian of the Thirty Years' War, "he had in thought swallowed up Alsace, Brisgau, and all the Austrian possessions nearest France, without remembering the promise which he had made to Duke Bernard. The resolute determination of the latter to retain Brisach for himself, to which he gave no doubtful expression, threw the Cardinal into no slight embarrassment, and every device was resorted to in order to retain the victorious Bernard in the French interest. He was invited to court, to be a witness of the honor with which the memory of his triumphs was celebrated: Bernard saw the snare, and avoided it. The honor was shown him of offering him a niece of the Cardinal's in marriage: the noble Prince of the Empire rejected her, that he might not dishonor his Saxon blood by a *mésalliance*. And now he began to be regarded as a dangerous enemy, and to be treated as such. The funds for his subsidy were withheld. The governor of Brisach and his principal officers were corrupted, in order, at least after the Duke's death, to secure possession of his conquests and of his troops." Thus were the seeds of distrust sown, and the prospect of further and more glorious triumphs was inconsiderately cut off. The loss of the material support which France had pledged herself to give him, and the necessity to which he was driven to divide his forces and leave garrisons in the cities he had captured, rather to prevent a surprise from the French than an open attack by the enemy, paralyzed the military energies of Bernard. Yet, although delayed in the execution of his plans, he was about to enter upon a magnificent scheme of warfare, striking at the Danube and the very heart of the power of the Austrian house, when a sudden death snatched him away (July, 1639) in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and "in the midst of his heroic course."

It was well for the reputation of his enemies that four hundred others died in the camp, within the course of a couple of days, of the same disease, or the suspicion of his having been poisoned would have gained general currency; so opportune for the Imperialists was the death of "the greatest general whom the Allies had possessed since Gustavus Adolphus," as the historian Schiller well denominates Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar—"standing in modern history as an illustrious representative of those vigorous times when personal greatness still accomplished something, when bravery won kingdoms, and heroic valor could conduct a German knight even to the Imperial throne."

Bernard's death was turned to good advantage by France. Both his victorious army and his conquests in Alsace fell to her share. The Duke had indeed bequeathed both to his brother William; and for the army there were still other competitors—the Count Palatine,

Sweden, and even the Empire itself. But France was prompt, energetic, and, which was still more important, lavish of bribes. And as William felt himself by no means sufficiently powerful to throw down the gauntlet to the emperor in behalf of Alsace, that province fell without a struggle into the hands of Louis the Thirteenth.

In the treaty of Westphalia (October 24th, 1648) the new acquisitions of France were definitely secured to her. The Empire now, for the first time, formally renounced the sovereignty of the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, which for ninety-six years had been in the possession of France. The landgraviate of Upper and Lower Alsace, Brisach, the Sundgau, the prefecture of the ten imperial cities of Alsace (Haguenau, Colmar, Weissemburg, etc.) were to be incorporated in France. Several important fortresses, such as that of Saverne, were to be dismantled; while Saverne, Mulhausen, and, above all, Strasburg, were to remain independent, or to belong to their former masters.

STRASBURG.

Yet even after the conquests that had extended their dominion to the banks of the Rhine, the ambition of the French monarchs was far from satisfied. Both in the neighborhood of Metz and in Alsace the boundary line of the realm was irregular and tortuous. Minor fiefs of the German Empire broke in upon its continuity. The territories of feudal lords and of free cities were to be found quite enclosed in those of the King, yet altogether independent of them. The very security of Louis's conquests was endangered. The upper Rhine could not be guarded without the possession of the strong city of Strasburg, which served as a kind of "*tête de pont*" by which the Germans could at any time throw an army into France. Even before Alsace became theirs, the French had cast envious glances in this direction. "From the moment Metz was gained they dreamed of Strasburg." And now the time came when, without any just or equitable grounds, the seizure could be made with impunity. The method resorted to was worthy of the unscrupulous government with which it originated.

The peace of Nimeguen, in 1678, not only augmented the extent of Louis the Fourteenth's kingdom by the cession on the part of Spain of important territories, such as Franche-Comté, and a strip along the southern side of Flanders, but left him almost in the position of an absolute master of the destinies of the western part of Europe. Of his late antagonists there was no one that stood ready to resent any further act of aggression, much less to oppose by force of arms any legal construction which he might put upon the terms of the recent treaties. "Peace," says a distinguished historian of our times, "had been made upon the conditions which Louis fixed by his letter of April 9th, 1678. The Academy of Inscriptions could without hyperbole write upon the medal struck in its honor, that the peace had been concluded according to the laws dictated by the King (*Pace in leges suas confecta*)." In confirming to France the peaceable possession of the "Three Bishoprics," and of Alsace, the late pacifications were so worded as to include the dependencies of the fiefs thus acquired. Taking advantage of this phraseology, the sophists of the court suggested the erection of a new species of tribunal or commission—*Chambres de Réunion*, as they were designated—whose sole function should be to make research as to what lands, not yet in actual possession of the King, had at some time or other belonged to, or been dependent upon, the recent conquests of his armies. It must be admitted that the field of investigation was sufficiently broad and promising, and that as the explorers were to push their inquiries as far back as the time of the Merovingians, there was little likelihood that any desirable districts would escape their notice or the King's rapacity.

The plan was put into execution as early as in 1679, and by the second day of the next year the Chamber for Alsace was ready to report progress. It was not long before the Archbishop Elector of Trèves, the Elector Palatine, the Landgrave of Hesse, the King of Sweden, and other princes, temporal and spiritual, received an unexpected and

somewhat startling summons to do homage to Louis for various small fiefs which they held embedded in French territory or in convenient proximity to it. "Most of the towns and villages of these cantons," says Henri Martin, "had once depended on the Abbey of Weissemburg, *founded by King Dagobert*, and were incapable, it was asserted, of being alienated, the imperial constitutions having proclaimed the property of the Church to be inalienable. The claim would have been simply ludicrous (*eût tourné au burlesque*), if under these false reasons there had not lurked something serious and profound, namely, the claiming by France of the old Gallic soil." The whole of the year 1680 was taken up with the publication and execution of decrees of this kind. The Chamber of Metz gathered in upwards of eighty fiefs, said to have been dependent on the "Three Bishoprics," and among them some places whose names have lately come to be in the mouths of everybody, —Pont-à-Mousson, Saarbruck, Bitsch, etc.

Strasburg was one of the principal objects aimed at. First her homage for her lands in Alsace was demanded, and the free Imperial city, which had never admitted such a claim on the part of the Emperors themselves, felt herself too feeble to refuse. Not content with this, the French made the city itself the field of intrigue. Money paved the way for violence. Long had there been a party within the walls ready to welcome the advent of the King's forces. It was the adherents of the titular bishop, who desired to see the predominance of the Roman Catholic religion restored. But this clique was of itself impotent to accomplish its object. French agents, therefore, approached the municipal government, and by bribes succeeded in shaking their loyalty. The German troops had been previously removed; now the Swiss guards were dismissed. At a mere suggestion from the French government, the treacherous guardians of the city's liberties ordered the demolition of an important fort. When Strasburg had thus been deprived of all means of successful defence the blow was struck. Late in September, 1681, a rendezvous was secretly given to the French troops in the adjoining provinces — Lorraine, Franche-Comté, and Alsace—before the walls of the devoted place. On the 28th of the month not less than 35,000 men were discovered in close proximity to Strasburg—a force that cut off all communication with the Rhine and with Germany, and that rendered any attempt at resistance futile. Nor were the citizens long left in doubt respecting the King's intentions. General Montclar, who commanded the new-comers, demanded the instant recognition of his master's sovereignty and the admission of a garrison of French soldiers. But while thus insisting upon the full rights adjudged to him by the Chamber of Reunion, Louis was willing, he said, to secure to the inhabitants all the privileges and immunities they had enjoyed under the Empire. There was no time for delay, and no power of resistance. The unfaithful magistrates decently made a show of yielding to compulsion, and wrote to justify their action in the Emperor's eyes; but as they had conveniently left the guns on the walls unprovided with powder, the people had no means of preventing the consummation of the transaction. So, after a short struggle, Strasburg capitulated on the 30th of September. The city was to retain its municipal institutions, and its ecclesiastical and political privileges. It was only stipulated that the magnificent cathedral, that prodigy of mediæval architecture, should be restored to the Roman Catholics—a reward to the bishop and the chapter, who had been prime movers in the work of annexation.

"Thus," writes an eminent historian, to whom we have before referred, "was reunited to our native land, without the effusion of blood, that illustrious city which had never been taken before it became French, and which has never been taken since it has belonged to France." On the 23d of October, 1681, Louis made his triumphant entry into Strasburg. The pompous ceremonial over, that consummate master of the art of fortification, Vauban, was summoned to remodel and strengthen the entire system of the defences, at whose completion a medal was struck with the motto, "*Clausa Germanis Gallia*" ("France closed to the Germans").

The chief losers by the transfer of Strasburg to France were the Protestants. The

inhabitants of the Imperial city had been among the first to embrace the faith of the Reformation. One hundred and fifty-two years before, on the 19th of April, 1529, the representatives of Strasburg had stood with the Elector of Saxony and other princes and cities of the Empire in the Diet of Spires, and handed in that famous "*Protest*," from which first the Lutherans, and afterwards all branches of the regenerated Church, had received the appellation of Protestants. For over a score of years no other worship than that of the Lutheran Church was tolerated. So strong was the anti-papal feeling that when, in 1549 or 1550, the priests were once more allowed to chant Mass in one of the three churches that were assigned them, the rabble interrupted the service with noise and coarse jests, and the officiating Bishop and his clergy in needless trepidation took refuge in the neighboring town of Saverne. It was not until the Emperor gave the Bishop an express command to resume his functions that he returned; and the magistrates, by distributing themselves through the church, were able to maintain some degree of decorum. It was natural that the Bishop and his party should be jubilant, and that the capture of Strasburg should have been the beginning of a system of proselytism, in prosecuting which some would have been glad to see the "*dragonnades*" of Louis's hereditary dominions extended to the new acquisition. Louis himself boasted of his successful stratagem as a triumph of the faith. On one of the medals which he caused to be struck to commemorate the event, may yet be read the legend: "*Sacra restituta*" ("Religion restored"), while below sits the city of Strasburg, represented by a woman, near the river-god Rhine, and holding a bundle of rods surmounted by a palm and by a cross. Upon another medal, of elegant workmanship and of the same date (1681), the book of justice is seen in one scale of a balance outweighing the sword laid in the other, and in the distance the city of Strasburg, with its beautiful cathedral. With the history of the conquest before us, we shall scarcely be able to agree in the truth of the motto that runs around the representation and explains its significance: "*Non ferro sed*



jure redacta," ("Acquired not by the *sword*, but by *right!*")

ANNEXATION OF LORRAINE.

While the King of France had been pushing his conquests to the very banks of the Rhine, and incorporating with his hereditary estates a wide extent of territory inhabited by a population exclusively German in character and language, and estranged as well in religion as in manners from the greater part of his subjects, there yet remained far nearer to the heart of the country, and in a manner enclosed in it, a district much more naturally belonging to the French monarchy. We refer to Lorraine proper, which still continued to be governed by the independent dukes whose capital was Nancy, and who, although doing homage to France for the connected duchy of Bar, and represented in the Diet for the eastern part of their dominions, were nevertheless esteemed a sovereign house but little inferior to those of the more powerful monarchies of Western Europe. In fact, to several of the royal families, that of Lorraine was already closely allied by marriage. More than once the duchy of Lorraine had, it is true, narrowly escaped being swallowed up in the neighboring States; and it had owed its continued existence rather to the forbearance than to the fears of its neighbors, or, it may be, rather to the insignificance of its influence upon the destinies of Europe than to any disturbance of equilibrium which its removal might have occasioned. But unimportant as was Lor-

raine in itself, it was a province essential to France. With the view of preparing the way for its ultimate acquisition, Henry the Fourth, from the very commencement of his reign, had made strenuous efforts to shake the union between the dukes and that younger branch of their family which had gained such unenviable notoriety in France—the Guises. His agents had labored, not without success, to render the Lorraine princes lukewarm in espousing the claims of Mayenne upon the crown that had fallen from the head of the Valois. Claude, the daughter of Henry the Second and Catharine de Medici, who had married Duke Charles the Third, had died in 1575; and Henry the Fourth had no hesitation in offering the aged widower the hand of his own sister, the virtuous princess Catharine of Bourbon. Sully has given a long list of the matrimonial projects that were made at various times for this lady, who now had the additional adventure, after having been offered to the old Duke, of being actually given in marriage to his son Henry, the Duke of Bar. The union was not a happy one. Not only was there no real sympathy between husband and wife, but there was the utmost diversity of religious sentiment. Catharine, true daughter of Jeanne d'Albret, was a devoted Protestant. Her mother, with wise foresight, had in



her will enjoined upon her son to marry his sister to some prince of similar faith. But Henry, in deserting his mother's religion in search of worldly advantage, had deemed it equally politic to neglect the fulfillment of her dying request. It was not the only time that history vindicated the superior wisdom, as well as the superior principle, of the Navarrese queen, who, to use an old writer's expression, "had of woman nothing but the sex."

In 1661 the ducal crown of Lorraine rested on the head of Charles the Fourth, an aged and childless libertine, who entertained the liveliest jealousy of his brother Francis, and of his son, subsequently Charles the Fifth. Among other grounds for this distrust was the circumstance that if, as was generally supposed, the Salic law, confining the succession to males, did not prevail in Lorraine, his nephew had a valid title to the crown by right of his mother. An unscrupulous agent of Louis the Fourteenth, M. de Lionne, applied himself to fanning the flame of discord, and at length induced the Duke of Lorraine, on the 6th of February, 1662, to sign a compact, known as the Act of Montmartre, by which he formally ceded all his territorial possessions to the King of France in case he died without legitimate children. In return, the King conferred upon him a yearly pension of a million livres, and recognized the princes of Lorraine as princes of the blood, with a right to succeed to the throne of France in case of the extinction of the Bourbon line. The city of Marsal, the only place in Lorraine which, according to the arrangements of the previous year, had not been dismantled, was to be put in Louis's hands as a pledge for the fulfillment of the terms of the agreement. It may readily be imagined that the iniquitous document, when it came to be known, struck consternation into the minds of the legitimate heirs to the duchy. In vain did they remonstrate with Louis against his attempting to put so unjust an arrangement into execution. The monarch coolly informed them that the ordinary laws of morality were not binding upon monarchs when offset by the requirements of political expediency. Fortunately, there were others discontented with the plan, and none more so than the French nobility, who would not brook the exaltation of the foreign family of Lorraine to a rank so far superior to themselves, conferring upon them a distant, but none the less an actual, prospect of at some

time succeeding to the crown royal. On this ground, in answer to numerous protests, the Parliament of Paris, whilst it registered the act, did so with the express refusal to confirm this essential condition. Nor was this astonishing. Had the judges done differently, they would virtually have recognized the old pretension which the younger Lorraines of the previous century had put forth, that they were the lineal descendants of Charlemagne and the Carlovingian kings, while the Valois and Bourbon families were sprung from the usurper and upstart Hugh Capet, Count of Paris. As the heirs of the Duke refused to ratify the compact of Montmartre, Louis did not insist upon the stipulation for their recognition as princes of the blood. All which furnished Duke Charles (who had repented the hasty bargain, and had indeed fallen madly in love with a girl of low birth, the niece of an apothecary, whom he desired to marry) with an extraordinarily good excuse for revoking his consent, and refusing to surrender the town of Marsal. With so powerful a trader as Louis, it was not very safe to refuse to pay the contracted price, even if the goods that were to be delivered as the equivalent were withheld. Accordingly the "grand monarch" set on foot a military expedition, which must have been looked upon in the court rather as a very pleasant comedy than as intended for a real campaign. And so it proved. Without bloodshed, but under very sensible compulsion, the Duke signed a second treaty at Metz, September 1st, 1663, by which he gave up Marsal to its fate; while Louis, who perhaps looked upon the duchy as an unripe fruit which could indeed be plucked at once, but which if allowed to remain a little longer would fall into the hand of its own accord, was content to make no mention of its cession, and so, in effect, to abrogate the provisions of the untimely compact of Montmartre.

But we must hasten on to the consummation of the union, which confessedly could not be long deferred. We take no account of the overrunning of Lorraine by the troops of Louis the Fourteenth, later in the seventeenth century, as the occupation led to no permanent results. Not so, however, was it with the diplomatic intrigues of the succeeding century. These connect themselves with the remarkable history of that puppet of fortune, Stanislas Leszcynski. Rarely have more singular alternations of success and failure attended the course of any man. The son of the Palatine of Posen, he was early raised by the King of Poland, Augustus the Second, to the post of arch-butler. Being subsequently sent on a diplomatic mission to Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, he so ingratiated himself with that monarch that the latter employed all his influence to obtain his election to the throne of Poland. As the Swedish king's words were vigorously supported by his victorious sword, Augustus was dethroned, and Stanislas, then twenty-seven years of age, succeeded him. This was in 1704. Eight years later he was himself compelled to abdicate and flee from the kingdom. Next we find him a prisoner with the Turks, and a little later a governor in the service of his former protector. When Charles died, his star seemed again to have sunk; and in obscurity, and almost in destitution, he sought a refuge in France. While thus exiled, and living at Weissemburg upon the pension which the regency of Louis the Fifteenth had compassionately granted him, he was amazed by the proposals which were unexpectedly made to him in the name of that king for the hand of his only daughter, Maria Leszcynska. If we may believe the writers of that day, it was not the personal attractions of the young lady, much less any accession of strength that would accrue to France from the alliance with the broken-down ex-King of Poland, that led Cardinal Fleury to advocate the match; but rather the desire to unite his master to a queen who should owe her position solely to him, and who would, consequently, be unlikely to make any attempt at interference in the political administration. At all events, the marriage, which took place in 1725, again raised Stanislas to notoriety; and although in giving his daughter away he had expressly renounced all claims to the Polish crown, when his old rival Augustus died, in 1733, he found himself in a position to assert his rights, and obtained their confirmation by the votes of the people. The needless war in which France was plunged to support him, we shall not stop to describe. It is sufficient to say

that while, through the inefficiency of the government, Stanislas failed to maintain himself upon the throne, he received at the conclusion of peace, by way of indemnification, a sovereignty which, if less extensive, was perhaps more agreeable, from its nearness to his daughter's residence.

By the preliminary articles of Vienna, signed October 5th, 1735, the Emperor of Germany consented that the young Duke Francis of Lorraine, who was to marry his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, should exchange the Duchies of Lorraine and of Bar for the reversion of the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany. Stanislas was at once to enter into possession of the Duchy of Bar, and Lorraine was to fall to him as soon as Francis obtained Tuscany. On the death of Stanislas both Bar and Lorraine were to become an integral part of France.

For this arrangement, by which Lorraine would be lost to Germany, the Emperor promised to employ his influence to secure the consent of the States of the Empire, while Louis and Stanislas renounced the representation of Lorraine in the Diet. The death of the last Medicean Duke of Tuscany rendered the execution of the compact even more speedy than had been anticipated, and for thirty years Stanislas retained undisputed possession of the province which he had obtained in so singular a manner. When he died, in 1766, Lorraine was annexed to France without creating the least disturbance in the politics of Europe; so long had the act been expected, both at home and abroad.

By the annexation of ducal Lorraine, the conquest begun more than two centuries before, in the occupation of "the Three Bishoprics," and continued by the reduction of Alsace and the seizure of Strasburg, was brought to a definite conclusion. Franche-Comté had in the mean while been overrun by the troops of Louis the Fourteenth, and surrendered by Spain in the Treaty of Nimeguen in 1678. Thus the entire triangle which was wanting to France in the age of Francis the First had been gained, and from the ocean to the Rhine her dominions were unbroken.

All these acquisitions on the part of France had been ratified by conventions and treaties with Germany. Nevertheless, when the French Revolution broke out, and the proclamation of the equality of all citizens in the eye of the law was accompanied by the abolition of all titles of nobility, and by the destruction of feudal tenures, the Empire and its allies found a pretext for interference in the case of a number of German princes who were thus deprived of fiefs which they claimed to hold in Alsace and Lorraine. In the war of 1792, which arose ostensibly from this source, there were in reality other and more influential motives; and the restoration of the forfeited fiefs was more and more lost sight of, as the fierce contest for national existence and territorial aggrandizement waxed from year to year more intense.

A TARTAR LOVE SONG.

Night and day
Passed away,
But my lover did not come.
Roses shroud them in their veils,
Even the love-sick nightingales
Slumber, and are dumb:
Still my dear one doth not come!
Night is going—ah! too soon!
Opposite the setting moon
See, its latest star doth stand,
With the torch of Morning in its hand!
Still, my sweet one is not come!

THE STORY OF A VALENTINE.

When my friend Capt. Terrible, U.S.N., dines at my plain table, I am always a little abashed. I know that he has been accustomed always to a variety of wines and sauces, to a cigarette after each course, and to a cookery that would kill an undeveloped American. So, when the captain turns the castor round three times before selecting his condiment, and when his eyes seem to be seeking for Worcestershire sauce and Burgundy wine, I feel the poverty of the best feast I can furnish him. I am afraid veteran magazine readers will feel thus about the odd little story I have to tell. For I have observed of late that even the short stories are highly seasoned; and I cannot bear to disappoint readers. So, let me just honestly write over the gateway to this story a warning. I have no Cayenne pepper. No Worcestershire sauce. No cognac. No cigarettes. No murders. No suicides. No broken hearts. No lovers' quarrels. No angry father. No pistols and coffee. No arsenic. No laudanum. No shrewd detectives. No trial for murder. No "heartless coquette." No "deep-dyed villain with a curling mustache." Now if, after this warning, you have the courage to go on, I am not responsible.

Hubert said I might print it if I would disguise the names. It came out quite incidentally. We were discussing the woman question. I am a "woman's righter." Hubert—the Rev. Hubert Lee, I should say, pastor of the "First Church," and, indeed, the only church in Allenville—is not, though I flatter myself I have made some impression on him. But the discussion took place in Hubert's own house, and wishing to give a pleasant turn at the end, I suppose, he told me how, a year and a half before, he had "used up" one woman's rights man, who was no other than old Dr. Hood, the physician that has had charge of the physical health of Hubert and myself from the beginning. Unlike most of his profession, the doctor has always been a radical, and even the wealth that has come in upon him of late years has left him quite as much of a radical, at least in theory, as ever before. Indeed the old doctor is not very inconsistent in practice, for he has educated his only daughter, Cornelia, to his own profession, and I believe she took her M.D. with honors, though she has lately spoiled her prospects by marrying. But socially he has become a little aristocratic, seeking an exclusive association with his wealthy neighbors. And this does not look very well in one who, when he was poor, was particularly bitter on "a purse-proud aristocracy." I suppose Hubert felt this. Certainly I did, and therefore I enjoyed the conversation that he repeated to me all the more.

It seems that my friend Hubert had been away at the seminary for three years, and that having at last conquered in his great battle against poverty, and having gained an education in spite of difficulties, and having supplied a city church acceptably for some months during the absence of the pastor in Europe, he came back to our native village to rest on his laurels a few weeks, and decide which of three rather impecunious calls he would accept. When just about to leave he took it into his head for some reason, to "drop in" on old Doctor Hood. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and the doctor's partner was making morning calls while the old gentleman sat in his office to attend to any that might seek his services. This particular morning happened to be an unfortunate one, for there were no ague-shaken patients to be seen, and there was not even a case of minor surgery to relieve the tediousness of the morning office-hour. Perhaps it was for this reason, perhaps it was for the sake of old acquaintance, that he gave Hubert a most cordial reception, and launched at once into a sea of vivacious talk. Cornelia, who was in the office, excused herself on the ground that she was cramming for her final examination, and seated herself at a window with her book.

"I am afraid I take your time, doctor," said Hubert.

"O no, I am giving up practice to my partner, Dr. Beck, and shall give it all to him in a year or two."

"To him and Miss Cornelia?" queried Hubert, laughing. For it was currently reported that the young doctor and Cornelia were to form a partnership in other than professional affairs.

Either because he wished to attract her attention, or for some other reason, Hubert soon managed to turn the conversation to the subject of woman's rights, and the old doctor and the young parson were soon hurling at one another all the staple, and now somewhat stale, arguments about woman's fitness and woman's unfitness for many things. At last, perhaps because he was a little cornered, Hubert said:—

"Now, doctor, there was a queer thing happened to a student in my class in the seminary. I don't suppose, doctor, that you are much interested in a love story, but I would just like to tell you this one, because I think you dare not apply your principles to it in every part. Theories often fail when practically applied, you know."

"Go on, Hu, go on; I'd like to hear the story. And as for my principles, they'll bear applying anywhere!" and the old doctor rubbed his hands together confidently.

"This friend of mine, Henry Gilbert," said Hu, "was, like myself, poor. A long time ago, when he was a boy, the son of a poor widow, the lot on which he lived joined at the back the lot on which lived a Mr. Morton, at that time a thriving merchant, now the principal capitalist in that part of the country. As there was a back gate between the lots, my friend was the constant playmate from earliest childhood of Jennie Morton. He built her play-houses out of old boards, he moulded clay bricks for her use, and carved tiny toys out of pine blocks for her amusement. As he grew larger, and as Jennie's father grew richer, and came to live in greater style, Henry grew more shy. But by all the unspoken language of the eyes the two never failed to make their unchanging regard known to each other.

"Henry went to college early. At vacation-time the two met. But the growing difference in their social position could not but be felt. Jennie's friends were of a different race from his own. Her parents never thought of inviting him to their entertainments. And if they had, a rusty coat and a lack of money to spend on kid gloves would have effectually kept him away. He was proud. This apparent neglect stung him. It is true that Jennie Morton was all the more kind. But his quick and foolish pride made him fancy that he detected pity in her kindness. And yet all this only made him determined to place himself in a position in which he could ask her hand as her equal. But you do not understand, doctor, as I do, how irresistible is this conviction of duty in regard to the ministry. Under that pressure my friend settled it that he must preach. And now there was before him a good ten years of poverty at least. What should he do about it?

"In his extremity he took advice of a favorite theological professor. The professor advised him not to seek the hand of a rich girl. She would not be suited to the trials of a minister's life. But finding that Henry was firm in his opinion that this sound general principle did not in the least apply to this particular case, the professor proceeded to touch the tenderest chord in the young man's heart. He told him that it would be ungenerous, and in some sense dishonorable, for him to take a woman delicately brought up into the poverty and trial incident to a minister's life. If you understood, sir, how morbid his sense of honor is, you would not wonder at the impression this suggestion made upon him. To give up the ministry was in his mind to be a traitor to duty and to God. To win her, if he could, was to treat ungenerously her whose happiness was dearer to him a thousand times than his own."

"I hope he did not give her up," said the doctor.

"Yes, he gave her up, in a double spirit of mediæval self-sacrifice. Looking toward the ministry, he surrendered his love as some of the old monks sacrificed love, ambition, and all other things to conscience. Looking at her happiness, he sacrificed his hopes in a more than knightly devotion to her welfare. The knights sometimes gave their lives. He gave more.

"For three years he did not trust himself to return to his home. But having graduated

and settled himself for nine months over a church, there was no reason why he shouldn't go to see his mother again. And once in the village, the sight of the old school-house and the old church revived a thousand memories that he had been endeavoring to banish. The garden walks, and especially the apple-trees, that are the most unchangeable of landmarks, revived the old passion with undiminished power. He paced his room at night. He looked out at the new house of his rich neighbor. He chafed under the restraint of his vow not to think again of Jennie Morton. It was the old story of the monk who thinks the world subdued, but who finds it all at once about to assume the mastery of him. I do not know how the struggle might have ended, but it was all at once stopped from without.

"There reached him a rumor that Jennie was already the betrothed wife of a Colonel Pearson, who was her father's partner in business. And indeed Colonel Pearson went in and out at Mr. Morton's gate every evening, and the father was known to favor his suit.

"Jennie was not engaged to him, however. Three times she had refused him. The fourth time, in deference to her father's wishes, she had consented to 'think about it' for a week. In truth Henry had been home ten days and had not called upon her, and all the hope she had cherished in that direction, and all the weary waiting seemed in vain. When the colonel's week was nearly out she heard that Henry was to leave in two days. In a sort of desperation she determined to accept Colonel Pearson without waiting for the time appointed for her answer. But that gentleman spoiled it all by his own over-confidence.

"For when he called, after Jennie had determined on this course, he found her so full of kindness that he hardly knew how to behave with moderation. And so he fell to flattering her, and flattering himself at the same time that he knew all the ins and outs of a girl's heart, he complimented her on the many offers she had received.

"'And I tell you what,' he proceeded, 'there are plenty of others that would lay their heads at your feet, if they were only your equals. There's that young parson, Gilbert, I think they call him, that is visiting his mother, in the unpainted and threadbare-looking little house that stands behind this one. I've actually seen that fellow, in his rusty, musty coat, stop and look after you on the street, and every night, when I go home, he is sitting at the window that looks over this way. The poor fool is in love with you. Only think of it! And I chuckle to myself when I see him, and say, "Don't you wish you could reach so high!" I declare, it's funny.'

"In that one speech Colonel Pearson dashed his chances to pieces. He could not account for the sudden return of winter in Jennie Morton's manner. And all his sunshine was powerless to dispel it, or to bring back the least approach of spring.

"Poor Jennie! You can imagine, doctor, how she paced the floor all that night. She began to understand something of the courage of Henry Gilbert's heart, and something of the manliness of his motives. All night long she watched the light burning in the room in the widow's house; and all night long she debated the matter until her head ached. She could reach but one conclusion: Henry was to leave the day after to-morrow. If any communication should ever be opened between them, she must begin it. It was as if she had seen him drifting away from her forever, and must throw him a rope. I think even such a woman's-right man as yourself would hardly justify her, however, in taking any step of the kind."

"I certainly should," said the doctor.

"But she could not find a way—she had no rope to throw. Again the colonel, meaning to do anything else but that, opened the way. At the breakfast-table the next morning she received from him a magnificent valentine. All at once she saw her method. It was St. Valentine's day. The rope was in her hand. Excusing herself from breakfast she hastened to her room.

"To send a valentine to the faithful lover was the uppermost thought. But how? She dare not write her name, for, after all, she might be mistaken in counting on his love, or she might offend his prejudices or his pride by so direct an approach. She went fumbling in

a drawer for stationery. She drew out a little pine boat that Henry had whittled for her many years before. He had named it 'Hope,' but the combined wisdom of the little boy and girl could not succeed in spelling the name correctly. And here was the little old boat that he had given, saying often afterward that it was the boat they two were going to sail in some day. The misspelt name had been the subject of many a laugh between them. Now—but I mustn't be sentimental.

"It did not take Jennie long to draw an exact likeness of the little craft. And that there might be no mistake about it, she spelled the name as it was on the side of the boat:

"'HOAP.'

"There was not another word in the valentine. Sealing it up, she hurried out with it, and dropped it in the post-office. No merchant, sending all his fortune to sea in one frail bark, ever watched the departure and trembled for the result of venture as she did. Spain did not pray half so fervently when the invincible Armada sailed. It was an uttered prayer—an unutterable prayer. For heart and hope were the lading of the little picture-boat that sailed out that day, with no other wind but her wishes in its sails.

"She sat down at her window until she saw Henry Gilbert pass the next street corner on his morning walk to the post-office. Three minutes after, he went home, evidently in a great state of excitement, with her valentine open in his hand. After a while he went back again toward the post-office, and returned. Had he taken a reply?

"Jennie again sought the office. There were people all around with those hideous things that they call comic valentines open in their hands. And they actually seemed to think them funny! She had a reply. It did not take her long to find her room and to open it. There was another picture of a boat, but the name on its side read 'DESPAIR.' And these words were added:—'*Your boat is the pleasantest, but understanding that there was no vacant place upon it, I have been obliged to take passage on this.*' Slowly the meaning forced itself upon her. Henry had fears that she whom he thought engaged was coqueting with him. I think, doctor, you will hardly justify her in proceeding further with the correspondence?"

"Why not? Hasn't a woman as much right to make herself understood in such a matter as a man? And when the social advantages are on her side the burden of making the advances often falls upon her. Many women do it indirectly and are not censured."

"Well, you know, I'm conservative, doctor, but I'm glad you're consistent. She did send another valentine. I am afraid she strained this figure of speech about the boat. But when everything in the world depends on one metaphor, it will not do to be fastidious. Jennie drew again the little boat with misspelt name. And this time she added five words: '*The master's place is vacant.*'

"And quite late in the afternoon, the reply was left at the door: '*I am an applicant for the vacant place, if you will take that of master's mate.*'"

"Good," cried the doctor; "I always advocated giving women every liberty in these matters."

"But I will stump you yet, doctor, said Hubert. That evening Gough was to lecture in the village, and my friend went, not to hear Gough, but to see Miss Jennie Morton at a distance. Somehow in the stupefaction of revived hope he had not thought of going to the house to see her yet. He had postponed his departure and had thrown away his scruples. Knowing how much opposition he would have to contend with, he thought, if he thought at all, that he must proceed with caution. But some time after the lecture began he discovered the Morton family without Jennie! Slowly it all dawned upon him. She was at home waiting for him. He was near the front of the church in which the lecture was held, and every inch of aisle was full of people. To get out was not easy. But as he thought of Jennie waiting it became a matter of life and death. If the house had been on fire he would not have been more intent on making his exit. He reached the door, he passed the happiest evening of his life, only to awake to sorrow, for Jennie's father is 'dead set' against the match."

"He has no right to interfere," said the

doctor, vehemently. "You see I stand by my principles."

"But if I tell the story out I am afraid you would not," said Hubert.

"Why, isn't it done?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, for having used a little craft. I had much at stake. I have disguised this story in its details. But it is true, I am the hero——"

The doctor looked quickly towards his daughter. Her head was bent low over her book. Her long hair hung about it like a curtain, shutting out all view of the face. The doctor walked to the other window and looked out. Hubert sat like a mummy. After a minute Dr. Hood spoke.

"Cornelia!"

She lifted a face that was aflame. Tears glistened in her eyes, and I doubt not there was a prayer in her heart.

"You are a brave girl. I had other plans. You have a right to choose for yourself. God bless you both. But it's a great pity Hu is not a lawyer. He pleads well." So saying he put on his hat and walked out.

This is the conversation that Hubert repeated to me that day sitting in his own little parsonage in Allenville. A minute after his wife came in. She had been prescribing for the minor ailments of some poor neighbors. She took the baby from her crib, and bent over her till that same long hair curtained mother and child from sight.

"I think," said Hubert, "that you folks who write love stories make a great mistake in stopping at marriage. The honeymoon never truly begins until conjugal affection is enriched by this holy partnership of loving hearts in the life of a child. The climax of a love story is not the wedding. It is the baby!"

"What do you call her?" I asked.

"Hope," said the mother.

"Hope Valentine," added the father, with a significant smile.

"And you spell the Hope with an 'a,' I believe," I said.

"You naughty Hu," said Mrs. Cornelia. "You've been telling. You think that love story is interesting to others because *you* enjoy it so much!"

LAURIGER.

EASTWARD, eastward! go my Soul to-night;
Stay not, delay not in thine eager flight,
For the bright west doth lose its purple light.

Eastward, eastward! by the dark sea-shore,
Right bravely follow and fear not the roar—
Where beats the surf on ledges evermore.

Eastward, eastward! shall a mountain stand—
Black to the sea-side, sun-kissed to the land,—
Break thou thereon two laurels with thy hand.

Westward, westward hasten ere the late,
Let fall one flower where my love doth wait;
With kisses laden bring to me its mate.

SOMETHING ABOUT BALLOONS.

It is a remarkable fact that, while it is just two hundred years since the first machine for navigating the air was constructed by the Jesuit Francis Lana, we are now seemingly no nearer the solution of the difficult problem of aërostation than were the good people of the seventeenth century. The air still refuses, as it did of old, to be made a highway for other created beings than the fowls thereof. It is true that we have an account in classic mythology of a successful flight aforetime by one Dædalus, accompanied by his son Icarus, who, being a "fast young man of the period," and soaring too near the sun, came to grief by the melting of the wax which served to attach his wings; but the very name of the ancient aëronaut is suggestive of distrust, as manifestly but another form of Diddle-us, and the whole story of his escape from Crete by flying is referable to that chapter of aëronautics which treats of the rides of the arch-enemy of mankind upon the whirlwind and the sailing of the witches through the air on broomsticks.

Many years after Lana, one Retif de la Bretonne devoted himself to the investigation of the subject of flying, and proposed to achieve this result by means of wings, fitted artistically to the shoulders, and an umbrella attached to the head, as represented in the picture of "The Flying Man."

It will be seen that a basket, intended for provisions, was attached to the waist of the adventurer, to nourish if not to sustain him in the long voyages he proposed to accomplish. He is represented by the artist as in the act of launching himself into the airy element from the top of a beetling cliff as a favorable point of departure. We have no definite information whether Retif de la Bretonne ever attempted to demonstrate in person the feasibility of his little scheme, but we may be well assured that, if he did, the experiment was speedily followed by a funeral. There is in the picture a pyramidal elevation of some kind, which terminates in a very sharp point, and stands conveniently near for impalement, and it is probable enough that Retif, if he did indeed make the essay at flying, with his wings and "gingham umbrella," transfixed himself upon it, and there remained until taken down for interment.

A long interval elapsed between the chimerical project of Retif de la Bretonne and the construction of balloons, and here we may remark upon another striking fact, that in the



THE FLYING MAN.



THE DESTRUCTION OF CHARLES'S BALLOON.

very city from which the first ascent was made by man in a balloon, the inhabitants now rely solely upon balloons for their communication with the outer world, from which they have been cut off by siege. It was from the gardens of La Muette, in the immediate environs of Paris, that the first aërial voyage was performed, and the daring aëronauts looked down from their dizzy elevation on many of the same towers and domes that were seen by Monsieur Gambetta when he made his recent memorable trip from the Tuileries to Tours.

Before adverting, however, to this first balloon journey, it is necessary to say something of the two remarkable men by whose skill and perseverance the practicability of rising into the higher regions of the atmosphere was at length established.

Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier were the sons of a rich paper manufacturer at Annonay, a little town in the Department of Ardèche, fifty miles from Lyons. Without the advantage of a liberal education, the brothers had paid much attention to the exact sciences, Stephen excelling in the mathematics, and Joseph, the younger, directing his studies chiefly to chemistry and natural philosophy. Joseph is spoken of by those who knew him as a man of great modesty and simplicity of character, and of engaging personal qualities; and though his name is now known mostly in association with the paper fire-balloon, which has become only a child's toy, he has many other claims to remembrance as a scientific man, and it is to him that the world is indebted for the valuable discovery of the hydraulic ram.

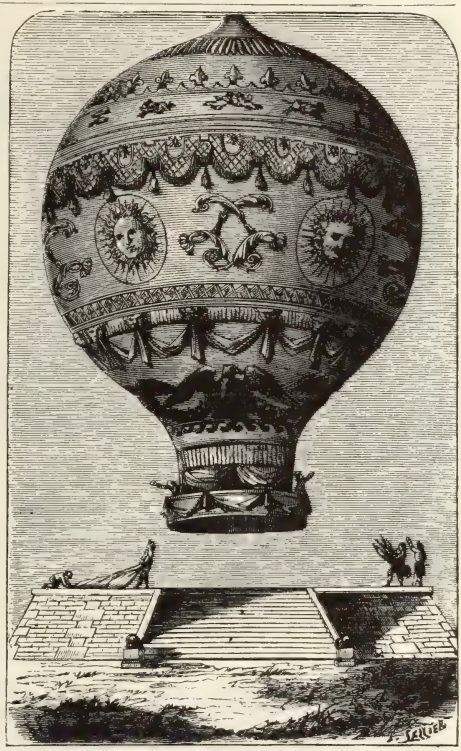
In the autumn of 1782, Joseph Montgol-



THE BROTHERS MONTGOLFIER.

fier made a small paper balloon, which rose by heated air to the roof of his apartment; and in the summer of the following year, after a second and more satisfactory trial in the open air, the two brothers sent up a very large and strong balloon filled with smoke. This last rose to a considerable height, and fell without injury at the distance of a mile and a half from the spot where it ascended.

It may be readily supposed that the wonderful achievement of the brothers Montgolfier created in the little humdrum provincial town of Annonay the wildest enthusiasm, which soon spread with the fame of it to Paris. An official report had been prepared in due form and sent to the Academy of Sciences, and that learned body had appointed a commission to inquire into the facts of the case. But while the savans were discussing the new machine, many persons, eagerly desirous of rivalling Montgolfier, had set to work making balloons, and one of them, Professor Charles, proposed to employ hydrogen gas, then only recently discovered, as the lifting agent. Assisted by two practical men, the brothers Robert, he opened a subscription for the means necessary to carry out his plan. The most illustrious men in Paris subscribed liberally; the balloon, composed of strips of silk, coated with varnish, was soon made, and the process of inflation was conducted with the best results at the workshop of the brothers Robert.



BALLOON OF THE MARQUIS D'ARLANDES.

The Champ de Mars had been selected by Professor Charles as the place for setting it off, and the half-inflated balloon was transported thither by night, for the better security of so frail a structure against the pressure of the excited multitude. Mounted patrols, with flaming torches, preceded it. The Champ de Mars was closely guarded by troops. Notwithstanding the inconvenient hour, the streets were crowded with people, upon whom the mysterious and theatric pomp of the removal made a wonderful impression. But the precautions were effectual, and the balloon reached the Champ de Mars in safety.

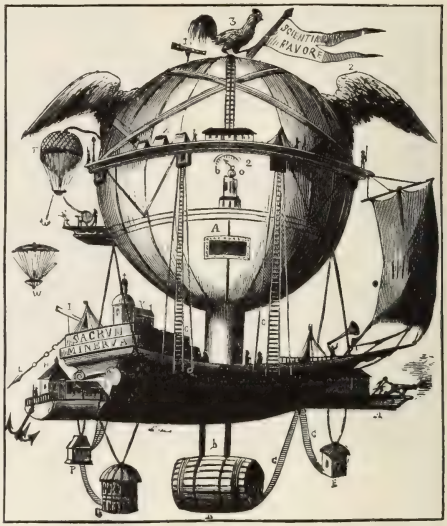
The following day, amid the tumultuous plaudits of an immense concourse, and to the peal of artillery, it ascended to a great height, and was soon lost to view in clouds that poured a deluging rain upon the enthusiastic spectators. Before it had drifted to a considerable distance it exploded, in consequence of the expansion of the hydrogen gas, and fell to the ground.

Fortunate Professor Charles! that he was not the first venturous man to ascend into the air, for had he come down ever so softly with the burst balloon, it would have been all up with him indeed. The startled peasants,

who saw the balloon falling from the skies, collected their brethren and assailed it with pitchforks, flails, and scythes; the dogs snapped at it, the boys stoned it, a garde-champêtre fired his gun at it, a fat curé in gown and bands preached at it, which combined attack had inevitably been the death of Professor Charles, had he followed the fortunes of his balloon instead of remaining comfortably in Paris to receive the congratulations of *tout le monde*.

But the time had now come for the first aërial voyage, and this was magnificently performed by the intrepid Roziers, who had zealously taken up the subject of aërostation from the earliest announcement of Montgolfier's success,* and the Marquis d'Arlandes, a fine gentleman of the Court, who wrote an interesting account of the perilous and unprecedented trip. The balloon of the Marquis, which was inflated with heated air, and not with hydrogen gas, far exceeded our modern balloons in magnificence of decoration and elegance of equipment, and must have presented a splendid appearance as it rose above the temples and columns of Paris in the lovely October sunset. It made the entire circuit of the capital, passing over the boulevards and hovering always in sight of the vast crowds of wonder-loving Parisians, now fairly intoxicated by the brilliant spectacle. There were eyes that marked its course with other feelings than gratified curiosity or unreasoning delight. Among the faces turned upward to the sky above Paris on that 21st of October, 1783, was Benjamin Franklin's.

Henceforward for many months all France, so soon to become convulsed in revolution, went wild upon the subject of balloons. Ascensions were made in every part of the kingdom, and hundreds of people of both sexes earnestly begged a seat in the car. It was doubted only by the judicious few that the navigation of the air was *un fait accompli*, or that men might go where they pleased with the speed of the wind. The Duc de Chartres, afterwards Orleans and the notorious Egalité, was so unfortunate as to make a journey of one hundred and thirty-five miles in five hours without breaking his neck, thus escaping the best chance that ever happened to him of saving his name from imperishable dishonor. Great care and expense were lavished upon the construction of balloons, and no improvement has since been effected in them.



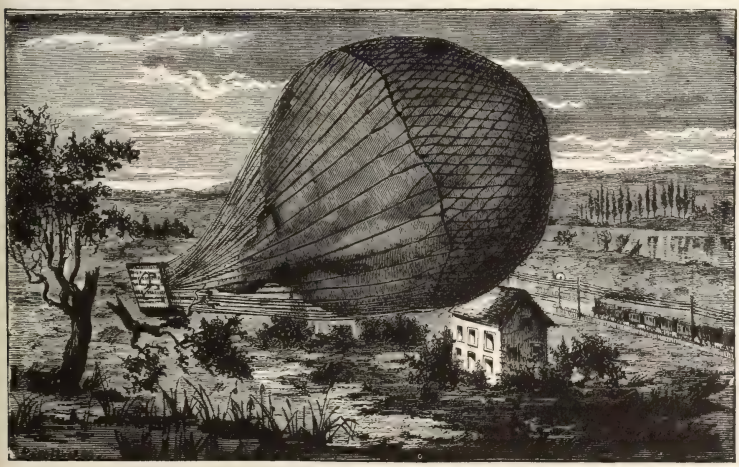
THE MINERVA.

It was to be expected that among a people with so keen a sense of the ludicrous as the French, the new discovery should be made the object of pitiless burlesque and caricature. All manner of absurd flying-machines were represented in colored prints, and all sorts of ridiculous schemes were put forth in satirical prospectuses. But the irony and caricature could not exceed in the comic element the essays that were written and the plans that were set forth in sober earnest. Moralists gravely condemned the employment of bal-

* As Roziers was the pioneer of balloon ascents, so he was the first victim. In attempting to cross the Channel from France to England his balloon took fire, and he was dashed in pieces on the rocks near Boulogne.

loons, because they were manifestly contrary to the will of Divine Providence, which had not given wings to man; because they threatened to break down the barriers of virtue and morality, by permitting aëronauts to descend at night into gardens and balconies, and because they practically annulled the boundaries of empire, and thus seemed likely to involve nations in continual war. This was droll enough, but the novelties in aërial architecture sanguinely proposed to the public were more mirth-provoking still. One cannot look at an engraving of the "Minerva" without a smile. The "Minerva" was a machine for navigating the air, projected by one Robertson, of Vienna, in 1804, and dedicated to Volta, probably that it might come to be considered as a sort of "Voltaic pile." A pile it certainly appears of a balloon, a Fulton ferry-boat, a toy-shop, a ten-pin alley, a traveling circus, and a lager-bier saloon, as complex in its construction and as diverse in its aims as the new grand patent double-action cylindrical marling-spike, with holystoning watering-pot attachment, and self-adjusting reversible Kamptulicon deck Awning-Carpet. The amiable Robertson proposed to convey sixty persons in the "Minerva," which was to have a capacity of carrying 150,000 pounds, and thought it might be possible to make with it the tour of the world. In the serious description he gave of it, which is funnier than Mark Twain's explanation of his map of Paris, he refers to a gymnasium, a theatre, an observatory, a study, and other apartments not absolutely essential to aëronautic voyages, besides kitchens, closets, and store-rooms, any one of which adjuncts it would be about as easy to transport through the air as the Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto.

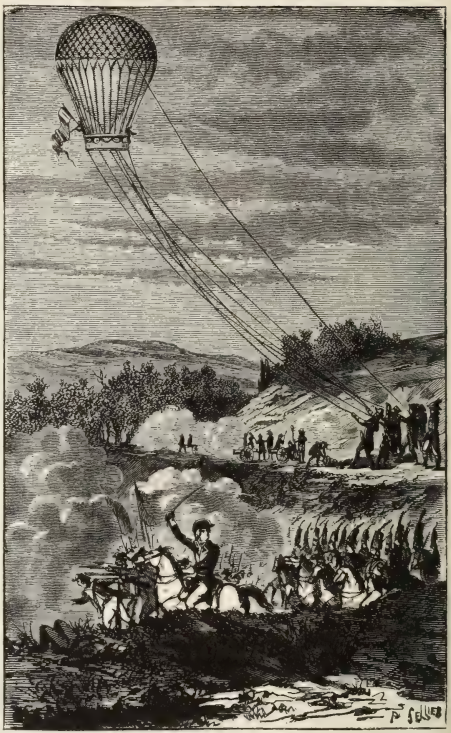
That no important advance has been made in the science of aërostation since the day of the earlier aëronauts, has been shown in the memorable voyage of the *Géant* from Paris across Northern Europe, in October, 1863. Nadar's great balloon was constructed in seeming contempt of the great forces with which it was to contend, and the fearful escape from death of himself and his companions proved that the perils of the airy deep are even greater than those of the ocean. Nine persons occupied Nadar's car, which was a two-story house of wickerwork, fitted with all appliances of comfort. For a night and a day the voyage was a reeling dream. Over the vine-clad hills of France, warm with the sunset; over the great manufacturing towns of Belgium, with their many-sprinkled lights flash-



THE WRECK OF THE GEANT.

ing like another starry firmament beneath them; over the green levels of Holland, with the shining network of its intersecting canals; over German châteaux, with the glint of sunrise on their fantastic gables, they sailed without noise or sense of motion; into dense fogs, shutting out all recognition of the world, they harmlessly entered, to emerge in the glory of the frost-rime crusting the balloon with silver, and in the exhilaration inspired by the reappearance of the wide panorama of the earth. But to this brief season of intense enjoyment there ensued the fearful time of the descent, when, having reached the surface, they were dashed about for hours against rocks and trees and houses, suffering a thousand deaths, until they were at last rescued with broken limbs and many contusions near Rethem, in Hanover.

The employment of balloons in warfare, to give intelligence of the movements and probable strength of the enemy, goes back to the battle of Fleurus, in the year 1794. On that memorable occasion the balloon was first managed as a kite, as shown in the picture here given, and with the happiest results. In the late war in the United States, balloons were constantly used by the armies on both sides, and the generals of the Army of the Potomac were thus enabled absolutely to look down upon the gardens and squares of Richmond long before that obstinate capital fell into the hands of General Grant. At the present moment in Paris the balloon is of less importance as affording a look-out upon the Prussian parallels, than as a means of postal communication and of leaving the city. Many efforts have been made to enter Paris from without *par ballon monté*, but hitherto without success, and should some daring patriot effect a safe descent from the clouds into the *Champs Elysées*, it would be only a happy accident.*



THE BALLOON AT THE BATTLE OF FLEURUS.

Were it indeed possible for General Trochu to communicate daily with the government at Tours, and with the army of the Loire, and to receive despatches from them, by balloon, with the same certainty and regularity as the trains of the Nord or the Ouest in peace time came into and departed from Paris, then the whole plan of modern warfare would be revolutionized. Then might come to pass truly the realization of the "vision of the world," beheld by Tennyson from the moorland around Locksley Hall, when he

> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales:

* The latest invention designed for getting back into Paris, by M. Dupuy de l'Orme, is styled the *Pneumohélicopthère*, a name which one might suppose would be absolutely fatal to its buoyancy.

I heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

It may be confidently assumed, however, that the balloon will never be directed whithersoever the voyager desires. The most skillful and intrepid of aëronauts can only seek to rise into a favorable current, which may change upon the instant, while his ship is the mere sport of the angry element, and is "blown with restless violence about this pendent world." That the navigation of the air may yet be accomplished, the demonstrations of Borelli and other men of science to the contrary notwithstanding, we can well believe, in view of the difficulties which science has already overcome; but the machine, when ready for flight, will probably be heavier than the air, and will owe its elevation not to buoyancy, but to the power by which the bird lifts itself into the higher regions of the atmosphere. Upon this principle alone can it range at will

With the strength and ample pinion
Which the *risen* eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air.

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Continued from page 276.)

III.

A good many thoughts went through little Peer's head, and one Sunday, when he had his best clothes on, he started out without saying a word about it to his mother or grandmother, not even to Miss Frandsen, who always gave him good advice, straight to the chapel-master; he thought this man was the most important one there was outside the ballet. He stepped boldly in and said:—

"I am at the dancing-school, but there is so much *chicane*, and I would much rather be a player or a singer, if you please."

"Have you a voice?" asked the chapel-master, and looked quite pleasantly at him. "Seems to me I know you. Where have I seen you before? Was it not you who was ripped down the back?" and now he laughed. But Peer grew red; he was surely no longer Lucky Peer, as his grandmother had called him. He looked down at his feet and wished himself away.

"Sing me a song!" said the chapel-master. "Nay, cheer up, my lad!" and he tapped him under the chin, and Peer looked up into his kind eyes and sang a song which he had heard at the theatre in the opera "Robert le Diable"—"*Grace à moi.*"

"That is a difficult song, but you make it go," said the chapel-master. "You have an excellent voice—when it is not ripped in the back!" and he laughed and called his wife. She also must hear Peer sing, and she nodded her head and said something in a foreign tongue. Just at that moment the singing-master of the theatre came in; it was he to whom Peer should have gone if he wanted to get among the singers; now he came of himself, quite accidentally, as it were; he heard him also sing "*Grace à moi,*" but he did not laugh, and he did not look so kindly on him as the chapel-master and his wife; still it was decided that Peer should have singing-lessons.

"Now he has got on the right track," said Miss Frandsen. "One gets along a great deal farther with a voice than with legs. If I had had a voice, I should have been a great songstress, and perhaps a baroness now."

"Or a bookbinder's lady," said mother. "Had you become rich, you would have had the bookbinder any way."

We do not understand that hint; but Miss Frandsen did.

Peer must sing for her, and sing for the merchant's family, when they heard of his new career. He was called in one evening when they had company down-stairs, and he

sang several songs—for one, "*Grace à moi.*" All the company clapped their hands, and Felix with them; he had heard him sing before; in the stable Peer had sung the entire ballet of Samson, and that was the most delightful of all.

"One cannot sing a ballet," said the lady.

"Yes, Peer could," said Felix, and so he was bidden do it. He sang and he talked, he drummed and hummed; it was child's play, but there came snatches of well-known melodies, which did not give an ill idea of what the ballet meant. All the company found it very entertaining; they laughed and praised it, one louder than another. The merchant's lady gave Peer a great piece of cake and a silver dollar.

How lucky the boy felt, till his eyes rested on a gentleman who stood somewhat back, and looked sternly at him. There was something harsh and severe in the man's black eyes; he did not laugh; he did not speak a single friendly word, and this gentleman was the theatre's singing-master.



PEER AND THE CHAPEL-MASTER.

Next morning, Peer was to go to him, and he stood there quite as severe-looking as before.

"What possessed you yesterday!" said he. "Could you not understand that they were making a fool of you? Never do that again, and don't you go running about and singing at doors, outside or in. Now you can go. I'll not have any singing with you today."

Peer was dreadfully cast down; he had fallen out of the master's good grace. Nevertheless the master was really better satisfied with him than ever before. In all the absurdity which he had scraped together, there was some meaning, something not at all common. The lad had an ear for music, and a voice clear as a bell and of great compass; if it continued like that, then the little man's fortune was made.

Now began the singing-lessons; Peer was industrious and quick. How much there was to learn! how much to know! The mother toiled and slaved that her son might go well dressed and neat, and not look too mean among the people to whose houses he now went. He was always singing and trolling; they had no need at all of a canary-bird, the mother said. Every Sunday must he sing a psalm with his grandmother. It was charming to hear his fresh voice lift itself

up with hers. "It is much more beautiful than to hear him sing wildly;" that was what she called his singing, when, like a little bird, he trolled with his voice, and gave forth tones which seemed to come of themselves, and make such music as they pleased. What tunes there were in his little throat, what sounding music in his little breast! Indeed he could imitate a whole orchestra. There were both flute and bassoon in his voice, violin and bugle. He sang as the birds sing; but man's voice is most charming, even a little man's, when he can sing like Peer.

But in the winter, just as he was to go to the priest to be prepared for confirmation, he caught cold; the little bird in his breast said pip! the voice was ripped like the vampire's back-piece.

"It is no great misfortune," thought mother and grandmother; "now he doesn't go singing tra la, and thus he can think more seriously about his Christianity."

His voice was changing, the singing-master said. Peer must now not sing at all. How long would it be? A year, perhaps two; perhaps the voice would never come again. That was a great grief.

"Think now only of the confirmation," said mother and grandmother. "Apply yourself to music," said the singing-master, "but hold your mouth!"

He thought of his "Christianity," and he studied music. There was singing and playing going on inside him; he wrote entire melodies down in notes, songs without words. Finally he wrote the words, too.

"Really, thou art a poet, little Peer," said the merchant's wife, to whom he carried his text and music. The merchant received a piece of music dedicated to him—a piece without words. Felix also got one, and so did Miss Frandsen, and that went into her album, in which were verses and music by two who were once young lieutenants, but now were old majors on half-pay. The book was given by "a friend," who had himself bound it.

And Peer "stood" at Easter, as they say. Felix presented him with a silver watch. It was the first watch Peer had owned; it seemed to him that he was a man already when he did not need to ask others what o'clock it was. Felix came up to the garret, congratulated him, and handed him the watch; he himself was not to "stand" until the autumn. They took each other by the hand, these two children of the house, both just the same age, born the same day and in the same house; and Felix ate of the cake which had been baked in the garret on occasion of the confirmation.

"It is a glad day with solemn thoughts," said grandmother.

"Yes, very solemn!" said mother. "Had father only lived to see Peer stand!"

The next Sunday they all three sat at Our Lord's table. As they came from church there came a message from the singing-master, asking Peer to come to him, and Peer went. Some good news awaited him, and yet pretty serious, too. He was to give up singing for a year altogether; his voice was to lie fallow like a field, as a peasant might say; but during that time he was to go to school, not in the capital, where every evening he would be running to the theatre, from which he could not keep away; he was to go thirty miles away from home, to board with a schoolmaster, who kept a lad or two *en pension*. There he was to learn language and science, which would one day be of service to him. The charge for a year's course was three hundred rix-dollars, and that was paid by a "benevolent man who did not wish his name given."

"It is the merchant," said mother and grandmother.

The day of departure came. A good many tears were shed and kisses and blessings given; and then Peer rode thirty miles* on the railway out into the wide world. It was Whitsuntide. The sun shone, the woods were fresh and green; the train went rushing through them. Fields and villages flitted past; gentlemen's country-seats peeped out; the cattle stood on the after-crop pastures. Soon there came a station, then another, market town after market town. At each stopping-place there was a hubbub of people, welcoming or saying good-bye; there was noisy talking outside and in the carriages. Where Peer sat there was a deal of entertainment

* Danish miles.

and chattering by a widow dressed in black. She talked about his grave, his coffin, and his corpse—meaning her child's. It had been such a poor little thing, that there could have been no happiness for it had it lived. It was a great relief for her and the little lamb when it fell asleep.

"I spared no expense in the flowers!" said she; "and you must remember that it died at a very expensive time, when you have to cut the flowers in pots! Every Sunday I went to my grave and laid a wreath on it with great white silk bows; the silk bows were immediately stolen by small girls, and used for dancing bows, they were so attractive. One Sunday when I went there, I knew that my grave was on the left of the principal path, but when I got there, there was my grave on the right. 'How is this?' says I to the gravedigger; 'isn't my grave on the left?'

"'No, it isn't any longer!' said he. 'Madam's grave lies there, to be sure, but the mound has been moved over to the right; that place belongs to another man's grave.'

"'But I will have my corpse in my grave,' says I; 'and I have a perfect right to say so. Shall I go and dress a false mound, when my corpse lies without any sign on the other side? Indeed I won't!'

"'Oh, madam must talk to the dean.'

"He is such a good man, that dean! He gave me permission to have my corpse on the right. It would cost five rix-dollars. I gave that with a kiss of my hand, and stood myself by my old grave. 'Can I now be very sure that it is my own coffin and my corpse that is moved?'

"'That madam can!' And so I gave each of the men a piece of money for the moving. But now, since it had cost so much, I thought I ought to send something to make it beautiful. and so I ordered a monument with an inscription. But, will you believe it, when I got it there was a carving of a butterfly at the top. 'Why, that means Frivolity,' said I. 'I won't have that on my grave.'

"'It is not Frivolity, madam, it is Immortality.'

"'I never heard that,' said I. Now, have any of you here in the carriage ever heard of a butterfly as a sign for anything except Frivolity? I held my peace. I have no liking for talk, and I put the monument away in my pantry. There it stood till my lodger came home. He is a student, and has ever so many books. He assured me that it stood for Immortality, and so the monument was placed on the grave."

In the midst of this chatter Peer came to the station where he was to stop, that he, too, might become student, and have ever so many books.

IV.

HERR GABRIEL, the worthy man of learning, with whom Peer was to live as a boarding scholar, was himself at the railway station, waiting to meet him. Herr Gabriel was a lank, bony man, with great staring eyes that stuck out so very far, one was almost afraid that when he sneezed they would start out of his head entirely. He was accompanied by three of his own little boys; one of them stumbled over his own legs, and the other two trod on Peer's toes in their eagerness to see him close to. Two larger boys besides were with them, —the older about fourteen years, fair-skinned, freckled, and very pimply.

"Young Madsen, Student in about three years, if he studies! Primus, the dean's son." That was the younger, who looked like a head of wheat. "Both are boarders, studying with me," said Herr Gabriel. "Our little playthings," he called his own boys.

"Trine, take the new-comer's trunk on your wheelbarrow. The table is set for you at home."

"Stuffed turkey!" said the two young gentlemen who were boarders.

"Stuffed turkey!" said the little playthings. and the first again fell over his own legs.

"Cæsar, look after your feet!" exclaimed Herr Gabriel; and they went into the town and out of it. There stood a great half-tumbled-down timber-work house, with a jasmine covered summer-house. Here stood Madame Gabriel, with more small "playthings," two little girls.

"The new pupil," said Herr Gabriel.

"Most heartily welcome!" said Madame Gabriel, a youthful, thrifty dame, red and white, with kiss-me-if-you-dare curls, and a good deal of pomade on her hair.

"Good heavens, what a well-grown lad you are!" said she to Peer. "You are quite a gentleman already. I supposed that you were like Primus or young Madsen. Angel Gabriel, it was well that the inner door is nailed. You know what I think."

"Fudge!" said Herr Gabriel; and they stepped into the room. There was a novel on the table, lying open, and a sandwich on it. One could see that it was used for a book mark—it lay across the open page.

"Now I must be the housewife!" and with all five of the children, and the two boarders, she carried Peer through the kitchen, out by the passage-way, and into a little room, the windows of which looked out on the garden; that was to be his study and sleeping apartment; it was next to Madame Gabriel's room, where she slept with all the five children, and where the connecting-door, for decency's sake, and to prevent gossip which spares nobody, had been that very day nailed up by Herr Gabriel, at Madame's express request.

"Here you are, to live just as if you were at your parents'. We have a theatre, too, in the town. The apothecary is the director of a private company, and we have traveling players. But now you shall have your turkey;" and so she carried Peer into the dining-room, where the week's wash was drying on a line.

"That doesn't do any harm," said she. "It is only cleanliness, and you are accustomed, of course, to that."

So Peer sat down to the roast turkey, in the midst of the children, but not with the two boarders, who had squeezed themselves in behind, and were now giving a dramatic representation for the entertainment of themselves and the stranger. There had lately been strolling players in town, who had acted Schiller's "Robbers;" the two oldest boys had been immensely taken with it, and at once performed the whole piece at home—all the parts, notwithstanding they only remembered these words: "Dreams come from the stomach." But they were made use of by all the characters in different tones of voice. There stood Amelia, with heavenly eyes and dreamy look: "Dreams come from the stomach!" said she, and covered her face with both her hands. Carl Moor came forward with heroic stride and manly voice: "Dreams come from the stomach," and at that the whole flock of children, boys and girls, tumbled in; they were all robbers, and murdered one another, crying out, "Dreams come from the stomach."

That was Schiller's "Robbers." Peer had this representation and stuffed turkey for his first introduction into Herr Gabriel's house. Then he betook himself to his little chamber, whose window, into which the sun shone warmly, gave upon the garden. He sat there and looked out. Herr Gabriel was walking there, absorbed in reading a book. He came nearer, and looked in; his eyes seemed fixed upon Peer, who bowed respectfully. Herr Gabriel opened his mouth as wide as he could, thrust his tongue out, and let it wag from one side to the other right in the face of the astonished Peer, who could not understand what in the world he meant by this performance. Then off went Herr Gabriel, but turned back again before the window, and thrust his tongue out of his mouth.

What did he do that for? He was not thinking of Peer, or that the panes of glass were transparent; he only saw that one on the outside was reflected in them, and he wanted to see his tongue, as he had a stomach-ache; but Peer did not know all this.

Later in the evening Herr Gabriel went into his room, and Peer sat in his. It was quite late. He heard scolding—a woman's voice scolding in Madame Gabriel's sleeping chamber.

"I shall go up to Gabriel, and tell him what rascals you are!"

"We should also go to Gabriel and tell him what Madame is."

"I shall go into fits!" she cried out.

"Who'll see a woman in a fit! four skillings!"

Then Madame's voice sank deeper, but distinctly said: "What must the young gentleman in there think of our house at hearing all this plain talk." At that the scolding grew less, but then again rose louder and louder.

"*Finis*," cried Madame. "Go and make the punch; better peace than strife."

And then it was still. They went out of

the door; the girls and Madame knocked on the door to Peer :—

"Young man! now you have some notion what it is to be a housewife. Thank Heaven, you don't keep girls. I want peace, and so I give them punch. I would gladly give you a glass,—one sleeps so well after it,—but no one dares go through the entry after ten o'clock; my Gabriel will not allow it. But you shall have your punch, nevertheless. There is a great hole stopped up in the door; I will push the stopper out, put the nose of the pitcher in, and do you hold your tumbler under, and so I'll give you the punch. It is a secret, even from my Gabriel. You must not worry him with household affairs."

And so Peer got his punch, and there was peace in Madame Gabriel's room, peace and quiet in the whole house. Peer lay down, thought of his mother and grandmother, said his evening prayer, and fell asleep. What one dreams the first night one sleeps in a strange house has special significance, grandmother had said. Peer dreamt that he took the amber heart, which he still constantly wore, laid it in a flower-pot, and it grew into a great tree, up through the loft and the roof; it bore thousands of hearts of silver and gold; the flower-pot broke in two, and it was no longer an amber heart—it had become mould, earth to earth—gone, gone forever! Then Peer awoke; he still had the amber heart, and it was warm, warm on his own warm heart.

V.

EARLY in the morning the first study hours began at Herr Gabriel's. They studied French. At breakfast the only ones present were the boarders, the children, and Madame. She drank here her second cup of coffee; her first she always took in bed. "It is so wholesome, when one is liable to spasms." She asked Peer what he had studied thus far.

"French," he replied.

"It is a high cost language!" said she; "it is the diplomatic speech, and the one that is used by people of good blood. I did not study it in my childhood, but when one lives with a learned man one gets of his wisdom, quite as one gets his mother-milk. Thus I have all the necessary words. I am quite confident I should know how to compromise myself in whatever company I happened to be." *

Madame had won a foreign word, a title, by her marriage with a learned man. She was baptized Mette after a rich aunt, whose heir she was to be. She got the name, but not the inheritance. Herr Gabriel rebaptized Mette into Meta, the Latin for *measure*. When she was named, all her clothes, woolen and linen, were marked with the letters M. G., Meta Gabriel; but young Madsen had a boy's wit, and read in the letters M. G. the character "very good" (Danish *Meget godt*†), and therefore he added in ink a great interrogation point, and put it on the tablecloth, the towels, and sheets.

"Don't you like Madame?" asked Peer, when young Madsen made him privately acquainted with this piece of wit. "She is so kind, and Herr Gabriel is so learned."

"She is a bundle of lies!" said young Madsen; "and Herr Gabriel is a scoundrel. If I were only a corporal, and he a recruit, ugh! how I would give him the flat of my sword!" And there was a blood-thirsty look about young Madsen; his lips grew smaller than their wont, and his whole face seemed one great freckle.

These were dreadful words to hear spoken, and they gave Peer a shock; yet young Madsen had the clearest right to them in his mind. It was a cruel thing on the part of parents and tutor that a fellow should waste his best, most delightful youth in learning grammar, names, and dates which nobody cares anything for, instead of enjoying his liberty and spending his time going about with a gun over his shoulder, like a good shot. "No, one has no business to be shut up and sit on a bench till he falls asleep over a book; Herr Gabriel wants that, and so one gets called lazy and has the character 'passable,'‡ yes, one's parents

* Madame Gabriel, in her anxiety to use fine words, sometimes overshot the mark.—TRANS.

† The character given Meta Gabriel by young Madsen was not the highest, which is u. g.; *udmærket godt*, but the next to that. It is a pity her name had not been Una.—TRANS.

‡ The fifth, and next to the worst character.—TRANS.

get letters about it; so I say Herr Gabriel is a scoundrel."

"He grips your hand too," added little Primus, who seemed to agree with young Madsen. It was not at all pleasant for Peer to hear them. But Peer got no "hand grips;" he was too grown up, as Madsen had said. He was not called lazy either, for that he was not; he was to have his hours alone. He was soon well ahead of Madsen and Primus.

"He has ability!" said Herr Gabriel.

"And one can see that he has been to dancing-school!" said Madame.

"We must have him in our dramatic society," said the apothecary, who lived more for the town's private theatre than for his apothecary shop. Malicious people applied the old stale witticism, that he had certainly been bitten by a mad player, for he was clean gone mad for the theatre.

"The young scholar is born for a lover," said the apothecary. "In a couple of years he could be Romeo; and I believe that if he were well painted, and had a little moustache, he could go on the stage very well this winter."

The Apothecary's daughter—"great dramatic talent," said the father; "true beauty," said the mother—was to be Juliet; Madame Gabriel must be the nurse, and the Apothecary, who was both director and stage-manager, would take the rôle of the apothecary—a slight one, but one of great importance. The whole depended on Herr Gabriel's permission for Peer to act Romeo. It was plain that it was best to work through Madame Gabriel, and the Apothecary understood that he must first win her over.

"You are born to be nurse," said he, and thought that he was flattering her exceedingly. "That is assuredly the most complete rôle in the piece," he continued. "It is the humorous rôle; without it the piece could not be tolerated for its melancholy. No one but you, Madame Gabriel, has the quickness and life that should bubble up here."

All very true, she agreed, but her husband would surely never permit his young pupil to contribute those crumbs of time which would have to be given in learning the part of Romeo. She promised, however, to "pump" him, as she called it. The Apothecary began at once to study his part, and especially to think about his make-up. He wished to be a squint-eyed, poor, miserable fellow, and yet a clever man—rather a difficult problem; but Madame Gabriel had a much harder one in "pumping" her husband to the required point. He could not, he said, answer for it to Peer's guardians, who paid for his schooling and board, if he permitted the young man to play in tragedy. We cannot conceal the fact, however, that Peer had the most intense longing to act. "But it will not do," said he.

"It's coming," said Madame; "only let me keep on pumping." She would have given punch, but Herr Gabriel did not drink it with any pleasure. Married people are sometimes different. We say this without any offence to Madame.

"One glass and no more," she said to herself. "It elevates the soul and makes one happy, and thus it behooves us to be—it is our Lord's will with us."

Peer was to be Romeo. That was pumped through by Madame. The rehearsals were held at the Apothecary's. They had chocolate and "geniuses," that is to say, small biscuits. They were sold at the bake-shop, twelve for a skilling,* and they were so exceedingly small, and so many, that it was thought a witticism to call them *geniuses*.

"It is an easy thing to make fun of one," said Herr Gabriel, and so he himself gave nicknames to one thing and another. The Apothecary's house he called "Noah's Ark with its clean and unclean beasts," and that was only because of the affection which was shown by the family toward the two and four-footed pets in the house. The young lady had her own cat, *Graciosa*—a pretty, soft-skinned creature, that lay in the window, in her lap, on her work, or ran over the table spread for dinner. The mistress had a poultry-yard, a duck-yard, a parrot, and canary-birds; and Polly could outcry them all together. Two dogs, Flick and Flock, walked about the chamber; they were not perfumery bottles by any means, and they lay on the sofa and on the matrimonial bed.

* A little more than half a cent.

The rehearsal began, and was only interrupted a moment by the dogs slobbering over Madame Gabriel's new gown; but that was out of pure friendship and it did not spot it. The cat also caused a slight disturbance: it would insist on giving its paw to Juliet, sit on her head and beat its tail. Juliet's tender speeches were divided between the cat and Romeo. Every word that Peer had to say was exactly what he wished to say to the Apothecary's daughter. How lovely and charming she was, a child of Nature, who, as Madame Gabriel expressed it, went right by the side of her part. Peer grew quite warm about it.

There surely was instinct or something even higher with the cat. It perched on Peer's shoulders and symbolized the sympathy between Romeo and Juliet; with each successive rehearsal Peer's ardor grew more manifest and stronger, the cat more confidential, the parrot and the canary-birds more noisy; Flick and Flock ran in and out. The evening of the representation came, and Peer was Romeo himself—he kissed Juliet right on her mouth.

"Quite like nature!" said Madame Gabriel.

"Disgraceful!" said the Councillor, Herr Svendsen, the richest citizen and fattest man in the town. The perspiration ran down him, the house was so warm and he himself was so heated. Peer found no favor in his eyes. "Such a puppy!" said he; "a puppy so long too that one could crack him in halves and make two puppies of him."

Great applause—and one enemy! He got off well. Indeed Peer was a Lucky Peer. Tired and overcome by the exertions of the evening and the flattery shown him, he went home to his little chamber. It was past midnight; Madame Gabriel knocked on the wall.

"Romeo! here's punch!"

And the spout was put through the door, and Peer Romeo held his glass under.

"Good-night, Madame Gabriel."

But Peer could not sleep. All that he had said, and especially what Juliet had said, buzzed in his head, and when at length he fell asleep, he dreamt of a wedding—a wedding with Miss Frandsen! What singular things one can dream!

(To be continued.)

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

In the year 1853 I was first mate of the "H.," a three-decked ship of about fifteen hundred tons burden, lying in Mobile Bay waiting for a cargo of cotton. Our sailors, twenty-four in number, were all colored men, pretty fair seamen generally, but, with four or five exceptions, wofully ignorant, and correspondingly superstitious. We had been in the bay between three and four months, so the spars and rigging had been thoroughly overhauled and put to rights. I was sitting in the cabin one evening planning out work for the ensuing day, when my second mate, a rough old seaman of the packet school, requested an audience.

"Well, Mr. K., what is the matter now?"

"The matter is, sir, that those darkeys forward there are getting so scared that unless we do something to or for them they won't be worth shucks; some of them ain't good for much now, and there's no use in having the rest of 'em spoiled."

"But what are they frightened at? I have never heard anything of it before now."

"No! they were afraid to say anything to you about it; but for the last month they have a yarn about a headless ghost going around the decks at night, groaning at an awful rate. Some of 'em say it's a darkey without a head, and others say it's a white chap with a black face; but whatever it is, there they are, afraid to come on deck after dark or stand anchor-watch alone."

"This is a strange piece of business. If there is a ghost aboard I should think it would first pay its respects to the quarter-deck. Do you think any of the rascals are playing tricks?"

"No, sir! the knowingest ones is the most scared. There's Bob and Jackson ought to

know better, but they both swear they saw it in the middle-watch last night; just told the third mate so."

"Well! suppose we go and inquire into it."

We went forward together, and came down so suddenly upon the sailors that they evidently thought two ghosts had arrived instead of one. After the alarm and confusion had subsided, I told them what I had already heard, and asked for further information, which was readily furnished by a dozen eager volunteers, who, now that their tongues were loosened by authority, seemed anxious to outrival each other in their tale of horrors. It is needless to repeat their stories; but about half of them had seen the ghost in one of its forms, and all of them had repeatedly heard the groans. Bob and Jackson, my two best men, who were acting as boatswains, positively declared that they had seen it in the forecastle on the previous night, standing up against the *bitt* where I was then leaning. This *bitt*, a timber about a foot square, coming down through from the upper to the main deck, near the middle of the forecastle, was painted black up to within a foot of the deck, and the remainder of it lead color. On either side of it, in the spar-deck, was a bull's-eye to admit light, and there were several nails on which were hanging various articles of clothing.

"You saw the ghost standing right here, did you?"

"Yes, sir! right where you are now, sir!"

"Was the moon shining last night?"

"Yes, sir! quite bright in the middle-watch!"

"Did you speak to or try to catch the ghost?"

"No, sir! wouldn't do such a thing for the world."

"If you had, you would have found out that the ghost was nothing more nor less than this bitt, with the moon shining through the bull's-eyes on it and on the clothing you see hanging there now. I never knew of a ghost that didn't dwindle into a moonbeam or a piece of linen."

There was a general look of incredulity upon the faces of the crew, and one of them mustered up courage to ask:

"But how about the groans and noises, sir?"

"O, some of you snore loud, and all the rest is imagination."

Finding that argument or persuasion were of no use in altering the opinions of my crew, I left them, after giving the following admonition:—

"Now, men! in the first place, there are no such things as ghosts; and secondly, I wish you to understand that there is no ghost aboard of *this* ship; and if you can't be made to understand it in any other way, I'll give you the fun of hunting all night for it. You know what I mean. Good-night!"

Having given the second mate his orders for the following day, I sat down to think the matter over, and "ask myself a few questions," as the sailors say. One thing that had puzzled me was now accounted for. Several of the men had come to me for permission to be transferred to other ships that were ready for sea, but this I had attributed to the characteristic restlessness of the class. My ship was considered a good one for sailors; they were well fed and kindly used so long as they behaved themselves; had plenty of work to do, so that there was no time for growling or fomenting discord.

It was the ghost that made them anxious to leave the ship. There was no fear of their running away ashore, because, in those days, if a colored man could not show his free papers in the South, he was presumably a slave, and held as such; but there were many ships in the bay that were short-handed, and it was no uncommon thing for men to be spirited away from one ship to another, when the latter was going to sea early in the morning. Mates of ships were not very scrupulous about the manner of filling up their crews in those days, as I well knew. Having pondered over all of these things carefully, and not seeing any present way out of my troubles, I turned in, trusting to fortune for the future, but at the same time I resolved to keep an extra look-out whenever any ships were about getting ready for sea.

Things progressed as usual aboard of the ship for several days, and I heard nothing more about the ghost; but my own time was coming. One evening I had given my junior

officers permission to absent themselves from the ship, and was sitting by myself alone in the cabin, awaiting their return. Being tired of my book, I sat dozing in a chair, when my reveries were disturbed by a sound like a half-smothered groan, that seemed to come from the forward part of the cabin on the starboard side. I was wide awake in an instant, though scarcely able to credit my senses. The groans were distinct enough, and were repeated in about the same interval that is required for a human breath; still, my light did not burn blue, nor did the ghost appear. As I listened the sounds came nearer, but seemed to rise up from the lower between-decks. I felt assured that the men, knowing my officers were absent, had arranged this plan to try my nerves. Without any further consideration, I slipped off my shoes, trimmed my dark lantern, armed myself with a good stick, and started in search of the ghost. Going to the main hatch, the only one open, I went down between decks, and, hauling the ladder after me, proceeded aft, where the noises could be distinctly heard; but before reaching the mizzen-mast, they came, apparently, from beneath my feet. This was not pleasant, but my pride was aroused, and if there was any trick in the matter, it would not do for me to back out without discovering it; so I went back to the main hatch again, and down to the lower deck; but this time I did not take the ladder away. Flashing the light ahead of me, I went carefully along, guarding against a surprise. This was needless, for, upon reaching the locality of the sounds, they were beneath my feet again, coming up from the lower hold. Matters were assuming an unpleasant aspect. I will not say that my hair stood on end, but certainly my feet stood still, while my confidence in the supernatural and myself began to be slightly shaken. I hesitated, doubted, and finally concluding that it would be better to wait until my officers returned before pursuing the investigation, beat a most inglorious retreat to the cabin; but there I could not rest, for now the sounds were apparently under the cabin floor, as if they had followed me up from the lower hold. Suddenly I thought of the carpenter, a stalwart Dutchman, and, hurrying to his room, roused him out.

"Chips! Do you hear that noise?"

"Yes, sir; I pese hear him many times, and I shust puts mine head unter mine blankets and says notings."

"Turn out now, and come down in the hold with me, and we will see what it is."

"Dunder unt Blitzen! I shall nicht go."

"Come along, you fool," said I, impatiently; "you are no worse off there than here. I have been down between-decks alone, and now I want you along, so that if any of the men are down in the hold we can cut them off."

This view of the case seemed to reassure him somewhat, and we soon found ourselves in the lower hold. Wending our way aft over the ballast—the sounds constantly becoming more audible—we finally reached the stern-post, and there, while the groans came mournfully from among the timbers of the stern frame, we stood still, no one visible but ourselves.

I do not know whether I was frightened, but my heart never beat so fast before; and the poor Dutchman stood trembling as if struck with palsy, the drops of perspiration starting out like beads. My own nerves were somewhat shaken, but there was the pride of rank and station; so, after listening to the unearthly sounds for a few minutes, we returned to the cabin together, for the carpenter would not turn in again until his room-mate came aboard. When my juniors returned we all went down into the hold and listened for some time to the sounds, which were apparently traveling along through the timbers. We could not satisfy ourselves regarding the cause, and finally retired, thinking that the poor darkeys might, after all, have had some foundation for their fears.

We remained some three months longer in the Bay, and as no secret was made of these occurrences the old "H." received the name of "The Haunted Ship." Many a merry party we had in the cabin, and then would go down into the hold to listen to the unearthly wailings of the tortured spirit who had chosen my ship for its abiding-place. At length our own day of sailing came. Having but little wind in the morning, the steamboat *Swan* came to tow us outside of Mobile Point. While at my

station on the forecastle I heard Captain George aboard of the *Swan* calling out for my harpoon, which was handed over to him, and in a few minutes there was a splashing in the water along side, a shouting on board the *Swan*, and then—our ghost was lying on her forward guards!

Work was temporarily suspended, so that all hands might see what form the spirit had taken. There lay an immense Jew-, or drum-fish, a well-known denizen of southern waters, which receives its name from the hollow, drum-like sound it makes when seeking for its food. This specimen was of unusual size, being nearly six feet long, and weighing over six hundred pounds. Having taken on board about two hundred pounds weight of his ghostship as an addition to our sea-stock of provisions, we tripped our anchor, made sail, and were soon out in the Gulf of Mexico, making the best of our way towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to take in a cargo of deals for London.

Notwithstanding the capture of the drum-fish, and the rational solution of the mystery, some of the crew were loath to abandon the delusion; and until the "H." was lost, two years afterwards, she bore everywhere the ill name of "The Haunted Ship."

MADALINE.

It fell when the crimson began to shine
In the round of the robin's breast,
That the feet of the maiden, Madaline,
Came not to dance with the rest.
And when the splendor shone in th' grass,
And the head of the rose was high,
She sang of love, though the song, alas!
Was only a lonesome cry.

But, ah! when th' drifts of gold in th' air
Betrayed where the broom was sweet,
She took the combs from her silken hair
And let it fall to her feet.
And in the days when th' woods grew brown
And a red haze fringed the skies,
She wound it back, and wound it down
From her poor bewildered eyes.

And by and by, when the snows were white,
And a shadow sat in the land,
She lay on her bed from morn till night,
And turned the ring on her hand.
The midnight moon was blind with storms,
But her heart with dreams was light—
For she cried, He has come! let me go to his arms!
And passed away from our sight.

We searched the valley, far and wide,
For the print of a step—but no!
And we combed her hair like th' hair of a bride,
And made her a grave in the snow.
And we took the smile with trust so sweet—
And we took the ring—for a sign,
And the name we graved at her head and feet
Was Faith—not Madaline.

WEATHER-TELEGRAMS AND STORM-FORECASTS BY THE AMERICAN SIGNAL SERVICE.



RESCUE OF THE "SAN FRANCISCO" BY THE "KILBY," DEC., 1853.

WITHIN a few months, the United States have embarked in an enterprise of vast moment.

The creation of the government Signal Service for obtaining weather-telegrams and dispatching storm-warnings to imperiled shipping on our lake shore and seaboard, will, there is reason to hope, mark a new era in American commerce.

With quiet activity, this service has been organized and equipped, and has already begun its career under auspices which promise to crown it with speedy success, and cause it to redound to the wisdom of its founders.

I purpose in this, the first of two successive papers, to inquire into the possibility of forecasting storms; to ascertain what, if any, benefits have been reaped in other countries from a system of forecasts; to determine the tracks and behavior of the cyclones that sweep over and desolate our land; in a word, to test the system in the crucible of meteorologic observation extended throughout the world.

In 1709 Athanasius Kircher, one of the most distinguished scientific men of the seventeenth century, published at Rome a startling theory of ocean currents. Delineating an open North Polar Sea, similar to that discovered in recent times by Dr. Kane, he represented the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific as pouring into the Polar Basin, and dashing round, so as to form a spiral current whose apex was the pole itself, into which, as a huge vortex, they ceaselessly entered. His description of this vortex was singular and ingenious. He argued that a ship coming within the influence of this vast eddy would be speedily engulphed and destroyed; and he went so far as to claim that the waters of the ocean, lost *in vasto gurgite*, after undergoing circulation in the interior of the earth, reissued in mighty currents from the South Pole.

Absurd and chimerical, reader, you may say. But this was the first attempt to explain the phenomena of ocean currents. However unsuccessful and inglorious may be the first effort to

unravel the mysteries of nature, it is not to be despised. It challenges the attention and provokes the reflections and researches of thinking men everywhere; and, in time, it enlists in the cause a band of successful explorers.

The hope that some such result may follow his effort, is the writer's apology for coming before the public. All that he shall advance shall be sustained by facts authenticated by quotations from the most eminent scientific observers. He feels that, in the humblest endeavor to throw light upon those terrible phenomena of nature, with which all men, but especially the seaman and the seafarer, must battle, he touches a chord of sympathy like that which thrills in the breast when, along the storm-beaten coast, the midnight gun tells a tale of distress.

To pursue the subject intelligently and interestedly, it may be necessary to take the reader into other fields of research than that merely pertaining to wind and weather; for nowhere more than in meteorological researches is nature found to be, though "distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

The task of the meteorologist is a difficult one, from the extent of the field over which he must keep a steady and sleepless eye. He is debarred that boon which is to a man of science the most inestimable—*experiment.* The natural philosopher may isolate a portion of the atmosphere in his apparatus and interrogate it; the chemist may analyze it. But the air-pump cannot detain the moving air-current. The whole aërial ocean that enshrouds our globe is a unit, whose thin masses are in inter-communication and sympathy, and whose invisible billows, in one hemisphere, quickly rise and roll, sensitive and responsive to agitations in the opposite. The very wave of atmosphere that, but a few days ago, was formed on the chilly steppes of Siberia, and but yesterday swept over the seas of China and Japan, may to-day be breaking against the Pacific shores of America or overleaping the summits of the Rocky Mountains.

But, notwithstanding all this—and we purposely give to those who despond of any good results from meteorological observations the darkest view of the subject—we must bear in mind that it is but little more than two centuries since Torricelli (1643) invented the barometer, and but little more than a century and a quarter since Fahrenheit (1714) made a thermometer that served the purposes of science.

It is true that for the present the work of the meteorologist must be largely that of faithful observation. In past ages we have been mostly shut up to the recording of facts, to use the figure of Sir William Herschel, resembling "a man who hears now and then a few fragments of a long history related, at distant intervals, by a prosy and unmethodical narrator." And yet are there not brilliant instances—as that of Niebuhr, the renowned historian of Rome—in which the scattered legends and widely disrupted parts of the record have been put together, the deficiencies supplied, and out of the whole there has been brought forth a clear, connected, and plausible story, where before all had been wrapt in mystery? Certain it is, no science can ever sustain the interest or command the labor that it needs to be bestowed upon its prosecution, if it does not aim to grapple with the practical questions which *the facts* registered suggest; if it does not seek to explain the observed phenomena of nature upon physical laws and principles.

"Indefinitely multiplied records," as the eminent meteorologist, Admiral Fitzroy, has so forcibly said, "only tend to make the work of their utilization discouraging, if not almost impossible. By less ambitious courses—by separating fields of labor, especially by treating of climates individually, and referring observations to independent centres—a prospect has been opened of immediately useful exertions. Stones may be shaped, bricks may be accumulated; but without an object in view—without an edifice to be constructed—how wearily unrewarding to the mind would be such toil, however animated by true scientific faith in future results!" It was in the spirit of these words, and against the wishes and recommendations of M. Le Verrier, of the Imperial Observatory at Paris, that Admiral Fitzroy declined to restrict himself to a mere system of telegraphing the

weather, and, as its able pioneer, boldly planned and put in operation that noble system of *forecasting* the weather which saves Great Britain annually many of her finest ships and hundreds of her most skillful seamen.

The study of meteorology, and the effort to divine atmospheric changes and utilize them, is as old as Aristotle, who discussed it in his work on *Meteors*, in which he characterized it is as "*the sublime science.*"

Cicero, Virgil, and other ancient writers discussed the subject in their works; but, in their ignorance of physical research, they threw no light upon it. Still, it has been the theme of universal interest; and its utility for both the ordinary and extraordinary affairs of life, has been recognized in every department of human activity.

The necessity for civilized nations putting forth every effort that science can suggest, to obtain, by certain and careful observations, information of the nature and tracks of storms, has long ago been conceded. If it ever needed demonstration to the most narrow-minded and skeptical, that demonstration is furnished by the long catalogue of disasters that have befallen the commerce of every nation, and the casualties that might have been diminished or largely mitigated by a forewarning of the more famous storms of history.

Could these fearful atmospheric commotions have been foreseen *only a few hours* in advance of the event, what untold calamities might have been averted!

It was failure here that led to the memorable destruction of the entire Persian army of Cambyses in the Libyan desert, about 525 B. C., in which the unlooked-for simoom buried 50,000 soldiers beneath its billows of sand. The failure of Napoleon in the Russian campaign, that terminated so fatally to his army in the retreat from Moscow, might have been avoided had that great captain duly understood the portentous yet delicate signs of that remarkable winter.* There are few more striking passages in naval history than that which relates the trying contests of Admiral Nelson, in 1805, with the French fleet under Villeneuve, and the masterly manner in which the subsequent hero of Trafalgar managed his squadron. Upon receiving the news of Villeneuve's departure from Toulon, the English commander, foreseeing a gale, before midnight was under sail, and during the night carried his vessels through the passage between Biscie and Sardinia, while his adversary, as he expected, was badly disabled and crippled. "Studying attentively the minutest precursory indications of every atmospheric disturbance," says a distinguished French officer,* "Nelson placed the highest confidence in barometrical observations, and his journal contains notes of the highest interest relative to them, which he entered daily with his own hand." The fiery Admiral afterward wrote Lord Melville that his fleet had defied the sudden and violent hurricanes of the Mediterranean for twenty-one months without losing a mast or a yard.

These are, however, but bare suggestions of the need and value of meteorological knowledge in a few of the critical occasions that now and then arise. The terrors of the tempest and the cyclone, however, are fearfully illustrated by the past records of nations. The very approach of a cyclone at sea is marked by a peculiar and ominous sound, the wind rising and falling with a moaning noise like that heard in old houses on winter nights.

* The great Prussian General, Von Moltke, is said to be distinguished by his untiring care and labor in informing himself of the physical geography and meteorology of the theatre of his recent campaigns. A late writer says of him:—"He had been convinced for some years past that war must come, sooner or later, with France, and had been preparing for it. By personal survey, and the careful explorations of his trained corps of topographical engineers, he had made himself so completely master of the topography and physical geography of the region lying between the Rhine provinces and Paris, that he might literally be said to know every foot of it. His officers, even down to lieutenants, were provided with pocket-maps, detailing all the physical features of the country, designating the fortified places, and indicating their strength. The French soldiers and officers were astounded to find that their adversaries knew France and its geography infinitely better than they did." The officers of the United States Army have long since been honored in Europe for their able contributions to the meteorology of this country, and their reports have been quoted as the highest authority by such men as Humboldt, Dove, Arago, Herschel, Le Verrier, and Fitzroy.

* M. de la Gravière, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, vol. xvii.

In the great storm of November 26th. 1703, even the ships in the Thames were all blown away from their moorings, and from Execution Dock to Limehouse Hole there were but four ships that rode it out. Such a tempest could not be supposed to be limited to this island; accordingly it appears to have spread over a great part of the north of Europe, though nowhere with equal impetuosity as with us. Over most parts of South Britain and Wales the tallest and stoutest timber-trees were uprooted or snapped off in the middle. It was computed that there were twenty-five parks in the several counties that lost a thousand trees each—the New Forest, Hants, above four thousand. Whole sheets of lead were blown away from the roofs of strong buildings; seven steeples, above four hundred wind-mills, and eight hundred dwelling-houses blown down; and barns, outhouses, and ricks in proportion, besides a great destruction of orchards. About one hundred and twenty persons lost their lives on land,—among whom were the Bishop of Bath and Wells, also the engineer of the then lighthouse at the Eddystone, who was blown into the sea along with the structure, which he had promised himself should bid defiance to the waves.

At sea there were few ships to sink—the previous terrible weather having brought them into port in unusual numbers—but in the harbors and roadsteads of England, so many vessels ran foul of each other and sank, or foundered at anchor, or were driven on the sands, or to sea where they were never heard of, that it is computed eight thousand seamen at least perished on the occasion.

The estuary of the Severn lying more particularly in the course of this storm, the parts bordering on that river suffered much from the breaking in of the sea. The country for a great extent was inundated, the vessels driven upon the pasture land, and many thousands of sheep and cattle drowned.

The spray of the sea was carried far inland in such quantities in little concretions or knobs of salt on the hedges, that at twenty-five miles from the sea, in Kent, it made the pasture so salt that the cattle for some time would not eat it. The total damage done by this great storm was considered to have exceeded that of the great fire of London!

In 1819 a hurricane ravaged the Leeward Islands from the 20th to the 22d of September, when, at the island of St. Thomas alone, one hundred and four vessels were lost. A hurricane at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1831, destroyed property of immense value. As late as the 5th of October, 1864, a terrible cyclone swept over the Bay of Bengal, which destroyed nearly one hundred ships; whole towns were reduced to shapeless masses of ruins, and 45,000 persons perished.* It was followed by a "bore," or spring-tide, in the Hoogly, which effected enormous damage, the water rising thirty feet above its usual level. The calamities that befell Lisbon in 1864, and St. Thomas in 1867, and the destruction that within a few months has strewn the Atlantic coasts of the United States with wrecks innumerable, and spread desolation and want over portions of our land, we need not stop to recount. Suffice it to say, that by the *Journal of the Statistical Society of London*,† the shipping casualties of England alone, for four periods of ten years each, sum up these figures:—To 1866, 3,443 vessels lost; to 1867, 3,457; to 1868, 3,420; to 1869, 3,343, *or nearly one vessel a day lost!* In addition, the average for stranded ships is quite as large, to say nothing of missing barks, and those which, like the ill-fated *City of Boston*, have disappeared without leaving a spar or a bucket to tell their fate.

Following close upon the track of the storm comes the storm wave. The centre of the hurricane or typhoon is supposed to be of cylindrical shape with an opening of large dimensions. Inside of the centre the barometer stands low, and the atmospheric pressure from around and outside forces the water of the sea into this hollow, forming an enormous tidal wave. As the storm moves forward over the sea the wave is propelled with it, and on many coasts bursts over the

* See this statement verified, page 267, in the able work on Meteorology, by Alexander Buchan, the Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.

† Journal for September, 1870.

land—producing more destruction on shore than the storm produces at sea.

The poetess Jean Ingelow has graphically told the tale of the fierce tide that ravaged the coast of Lincolnshire in 1571 :

> The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
> The ringers ran by two, by three;
> "Pull if ye never pulled before;
> Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he:
> "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
> Ply all your changes, all your swells,
> Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"
>
> Men say it was a stolen tyde—
> The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
> But in myne years doth still abide
> The message that the bells let fall:
> And there was nought of strange beside,
> The flights of mews and peewits pied
> By millions crouched on the old sea wall.
>
> So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
> The heart had hardly time to beat,
> Before a shallow, seething wave
> Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
> The feet had hardly time to flee
> Before it brake against the knee,
> And all the world was in the sea.

Some idea of the storm-wave may be formed from the illustration of the tidal wave at Havre. The storm-wave that broke over Turk's Island a few years ago carried off all who did not save themselves by climbing the trees. That which swept over Calcutta in 1864, as we have already seen, destroyed 45,000 human beings.

But we gladly hasten to show what provision and what deliverance modern science and research have devised for the prevention of such horrors, and is now bringing practically forward. The question forces itself upon us: IS IT POSSIBLE, IN ANY MEASURE, TO FORECAST OUR GREAT STORMS?

"It is," says Arthur Mangin, "a strange, and until recently a wholly unsuspected circumstance, that, in all their apparent tumult, these raging storms are subject to fixed laws and follow a predetermined path."* Is it, indeed, a thing incredible that man, whose lofty faculties and endowments have made him master over almost every power of nature, should learn to elude, at least occasionally, the furies of the tempest? There are but few forces in nature that he has not brought within the circle of his control. On many parts of the globe he has changed the very aspects and face of nature. He has reduced enormous forests, like those of ancient Germany, to a state of cultivation and prosperity; and again, by the planting of these very forests in arid and rainless regions, he has robbed the clouds of their moisture and made them drop down richness and verdure on the surrounding soil.* He has converted the most poisonous weeds into medicines for the healer's art. On the land he has redeemed the most pestilential spots, as the Pontine Marshes of Rome, which Arnold tells us could in early times be visited only by the hardy mountaineers when they came down to reap their harvests, daring never to inhale the nightly miasma, and returning, after a brief sojourn, forlorn and emaciated. On the ocean the agency of man has been put forth against many odds, but victoriously. There remains but a small polar territory yet to be explored and subjugated. The strong and dangerous currents of the sea, once the dread of the mariner, are now subservient to his skillful use. The very waves of the sea, as history has more than once recorded, have been successfully invoked to fight man's battles or deliver him from his enemies. Again, he has dexterously wrested and reclaimed vast regions from the empire of ocean. In the atmosphere, since the time when the great philosopher of New England, the Faraday of his age, Prometheus-like stole fire from heaven and robbed the clouds of their electric wrath, there has been a large promise of further conquests in this domain of nature.

The fierce monsoons of the Indian Ocean

* *Mysteries of the Ocean*, p. 160.

* During the French occupation of Egypt, in 1798, rain did not once fall for sixteen months. Since Mehemed Ali and Ibrahim Pacha have finished their immense plantations (the former planted more than 20 millions of olive and fig trees, cotton-wood, and many other varieties), rain is now not infrequent in the months of November, December, and January.—See Marsh's *Man and Nature*, p. 189.

"In France, there seems no doubt that the removal of the forests on the Vosges sensibly deteriorated the climate on the plains of Alsace."—Ansted's *Physical Geography*, p. 456.



AN EQUINOCTIAL TIDAL WAVE AT HAVRE.

have become the propitious gales on which many an argosy of commerce rides proudly into port. It has even been computed by the English Board of Trade, that the increase of meteorological knowledge within the past fifteen years has reduced the length of the passage of ships on the great and perilous highways of commerce at least one-third.

With such considerations before us, we are prepared to expect, even had we no facts to ponder, that the age is ripe for an invasion of the immense but splendid and tempting domain of meteorologic science. Happily these facts are at hand, and ought to be the cherished heritage of Americans.

The United States was the first of the great nations who led the way in commencing a systematic collection of observations over all the habitable world, commencing with meteorologic observations at sea.* The eminent British meteorologist already mentioned, Admiral Fitzroy, recalling the year 1853, when the views of the United States were presented to English statesmen and applications were made for co-operation by England, has feelingly spoken, "from personal knowledge, how coldly" these views and applications "were received in this country (England) prior to 1853, when they first found earnest and adequate supporters in Admiral Smyth and Lord Wrottesly." *

Previous to the great movement in America scarcely anything had been attempted. In 1853, however, a conference of the great maritime nations was held at Brussels, where a general plan for co-operation and research for investigating the phenomena of sea and air was proposed. This led to the establishment of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade in London (over which Admiral Fitzroy so ably presided), and to similar institutions in Holland, France, and elsewhere. Scarcely had these efforts of scientific men commenced when an occasion arose which crowned them with signal and unexpected glory. Close by our American shores moves the mighty current of tropical water known as the Gulf Stream. Sailors call it "*the Weather-Breeder*," and others give it the name of "*the Storm-King*." For hundreds of miles after it leaves the torrid zone—the zone of the vertical sun and of

* "The establishment of Meteorological Societies during the last twenty years," says Alexander Buchan, the celebrated Scottish meteorologist, "must also be commemorated as contributing in a high degree to the solid advancement of the science which, more than any other, depends on extensive and carefully conducted observations. In this respect the United States stand pre-eminent, the observers there numbering 800."—Buchan's *Handy-Book of Meteorology*, p. 9.

* Fitzroy's *Weather-Book*, p. 49.

volcanic fires—its course is marked by tepid vapor and fog; and lighted up from beneath by the nightly glow of myriads of phosphorescent animalcules, and from above by the glare of the electric flash, it is (as we shall presently see) the natural track and pathway of the hurricane or cyclone.



PHOSPHORESCENT SEA.

It was in the Gulf Stream, in the month of December, 1853, that the American steamer *San Francisco*, having on board a regiment of soldiers for California, was encountered by a gale which speedily reduced her to a most lamentable condition. "A single wave," if we may use the description of a disinterested and foreign penman, the French physicist, Figuier, "sweeping the deck from stem to stern, carried away the masts, destroyed the machinery, and hurried into a premature death one hundred and ninety-nine officers and soldiers. The unhappy vessel lay upon the waters a miserable wreck, drifting in whatever direction the wind and the billows carried it. On the following day it was seen in this condition by a ship bound for New York; a few days later another vessel fell in with it; but neither could lend it any assistance, for they were occupied in endeavoring to secure their own safety. As soon as news of the calamity reached New York, two steam-tugs were ordered to the assistance of the *San Francisco*. But in what direction should they steer? What part of the sea should they explore? A chart was made of the region in which the dismasted steamer would probably be carried, and the route defined to be followed by the two steam-tugs dispatched to her assistance. The crew of the *San Francisco* were saved by three ships, which had descried her in the open sea before the New York steam-tugs arrived. But the point where they saw the steamer founder was precisely that which had been laid down on the chart. Had but the tugs set out in time from New York the triumph would have been complete. We may note, however, that the bark *Kilby*, which had caught sight of the drifting ship by day, and had lost it during the night, succeeded in recovering it by a course of reasoning analogous to that used in constructing the chart, and was thus enabled, in conjunction with two other vessels, to save those on board." *

This triumph was not alone. From the year 1831, when the study of the laws which were supposed to govern the motions of storms received a fresh impulse from the writings of another great American meteorologist, Mr. William C. Redfield, of New York, the scientific world began in earnest the study of storm-meteorology. In this connection, the names of Redfield, Reid, Thom, Espy, Dové, Piddington, and Fitzroy stand pre-eminent. The knowledge of storms furnished by their labors

* See Figuier's elegant work, *Earth and Sea*, republished in London, 1870, p. 638.

suggested the possibility of inaugurating a system of weather observation, and of using the results for the benefit of commerce and navigation, both on the sea and the land. The giving effect to this idea, as Buchan remarks, constitutes the splended contribution to practical meteorology made by Admiral Fitzroy in February, 1861, by the system of *storm-warnings* or *forecasts*, which has since been adopted by almost every country in Europe."

THE FITZROY STORM-WARNING SIGNALS,

As used on the English coasts, are very simple and discernible from a great distance.

A cone, three feet high, with the point upward, shows that a gale is *probable* from the northward. NORTH CONE.

A cone, with the point downward, shows that a gale is probable from the *southward.* SOUTH CONE.

A DRUM, alone, shows that stormy winds may be expected from more than one quarter successively.

A cone *and* drum give warning of *dangerous* winds, the probable first direction being shown by the position of the cone.

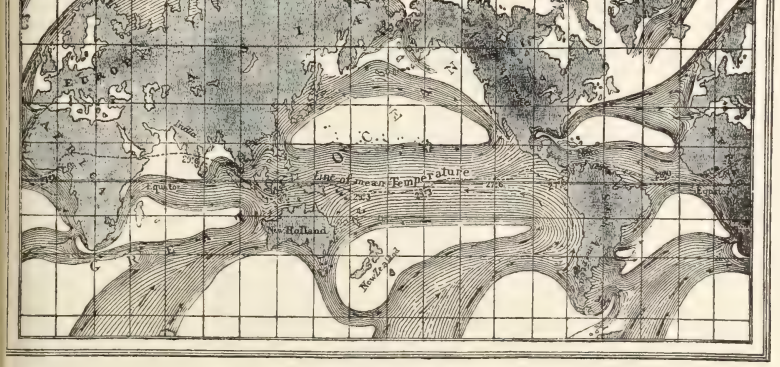
The NIGHT SIGNALS are signal lanterns intended to be hoisted with the lights in the triangle or square.

How far this system has proved a success is a question of the greatest moment.

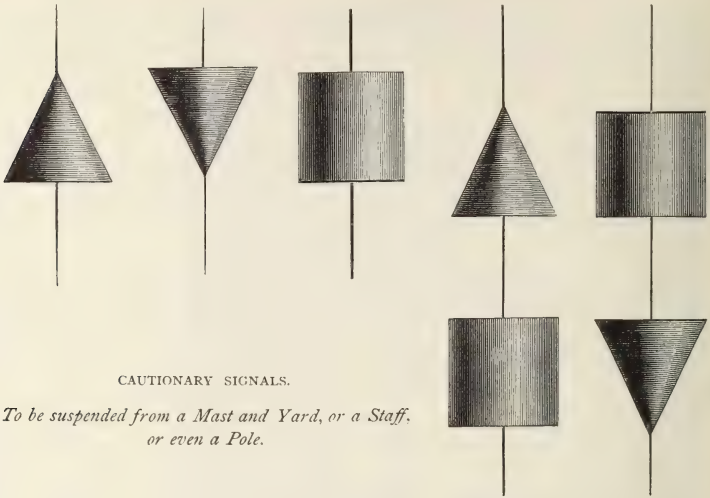
In 1863 the Board of Trade reported a large percentage of the Storm Signals which had been placed on the English coast as correct, and through their warning many lives and vessels had been saved.

From this time the promptness and accuracy of the signals greatly increased, although the system was incomplete, and the means of communicating them to distant parts of the coast so imperfect that the storm sometimes outran the Signal.

"In his letter of the 15th of June, 1865, to the Board of Trade," says the Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, "General Sabine states that he had examined the warnings given on the British coasts during the two years ending March 31, 1865, and found that in the first year fifty per cent., and in the second year *seventy-three per cent. were right.* Captain de Rostaing, while at the head of the French Marine Meteorological Department, compared the warnings sent from the Meteorological Office, in London, with the gales which occurred in France during the two winters 1864–'65 and 1865–'66. The results were published in the *Revue Marine et Coloniale*, showing that out of 100 warnings sent to the



MAP OF MARINE CURRENTS



CAUTIONARY SIGNALS.

To be suspended from a Mast and Yard, or a Staff, or even a Pole.

Gale probably from the Northward.

Gale probably from the Southward.

Gales successively.

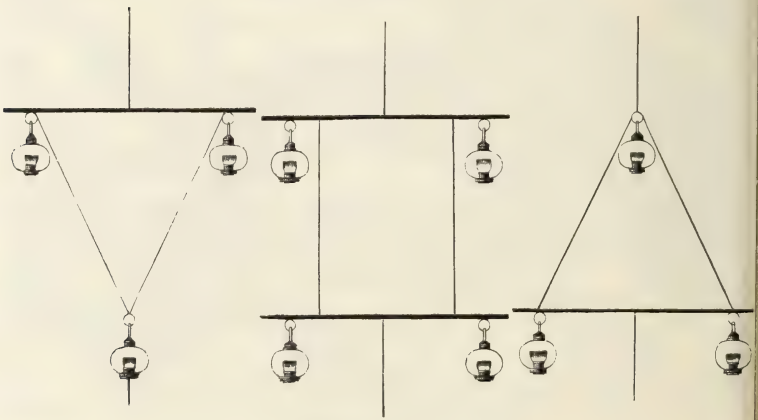
Dangerous Winds probably at first from the Northward.

Dangerous Winds probably at first from the Southward.

NIGHT SIGNALS.

(instead of the above)

Lights in triangle, or square.



FITZROY'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

north coast of France during the first of these winters, 71 were realized, and during the second winter, 76; and out of 100 storms which occurred, 89 were signalled during the first winter, and 94 during the second winter. This result is remarkable, *as showing that of the storms which occurred in the north of France during these two winters, warning of the approach of* 11 *out of* 12 *was sent!*" *

The Report of the Board of Trade of London, in 1866, says:—

"34. *Popularity and Utility of Storm-Warnings.* As regards the popularity and utility of these storm-warnings, we have no doubt that they have been favorably received by the public in general, as well as by those most interested in them. Though the replies made to inquiries by the Board of Trade, in 1862, and published in the Reports of the Meteorological Department for that year, are not unanimously or universally favorable, they undoubtedly show a general desire at that time that the experiments then commenced should be continued. And from inquiries we have made through trustworthy persons at most of the principal ports, we find that seafaring men look upon them more favorably than they did at first; that they believe them to be more correct, and rely upon them more; and that there would be great regret if they were discontinued. The same year (1866), while as yet the system of Storm-Warnings was in its infancy, the following interrogatory note was addressed by order of the Board of Trade to various mercantile bodies and officials:—

"QUESTIONS.

"An inquiry is being made into the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, and we are anxious to learn, after some years' experience, what is the real opinion of seafaring men concerning the value of the late Admiral Fitzroy's signals. Can you help us by telling me what is thought of them by the most competent judges at ( )?

"I remain, &c., &c.,
(Signed) "T. H. FARRER."

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE.

Mr. James Kellas, Secretary to the Local Marine Board.	Aberdeen.	"The utility of the Signals is generally acknowledged."
Mr. Anthony Traill, Examiner in Seamanship, Local Marine Board.	Dundee.	"The correctness of the Storm Signals at this port is a matter of common remark." They "are very generally appreciated."
Shipowners' Society, through Mr. Ingham, M.P.	South Shields.	"The exhibition of the Storm Signals is of much value, by giving timely warning of approaching storms."
Mr. John Lambton, Superintendent of the Mercantile Marine Office.	Sunderland.	"The Signals are regarded as decidedly valuable. A daily account of the weather, kept by the Dockmaster, shows that the warnings have for some time now been more correct and reliable than formerly."
Mr. J. Palmer, Receiver of Wreck.	Great Yarmouth.	"There is a general and growing admission that the Signals are correct."
Mr. J. G. Flower, Collector of Customs.	Deal.	"There is but one opinion concerning the value of these Signals. They have been the means of saving lives and property to an immense extent."
Mercantile Marine Association.	Liverpool.	"Decidedly in favor of the continuance of the Signals."
Mr. Towson, Examiner in Navigation, Local Marine Board.	Liverpool.	"There exists an universal opinion that these Signals are very valuable; that the amount of accuracy has gradually increased." *

These and several other testimonies from the highest quarters, with a single qualifying report, seem to give a strong indorsement to a system just inaugurated, and, like everything new, misunderstood and depreciated as well as imperfectly managed.

The reports of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, for the past few years, have more than sustained the happy inference to be drawn from these facts for the utility and popularity of Storm-Warnings.

The system of sending telegrams and storm-warnings to their seaports has for some years been in use in France, Holland, Austria, Sweden, and Italy. We have not spoken of them because the storms of these countries come to them mostly from England.

"On the 2d of December, 1863, during the daytime, I received two despatches stating that a severe storm was about to traverse France," writes the President of the Toulon Chamber of Commerce to M. Le Verrier; "they were published and posted up immedi-

* Alexander Buchan's *Handy-Book of Meteorology*, pp. 342, 343.

* See Report of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade of London for 1866.



STORM ON LAKE ERIE.

ately, and the merchant vessels in the roadstead had time to provide, and did provide against all risks. The maritime prefecture, on its behalf, directed all officers who were on shore to hasten on board their vessels. The storm burst forth with all its fury about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The first telegram sent on the 2d, confirming that of the day before, had therefore gained four hours' time ahead of the storm, and everything was ready to meet the emergency. *Thanks to the precautions thus taken*, there was no damage, no disaster to deplore."

The Genoese *Journal* of Dec. 3d, 1869, says that "the prediction telegraphed by the Paris Observatory to Turin, and immediately communicated to the ports on the western coast of Italy, on the 1st inst., was fully realized. The first signs of the storm were felt yesterday about 7.30 P.M. During the night it raged furiously; but there appears, nevertheless, to have been no disastrous occurrence in our neighborhood. The commandant of the port had hastened to take all proper measures, and we may be thankful for them."

The following is *the first official storm warning made in the United States.* It was bulletined at noon (Nov. 8th), in the Merchants' Exchange at Chicago, and telegraphed along the Lakes :—

"*To all observers along the Lakes.*

"*Bulletin this at once :*

"*A high wind all day yesterday at Cheyenne and Omaha.—A very high wind reported this morning at Omaha.—Barometers falling with high wind at Chicago and Milwaukee.—Barometers falling and Thermometers rising at Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Rochester.—High winds probable along the Lakes.*

(*Signed*)

"*JAMES MACKINTOSH,*

"*Observer.*"

The foregoing bulletin was prepared by General Albert J. Myer, the Chief Signal Officer of the army, and the Chief of the Meteorological Bureau, who was in Chicago at the time. The following extract from the *Cleveland Herald* of November 10th, will show the weather that followed the warning: "The value of the storm-signal service established by the government has already been shown. On Tuesday noon (the 8th inst.) a bulletin from the Meteorological Department announced the movements of a storm that left the Rocky Mountains on the previous day and was traveling eastward. On Tuesday and Wednesday it blew heavily on the lakes, finishing up Wednesday night with

squalls, bringing a little snow. Sailors on the lakes are disposed to sneer at these weather despatches as of no practical value, just as the sailors on the English coast at first ridiculed similar bulletins put out by the English Government; but the loss of many lives and much property by a systematic disregard of these warnings, and the saving of life and property through heeding them, have changed the views of the English sailors materially, as they will those of the lake navigators. As vessel-owners are more careful of their property than sailors are of their own lives, the value of the bulletins is more quickly acknowledged by the former than by the latter."

The following appeared in the *Cleveland Leader* of the 6th of December: "THE STORM YESTERDAY.—*The Utility of the United States Signal Service Offices.*—Yesterday afternoon despatches from Chicago and Detroit were published in the *Evening News*, stating that a heavy rain-storm, traveling east, prevailed in those places, and might be expected in Cleveland in the course of the afternoon. At twenty minutes after three the storm arrived, falling at once upon our city in its utmost fury, drenching the streets with floods of water, wrenching off signs, knocking down several chimneys, and causing the wildest consternation among pedestrians who were caught without a moment's warning in a terrific gale.

"The manner in which the storm was followed in its course establishes, beyond dispute, the utility of the signal offices."

The following is an extract from the Pittsburgh *United Presbyterian* (a part of a Cleveland correspondent's* letter), dated Dec. 7th, 1870: "The path of the late storm was at least 300 miles wide, from north to south. Where it started or spent its force I do not yet know; but telegrams from Milwaukee, Chicago, and Detroit announced its coming beforehand. How dangerous these storms are on the lakes may be inferred from the fact that many of the insurance companies take no marine risks here after the 1st of November. With some others, however, the policies run till November 20th and November 30th.

* Robert Audley Browne, Esq.

"The benefit of the new signal system of the government for announcing the weather has a fine illustration in the late storm. In October last a government signal station was established here under order of the Secretary of War. By this system of telegraphy the storm on Monday was known here three hours before its arrival, and it came true to time. The system will no doubt eventually be extended to the whole country."

Such are some of the first fruits in the practical application of meteorology to the wants of commerce.

Other results may be looked for from published meteorological reports. Buchan has well said that "in this way a storehouse of information is collected by which agriculturists may arrive at a knowledge of the character of the climate they have to deal with; and by which physicians may reason with more certainty than at present regarding the spread of diseases, the rates of mortality peculiar to different countries, and the places to which invalids may be sent, so as to enjoy the greatest safety or receive the greatest advantage to be derived from a change of climate."

A former superintendent of one of the large Western railroads has informed me that by keeping an aneroid barometer and noting it carefully, it was of great service to him in preventing accidents to trains, arising from injury to the road by the furious storms of the West.

The telegrams and reports of the Signal Service might be made of great value to the Pacific Railroad Superintendent, during the winter, when their trains are liable to be "snowed up."

As we shall presently see, the more destructive American storms come from distant regions of the continent, whence by telegram we can obtain speedier and more exact information than the English meteorologist can ever expect.

"In the Lake districts and along the Atlantic seaboard such prediction of storms," says Blodget, in his invaluable *Climatology of the United States*, "if for a few hours only, would be of incalculable service to practical interests. It is now easy to indicate the advance

of one from Chicago to Buffalo and from Buffalo to Boston.

"In the vicinity of the lakes there is a greater opportunity than elsewhere to profit by the knowledge we have of these facts of exterior appearance and general movement, and from Milwaukee to Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo the communication is very direct, and the succession of events quite the same. The barometer here is of less use than at sea, though always of great value, because some of the short and violent gales are scarcely indicated by it.

"A violent north-east gale at Milwaukee is certain to be felt with some force a few hours later at Detroit, and one violent at Detroit is equally certain to be felt severely at Buffalo. North-westerly gales are always to be indicated in the line of the wind's direction, and they rarely fail to go to Buffalo from any point of the lakes westward. North-east winds recede *eastward:* in short, all the phenomena travel eastward in all cases, at a rate not less than twenty miles an hour, and usually at thirty to forty in the season of high west winds, or in winter."*

This is clearly understood from a passage we beg leave to quote from Mr. Buchan, in which he says: "It is impossible to overestimate the value of storm-warnings to the shipping interests. In the north temperate zone, observation shows that storms almost invariably come from some westerly point, and thence follow an easterly course. In the United States of America it is easy to warn seaports of the approach of storms, for as soon as a storm appears in the Western States bordering on the Rocky Mountains, it is intimated to the central office in Washington, followed in its march by the telegraph, and timely warning of its approach is sent to the coasts which it will visit. The United States of America is thus favorably circumstanced for carrying out effectually the system of storm-warnings."† Although we may not accept this statement as to the almost invariable direction of American storms, it is of great value.

In an able article published a year ago in the Chicago *Bureau*, a most stirring and reliable mercantile magazine, Prof. I. A. Lapham presented a chart of the great storm of March 13th–17th, 1859, showing its origin and progress over the country:

"The storm first struck our coast in Western Texas, about 2 P.M. of the 13th; from thence it moved to the northward and eastward, touching Lake Michigan twenty-four hours, and the Atlantic coast forty-eight hours later, thus allowing ample opportunity, with the aid of the telegraph, to prepare for its dangers, both upon the lakes and upon the sea. This storm occupied one more day in reaching Nova Scotia, and another before it finally left the continent, at St. John, Newfoundland. We have, therefore, in this case another very complete confirmation of the general deductions of Prof. Espy."

The accomplished editor of the *Bureau*, Charles W. Jenks, Esq., in commenting upon this paper and upon the storm itself, said:

"The same storm, as appears from authentic records, caused the total destruction of 2 propellers, 2 barques, 4 brigs, 19 schooners, 2 barges, and 6 scows—making an aggregate of 10,942 tons of shipping, whose value was $468,600. Sixty-two other vessels of different classes, were more or less injured. So that the total loss and damage to vessels upon the lakes, by this one storm of four days' continuance, may be set down as not less than one million of dollars; and if we add to this, as would be just, the value of the cargoes destroyed and damaged, and the minor losses not usually reported, we shall increase this sum to the fearful aggregate of over *two millions* of dollars!" *

May we not, indeed, with these facts before us, feel that the establishment of a thorough system of Meteorological observations, with a view to practical Storm-Warnings, is assured?

It is a common remark of meteorologists, that the masses gladly welcome their efforts in foretelling the weather. Indeed it is often a necessity with the poor man to foreknow the weather, and experience is his guide.

* Blodget's *Climatology*, p. 374.
† *Handy Book of Meteorology*, p. 11.

* *Bureau*, January, 1870.

"The certainty with which the lower animals," says Steinmetz, "foresee the changes of the weather; the impressions which they receive long before man himself is influenced; that solemn expectancy of all nature, which manifests itself before every shock of the elements,—all tend to show us that the forecasting of the weather is not a mere chimera."

"It is around the great lakes of America," says Margollé, the eminent French meteorologist, "where disasters are so frequent, that this system of communication was first put in play to signal the approach of storms; adopted subsequently by the principal States of Europe, it has already rendered the greatest service to navigators, and should likewise aid in diminishing the losses that unexpected bad weather so often inflicts upon agriculture."

M. Le Verrier, in his reply to the Ministry of Public Instruction in France, on the subject of the observations that it would be possible to organize in France, in order to obtain data useful to agriculture, recently said: "The reception accorded by our maritime populations of the warnings furnished them by the observatory, causes us to foresee the time at hand when our farmers will claim similar attention from the solicitude of the government."

"Your Excellency will, no doubt, remember that it was the urgent request of Prussia, on behalf of a society of agriculturists, at Mecklenberg, that gave occasion to our first despatches predicting the state of the weather, and that as early as 1854, after a storm that had devastated Provence, the Agricultural Board of Toulon addressed a long letter to the Minister of Agriculture, in order to set forth to him the advantages that would result from the pre-announcement at the right time of the approach of bad weather."

It is to be hoped that the time will come when each of our villages, as each of our seaports, may be furnished with weather warnings.

The question which arises, in the present stage of our inquiries, is an all-important one: *Are storms guided in their motion by any law? Have they any fixed tracks?*

It is evident that no results can be looked for (on an extended scale) in the use of Storm Forecasts unless this question can be answered in the affirmative. Upon whatever hypothesis different and differing meteorologists have explained the phenomena of storms, they have been nearly unanimous as regards the tracks of these violent meteors.

Rightly to understand the laws which govern the ordinary circulation of the atmosphere, we must take the ocean as the field on which the atmospheric forces perform their wonted and natural evolutions.

On the land, unless we except immense deserts, which have been, like Sahara, compared to "*a sea of sand*," the normal and regular winds are disturbed and diverted from their channels by the high mountain-walls, and even by ridges of lofty height. It has long since been observed by seamen that even small islands in the Pacific Ocean (*e.g.*, the Sandwich Islands) turn the gentle trades aside and cause them to reflow or blow backwards for a distance of some miles from the land. Now, as the laws of storms, or the extraordinary motions of our great gaseous ocean, are largely determined by the direction of the ordinary air currents, we must ascertain what the latter currents are. This interesting inquiry, extended by thousands of observers, for many centuries, over all parts of the ocean, and at every season of the year, with results carefully recorded and preserved in their log-books, furnishes us the materials for an intelligent conclusion. Columbus was one of the first of these meteorological observers, for he carefully noted, amid the terrors of his crew, that the Trade Winds within the tropics blew steadily towards the west (away from home); and the modern sailor finds them blowing to-day just where Columbus found them. Columbus also observed and recorded the great equatorial current of the Atlantic, writing, in the diary of his Third Voyage, these remarkable words: "I regard it as proved that the waters (within the tropics) move from east to west, as do the heavens (*las aguas van con los cielos*), that is to say, like the apparent motion of the sun, moon, and stars."

In the circulation of the atmosphere two mighty forces may be distinguished as the most potential agents at work. One of these



ISLE OF FERNANDINA, IN AUGUST, 1831.

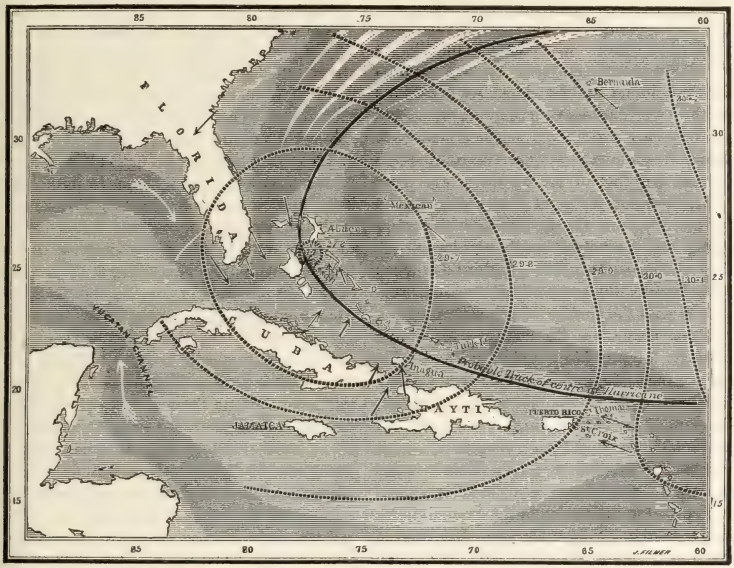
is the *sun's heat*—the reservoir of motive and mechanical power for the earth—which falls directly on the torrid zone. Here it co-operates with the submarine and volcanic furnace which, Humboldt, Ritter, Von Buch, and all physical geographers have agreed, underlies the central zone as a belt of ever-glowing fire.* To realize the mighty resources of this seething furnace, we have only to recall the history of the many islands of the sea which have sprung up in a night, and of as many others which have suddenly disappeared, as did Fernandina in the Mediterranean, maintaining itself above the water only a few weeks.

The other force, which controls the circulation of the atmosphere perhaps even more than the combined agencies of solar and subterranean heat, and which therefore demands most attention from the meteorologist, is the earth's rotation on its axis, by that mighty impulse originally received from the hand of the Almighty. Could an observer take his place on the moon, and with his telescope watch the daily revolution of the Earth, he would see it as an immense satellite, fourteen times the size of our full moon, revolving from West to East. Should his eye first rest upon the luminous land masses of America, they would for six hours move in the panorama; the Pacific Ocean would next appear, and successively Asia and Australia, Europe and Africa, and the Atlantic.* Upon the simple fact, thus disclosed, largely, if not mainly, depend the meteorologic and geographic characteristics of the whole planet, for, in the words of Sir John Herschel, "the Earth's rotation gives their peculiar character to all the great aërial currents which prevail over the globe."† To apprehend this we have but to conceive of the solid and fluid globe passing in daily and ceaseless revolution under the vast atmospheric envelope which covers its surface. As our planet rotates from West to East, and is continually slipping under the air, the effect is a broad band of wind ever moving around the globe from East to West. The winds thus created in the tropics, and depositing their loads of moisture on the soil, produce a marked contrast between the eastern and western coasts. Could the earth stop in its axial rotation, or begin to rotate from East to West, what vast revolutions would be immediately wrought! Brazi-

* How far subterranean heat affects the crust of the earth the reader will see ably set forth through five chapters of a work by Gerald Molloy, D.D., of England, lately republished by G. P. Putnam & Sons.

* For a beautiful description of the "Earth seen from the Moon," see Fay's Outline of Geography, G. P. Putnam & Son.

† Herschel's *Meteorology*, p. 57.



METEOROLOGICAL CHART OF WEST INDIES, FOR 1ST OF OCT., 1866, 8 P.M.

(Light-feathered arrows show course of currents : unfeathered arrows, winds.)

lian South America, now teeming with life and fertility dropped down upon it by the watery trade-winds, would become like the desert of Atacama and the rainless Peruvian slopes of the Andes.* The climatology of the globe and its physical aspects would be radically altered. If the earth did not revolve on its axis the trade-winds would blow from the north and the south directly towards the equator. As, however, the earth revolves from west to east, and the girth round the tropical circle where the trades begin to blow is not so great as at the equator, and consequently has less eastward velocity, the winds, as they approach the equator, find the earth revolving faster and faster and slipping from under them. They therefore lag behind and thus seem to blow from the northeast, north of the equator, and from the southeast, south of the equator.

As there is an incessant current of air poured upon the equatorial belt from both the north and south, it follows that the same quantity of atmosphere must return towards the poles, or else all the aërial ocean would be piled upon the equator. As this returning air, which moves from the equator as an *upper* current (called "*the upper trade*"), reaches the Tropic of Cancer it sinks to the earth's surface, and then moves in a northwardly and eastwardly direction. It takes this course for the same reason that the Gulf Stream, after leaving the Florida Channel, spreads itself out like a slightly-opened hand, and under the influence of the earth's diurnal rotation moves towards the British Isles in the path of a trajectory. Were the earth's axial rotation to cease, the Gulf Stream, with its warm, smoking waters, would no longer come in contact with the shores of Britain, but it would flow due north. Greenland would then be entitled to the name which was wrongfully given it, and Ireland would cease to be "Green Erin."

* See A. Keith Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, p. 119.

If we suppose it possible the great atmospheric currents could be *colored*, each with a hue of its own (as we color the Gulf Stream and other ocean currents upon a painted chart), and that at one glance we beheld the entire aërial ocean in circulation, we should instantly discover a most startling fact. We should discover that the currents of the sea and the currents of the air move nearly together, and that the great laws which control the pulsations of the liquid sea, with certain modifications, vitally affect the respirations of the gaseous ocean. There is this difference: the bottom of the aërial ocean moves approximately with the surface of the watery ocean, and conversely. If we compare for a moment the Map of Marine Currents and a diagram of the surface winds of the earth, we shall see how closely they conform to each other. Take the Gulf Stream for an example. It has been described by a distinguished writer as a mighty *river in the ocean*, whose banks and whose bottom are of cold water, as was proved by the researches of the United States Coast Survey. "The Gulf Stream plays a grand part in the system of Atlantic circulation. It carries the tepid and milk-warm water of the tropics into the frozen regions of the north;" it is an incessant preserver of the oceanic equilibrium, and, in the eloquent words of Michelet, "it flows onward to console the pole." But the Gulf Stream is a great liquid avenue, over whose blue waters roll mighty masses of atmosphere and ride in terrific triumph the fiercest cyclones.

Its track is overhung by aqueous vapor, and is thus a region of rarefied air and of a low barometer.

Here is a natural ATMOSPHERIC RIVER-BED. Its banks are of colder and heavier air and its bottom is the bosom of the sea itself. The storm, as it passes along this great highway carved out for it by an ordinance of the Almighty, may rub and fret against its bounds, as the locomotive, thundering along the curve of the road, may chafe against and batter the steel edges of the unyielding rail. It may even, like the engine, leave and leap its track and fly off in tangential fury. But it has a track, an ordained track, in which man may ordinarily expect to find it.

It is a well-known fact that the Gulf Stream, after leaving the Florida Channel, breaks into streaks of hot water, separated by streaks of cold water.* In his Coast Survey Reports, Lieut. Bache often speaks of these "bands." "There are two cold streaks outside of the (main axis of the) Gulf Stream, and a warm one between them: the position of the next warm streak is quite uncertain."† The thermometer indicates a great difference in the temperature as you cross these streaks of water, and they are well enough defined to be indicated on all good charts. (See these *streaks* in the Gulf Stream, as shown in the Meteorological Chart of the West Indies for 1st of October, 1866, at 8 P.M.) The same streaks were found by Capt. Bent in the celebrated Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan, similar to the Gulf Stream. The Gulf Stream thus appears like an open hand, the wrist resting on the Florida Pass and the Bahama Banks, the forefinger on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, and the other fingers on the Azores, the British Isles, and Norway.

I beg now to ask the reader especially to compare those courses and offshoots of the great Tropical Current with the following remark, which I have just received while I write, in a letter from Captain Silas Bent, the distinguished hydrographer, and flag-officer of Commodore Perry's Japan Expedition.

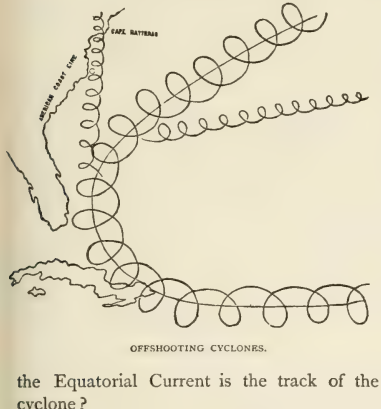
Writing with no reference whatever to the views here advanced, he says, in speaking from his twenty-five years' experience in managing vessels in storms and cyclones:—"The storm as it advances not unfrequently throws off small cyclones from its sides, but which are as perfect and symmetrical themselves as the parent storm."

Now each one of the diverging streaks of warm water in the Gulf Stream may be regarded as a little gulf stream in itself, offering a track for the offshoot, and inducing its separation from the main storm, whose centre is traveling on the central axis of the Gulf Stream.

Is it not, at any rate, perfectly clear that the general course of the heated waters of

* See Berghaus' Chart of the World.

† Coast Survey Report, p. 50. 1854.



OFFSHOOTING CYCLONES.

the Equatorial Current is the track of the cyclone?

Buchan, describing the direction in which European storms advance, says:—"About half the storms of Middle and Northern Europe travel from Southwest or W. S. W. towards N. E. or E. N. E., and nineteen out of every twenty, at least, travel toward some point in the quadrant of the compass from the northeast to the southeast. Thus the general direction from which storms come is westerly."* The reader has only to trace the Gulf Stream from its great parent, the Equatorial Current of the Atlantic, to its recurvation from the American shores toward England, to see that it may be truly regarded as the great *Storm-Bearer* of the West Indian hurricanes. This is attested by vast numbers of charts of storms arising in the Caribbean Sea and curving from a westerly to a northerly, and thence to a northeasterly course. In the work of charting these moving storms, the name of William C. Redfield, of New York, will ever be gratefully remembered by the seaman and the merchant.

"If a storm," says Prof. Loomis, "commences anywhere in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream, it naturally tends towards that stream, because here is the greatest amount of vapor to be precipitated, and when a storm has once encountered the Gulf Stream it continues to follow that stream in its progress eastward."

* P. 244, *Handy-Book of Meteorology.*

It is susceptible of demonstration that the major part of the Equatorial Current, diverted by the Windward or Lesser Antilles, and moving in obedience to physical law, does not enter the Gulf of Mexico, but flows by a curve off the northern shores of the Antilles, forming "The Northwest Branch" of the Equatorial Current.* It is the same case with what may be called the great *Aërial Equatorial Current*, which, flowing to the westward, conspires to work off most of the hurricanes into the track of the super-heated water, and causes them to follow the route indicated on the hurricane chart. Here we have then one of the

TRACKS OF AMERICAN STORMS.

Offshooting cyclones frequently strike the Atlantic coast of the United States, and move with great power into the interior. They are most frequently arrested, or their force broken, on the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, or on the Alleghanies. But they often break over the mountain barrier and pour their destruction on the western slopes of these ridges.

Had we synchronous reports from the towns visited by the fearful September storm and flood in Virginia, it is believed, we would be able to demonstrate that it was one of these offshoots from a Gulf-Stream cyclone. Its centre seems to have passed toward the mountain sources of the James River, whose bed was crowded and choked with the fatal torrent. Overleaping the Blue Ridge, it descended upon the fair valley of the Shenandoah, reaping its grand harvest of destruction and death.†

Why these cyclones should travel from the tropics toward the temperate region, is discovered from the chart of isobarometric lines, or the lines along which the barometric pressure is the same. As the atmosphere will ever move from a point of high barometer to one of low barometer, we can easily comprehend the phenomenon.‡

* See this demonstrated by the present writer in an article on "Hot Current of the Atlantic," *Harper's Monthly*, June, 1870.

† It did not reach the upper waters of the Potomac, but the loss of property and life is stated by the press to have been immense.

‡ See Buchan, p. 285.

Here, too, it may be well to remark, if meteorologists can rely upon anything they may rely upon these two facts :—First, That the atmosphere will naturally move from a point of high barometer to a point of low barometer,—just as naturally as the Mississippi river will run into the Gulf of Mexico, or as water runs down hill. Second, That the region of great aqueous vapor is always a region of low barometer. The southern hemisphere being the *water*-hemisphere, or, as Dové calls it, "*the boiler*," for which the northern hemisphere is the "condenser," is a striking illustration of the fact, the barometer always reading lower at Cape Horn and in the Antarctic regions than at any similar latitudes in the northern hemisphere.

We have but to take at random one out of the long catalogue of the charted hurricanes of the West Indies to see all that is here advanced verified, *e.g.* :—

"1827. August 17th to 27th (*Redfield*). Hurricane, August 17th, at Barbadoes; 19th, near Hayti; 24th, east of Charleston; 25th, off Cape Hatteras; 27th, east of New York; 28th, east of Halifax. This was central to the Gulf Stream through its whole track, and nearly midway between Bermuda and Charleston. Mr. Redfield gives eleven nautical miles per hour as the rate of movement of this storm."

It is the influence of the trade winds that gives the hurricane its westward motion at first. Reaching the northern limit of the trade-wind belt in latitude 30° North, it is relieved of this influence and moves to the north-east.

A second track taken by the fierce cyclone generated in the great Aërial Equatorial Current, is the track of the Gulf Stream through the Yucatan Channel. Penetrating the Gulf of Mexico through this gateway, the cyclone travels with the stream, or is projected to one side, falling sometimes with relentless fury upon the coast of Texas or Louisiana, and thence following, by a course more or less direct, the basin of the "Father of Waters." Over the bed of this mighty river—the drainage of a continent—the atmosphere is ever in a condition to offer transit to the moving storm. From the Gulf of Mexico, along the Mississippi up to its head-waters, and along its great tributary the Ohio, numbers of these fierce meteors, born in the tropics, have been traced. The reader will find one of them charted by Prof. I. A. Lapham, from materials furnished by the Smithsonian Institute, and published in the Chicago *Bureau*, the journal which has, more than any we know of in the land, been the earliest and most determined advocate of the Storm-Signal System. According to Capt. Bent, the storms from the equatorial Atlantic "emerge from the basin of the Gulf of Mexico between New Orleans and Tampico, and bend gradually to the N. E., passing over Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana to the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, requiring sometimes three or four days (or more) to travel from the Gulf to the Lakes, and ample time for information to be conveyed by telegraph in advance, so as to give warning of their approach not only to the shipping on the Lakes, but also to the railroads and farmers, who will, I am sure, in a few years learn so well to profit by such information, that the latter will consult the Meteorological Reports before sowing their grain or reaping their harvests." "To railroads," he adds, "the Reports may be made of great service—especially in the winter, as I know from experience—by lightening the trains so as to prevent being blocked by snow; and in the summer, to put the trainmen on the lookout for washed embankments or broken culverts and bridges."

The storms which strike upon the Texan coast are generally equinoctial or winter storms; for, when the sun is in his winter declination, the equatorial currents of the ocean are depressed, or drawn more into south latitude—the *thermal* equator vibrating with the sun causes all the currents of the sea and air to do the same, and thus the sweep of the hurricane is more likely to reach the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico.

A third track of American storms is from the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains over the plains in an eastwardly direction. It is difficult to explain this fact, but none have questioned it. It is, however, to be feared that meteorologists have dwelt too exclusively upon this source of our storms.

To comprehend how great disturbances are propagated from the region of the Rocky

Mountains eastwardly, we must regard three facts.

First, the general tendency of the atmosphere in the north temperate zone is from the south-west or west.

"Over a large part of British America and all the United States, except the most southerly districts, at a height ranging above seven thousand feet," says Dr. Draper, a "west wind is perpetually blowing. It moves in the middle latitudes at a rate of about twenty miles per hour, and there is reason to believe passes all around the globe. In a general manner, however, all our atmospheric disturbances move from the west to the east."

Moreover, as the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic is the natural channel for the storms which beat upon the British coast, so the Kuro-Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan, a mightier gulf stream than ours, whose recurving waters wash and warm the Pacific coasts of America,* affords a pathway for cyclones generated in the Pacific Ocean and the China seas. This latter region of the earth is near the very womb and nursery of the tempest and the typhoon. The storm engendered in its bosom finds, in the atmospheric river-bed overhanging the smoking waters of the Kuro-Siwo, a free and ready transit.

We have seen that the great majority of Atlantic storms move over the Gulf Stream to England and western Europe, and it is not hard to see how the coasts of California and the western declivities of the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains are called to receive the shocks of cyclones from the Kuro-Siwo.

"The great storms at sea off the coast (of Japan)," says Blodget, "also appear to be like those of the Gulf Stream and Atlantic coast." † "When we take into account," says Piddington, "that this warm ocean stream is found exactly on the lines which connect the greatest volcanic chain of our globe, we are struck with the analogy which this presents with the Florida Gulf Stream; and we call necessarily to mind the prevalence of cyclones within its limits and their tendency to follow its track."*

Vessels and Japanese junks, dismasted off the coast of Japan, have been drifted by the Kuro-Siwo to the coast of California, just as beans and vegetables from the West Indies have been drifted to Iceland and Spitzbergen by the Gulf Stream. Is it then strange that the Pacific storms should be propagated on the Kuro-Siwo to our continent?

Observations in the Western Pacific have been comparatively meagre; but Mr. William C. Redfield, in the second volume of Com. Perry's Japan Expedition Report, has given a chart of the cyclones off the coast of China and Japan which bears out, as far as it goes, the view here expressed of the recurvation of these storms towards the American shores of the Pacific.

Mountain systems on the Pacific coast are, it is true, to be regarded. "The effect of the mountain systems of Asia, in particular the Yablonoi or Stanovoi Mountains," according to Buchan, "in shutting in the cold, dense air within that region is to be referred to. Indeed, but for this high mountain range, the singular distribution of the pressure which is seen to obtain from Yakutsk eastward to Kamtchatka could not be maintained,† and in all probability the whole winter pressure of Central Asia would be materially reduced."

But these Asiatic mountain-walls tower up far beyond the summits of the Rocky Mountain barrier, and the air which seeks to pass the latter is not the cold, dense atmosphere of Siberia. It is not impossible, therefore, to see how the Pacific storm, after traveling to the east, overleaps the mountains, and, once over, sweeps eastward with undiminished velocity. As it rolls on over the great western plain it meets no obstacle, and reaching the valley of the Upper Mississippi naturally ascends it, or, as is often the case, makes its fiery way to the Great Lakes. The heavy atmospheric pressure on the cold regions of British America would serve as a wall against the northerly or north-easterly movement of these storms.

The storms which fall upon the north-east

* At Fort Steilacoom (Puget's Sound) the temperature is higher than at Santa Fé, 800 miles farther south.

† *Climatology of the United States*, p. 117.

* See Piddington's *Horn-Book*, p. 70.

† Meteorology, p. 51.

coast of the United States, in New England and the Middle States, have a steady movement beginning in the south or south-west, and gradually work around to a north-east point. Some of them work up along the Atlantic seaboard. They are, doubtless, originally small cyclones thrown off into and across the Gulf of Mexico from the Equatorial Current or the Gulf Steam. It is a singular fact that these storms too, like that charted by Professor Lapham, are not summer storms, but winter or equinoctial storms, thrown off from the Equatorial Current while the sun is vertically on or *below* the equator, and hence while the current itself and the trade-wind belt also are drawn down and depressed to a low latitude. At this time, of course, the hurricane track of the West Indies, instead of running north of Cuba, will run south of Cuba or along the northern coast of South America.

If the meteorological labors of the government Signal Service and Bureau of Telegrams and Reports (now under the guidance of the able and enterprising Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, who has in a few months organized a system of weather-telegraphy which will compare favorably with systems in Europe which have been the work of years) can be sufficiently extended, these and all other important American storms may be forecast, and mariners along our northern and lake coasts be forewarned at least twenty-four hours, and often two or three days. It may be well in this connection to consider the following remark of Admiral Fitzroy: "There is no discrepancy between the results of ten years' investigation, published by Dr. Lloyd in 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,' the three years inquiries published by Mr. W. Stevenson, and other investigations which have been brought together during the last few years. They all tell the same story. Gales from the south and west are followed by dangerous storms from the north and east; and those from the north and east do most damage on our coasts. By tracing the facts it is shown that storms which come from the west and south come on gradually, but that those from the north and east begin suddenly, and often with extraordinary force. The barometer, with these north-eastern storms, does not give direct warning upon this coast, because it ranges higher than the wind from the opposite quarter.

"But though the barometer does not give much indication of a north-east storm, the thermometer does; and the known average temperature of every morning in the year affords the means (from the temperature being much above or below the mean average of the time of year) of knowing, by comparisons, whether the wind will be northerly or southerly," &c.

THE VELOCITY

of these storms, and of all our cyclones, is variously estimated from five to thirty miles per hour, which is, at the maximum, not more than that of an ordinary railroad train. "On rare occasions the rate at which storms travel, according to Buchan, is as great as forty-five miles an hour." "Since the distance from the south-west of Ireland to the east of Great Britain," he adds, "is about four hundred and fifty miles, it follows that even after a storm has appeared on the west of Ireland, the eastern seaports may be generally warned of its approach twenty-four hours before the force of the gale begins to be felt, even though no warning be issued until the storm has actually made its appearance in Ireland." *

The space fails us for the present, but the most interesting phases of the subject remain. We have seen that the most furious cyclones are not wandering meteors and fitful nomads, but that they pursue their ordained and beaten tracks, observing something of that precision with which our planet describes the elliptic orbit around its central star.

The question then arises, *By what law do they move?*

[The second article on this subject in the next number of the Magazine, will present its more interesting and popular phases, *e.g.*, the nature and laws of storms; the premonitions and causes of American storms; the meteorological instruments and methods of observation adopted for the service by the Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army; the system of despatching and bulletining the telegrams and storm-warnings; and the latest results and prospects of the enterprise. The illustrations will be done with peculiar care, and by the first artists.]

* *Meteorology*, p. 248.

CONFERENCE WRONG SIDE OUT.

THE minister had gone to New York to marry his sister, the lawyer was off on circuit, the deacon was laid up at home with a sprained ankle, and the Conference was coming. What should we do?

Do? Why, there was the church to be tidied up, the vestry to be cleaned, tables to be made and spread, crockeryware to be bought, begged, borrowed, and broken, food to be cooked by the cargo, and coffee and tea to be made by the barrel. I could not get an apple gathered or a log split for a fortnight, because "I've got to work up 't' the meetin'-house. You know Conference is comin'." Yes, all the autumn, Conference darkled vaguely in the horizon, and it was when October shimmered brown and gold and glorious, and Conference bore down upon us under full sail, near and inevitable, that the minister must needs go off a-marrying, the lawyer a-courting, and the deacon a-spraining his ankle. So we laity were left to prepare the way for a Conference which was used to good eating, and which we could not let starve on our hands without incurring perpetual disgrace. "Besides," said Conference-goers among our brethren and sisters, "we have been to Conference and got great dinners, and we will give them as good as they send."

It is a praiseworthy principle. Sealed be the lips that would gainsay it!

So, as foreordained from the pulpit, we gather to the preliminary meeting in the vestry, for we are advocates of law and order. We will have organization and a moderator. No mob-rule for us. In the vestry the women are merry and many; the men are two, and forlorn. The women hold seats on the right, as is their wont; they are fired with ambition, filled with plans and enthusiasm; they talk in loud whispers, confuse each other with cross remarks, and look daggers over at the two lonesome, unhappy men who flatter themselves they are talking together, but really, with hearts of lead, are only striving to pass away the time, and wishing that Blucher or night were come, and wondering what they shall do if neither Blucher nor night appears.

"Come now," says a woman energetically "go and shut those two men up in the small vestry and let us proceed to business."

For we are all woman's rights here, every mother's son of us, and knowing, dare maintain. That is, we take our rights without more ado. We have just voted that we will vote in church, and as for our husbands, we order them around well when we feel like it, and submit to nothing but fate. Still, we do our bullying by our own hearthstones, and sit in prayer-meeting as silent and meek as any subject race, to the annoyance of the free white males, who would like to have us take the burden off their shoulders by "offering a few remarks" at the Teachers' Meeting or the Sunday-school Concert. But we won't. We prefer to sit still, and criticise their remarks after we go home.

Finally, as the cows gradually get milked, and the horses shod, and the tale of human shoes made up, the men drop in one by one; somebody proposes a moderator, and we are fairly a-going. Now as we are all "woman's rights" this would seem to be the golden opportunity to put them in practice. The entertainment of the Conference is but an enlarged hospitality, and we women must engineer it through. Moreover, the Lord has taken away our three masters from our head to-day, and what doth hinder that we should not be our own masters and say what we want, and what we will have, and what we will do, without the intervention of the tyrant man?

Wherefore, the chairman being chosen, and the machinery ready to begin, we all sit with an expectant look in our eyes, and an embarrassed smile on our lips for two minutes. The men think they will give the women a chance, and keep still; and the women think they have got their chance, and it feels like a very large elephant on their hands. Presently we fall simultaneously to nudging each other to speak.

"We want a committee," whispers Mrs. A., from one end of the long settee, to Mrs. B. at the other.

"Then you get up and say so," says

Mrs. B. sententiously, which is not encouraging.

After much skirmish in whispers, one of the men rises and comes over to us. O wretched renegades that we are, disfranchised and degraded—the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. No sooner does this man take a seat on our settee than all the settees bow down and do obeisance as servilely as if they believed the head of the woman was the man. We pounce upon him, we twist ourselves around to face him, we shriek at him in horrid whispers, none of which can he distinguish, but he manages to strike a general average and rises to move that a committee be appointed. The motion is put and carried, and immediately a lively caucus ensues on the settees as to the appointees.

"Mrs. C.," says one.

"Yes, she is beautiful: you nominate her."

"No, you!" with expressive pantomimic gesture.

The little lady clears her throat, and tries to say in stentorian tones, "Mrs. C.;" but she miscalculates her force and there is a decided case of *vox faucibus hæsit.* Then we all giggle.

"Do somebody nominate her," says the biggest coward among us. "Can't you just say Mrs. J. C.?" As if it were as easy as breathing, she herself having nearly suffocated in the attempt, whereat half a dozen voices perpetrate another attack on the good name of Mrs. C. But as each voice is on a different key, and as they all begin with a wheeze and end with a whisper, and as we have squatted in the farthest back seats, while the chairman is at the other end under the pulpit, the nominations come to his ear only as a gentle inarticulate soughing. Still he evidently thinks something is going on, and stares steadfastly and inquiringly into our corner, while we are smothering with laughter over our prowess. Presently one of us takes her life in her hands, and gathering up all her soul, hurls "Mrs. J—— M—— C——" at the moderator, in a voice ringing from desperation, twice as loud as there is any call for, and then looks back upon us with an air of triumph, evidently thinking she has made a speech, and that it is the speech of the evening. So we hitch along, canvassing as we go, and announcing the result of each canvass in a confused and wabbling chorus of squeaky, husky voices, because nobody ventures to speak alone, and no two can agree to begin at the same instant, till the committee is chosen, and we rest on our arms and query what is to be done next.

We don't think of anything, but choose more Committee, when somebody brighter than the rest starts up the impertinent question, "What is this committee for that we have already chosen?"

"Why—everything," we say blankly, looking from one to another.

"To boss the job," says the carpenter, who has joined us, not professionally, however.

"To taste the things that are brought in, and see if they are good," says the chairman of the committee, his eyes dilate with foretaste of the feast.

Here it is suggested on the slowly darkening "men's side," that no one has kept a list of the names. The moderator proposes that a secretary be appointed. Our mouthpiece has —gallantly—no doubt the ladies will remember everything; still it may be advisable to have the list written, and he will act as secretary if any one will lend him a pencil. The moderator proffers a pencil, and Mouthpiece steals a march upon us by advancing to the front. Hereupon a muffled shriek of despair proceeds from the corner. "Oh! we have lost our man!" "Oh! now our man is gone, and we can't talk!" "Oh! make him come back again!" But he smiles and smiles from afar, and is villain enough to know when he is well off and stay there, and another king arises, seeing our bereaved condition, and deigns to come over and help us.

"We must have a committee to take care of the food," whispers Mrs. D.

"Yes," says Mrs. E., "if I send a pie, I want the Conference folks to have it. I don't want it eaten up by small boys!"

"And we ought to have a committee to take care of what is left, and set the table for supper."

"Why, we are not going to give them a supper."

"Yes, we are. There will be a good many who won't go till the last train, and will want a supper."

"You have too many on committee now," says King Stork; "you don't want any more."

"And who is going to do all the work?" we demand, turning upon him severely.

"Let this committee call in as much assistance as they want, but let them be responsible. If you have so many committees there is no head and no responsibility."

We gaze upon him with pity, remembering the long line of conferences and ordinations and tea-parties that have made our village history a trail of glory, and the innumerable committees under which our fields were won; but we remember also that he is but a late-comer, who, during those eventful days, was wandering in some outer darkness, and does not know that Britons never will be slaves; and though we are quite willing to work day and night, we will do it as committee and not as the menials and minions of a committee! Assistance indeed! Thus ever is the civic mind overridden by organization, and would sacrifice the noble pride of the rural districts to the same false god.

"We ought to have a committee on carriages," suggests one of the elect ladies.

"What do you want of carriages?" asks King Log.

"Why, to bring the people to and from the station."

"Nonsense. If they are well they can walk, and if they are sick they better stay at home."

"But the ministers, we mustn't make them walk." Forever to the female eye is your clergyman baked of purest porcelain; no common earthenware is he.

"Do 'em good," rejoins Earthenware brusquely; "they will enjoy it. When we had the ordination didn't Jeremy Taylor and Jonathan Edwards walk all the way and think it was fun?"

The elect lady is silenced, but not convinced. Meanwhile there has been a vote taken, and she holds up her hand. "What are you voting for? Take down your hand," cry the imperious whispers.

"I won't; I'm going to vote."

"But you are voting contrary-minded. We've all voted for Miss Mary B."

"I don't care. I'd rather be contrary-minded than lose my vote." And men have the audacity to say that in the kingdom coming, of female suffrage, the best women will not vote!

"Take Mrs. X. Y. for the other one."

"What is that? Mrs. X. Y.? No, she is deaf, and she told me it was no use to put her on anything. Why don't you have Mrs. Q. P.?"

"Mrs. Q. P.! She can't come. You need not nominate her."

"Why can't she? She is a real good hand."

"But don't you know? She—why—she has a little baby."

"No, she hasn't. Her baby is two years old, and can stay with its grandmother."

"But she has another."

"I don't believe it!"

"It's true."

"How old is it, come?"

"Born in July."

"Well, that's news to me."

Everybody is taken aback, and the whole Conference comes to a dead halt over this problematical baby; but the definite date seems to silence doubts. If you can assert that a baby was born on a fixed day, it follows as the night that day that he was really born. So presently we return to business. Shall we have tea and coffee? No. Tea, but not coffee. Yes, tea and coffee. You can't make them both. Mrs. H. says you may have her cooking-stove. I will give the coffee rather than not have it. How much tea do we need? Oh! twenty or thirty pounds. Absurd! Six pounds is enough. Why, how many will be here? Thirty churches belong to the Conference. And they will all come. And most of 'em won't have any regular meals for two days beforehand, so as to get up an appetite. Oh! have we got a committee to go around and see what people will give? If we don't, they will all send in cake or pies and we shan't have any bread and meat. La! we haven't half committees enough. We ought to have sixteen more committees, two on each. Oh! see how Mrs. M. wants to be in office! She thinks if there are sixteen she will stand a chance. Why look. Mrs. N. and Mrs. O.

aren't on anything. They ought to be, they are so public-spirited. Well, make a committee and put them on. But we've got committees on everything you can think of. Make a general committee, then. But the first was a general committee. And this will be a general-in-chief. Make it quick. And the perplexed King Stork puts his private opinions in his pocket, and moves that Mr. N., Mr. O., Mr. P., and Mr. Q., be appointed a general committee.

"And their wives!" yell the settees in their enraged whispers.

"And their wives," echoes the mouthpiece, subdued beyond even the semblance of resistance.

And then, having formed committees enough to get ourselves all in honorable positions, we depart in peace; not fancying that we have made a brilliant stand for woman's rights, but firm in the faith that we shall come out strong on the Conference dinner. And if you win the battle, what matter whether you do it by Hardee's tactics or your own?

Conference Right Side Out is a very different and a very decorous thing. No committee, no squeaky voices, no seven women laying hold of one man, no croaking about cooking or pottering about pottery, but a dignified assembly of clergy and delegates met to report on the state and progress of their several Zions, to hear a memorial sermon, to take counsel with each other on the work of the Lord, and stir up their own pure minds by way of remembrance. Still, if you ask how the Conference was, ten to one the delighted villager will reply enthusiastically:

"Oh! everything went beautifully. There were two hundred and fifty people sat down to dinner, and enough for everybody, and plenty left. The baked beans and brown bread went like everything."

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! I wish to know if the churches are sound in the faith and alive in the spirit, and I am answered in baked beans! Yes, and I venture to say, if we could get at the core of things, good Christians as we all are, though we don't all know it, that not one of us who receive the Conference takes the least thought for the state of the churches. What we had at heart was to furnish a good dinner for the clergy and the laity.

And how they did come! It rained almost incessantly, and we all know the frantic efforts of the ministers and the religious newspapers to make people disregard the weather on Sundays, and the blank array of empty pews with which people respond whenever there is a cloud in the sky no bigger than a man's hand. So we went to church bemoaning our loaded hampers, and resolving to stay and dine ourselves rather than our viands should be lost—especially as we had no dinner at home—and lo! a great multitude had gone up to the courts of the Lord, and our pews were full in spite of the rain, and those of us who came to eat remained to serve.

"What shall we do with our loaves and fishes?" communed the villagers on their way to the tabernacle.

"What shall we do with the people that have come to eat them?" they asked, in the consternation of hospitality, when the tabernacle door flew open to the throng that gathered there.

I must confess I attempted to stir up sedition, but met with inglorious failure. Seeing the chaos and care, the tables to be made, the settees to be turned and overturned, the order to be disordered, and the disorder to be reorganized into order, I said, "It is too much work. It is fatiguing to think of." And everybody cried with one voice, not a bit of it. Indeed they were as blithe as blackbirds, and as chattering. It was fun, and society, and good cheer. The more the merrier, both of hosts and guests; so then I turned right about face, determined to pick a quarrel with the existing order of things, somehow, and said: "This shows how much we need amusements. This Conference is a sort of ecclesiastical ball and supper. They are talking instead of dancing up in the ball-room, but they don't look much more solemn than the average American going through a cotilion, and I reckon the average cotilion American does not cheat in trade, does not snub his wife, does not lose his temper much oftener than the average church American. But we churchlings have so discountenanced amusements that we are infinitely amused by

so small a change in our daily life as doing by the dozen once in seven years what we do singly at home every day. The pleasure of getting out of the narrow routine of home, of getting together with our friends and neighbors, takes the wear and tear out of the work, and instead of wearying refreshes and heartens us. Why do we not then learn a lesson from this, and invent pleasant little assemblies for and of ourselves, with or without baked beans, where young and old can meet and chat and sing and play such games as do not go against the conscience of the brethren? Why not have, that is, a little neighborhood conference every month, or as often as shall seem agreeable, to which good manners shall be the only entrance fee, and where baked beans or roasted potatoes shall be the inexpensive but sufficient entertainment, though each may bring that which seems good in his own eyes?"

This would make the church the recognized social as well as religious centre, and might somehow equalize matters. For me, I am amazed at the goodness of the world, its forgiveness, and forbearance, and general virtuousness. Here we church-folk berate the "world's people" every Sunday about their trespasses and sins, and yet no sooner do we get up a Conference, which is exclusively a church matter, and has nothing to do with the world except to burnish up the weapons wherewith we mean to attack it, and immediately the kindly, hospitable, good-natured world forgets all the hard names we have been calling it; turns to with as hearty a will as if it were in good and regular standing; knocks up tables and chairs, provides horses and carriages, spreads thick slices of bread and butter, and thin slices of ham and tongue, all one as if we had not ruled it out of the Kingdom Come. And we gladly accept. We have no intention of associating with it in the next world, but we are very glad to avail ourselves of its services in this. We make a distinct mark on the sheep of our fold, and so class them off from the goats; but so far as natural history is concerned you never could tell them apart.

There is, I regret to be obliged to say, one drop of bitterness in our sweet draught. We did not have puddings. To be sure we did not need them. Need them! I should think! Why, when Mrs. Betty came in, erect and confident, with bag, pail, and pillow-case, and succinctly inquired, "Meat cut up yet? Want the scraps;" were we not so filled with faith in our resources that, though the meeting was barely begun in the church triumphant above, and the tables not spread in the church militant below, generous hands laid hold of joints, carved out bones, and cut off gristle, leaving large margins of meat, made odds and ends where none existed, and sent Mrs. Betty away rejoicing, to feed out of her pillow-case till Thanksgiving?

No, we did not need puddings, nor even miss them till the next day, when, as ill luck would have it, they got up an installation in the neighboring village, which we all attended, and the iron entered into our souls, for they installed with puddings! In every other respect we think we held our own; but those frosted, foamy puddings gave a whiteness and delicacy to the tables which ours lacked. We like our minister too well to hope for an installation of our own, and the Conference only comes round once in seven years; but I warrant you whoever lives to see that day will see something in the way of puddings that shall make all his previous experiences of frost and foam seem but an idle dream.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 337.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LEADS.

THE moment Mrs. Wilson was gone, I expected to see Clara peep out from behind the tapestry in the corner; but as she did not appear, I lifted it and looked in. There was nothing behind but a closet almost filled with books, not upon shelves, but heaped up from floor to ceiling. There had been just room and no more for Clara to stand between the tapestry and the books. It was of no use attempting to look for her—at least I said so to myself, for as yet the attraction of an old book was equal to that of a young girl. Besides, I always enjoyed waiting—up to a certain point. Therefore I resumed my place on the floor, with the Seven Champions in one hand and my chamber-candlestick in the other.

I had for the moment forgotten Clara in the adventures of St. Andrew of Scotland, when the *silking* of her frock aroused me. She was at my side.

"Well, you've had your dinner? Did she give you any dessert?"

"This is my dessert," I said, holding up the book. "It's far more than——"

"Far more than your desert," she pursued, "if you prefer it to me."

"I looked for you first," I said defensively.

"Where?"

"In the closet there."

"You didn't think I was going to wait there, did you? Why the very spiders are hanging dead in their own webs in there. But here's some dessert for you—if you're as fond of apples as most boys," she added, taking a small rosy-cheeked beauty from her pocket.

I accepted it, but somehow did not quite relish being lumped with boys in that fashion. As I ate it, which I should have felt bound to do even had it been less acceptable in itself, she resumed—

"Wouldn't you like to see the company arrive? That's what I came for. I wasn't going to ask Goody Wilson."

"Yes, I should," I answered, "but Mrs. Wilson told me to keep here, and not get in their way."

"Oh! I'll take care of that. We shan't go near them. I know every corner of the place—a good deal better than Mrs. Wilson. Come along, Wilfrid—that's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. Am I to call you Clara?"

"Yes, if you are good—that is if you like. I don't care what you call me. Come along."

I followed. She led me into the armory. A great clang of the bell in the paved court fell upon our ears.

"Make haste," she said, and darted to the door at the foot of the little stair. "Mind how you go," she went on. "The steps are very much worn. Keep your right shoulder foremost."

I obeyed her directions, and followed her up the stair. We passed the door of a room over the armory, and ascended still, to creep out at last through a very low door on to the leads of the little square tower. Here we could on the one side look into every corner of the paved court, and on the other, across the roof of the hall, could see about half of the high court, as they called it, into which the carriages drove; and from this post of vantage we watched the arrival of a good many parties. I thought the ladies tripping across the paved court, with their gay dresses lighting up the spring twilight, and their sweet voices rippling its almost pensive silence, suited the time and the place much better than the carriages dashing into the other court, fine as they looked with their well-kept horses and their servants in gay liveries. The sun was down, and the moon was rising—near the full, but there was too much light in the sky to let her make much of herself yet. It was one of those spring evenings which you could not tell from an autumn one except for a certain something in the air appealing to an undefined sense—rather that of smell than any

other. There were green buds and not withering leaves in it—life and not death; and the voices of the gathering guests were of the season, and pleasant to the soul. Of course Nature did not then affect me so definitely as to make me give forms of thought to her influences. It is now first that I turn them into shapes and words.

As we stood, I discovered that I had been a little mistaken about the position of the Hall. I saw that, although from some points in front it seemed to stand on an isolated rock, the ground rose behind it, terrace upon terrace, the uppermost of which terraces was crowned with rows of trees. Over them the moon was now gathering her strength.

"It is rather cold; I think we had better go in," said Clara, after we had remained there for some minutes without seeing any fresh arrivals.

"Very well," I answered. "What shall we do? Shall you go home?"

"No, certainly not. We must see a good deal more of the fun first."

"How will you manage that? *You* will go to the ball-room, I suppose. You can go where you please, of course."

"Oh no! *I'm* not grand enough to be invited. Oh, dear no! At least I am not *old* enough."

"But you will be some day."

"I don't know. Perhaps. We'll see. Meantime we must make the best of it. What are *you* going to do?"

"I shall go back to the library."

"Then I'll go with you—till the music begins; and then I'll take you where you can see a little of the dancing. It's great fun."

"But how will you manage that?"

"You leave that to me."

We descended at once to the armory, where I had left my candle; and thence we returned to the library.

"Would you like me to read to you?" I asked.

"I don't mind—if it's anything worth hearing."

"Well, I'll read you a bit of the book I was reading when you came in."

"What! that musty old book! No, thank you. It's enough to give one the horrors. The very sight of it is enough. How can you like such frumpy old things?"

"Oh! you mustn't mind the look of it," I said. "It's *very* nice inside!"

"I know where there *is* a nice one," she returned. "Give me the candle."

I followed her to another of the rooms, where she searched for some time. At length —"There it is!" she said, and put into my hand *The Castle of Otranto*. The name promised well. She next led the way to a lovely little bay window, forming almost a closet, which looked out upon the park, whence, without seeing the moon, we could see her light on the landscape, and the great deep shadows cast over the park from the towers of the Hall. There we sat on the broad window sill, and I began to read. It was delightful. Does it indicate loss of power, that the grown man cannot enjoy the book in which the boy delighted? Or is it that the realities of the book, as perceived by his keener eyes, refuse to blend with what imagination would supply if it might?

No sooner, however, did the first notes of the distant violins enter the ear of my companion than she started to her feet.

"What's the matter?" I asked, looking up from the book.

"Don't you hear the music?" she said, half indignantly.

"I hear it now," I answered; "but why ——?"

"Come along," she interrupted, eagerly. "We shall just be in time to see them go across from the drawing-room to the ball-room. Come, come. Leave your candle."

I put down my book with some reluctance. She led me into the armory, and from the armory out on the gallery half-encompassing the great hall, which was lighted up, and full of servants. Opening another door in the gallery, she conducted me down a stair which led almost into the hall, but, ascending again behind it, landed us in a little lobby, on one side of which was the drawing-room, and on the other the ball-room, on another level, reached by a few high semicircular steps.

"Quick! quick!" said Clara, and turning sharply round, she opened another door, disclosing a square-built stone staircase. She

pushed the door carefully against the wall, ran up a few steps, I following in some trepidation, turned abruptly and sat down. I did as she did, questioning nothing: I had committed myself to her superior knowledge.

The quick ear of my companion had caught the first sounds of the tuning of the instruments, and here we were, before the invitation to dance, a customed observance at Moldwarp Hall, had begun to play. In a few minutes thereafter the door of the drawing-room opened; when, pair after pair, the company, to the number of over a hundred and fifty, I should guess, walked past the foot of the stair on which we were seated, and ascended the steps into the ball-room. The lobby was dimly lighted, except from the two open doors, and there was little danger of our being seen.

I interrupt my narrative to mention the odd fact, that so fully was my mind possessed with the antiquity of the place, which it had been the pride of generation after generation to keep up, that now when I recall the scene, the guests always appear dressed not as they were then, but in a far more antique style with which after-knowledge supplied my inner vision!

Last of all came Lady Brotherton, Sir Giles's wife, a pale, delicate-looking woman, leaning on the arm of a tall, long-necked, would-be-stately, yet insignificant-looking man. She gave a shiver as, up the steps from the warm drawing-room, she came at once opposite our open door.

"What a draught there is here!" she said, adjusting her rose-colored scarf about her shoulders. "It feels quite wintry. Will you oblige me, Mr. Mollet, by shutting that door? Sir Giles will not allow me to have it built up. I am sure there are plenty of ways to the leads besides that."

"This door, my lady?" asked Mr. Mollet.

I trembled least he should see us.

"Yes. Just throw it to. There's a spring lock on it. I can't think——"

The slam and echoing bang of the closing door cut off the end of the sentence. Even Clara was a little frightened, for her hand stole into mine for a moment before she burst out laughing.

"Hush! hush!" I said. "They will hear you."

"I almost wish they would," she said. "What a goose I was to be frightened, and not speak! Do you know where we are?"

"No," I answered; "how should I? Where are we?"

My fancy of knowing the place had vanished utterly by this time. All my mental charts of it had got thoroughly confused, and I do not believe I could have even found my way back to the library.

"Shut out on the leads," she answered. "Come along. We may as well go to meet our fate."

I confess to a little palpitation of the heart as she spoke, for I was not yet old enough to feel that Clara's companionship made the doom a light one. Up the stair we went—here no twisting corkscrew, but a broad flight enough, with square turnings. At the top was a door, fastened only with a bolt inside—against no worse housebreakers than the winds and rains. When we emerged, we found ourselves in the open night.

"Here we are in the moon's drawing-room!" said Clara.

The scene was lovely. The sky was all now—the earth only a background or pedestal for the heavens. The river, far below, shone here and there in answer to the moon, while the meadows and fields lay as in the oblivion of sleep, and the wooded hills were only dark formless masses. But the sky was the dwelling-place of the moon, before whose radiance, penetratingly still, the stars shrunk as if they would hide in the flowing skirts of her garments. There was scarce a cloud to be seen, and the whiteness of the moon made the blue thin. I could hardly believe in what I saw. It was as if I had come awake without getting out of the dream.

We were on the roof of the ball room. We felt the rhythmic motion of the dancing feet shake the building in time to the music. "A low melodious thunder" buried beneath—above the eternal silence of the white moon!

We passed to the roof of the drawing-room. From it, upon one side, we could peep into the great gothic window of the hall which rose

high above it. We could see the servants passing and repassing, with dishes for the supper which was being laid in the dining-room under the drawing-room, for the hall was never used for entertainment now, except on such great occasions as a coming of age, or an election feast, when all classes met.

"We mustn't stop here," said Clara. "We shall get our deaths of cold."

"What shall we do then?" I asked.

"There are plenty of doors," she answered — "only Mrs. Wilson has a foolish fancy for keeping them all bolted. We must try, though."

Over roof after roof we went; now descending, now ascending a few steps; now walking along narrow gutters, between battlement and sloping roof; now crossing awkward junctions—trying doors, many in tower and turret—all in vain! Every one was bolted on the inside. We had grown quite silent, for the case looked serious.

"This is the last door," said Clara—"the last we can reach. There are more in the towers, but they are higher up. What *shall* we do? Except we go down a chimney, I don't know what's to be done."

Still her voice did not falter, and my courage did not give way. She stood for a few moments silent. I stood regarding her, as one might listen for a doubtful oracle.

"Yes, I've got it!" she said at length. "Have you a good head, Wilfrid?"

"I don't quite know what you mean," I answered.

"Do you mind being on a narrow place, without much to hold by?"

"High up?" I asked, with a shiver.

"Yes."

For a moment I did not answer. It was a special weakness of my physical nature, one which my imagination had increased tenfold—the absolute horror I had of such a transit as she was evidently about to propose. My worst dreams—from which I would wake with my heart going like a fire-engine, were of adventures of the kind. But before a woman, how could I draw back? I would rather lie broken at the bottom of the wall. And if the fear should come to the worst, I could at least throw myself down and end it so.

"Well?" I said, as if I had only been waiting for her exposition of the case.

"Well!" she returned. — "Come along then."

I did go along—like a man to the gallows; only I would not have turned back to save my life. But I should have hailed the slightest change of purpose in her, with such pleasure as Daniel must have felt when he found the lions would rather not eat him. She retraced our steps a long way—until we reached the middle of the line of building which divided the two courts.

"There!" she said, pointing to the top of the square tower over the entrance to the hall, from which we had watched the arrival of the guests: it rose about nine feet only above where we now stood in the gutter—"I *know* I left the door open when we came down. I did it on purpose. I hate Goody Wilson. Lucky, you see! — that is if you have a head. And if you haven't, it's all the same: I have."

So saying, she pointed to a sort of flying buttress which sprung sideways, with a wide span, across the angle the tower made with the hall, from an embrasure of the battlement of the hall, to the outer corner of the tower, itself more solidly buttressed. I think it must have been made to resist the outward pressure of the roof of the hall; but it was one of those puzzling points which often occur—and oftenest in domestic architecture—where additions and consequent alterations have been made from time to time. Such will occasion sometimes as much conjecture towards their explanation, as a disputed passage in Shakspeare or Æschylus.

Could she mean me to cross that hair-like bridge? The mere thought was a terror. But I would not blench. Fear I confess—cowardice if you will:—poltroonery, not.

"I see," I answered. "I will try. If I fall, don't blame me. I will do my best."

"You don't think," she returned, "I'm going to let you go alone! I should have to wait hours before you found a door to let me down — except indeed you went and told Goody Wilson, and I had rather die where I am. No, no. Come along. I'll show you how."

With a rush and a scramble, she was up over the round back of the buttress before I had time to understand that she meant as usual to take the lead. If she could but have sent me back a portion of her skill, or lightness, or nerve, or whatever it was, just to set me off with a rush like that! But I stood preparing at once and hesitating. She turned and looked over the battlements of the tower.

"Never mind, Wilfrid," she said; "I'll fetch you presently."

"No, no;" I cried. "Wait for me. I'm coming."

I got astride of the buttress, and painfully forced my way up. It was like a dream of leap-frog, prolonged under painfully recurring difficulties. I shut my eyes, and persuaded myself that all I had to do was to go on leap-frogging. At length, after more trepidation and brain-turning than I care to dwell upon, lest even now it should bring back a too keen realization of itself, I reached the battlement, seizing which, with one shaking hand, and finding the other grasped by Clara, I tumbled on the leads of the tower.

"Come along!" she said. "You see, when the girls like, they can beat the boys—even at their own games. We're all right now."

"I did my best," I returned, mightily relieved. "*I'm* not an angel, you know. I can't fly like you."

She seemed to appreciate the compliment.

"Never mind. I've done it before. It was game of you to follow."

Her praise elated me beyond measure. And it was well.

"Come along," she added.

She seemed to be always saying *Come along*.

I obeyed, full of gratitude and relief. She skipped to the tiny turret which rose above our heads, and lifted the door-latch. But, instead of disappearing within, she turned and looked at me in white dismay. The door was bolted. Her look roused what there was of manhood in me. I felt that, as it had now come to the last gasp, it was mine to comfort her.

"We are no worse than we were," I said. "Never mind."

"I don't know that," she answered mysteriously.—"Can *you* go back as you came? *I* can't."

I looked over the edge of the battlement where I stood. There was the buttress crossing the angle of moonlight, with its shadow lying far down on the wall. I shuddered at the thought of renewing my unspeakable dismay. But what must be must. Besides, Clara had praised me for creeping where she could fly: now I might show her that I could creep where she could not fly.

"I will try," returned I, putting one leg over the battlement.

"Do take care, Wilfrid," she cried, stretching out her hands, as if to keep me from falling.

A sudden pulse of life rushed through me. All at once I became not only bold, but ambitious.

"Give me a kiss," I said, "before I go."

"Do you make so much of it?" she returned, stepping back a pace.—How much a woman she was even then!—Her words roused something in me which to this day I have not been able quite to understand. A sense of wrong had its share in the feeling; but what else I can hardly venture to say. At all events, an inroad of careless courage was the consequence. I stepped at once upon the buttress, and stood for a moment looking at her—no doubt with reproach. She sprang towards me.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

The end of the buttress was a foot or two below the level of the leads, where Clara stood. She bent over the battlement, stooped her face towards me, and kissed me on the mouth. My only answer was to turn and walk down the buttress, erect; a walk which, as the arch of the buttress became steeper, ended in a run and a leap on to the gutter of the hall. There I turned, and saw her stand like a lady in a ballad leaning after me in the moonlight. I lifted my cap and sped away, not knowing whither, but fancying that out of her sight I could make up my mind better. Nor was I mistaken. The moment I sat down, my brains began to go about, and in another moment I saw what might be attempted.

In going from roof to roof, I had seen the little gallery along which I had passed with Mrs. Wilson on my way to the library. It crossed what might be called an open shaft in the building. I thought I could manage, roofed as it was, to get in by the open side. It was some time before I could find it again; but when I did come upon it at last, I saw that it might be done. By the help of a projecting gargoyle, curiously carved in the days when the wall to which it clung formed part of the front of the building, I got my feet upon the wooden rail of the gallery, caught hold of one of the small pillars which supported the roof, and *slewed* myself in. I was almost as glad as when I had crossed the buttress, for below me was a paved bottom, between high walls, without any door, like a dry well in the midst of the building.

My recollection of the way to the armory I found, however, almost obliterated. I knew that I must pass through a bedroom at the end of the gallery, and that was all I remembered. I opened the door, and found myself face to face with a young girl with wide eyes. She stood staring and astonished, but not frightened. She was younger than Clara, and not so pretty. Her eyes were dark, and so was the hair she had been brushing. Her face would have been quite pale, but for the rosy tinge of surprise. She made no exclamation, only stared with her brush in her hand, and questions in her eyes. I felt far enough from comfortable; but with a great effort I spoke.

"I beg your pardon. I had to get off the roof, and this was the only way. Please do not tell Mrs. Wilson."

"No," she said at once, very quietly; "but you must go away."

"If I could only find the library!" I said. "I am so afraid of going into more rooms where I have no business."

"I will show you the way," she returned with a smile; and laying down her brush, took up a candle and led me from the room.

In a few moments I was safe. My conductor vanished at once. The glimmer of my own candle in a further room guided me, and I was soon at the top of the corkscrew staircase. I found the door very slightly fastened: Clara must herself have unwittingly moved the bolt when she shut it. I found her standing all eagerness, waiting me. We hurried back to the library, and there I told her how I had effected an entrance, and met with a guide.

"It must have been little Polly Osborne," she said. "Her mother is going to stay all night, I suppose. She's a good-natured little goose, and won't tell. — Now come along. We'll have a peep from the picture-gallery into the ball-room. That door is sure to be open."

"If you don't mind, Clara, I would rather stay where I am. I oughtn't to be wandering over the house when Mrs. Wilson thinks I am here."

"Oh, you little coward!" said Clara.

I thought I hardly deserved the word, and it did not make me more inclined to accompany her.

"You can go alone," I said. "You did not expect to find me when you came."

"Of course I can. Of course not. It's quite as well, too. You won't get me into any more scrapes."

"*Did* I get you into the scrape, Clara?"

"Yes, you did," she answered, laughing, and walked away.

I felt a good deal hurt, but comforted myself by saying she could not mean it, and sat down again to the *Seven Champions*.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GHOST.

I SAW no more of Clara, but sat and read until I grew cold and tired, and wished very much that Mrs. Wilson would come. I thought she might have forgot me in the hurry, and there I should have to stay all night. After my recent escape, however, from a danger so much worse, I could regard the prospect with some composure. A full hour more must have passed; I was getting sleepy, and my candle had burned low, when at length Mrs. Wilson did make her appearance, and I accompanied her gladly.

"I am sure you want your tea, poor boy!" she said.

"Tea! Mrs. Wilson," I rejoined. "It's bed I want. But when I think of it, I *am* rather hungry."

"You shall have tea and bed both," she answered kindly. "I'm sorry you've had such a dull evening, but I could *not* help it."

"Indeed, I've not been dull at all," I answered, "till just the last hour or so."

I longed to tell her all I had been about, for I felt guilty; but I would not betray Clara.

"Well, here we are!" she said, opening the door of her own room. "I hope I shall have peace enough to see you make a good meal."

I did make a good meal. When I had done, Mrs. Wilson took a rush-light and led the way. I took my sword and followed her. Into what quarter of the house she conducted me I could not tell. There was a nice fire burning in the room, and my night-apparel was airing before it. She set the light on the floor, and left me with a kind good-night. I was soon undressed and in bed, with my sword beside me on the coverlid of silk patchwork.

But, from whatever cause, sleepy as I had been a little while before, I lay wide awake now, staring about the room. Like many others in the house, it was hung with tapestry, which was a good deal worn and patched—notably in one place, where limbs of warriors and horses came to an untimely end on all sides of a certain square piece quite different from the rest in color and design. I know now that it was a piece of *Gobelins*, in the midst of ancient needlework. It looked the brighter of the two, but its colors were few, with a good deal of white; whereas that which surrounded it had had many and brilliant colors, which, faded, and dull and sombre, yet kept their harmony. The guard of the rush-light cast deeper and queerer shadows, as the fire sank lower. Its holes gave eyes of light to some of the figures in the tapestry, and as the light wavered, the eyes wandered about in a ghostly manner, and the shadows changed and flickered and heaved uncomfortably.

How long I had lain thus I do not know; but at last I found myself watching the rectangular patch of newer tapestry. Could it be that it moved? It *could* be only the effect of the wavering shadows. And yet I could not convince myself that it did not move. It *did* move. It came forward. One side of it did certainly come forward. A kind of universal cramp seized me—a contraction of every fibre of my body. The patch opened like a door—wider and wider; and from behind came a great helmet, peeping. I was all one terror, but my nerves held out so far that I lay like a watching dog—watching for what horror would come next. The door opened wider. A mailed hand and arm appeared, and at length a figure, armed cap-a-pie, stepped slowly down, stood for a moment peering about, and then began to walk through the room, as if searching for something. It came nearer and nearer to the bed. I wonder now, when I think of it, that the cold horror did not reach my heart. I cannot have been so much of a coward, surely, after all! But I suspect that it was only that general paralysis prevented the extreme of terror, just as a man in the clutch of a wild beast is hardly aware of suffering. At last the figure stooped over my bed, and stretched out a long arm. I remember nothing more.

I woke in the gray of the morning. Could a faint have passed into a sleep? or was it all a dream? I lay for some time before I could recall what made me so miserable. At length my memory awoke, and I gazed fearful about the room. The white ashes of the burnt-out fire were lying in the grate; the stand of the rush-light was on the floor; the wall with its tapestry was just as it had been; the cold gray light had annihilated the fancied visions: I had been dreaming, and was now awake. But I could not lie longer in bed. I must go out. The morning air would give me life: I felt worn and weak. Vision or dream, the room was hateful to me. With a great effort I sat up, for I still feared to move, lest I should catch a glimpse of the armed figure. Terrible as it had been in the night, it would be more terrible now. I peered into every corner. Each was vacant. Then first I remembered that I had been reading the *Castle of Otranto* and the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, the night before. I jumped out of bed and dressed myself, growing braver and braver as the light of the lovely spring morning swelled in the room. Having dipped my head in cold water, I was myself again. I opened the lattice and looked out. The first breath of air was a denial to the

whole thing. I laughed at myself. Earth and sky were alive with spring. The wind was the breath of the coming summer: there were flakes of sunshine and shadow in it. Before me lay a green bank with a few trees on its top. It was crowded with primroses growing through the grass. The dew was lying all about, shining and sparkling in the first rays of the level sun, which itself I could not see. The tide of life rose in my heart and rushed through my limbs. I would take my sword, and go for a ramble through the park. I went to my bed-side, and stretched across to find it by the wall. It must have slipped down at the back of the bed. No. Where could it be? In a word, I searched everywhere, but my loved weapon had vanished. The visions of the night returned, and for a moment I believed them all. The night once more closed around me, darkened yet more with the despair of an irreparable loss. I rushed from the room and through a long passage, with the blind desire to get out. The stare of an unwashed maid, already busy with her pail and brush, brought me to my senses.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I want to get out."

She left her implements, led me down a stair close at hand, opened the door at its foot, and let me out into the high court. I gazed about me. It was as if I had escaped from a prison-cell into the chamber of torture: I stood the centre of a multitude of windows—the eyes of the house all fixed upon me. On one side was the great gate, through which, from the roof, I had seen the carriages drive the night before; but it was closed. I remembered, however, that Sir Giles had brought me in by a wicket in that gate. I hastened to it. There was but a bolt to withdraw, and I was free.

But all was gloomy within, and genial nature could no longer enter. Glittering jewels of sunlight and dew were nothing but drops of water upon blades of grass. Fresh-bursting trees were no more than the deadest of winter-bitten branches. The great eastern window of the universe, gorgeous with gold and roses, was but the weary sun making a fuss about nothing. My sole relief lay in motion. I roamed I knew not whither, nor how long.

At length I found myself on a height eastward of the Hall, overlooking its gardens, which lay in deep terraces beneath. Inside a low wall was the first of them, dark with an avenue of ancient trees, and below was the large oriel window in the end of the ball-room. I climbed over the wall, which was built of cunningly fitted stones, with mortar only in the top row; and, drawn by the gloom, strolled up and down the avenue for a long time. At length I became aware of a voice I had heard before. I could see no one; but, hearkening about, I found it must come from the next terrace. Descending by a deep flight of old mossy steps, I came upon a strip of smooth sward, with yew-trees, dark and trim, on each side of it. At the end of the walk was an arbor, in which I could see the glimmer of something white. Too miserable to be shy, I advanced and peeped in. The girl who had shown me the way to the library was talking to her mother.

"Mamma!" she said, without showing any surprise, "here is the boy who came into our room last night."

"How do you do?" said the lady kindly, making room for me on the bench beside her.

I answered as politely as I could, and felt a strange comfort glide from the sweetness of her countenance.

"What an adventure you had last night!" she said. "It was well you did not fall."

"That wouldn't have been much worse than having to stop where we were," I answered.

The conversation thus commenced went on until I had told them all my history, including my last adventure.

"You must have dreamed it," said the lady.

"So I thought, ma'am," I answered, "until I found that my sword was gone."

"Are you sure you looked everywhere?" she asked.

"Indeed, I did."

"It does not follow, however, that the ghost took it. It is more likely Mrs. Wilson came in to see you after you were asleep, and carried it off."

"Oh, yes!" I cried, rejoiced at the suggestion; "that must be it. I shall ask her."

"I am sure you will find it so. Are you going home soon?"

"Yes—as soon as I've had my breakfast. It's a good walk from here to Aldwick."

"So it is.—We are going that way too," she added, thinkingly.

"Mr. Elder is a great friend of papa's—isn't he, mamma?" said the girl.

"Yes, my dear. They were friends at college."

"I have heard Mr. Elder speak of Mr. Osborne," I said. "Do you live near us?"

"Not very far off—in the next parish, where my husband is rector," she answered. "If you could wait till the afternoon, we should be happy to take you there. The pony-carriage is coming for us."

"Thank you, ma'am," I answered; "but I ought to go immediately after breakfast. You won't mention about the roof, will you? I oughtn't to get Clara into trouble."

"She is a wild girl," said Mrs. Osborne; "but I think you are quite right."

"How lucky it was I knew the library!" said Mary, who had become quite friendly, from under her mother's wing.

"That it was! But I daresay you know all about the place," I answered.

"No, indeed!" she returned. "I know nothing about it. As we went to our room, mamma opened the door and showed me the library, else I shouldn't have been able to help you at all."

"Then you haven't been here often?"

"No; and I never shall be again.—I'm going away to school," she added; and her voice trembled.

"So am I," I said. "I'm going to Switzerland in a month or two. But then I haven't a mamma to leave behind me."

She broke down at that, and hid her head on her mother's bosom. I had unawares added to her grief, for her brother Charley was going to Switzerland too.

I found afterwards that Mr. Elder, having been consulted by Mr. Osborne, had arranged with my uncle that Charley Osborne and I should go together.

Mary Osborne—I never called her Polly as Clara did—continued so overcome by her grief, that her mother turned to me and said,

"I think you had better go, Master Cumbermede."

I bade her good morning, and made my way to Mrs. Wilson's apartment. I found she had been to my room, and was expecting me with some anxiety, fearing I had set off without my breakfast. Alas! she knew nothing about the sword, looked annoyed, and, I thought, rather mysterious; said she would have a search, make inquiries, do what she could, and such like, but begged I would say nothing about it in the house. I left her with a suspicion that she believed the ghost had carried it away, and that it was of no use to go searching after it.

Two days after, a parcel arrived for me. I concluded it was my sword; but to my grievous disappointment, found it was only a large hamper of apples and cakes, very acceptable in themselves, but too plainly indicating Mrs. Wilson's desire to console me for an irreparable loss. Mr. Elder never missed the sword. I rose high in the estimation of my schoolfellows because of the adventure, especially in that of Moberly, who did not believe in the ghost, but ineffectually tasked his poor brains to account for the disappearance of the weapon. The best light was thrown upon it by a merry boy of the name of Fisher, who declared his conviction that the steward had carried it off to add to his collection.

(To be continued.)

THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We opened in the November issue of this Magazine a criticism of the average American pulpit of the day. We charged in general that the current sermon among us was wanting in the spirit of aggression. We charged in particular that the ministerial function of public rebuke was feebly and infrequently exercised. We undertook an enumeration, more or less exhaustive, of the principal reasons for this state of the facts. The limitations of space obliged us to suspend our undertaking for a time, in mid-course of accomplishment.

Encouraged equally by the approval and by the dissent which our proffer has provoked, to believe that our criticisms were not only true, but were needed and were timely, we now resume our unfinished task, to conduct it in the present article to its purposed practical result. We proceed with our enumeration of the causes which conspire to check the normal freedom of the American pulpit in exercising its office of rebuke.

A sixth point wherein the bondage of the pulpit presses, is found in the fact that the Church will not support its ministry by legitimate courses of discipline. No man with any self-respect likes to become *vox et præterea nihil*. It is only when the minister can speak as the organ of his church with the voice of rebuke, that he will probably be much heeded by its individual members. As matters stand at present in the religious world, the ministerial office is not regarded with too much awe. The minister carries about so much weight as his personal character gives him, with a variable quantity added or subtracted, according as the average repute of his order advances or recedes. But wherever the responsibility and blame may ultimately lodge, there is no question that the laxity of ecclesiastical discipline acts powerfully to intimidate the pulpit. And, unhappily, a dauntless bravery in the pulpit would little avail without practical support from the pews. The scandalous slackness of ecclesiastical discipline, however, is a topic that would need a separate treatment.

In the seventh place, the pulpit is circumscribed in its freedom of rebuke by its unconscious circumscription in serviceable knowledge of its congregation as individual men and women. At this point the versatile worldly wisdom, of the pulpit, almost as of necessity, fails. The pastoral office has an effect to insulate the pastor from the social currents of information respecting his people, that are flowing freely everywhere around him. His relation to his congregation is a kind of artificial relation. He treats them, and they treat him, in a conventional manner. Once in a while there is a minister whose personal polarity is so positive that it overleaps insulation. But in general the minister is not to his congregation as are other men, and his congregation are not to their minister as they are to other men. Whereas the community at large know his people in a practical, worldly way, the pastor knows them in a spiritual, and, as it were, the-other-world-ly way. The parallax between Deacon Smith's pastor's views of Deacon Smith, and Deacon Smith's business acquaintances' views of Deacon Smith, is often something enormous. His pastor meets Deacon Smith at the close of the Sunday morning's sermon, at the weekly prayer-meeting, in conferences of the eldership, in the Sunday school, at the bedside of the sick, at the communion-table. Deacon Smith calls on the pastor, and the pastor calls on Deacon Smith. Their conversation is ghostly. They speak of the last Sunday's congregation, of some inquiring soul, of a backsliding brother, of a case of discipline, of the state of the church, of the cause of missions, of the spread of the gospel, of the doctrines of grace, of various heterodoxies, of the need of more faith, of the power of prayer, and a circle with infinite radius of the like topics—all of them always seasonable and always edifying, but no one of them at any time likely to make his pastor effectually acquainted with the present, not-yet-sanctified, flesh-and-blood Deacon Smith. The pastor, perhaps, is dimly conscious of the somewhat unreal character of his knowledge of Deacon

Smith, and says, "I must call and see the Deacon at his place of business." He does call. The porter knows Deacon Smith's pastor, and salutes him respectfully as he enters. The salesmen know him, and they bow. The bookkeeper knows him—and, in fine, the whole place knows him. He is announced by the spirit of the place—the *genius loci*—before he has penetrated to the inner room where the Deacon sits, talking over some neighborly scandal with Deacon Jones and Brother Robinson, who have dropped in on their way to "'Change." The scandal concerns a brother in the church. The pastor will now at least have a chance to get a world's view for once of that brother. Not at all. The conversation is respectfully dropped, and prudently not resumed. The brethren's most natural escape is to talk of church matters. They talk in a certain outward and temporal way, to be sure, but it is a week-day, and they are in a counting-room. On the whole, the pastor is cheered to see that those brethren's religion at least is not a merely Sunday religion, or sanctuary religion. So fares the pastor in his quest of acquaintance with his flock. Not that church members are all hypocrites. On the contrary, they are most of them excellent people. They sincerely respect their pastor, and they feel really reproved by his presence for their uncharitable gossip. Still, many a zealous pastor would be simply astounded to learn what the general community, that know them, think of the "Aarons and Hurs" on whom he, not knowing them, relies for sympathy and support. Fortunate, and, we had almost added, singular, the church that has not a sanctimonious deacon, whose reputation in the community is a spot on the love-feasts of his brotherhood; while the unworldly pastor, it may be, is profoundly—and shall we not say blessedly?—ignorant of the true state of the facts. How can a minister rebuke the sin of which he is as innocently ignorant as a weanling babe?

An eighth and further reason, perhaps the one most frequently acknowledged, as being the most specious of all, why the pulpit is silent in the presence of sin that demands rebuke is, that ministers are afraid of losing their influence by ill-judged fidelity. It would be instructive to know what proportion of well-reputed ministers thus, for fear of losing their influence, abstain from exerting any influence. The most abjectly pitiable minister of all, not worthy also of indignation or of contempt, is this timorous, careful economist of influence. There are plenty of his kind. They are pretty impartially distributed, but they are perhaps mostly to be found in large cities. They are foreordained pastors of wealthy and influential churches in the commercial centres of population. Capital, proverbially timid, seems to find timid pastors by a kind of elective affinity. How many a sanguine young man has come from the country, all aglow with reverent admiration beforehand of the great metropolitan divine whose praises he has seen from immemorial boyhood at home celebrated in the columns of his father's religious newspaper—a newspaper doting, very likely, in a complacent longevity that long before ceased to be life—and been perfectly appalled to hear, in place of the occasional kindling fervor and impassioned rebuke that he had fondly anticipated, forever the regulation drawl, and solemn monotony, and impressive platitude, into which over-prudent preaching so easily descends, and with which we older people are all of us but too familiar, as constituting the eloquence of the eminent doctors of divinity that often man our city pulpits. Eloquent, earnest, aggressive, faithful in rebuke is emphatically what they are not. Cautious, conservative, economical of influence they are. These are the elect pastors of the leading churches in our great cities. They are the predestinated doctors of many degrees. Rich churches do not want a really independent ministry—they will not abide it. They are fond of majestic figure-heads in their pulpits. They love to see decorous lay-figures in clerical costume in their drawing-rooms. They find it convenient to have some one at call who can intone an unexceptionable grace at a public dinner, and they are all the better pleased if he can even wind a short flight of religio-convivial eloquence after the cloth is removed. They will do everything in their power to make such a convention imposing. But he must consent to remain a convention. Bold, uncompromising rebuke of the sins which they have decided,

upon the whole, to practise, or to indulge—they will none of it. Occasionally, oftener indeed than could justly be expected, a high-born spirit in the city ministry will refuse to work in the treadmill which his church has provided for their pastor, and yet, by the felicity of some kindlier conditions, will be able to maintain his place with his fidelity. But the many are content to fulfill a ministry of great, but diminished, usefulness in bondage.

It would be idle to deny that rebuke is a power of the pulpit which demands great wisdom for its useful exercise. It is fatally easy to deal in objurgation, under the delusion that objurgation is rebuke. It is easy, too, to err in the choice of aims, and of occasions, and of methods, in rebuke. On the whole, however, in overweening endeavor to be wise, the endeavor to be faithful is sadly neglected. Often, to avoid a single mistake, a hundred chances to be faithful are thrown away. An honored minister died not long ago, of whom during his lifetime one of his deacons said to a young theological student, as pointing out a pattern perhaps: "Dr.—— has never made a mistake." But Peter made mistakes, Paul made mistakes, Luther made mistakes, Wesley made mistakes, Judson made mistakes, and, on the whole, God be thanked for ministers that have made mistakes. They probably lost a pennyweight of influence once in a while. But they gained a pound many times oftener. Good sirs, is your "influence," by exception, a talent which it is right to lay away in a napkin? Is there no increment of interest to be hoped for from putting it to use?

After all, it is but fair to admit, in favor of our economical brethren and fathers, that there is unquestionably such a thing as the frittering away, in comparatively frivolous causes, of a personal or a pastoral influence that might better be husbanded for more serious use. It is always a matter of grave deliberation for the pastor to decide on what points of practical ethics he will exert his strength. A careful study of the New Testament, however, should convince him that neither Christ nor His apostles trusted to the influence of "great doctrines," to sanctify Christians, without the aid of multiplied specific precepts and sharply pointed reproofs.

A ninth reason why the pulpit is not independent lies in the fact that it does not duly appreciate its responsibility. His sense of responsibility for souls was a large part of what made Paul the glorious apostle that he was. He was continually incited by it. It haunted him night and day. It possessed him—almost mastered him. He was raised by it to the highest possible power of himself. It was this which imparted that extraordinary momentum to the impact of his mind and heart upon the mind and heart of the church and the world—a momentum still no more spent by spending than the unwasting powers of Nature—the attraction of gravitation, the light of the sun. Paul's Christian conscience would have made an enthusiast of him, as his Pharisaic conscience made a fanatic of him, but for his "saving common sense." We incline to think that his natural common sense would hardly have been proof against the tendency of his feeling of responsibility to drive him mad indeed, had not his natural common sense been supplemented and reinforced by an inspired common sense. As it was, Paul's vast, his lavish, vicarious conscience made him the greatest merely human moral force that ever wrought on mankind. To say that the average minister is deficient in this apostolic gift, is, of course, only to say that the average minister is not an ideal minister. The very central conception of a Gospel minister is that of a man who feels responsible for others. It may be presumptuous—it may be impertinent—it may be weak-minded, but the born minister cannot help it—he feels accountable for other men. If he has a conviction, he is restless till he has imparted his conviction. His views of duty are not his to keep, but to communicate. It is not enough for him to live by his conscience himself. He must induce others to live by his conscience with him. This is of the very essence of the ministerial character. The minister's conscience is a vicarious conscience. He feels responsible for others, almost as he feels responsible for himself. There is thus but a step between the character of the apostle and the character of the

fanatic. But that step is immense. It spans the whole "diameter of being." It is the step that divides hatred from love.

The absence, or the feebleness, of this ministerial sense of universal responsibility,—this vicarious conscience, as we may call it,—is the secret of much ministerial bondage. In fact, one of the saddest signs of an unworthy moral standard among ministers, is that this trait of character is frequently held by their own order in so slight, or slighting, esteem. Ministers themselves make merry with the subject. They have their "gentle joke" at the expense of their brethren with the vicarious conscience. They pleasantly speak of them as men who feel responsible for the variation of the needle, the spots on the sun, the obliquity of the ecliptic. In fine, whatever view in turn we may take of it, the power of rebuke is a costly power. We cannot be surprised that it is so seldom possessed. The vicarious conscience is likely to make its possessor a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men. It makes him a servant—a slave to its behest. But the servant—the slave, enjoys in such bondage a glorious release from all bondage beside. The conscience-ridden minister is at least not ridden with the motley crew of mastership that lade and goad too many too meek ministers, till their knees bend almost to the ground.

A tenth reason for the bondage of the pulpit is found in its undignified abdication of that derived but paramount authority with which its office invests it. Rebuke, of all methods of address to men, needs to be accompanied with an impression of the adequate authority of the man who employs it. Without that, rebuke, if sharply delivered, degenerates into scolding; if delivered doubtfully, into mere expostulation or advice. A minister must be willing to speak as with the voice of God when he denounces sin. In order to do this, he must be conscious of authority. He must despise the fear of being thought assuming. The question for him is not whether he shall assume authority or not. The question for him is, whether he shall abdicate authority or not. His office invests him with authority. He must use it, or he abdicates it. The minister is not simply entitled to use the language of authority in rebuking sin—he is bound to use it. His instructions are peremptory and unconditional. Not to use the language of authority is not humility—it is arrant disobedience. A shuffling, indecisive, uncertain rebuke is utterly null. It is worse than null. It is hurtful. Before it was given, there was at least the deterrent vague apprehension of an imminent rebuke in reserve. Afterward there is the released feeling that the rebuke has been discharged, and that nothing now is further to be apprehended. Oh, how the strenuous listener sometimes longs to load the descending mace of ministerial rebuke with the weight of its own proper authority—authority such that, smiting once, it might have need to smite no more.

It may occur to some as a singular oversight not to include submission to a creed among the fetters that bind the pulpit. The omission is not inadvertent. A creed may, no doubt, be confessed in a craven spirit. The confession then is only a seal to the bondage of the preacher. The bondage itself is a bondage to which he was born. It is a mistake, however, to imagine, as emancipated thinkers delight to imagine, that such is the case with most preachers, or even with many. With the comparatively few who make their submission to a creed in this slavish spirit, it really does not affect their freedom in the pulpit to any appreciable extent. If they are slaves to their creed, their creed is but one among many masters—among masters so many, in fact, that the addition of another is purely indifferent.

On the other hand, ministers who have a personal belief of their own, which sends its roots down to and through the very bases of their being, are certainly not thereby made less free. Such a belief is an element of strength, and of stability which is strength, but it is not an element of bondage.

Men with a belief like this have been the fixed points of human history, when all was eddy and flux besides. If the belief of one has happened also to be the belief of many, of these brethren in power, what harm in their calling their common belief a creed? Does the change of name from Anglo-Saxon to Latin change the thing? And suppose

the creed finds adherents, or even suppose it makes adherents, according to a natural law of relative ascendency among minds, and the number of subscriptions increases — what then? Does it work some mysteriously mischievous change in the influence of a creed to group the subscribers under a general term, and style them a religious denomination? Is a creed a bondage, simply because it is reasonable enough to command the assent of a great number of minds? We have heard from of old that union is strength. It is late that we learn of union as bondage. A noteworthy fresh illustration will, perhaps, occur to many minds of the way in which, not a creed, but the monomaniac dread of a creed, may result in division and weakness not worth distinguishing from bondage.

We are far, therefore, from reckoning hearty subscription to a creed a source of bondage to the pulpit. It seems to us instead to be one of the most vital and most fruitful among the conditions of its freedom and power. There is, however, notwithstanding, a secret of pulpit bondage in very close neighborhood here.

We accordingly name, as next in order on our list of causes for the bondage of the pulpit, the affectation of a smart contempt for creeds, which the love of popularity, or, possibly, in some cases, the hope of a larger influence, induces a class of ministers to maintain. A sharp statement is a sufficient argument here. The affectation of freedom must be the reality of bondage. The "new Timothies" of the time bend their necks to the yoke of supposed obligation to be more free than their seniors of the period that is now rapidly disappearing. The right of offensive has been exchanged between the church and the world. The church took the initiative once—has resumed it occasionally since. But these strenuous moments of her history have always been brief. It cannot be long before she will remember again that attack is not only her duty but is also her best defence. At present, however, she seems to be absorbed in the hopeful attempt to foil her adversary by getting close to its side. The church according allows the world to teach her "progress." A new series of the ministry is developed by the stimulant generation of the times. This new series is self-dedicated to "progress." Its characteristic distinction is a ministerial strategy of humoring the world in order to conquer it unawares. (The unconscious victories are all in the contrary sense!) The world is drunk with conceit of progress. The "new Timothies" mend their paces to keep abreast of the world. They are rather flattered than displeased if the world calls them "fast." They at least prefer that to being called "slow."

We have chosen thus far throughout our writing to speak of American ministers in the gross, without distinguishing them into classes as conformed or not in doctrine to the New Testament standard. We may properly say, however, that under the present topic of our discussion we do not think it worth while to pay much heed to the creedless race of ministers, blown helplessly about, as they are, in the popular cross-winds, without fixity enough of position even to make good weather-cocks. We are speaking now, not of the class who despise, but of the class who affect to despise, creeds.

These young ministers—not always young in years, but always ambitiously young in spirit, or at any rate in a certain antic manner which they trust will be taken for spirit—we might style them the Young America of the American pulpit—let it be fully understood, they are not really "fast." They merely trick the world into thinking them so, in order to be on better terms with the world. They make an ostentation of despising creeds. But you commit a great mistake if you imagine that they really do despise creeds. They were good and true subscribers at their ordination, and they have never since changed their theology. Their hypocrisy, if they are guilty of hypocrisy, consists, not in professing what they do not believe, but in not professing what they do believe. They still hold the substance of orthodoxy, if you question them in private. They are only not concerned to avow this publicly. They are chiefly desirous to have it understood that in some way they are free from bondage to creeds. They expend more zeal, therefore, in fighting against the form, than they expend in fighting for the

substance, of that orthodoxy to which, nevertheless, they sincerely adhere. The world claps its hands. But not that a form of orthodoxy has been shattered. It claps its hands because in the shattering of a form of orthodoxy the substance of orthodoxy has received a wound.

This puerile affectation of individuality and independence in the pulpit will appear upon a little reflection to be unexpectedly prolific of pulpit bondage. Our free young minister sees for example a prurient excess of fashionable folly in dress. He has probably never read sundry New Testament precepts upon the subject with any thought of their unexhausted current application. But his common sense, supplemented perhaps by a sense not so common, a sense of the ludicrous, suggests to him that here is a fair aim for some lively pulpit practice. And his congregation will let him jest about the matter. They will listen to chaffing with great good nature. If it is tolerably witty they will laugh—a subdued, decorous, sanctuary laugh. They will say "Capital!" to each other as they go home—and then they will dress more absurdly, or more immodestly, than ever. But if a sudden access of insight, or of earnestness, should tempt that young man to assail the fashion with serious gravity, as a breach of New Testament regimen—the world, which to him means his congregation, has but to whisper one dreadful word—"Fogy!"—and the too daring assailant succumbs. That whisper is the brandish of the master's whip. The momentary freeman is a Helot again.

At every turn toward the exercise of a real and effective freedom in his pulpit, our "new Timothy" is encountered by the same revolving necessity of being bound, that he may appear to the world to be free. He *must* be a "live" man—he *must* be "up with the times"—he must believe in all sorts of "progress"—he must show that religion can be jolly—he must be in sympathy with what is liberal, and different, and new. These are our young minister's inexorable necessities. He is completely invested by them. He is in Metz. His sorties are all repulsed with loss. If he finally capitulates, his force then is not much more completely lost to the suffering cause than it was before he capitulated.

The truth is that the Gospel, as it is sincerely held by the preachers of this popular school, is more variously mutilated under the bondage that we have thus described than under any other form of pulpit bondage whatever. Scarcely one of the vital and distinctive doctrines of Christianity is preached by them in its absolute integrity. They dream that they are stooping to conquer. The fact is that they themselves are conquered in the very act of stooping. These preachers not seldom enjoy a considerable temporary and local reputation. A provincial public is even deluded, and they, too, are deluded with the public, into supposing that they create, or at least that they direct, the current which they ride. When it happens, however, as in the course of a lengthened career it sometimes will happen, that they adventure to stem the current, instead of being borne by it, then a truer measure of their proper power is seen. It is fairly humiliating to witness the spectacle of a popular pulpit favorite overborne by a stress of movement which he had humored till it grew too strong for him to stem. An earlier stand against it would have strengthened him, and to some degree have weakened the head of the stream. His fortune then might, perhaps, have been different. At all events, in the present state of the world's subjection to Christ, the true minister's work will oftener be found in stemming currents than in drifting upon them. He will certainly not be so "progressive," but as certainly he will be more free.

It would be just to add that the ministers of the type that we have been discriminating not unfrequently fall into a bondage to their hearers which it is almost humiliating even to name. Let the observant reader guess for himself how many popular preachers depend for support and stimulation, in meeting the weekly demands of their pulpits, on the incense of praise from their congregation, which they have learned to expect, until it makes them seriously miserable if they fail on any occasion to receive it. That preacher who weakly listens to hear himself praised by his leading brethren after every sermon, puts into

the hands of his leading brethren a rod for his own discipline which it is not in human nature that they should not use against him, if haply he stumble into a strain of homily which seems to reprove them. How discomposing, when you see a well-favored, prosperous-looking preacher, spreading himself like a green bay-tree in his pulpit, to reflect that all that luxuriant development of leaf is at the mercy of his congregation, to nip it with one killing frost of—silence—concerning the "effort" at the moment in progress!

One further reason for the bondage of the pulpit consists in a prevalent, very natural, but false sense of what delicacy requires in the treatment of a class of sins, which, however common they may be, and however well known, and however freely canvassed in social circles, male or female, where the sexes do not intermingle, are, nevertheless, so strange to allusion in the public discourse of the minister that one, judging from the tenor of the preaching alone, might easily suppose the sins themselves to have become happily obsolete. It was of this class of sins, significantly yoked with another sin still more common, that the apostle said: "Let it not be once named among you as becometh saints." Modern practice among preachers interprets this interdiction quite too literally. The saints of the period do indeed manage not to let these sins be once named among them, at least from the pulpit. But they far too frequently exhaust their continence in the successful effort to keep the pulpit vicariously silent about them. In saddest sincerity, this prudery on the part of the pulpit is cruelly misplaced. The sins of which we speak are not extinct sins. They live, they thrive, they swarm, under a public silence which seems to cherish them like secrecy. A flash of calcium light from the pulpit ought to be sent streaming through the darkness straight to the coverts where they hide. What a squirming and wriggling of the unclean things would follow a little letting in of wholesome pulpit light into their noisome lurking-places!

There are ten commandments. The SEVENTH is as frank as any. It stands in honest nakedness on the decalogue, and it is not ashamed. Let shame be theirs who break it. We have no excessive fear of the bad effect of plain dealing, here more than anywhere else. If winking adultery out of sight in the pulpit would abolish adultery, we should almost wish our ministers might do nothing but wink for a good while to come. The willful fact is, that while we shun a horrible name we virtually shelter the horrible thing. "The dreaded name of Demogorgon" stupefies us, till Demogorgon himself devours us at his leisure.

We refrain from satisfying our own sense of completeness by treating several other sources of bondage to the pulpit, which we may, nevertheless, delay barely to name.

An amiable reluctance to inflict sanatory pain unmans many a minister who is too tender to be true.

The fact of which every faithful pastor will have had frequent experience, that public rebuke is liable to be lost on the guilty and to take cruel effect on the innocent — this fact tends to create an indisposition on the part of the preacher to exercise so unwelcome an office to so doubtful a result.

The consciousness of being himself personally involved in sins which he ought to rebuke, exerts a very cogent conservative influence on the audacity of the preacher's pulpit assaults.

In many instances the dread of provoking the hostility of the secular press, or still more probably, the seductive hope of winning its notice and applause, will imperceptibly tempt the minister aside from a course of simple fidelity, to make choice of topics and of treatments more suitable for commending him as a pulpit orator to be reported in the Monday morning newspaper.

Again, a sincere obtuseness of the moral sense, in unconscious sympathy and accord with the general spirit around him, will deprive the minister of the ability to perceive a wrong, so ancient, so organic, so universal, that it fairly imposes itself upon him as a part of the inexorable, and therefore in some way justifiable, necessity of things.

The causes of pulpit bondage which we have thus far considered exert their influence to restrain the preacher's fidelity to his own convictions of duty. But there is a further cause

of pulpit bondage which exerts its influence to affect those convictions of duty themselves. This further cause, which the causes already mentioned combine to engender, and which reciprocally reacts to engender them in turn, is in itself perhaps more deeply and more widely destructive of the proper freedom and power of the Christian pulpit, than all the other causes taken together. The cause to which we now refer is a wide-spread misconception, fundamental in its character and sincerely entertained, touching the entire subject of pulpit rebuke. This misconception is not exclusively a misconception on the part of ministers themselves. It is a misconception which in great part, it is true, through default of frank pulpit instruction on the subject, affects the laical still more than it does the clerical mind. It is so general a misconception that it may be called universal, so ancient that it may be called immemorial, and so firmly established that it will very uneasily tolerate a challenge. We challenge it nevertheless. We maintain that not only are not ministers in general fairly faithful to their convictions of duty in the matter of pulpit rebuke, but their convictions of duty in the matter are not faithful to the truth. The Philistines that took the champion captive, have put out the captive champion's eyes. The bond Samson has become the blind Samson. He is not here, however, brought forth by us to make sport for his foes. Samson Desmotes is capable of being Samson Agonistes. We have had a purpose in making him feel the pillars of the house of his bondage. He can pull the house of his bondage down, and issue from the ruins not merely unharmed, but no longer either bond or blind. The conditions naturally creative of bondage, once manifestly mastered and overcome, are thereby transformed into opposite conditions of freedom and of power.

We accordingly name last on our list of causes for the bondage of the pulpit, the misconception which so widely obtains concerning the true space and place of public rebuke among the ministerial functions. The treatment of this topic of our theme will furnish us our opportunity for those positive practical suggestions which, forecast from the first in our thought, have given to our negative criticisms their reason of existence in the form of an appeal to public religious opinion.

First of all, What is pulpit rebuke? But there is a point anterior even to that question. Pulpit rebuke happens to be presented to the American public just now under the disguise of various doubles. It is needful, therefore, to make note of several things which pulpit rebuke is not. It is not personal vituperation, it is not objurgation, it is not scolding from the pulpit. Pulpit rebuke, in its proper identity, is something generically different from any one of these. There is a resemblance between it and them. The resemblance is a resemblance of form. But the difference is a difference of spirit. The resemblance of form is, however, so great that there often occurs a confusion of identity between them. The speaker vituperates, or objurgates, or scolds, and thinks he is administering rebuke. The hearer, on the other hand, receives a genuine rebuke, and calls it vituperation, or objurgation, or scolding. These are the directions respectively in which the exchange is almost certain to take place. The speaker who is administering a genuine rebuke is little likely to mistake it for any one of its counterfeits. And, on the other hand, the hearer who is victim or witness of a piece of genuine vituperation, objurgation, or scolding, is in no danger of accepting it for rebuke. In both cases the direction of the error is determined by depravity. But the error in either case is equally injurious to the good name of pulpit rebuke. The error of the speaker misrepresents it. The error of the hearer misunderstands it. Between the two it fares ill in the general esteem with pulpit rebuke.

It must further be added, that there is a constant temptation on the part of the hearer to evade the application of a genuine rebuke by resenting it with a kind of unintentional slander, as vituperation, objurgation, or scolding. This temptation, too feebly resisted on the part of the hearer, corresponds to the powerful pravity on the part of the speaker, pressing him constantly toward a real substitution of counterfeit for genuine rebuke; or else, more frequently still, disposing him, under the self-deceiving pretext of avoiding vitupera-

tion, objurgation, and scolding, to escape the duty of rebuke altogether. On the whole, Isaac Taylor never exercised his insight to better purpose, than when he declared that of all pastoral functions the power of rebuke was the hardest to maintain, and the most rarely maintained, in the integrity and the purity of its spirit. The restiveness of congregations under the application of pulpit rebuke is largely responsible for the reluctance of preachers to apply it. Yet this restiveness of congregations is rather an instinctive artifice of intimidation on their part, unconsciously adopted, than any really determined intention of resistance. It usually secures its unconfessed object, for most ministers are effectually cowed by it. But when a brave man meets it with serene persistence in his aim, this mock opposition will in most cases easily succumb. In fact, congregations in the end enjoy being deservedly punished by a man who is morally capable of punishing them. What they do not enjoy, is being whipped at by a man who is afraid to whip them.

Thus much may suffice for statement of what pulpit rebuke is not. The question occurs, What is pulpit rebuke? We are ready with our answer: Pulpit rebuke is pastoral authority publicly withstanding disobedience to Christ, with blame administered in the spirit of love.

This is pulpit rebuke in its true Scriptural idea. The address of the minister may vary through a wide range of inflections, from the thunderburst of impassioned denunciation to the scarce-uttered admonition, tenderly soft as the brooding of the dove; but so long as disobedience to Christ is affectionately and authoritatively resisted by the pastor in public, with the faithful imputation of blame, the language—thunder or whisper—is genuine pulpit rebuke in its Scriptural idea.

Granted the definition, say some, it does not follow that pulpit rebuke should be often applied. There is a more excellent way. It is better to coax than to scold. (These good people cannot help calling names in the zeal of their war against calling names. Rebuke becomes scolding in their vocabulary when they rebuke rebuke.) The proverb generally quoted is, Molasses catches more flies than vinegar. We are willing to argue with the proverb, for in the proverb really lies the whole opposite alternative of the discussion. Of course, we admit the truth of the proverb. If we were trying to catch flies, we should certainly bait with molasses rather than vinegar. But are ministers of the Gospel dealing with flies? Or with men? With creatures of instinct and appetite, or with beings of reason and conscience? We reject this whole scheme of administering the Gospel with infinite nausea. It is demoralizing and not ennobling. It debases a man to teach him that he may be generous, when, in truth, he is scarce capable of being barely just. The best way is the honest way. Face a man with his duty. Tell him to do it because he ought. Don't pretend that here is chance for him to be noble. He is probably not noble, if he thinks he is noble. He certainly is not noble, if he does his simple duty for the sake of being noble. Coaxing and flattering to make men better is the sheerest illusion. No hardy Christian manhood is nourished by it. Such a diet softens the fibre of the Christian character. Rebuke is an indispensable article in the regimen which will nurture a really strong and enduring Christian life. It is an infallible touchstone, too. The Christian man that will not bear rebuke, and be the better for rebuke, is no Christian man.

What is it that Christ requires of men? It is not a dignified conformity with His instructions, as with the instructions of a teacher. That is mere morality. It is not good-natured compliance with His wishes, as with the wishes of a friend. That is pure sentimentalism. What He requires is OBEDIENCE to His commands, as to the commands of a master. That is Christianity. Not conformity—not compliance—but obedience. Morality Christ rejects when He says, He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings. Conformity to His teachings, without personal love to the Teacher, is not obedience. Sentimentalism he rejects when He defines, He that hath my commandments, and KEEPETH them, he it is that loveth me. Obedience is Christianity.

It is at precisely this point that our ministers most fail in their preaching. They do not adequately appreciate the truth that Christ's

precepts are a manual of life. They are remiss in applying these precepts and enforcing them, with perpetual insistence. If our pulpit vigorously apprehended this for its main business and duty, the necessity of rebuke, as a means of enforcing the New Testament precepts would demonstrate itself. What with dread of teaching morality, and with dread of teaching legality, as it is technically called in the evangelical phrase, the duty of teaching *obedience* is ruinously neglected. The great commission of the ascending Christ said, with one more farewell repetition of what was foreknown as so sure to be forgotten after all—Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have *commanded* you. But the forgetful pulpit teaches almost everything else about the Gospel more than it teaches that which is chief of all, namely, whatsoever has been *commanded*, or, in one word, OBEDIENCE.

Now the New Testament is full of precepts. These all are to be obeyed. They are a life. Simple, absolute, implicit obedience to Christ in these precepts enfolds the whole secret of a well-being for society, and for the individual, beyond the dream of ethical philosophy, social science, or political reform. It is not for us to accept the New Testament as a hint and a sketch of some fair ideal life which we must go on to fill up to our personal wish. The life is not simply sketched and hinted in the New Testament. It is a finished picture there, and we are to live it humbly, patiently, lovingly, line for line. This is the New Testament idea. There are more imperative moods in the New Testament than in any other equal bulk perhaps of all the world's literatures. The master thought in Christ's teachings is human OBEDIENCE to Himself. His farewell discourses to His disciples are interpreted by this thought. Read them now—lay down this magazine and read them with fresh eyes—and answer if the thought of obedience to Him on the part of His disciples is not that Mountain of Light which blazes with almost unnumbered faces of lustre from the forehead of the exquisite idyl of John. Well, every precept of the thousands upon thousands that in the New Testament weave a web which covers our life, the life within and the life without, furnishes an opportunity to obedience. If knowledge were the chief thing, then instruction would constitute the most of the minister's duty; if orthodox belief were the chief thing, then indoctrination would engage him most; if mere conformity were the chief thing, then coaxing might seem his best expedient. But since obedience is the chief thing, and since obedience is also infinitely the shortest way to all the other aims—perpetual inculcation of the commands, with accompanying rebuke of disobedience, should be the employment of the minister,—not his sole employment, but his chief employment.

Nor need it be feared that this inversion of the conventional order of preaching, will lead to any sterilizing monotony in the pulpit. It will simply set obedience in its true place, as the end to which every other end of preaching is ancillary. It will also develop the dormant energy of rebuke against the multiplied disobediences of Christians.

The necessity of rebuke is therefore constant. It never intermits for a moment. To agitate, and not to soothe, the consciences of hearers is the work of the pulpit. Consciences soothe themselves. The natural gravitation of the moral world may be trusted but too safely, for that. But there must be an angel to trouble the pool, if the waters are not to be stagnant. As obedience is set on guard to watch everywhere for the safety of Christians, so rebuke is the captain of the watch, to rouse obedience found sleeping on its post of sentinel duty.

There is, of course, no room here for illustration of this point. But a jealous abiding by the emphatic, and prophetic, and pathetic words of Christ concerning obedience, we are persuaded, enwraps the germ of all that millennial future, of which the church goes on dreaming and singing, but which she is so slow to realize, for herself and for the world, by *obeying*. Single specific precepts might be named, scrupulous obedience to which would have saved the church from whole centuries of apostasy and blight.

We know what will be said about slavery to the letter, and the superior nobleness of obedience to the spirit, of Christ's commands. But human chemistry often fails rightly to extract the true spirit from the letter. The

spirit that needs our attention most is not the spirit of the command, but the spirit of our obedience. The spirit of the command it is not ours to volatilize away from its divine fixation in the letter. The letter of the command holds the spirit of the command, better than we can hope to hold it in any form of our own contriving. Besides, it holds the authentic spirit of the command; whereas the legerdemain of the adversary is cunning to substitute something else for the authentic spirit, when we attempt to unfix it for transfer to a vessel of our own. The slavery or the freedom lies in the spirit of the obedience rendered. You can obey the letter as freely as you can obey the spirit. The kingdom of God is within you. It is more flattering to our pride to construct theological or ethical systems of our own, in supposed conformity to the New Testament teachings. But it is safer to take Christ at His simple word, and do the things which He says.

The time for rebuke begins exactly when disobedience begins, and the time for rebuke continues without cessation as long as disobedience continues. To the latter alternative of this rule, there lies an important exception. When the forehead of sin is brass, and the ear of sin is lead, and the heart of sin is flint, then rebuke must mount to the summit of its long diapason of tones, and denounce in a voice of thunder. If sin yields, well. If not, then the pulpit has uttered its testimony. There remains the alternative disused so long. Let it shake off the dust of its feet, and forsake the obstinately disobedient church. But if a whole generation of Christendom is involved in the sin, and will not yield, then it is probable that God will not accept the denunciation of the preacher for his sufficient testimony. In that case, Latimer, having denounced, must burn. Martyrdom is then the testimony.

It is therefore a very shallow philosophy which teaches that rebuke should wait for sin to become inveterate. A sin that has incorporated itself with an individual, a social, or a national life, is seldom eradicated by rebuke. Rebuke is then a duty, but it is generally a barren duty. Rebuke did not carry the great Reformation. Rebuke in season might have made the Reformation unnecessary. But when the Reformation became necessary, rebuke did not purchase it. The Reformation was purchased by RESISTANCE unto blood.

The value of pulpit rebuke is threefold. It reclaims the disobedient; more often still, it confirms the obedient, and always it vindicates and establishes the dignity and independence of the pulpit. The moral sense of a congregation is never more wholesomely cleared and braced than when a pungent and timely rebuke has been administered from the pulpit. The pulpit is never more respected, never better beloved, than then.

There is very much more that eagerly importunes to be said, but we pause. We have disregarded the convention which commonly keeps the tongue of friendly criticism silent concerning the faults of the pulpit. We have simply been true to the sincerest conviction in what we have said. But we have a further conviction, equally sincere, to which we must likewise be true. We believe that, despite their shortcomings, the ministry of the Gospel are the highest-born nobility of souls—the selectest and most living seed of a regenerate future for the church and for the world that anywhere exists among men. Actuated by this unwavering belief, we have still been free to criticize the pulpit, for an obvious reason. The causes alleged, productive to it of bondage, do most of them undeniably exist. If the bondage itself also exist, then so much the lighter the pulpit's blame. If the bondage alleged be wanting, the just praise of the pulpit will be higher, in an equal advancing degree. Since, therefore, in no case could anything but good result to the pulpit, the critic, in the confidence of rendering it yet farther a positive service, has willingly taken his risk of receiving the recoil of his blows. He will be not only content, but grateful, if, at whatever cost to himself, the American pulpit shall have been reminded, even for a little while, to study the plentiful example of Scripture, in the light of these forgotten precepts of Paul to ministers:—

"THEM THAT SIN REBUKE BEFORE ALL, that others also may fear. I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou OBSERVE these things,

without preferring one before another. Lay hands suddenly on no man, NEITHER be partaker of other men's sins."

"I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom,—preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; *reprove, rebuke*, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

"Wherefore rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith."

"These things speak and exhort and rebuke WITH ALL AUTHORITY. LET NO MAN DESPISE THEE."

ANGELIQUE ARNAULD.*

At morn Chevreuse' green valley lay
Cradled in holy calm,
And from Port Royal's cloisters gray
Rose soft the chanted psalm.

Faintly the organ's dying swell
Through aisle and archway rolled,
And gliding silent to her cell
Each nun her chaplet told;

When down the steep and rocky way
That guards the sacred ground,
Came tramp of steed and bugle gay,
And voice of baying hound.

A proud and joyous cavalcade
Swept o'er the dewy sward—
Fair jewelled dame, and noble maid,
And many a gallant lord.

And at their head, in knightly grace,
Of camp and court the star,
The leader of the royal chase,
Rode Henry of Navarre.

No reverence hushed the courtly train,
But loud their laughter rung;
And careless jest and wit profane
Flowed free from every tongue.

To winding horn and huntsman's call
The echoing cliffs reply,
And o'er their path arch, tower, and wall
In pictured shadows lie.

Yet ere the ancient pile they gain
Its portals open wide,

* Angélique Arnauld became Abbess of the Convent of Port Royal at the age of eleven years, (see Macaulay's Essay on the Port Royalists).

And from its porch—a ghostly train—
The white-robed sisters glide.

With measured pace and downcast eyes,
And crossed hands folded meek,
They follow in obedient wise
The Abbess Angélique.

Awed at the sight, the hurrying rout
Pause in their gallop wild,
For from the Abbess' hood look out
The clear eyes of a child.

With faltering strength her little hands
Aloft the crozier hold—
A dove the eagle's flight withstands,
A lamb defends the fold!

"Back! back! presumptuous king! nor dare
With sound of revel rude
To desecrate this place of prayer,
This hallowed solitude.

"Ill suits with mirth of flippant court
Our convent's saintly round;
Seek elsewhere, then, your idle sport,
And leave this holy ground!"

A moment stayed the monarch's look
On girlish brow and cheek,
As marvelling such grave rebuke
Those rosy lips could speak.

Then light dismounting from his horse,
He owned the high behest,
And on the hand that held the cross
A reverent kiss he pressed.

"Turn! gallants, turn!" he gayly cried;
"Our chase is o'er to-day;
When Lady Abbess bars our ride,
Let loyal knight obey."

He waved his hand, his horn he wound,
He gave his steed the rein,
And slow from the forbidden ground
Followed the drooping train.

From the far hill in measured beat
Faint falls the echoing hoof,
And silence, claiming her retreat,
Broods o'er Port Royal's roof.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE TEUTON AND THE GAUL.

IT is quite impossible, in the rapid changes and shifting phases of affairs in the great contest now in progress in France, to make any comment upon current events to-day that will not be worthless and out of date to-morrow. The daily paper alone may properly deal with these, and even the daily paper is compelled to quick forgetfulness of its records and opinions by new movements and fresh complications. The struggle has, however, established some facts which it is legitimate to note, and which are of great moment to the world in this stage of its history. The superiority of the Prussian armies, in their gigantic struggle with the French, has taken the whole civilized world by surprise. The forces of the Empire have been crushed like wax in the grapple, and the most warlike nation of Europe has found its entire army destroyed in a few weeks, and all its material of war (including its Emperor) in the hands of the enemy.

Now, this is too remarkable an event to be attributed to the "chances of war," and can only be traced to the absolute inferiority of the French, as soldiers. Either they have sadly deteriorated, or the Germans have wonderfully improved. Both facts doubtless obtain to a certain extent; and the explanation lies in the ruling policies of the two nationalities. In Prussia, not only mental but physical education has been compulsory. The Prussians are a nation of intelligent and trained men. They are men who love literature—who, stern and rough as some of them may be, are fond of poetry and music, and possess an amount of culture in both these arts that would be quite incredible in France. They are thinking men—self-contained and self-dependent—unsubjected to spiritual domination. In short, they are men with good bodies well trained, and good brains well informed, and in free, active use. We cannot reproduce the exact statement, but at the time of the capture of Sedan we remember that it was found that quite a large number of the minor French officers could not write their names!

The overwhelming defeat of the French nation has been wrought out quietly in the Prussian schools and barracks. The schoolmaster for the mind, and the drill-sergeant for the body, by only a few years of thorough work, have transformed Prussia into the leading power of Europe. She has marched without the slightest effectual resistance to the capital of her bitterest enemy—an enemy that once held all Europe at bay—and swallowed his armies in her victorious progress. She will dictate, at immense advantage, the terms of peace. It is not to be wondered at that France cannot understand that she is defeated, or why she is defeated; and the great cause of fear now is that she will not learn that there is no possible way for her to re-establish her national greatness save through the universal education of her people. Universal education is for France, as well as for Spain and Italy, the only means by which regeneration of power may come. Without the adoption of this policy, it will matter very little who may sit upon the throne of France, or whether France be without a throne. When the people of France become as intelligent as those of Germany, and as thoughtful and as intellectually and spiritually free and independent as they, then they may hope to stand again on an equality, as a nation, with their northern neighbor. This change cannot take place without loss of influence to the priesthood, and it is not necessary to say that the priesthood will oppose it; but it *must* take place, or France must be content to sink forever into the position of a second-class power. The world is making progress, through the spread of intelligence and culture, and France must adopt the policy of Prussia, or be content to sit at her feet a defeated, humbled, and helpless state.

CANADA AND SAN DOMINGO.

THE President's annual message, loosely read, or not read at all, by most, divided among various Congressional committees, grown stale by discussion, and easily forgotten by all, was, to us, an unusually interesting document. It was a frank, free showing of the Presidential "hand." No words were used for the hiding of facts and ideas. It contained no hints, no half-statements, no diplomatic dodges. Even the long talk about Canada, which some of the political papers have regarded as a loud bark, without the slightest intention to bite, in any contingency, seems to be quite as earnest as his plea for the acquisition of San Domingo, and none can doubt his determination in regard to that. It is really refreshing to see a high official manifest earnest personal feeling upon measures which have engaged his interest and convictions, and to plead for them, in a manly way, with the people who have placed him in power. The Alabama claims, which relate to the past, get only a paragraph, while San Domingo and British America, which he associates with the future free development of his country's commerce and territorial power, absorb ten times as much space in his not over-long message.

The protest of the President against the harsh treatment which the Canadian authorities have exercised, and have proposed to exercise, toward our fishermen, and his petition to Congress for authority to bring them to terms by suspending the operation of laws which permit a free transit of their goods over our territory and allow their vessels to enter our waters, will, whatever the politicians may say, command the approval of the American people of all parties. He makes ready despatch, too, of the Canadian pretensions to a right to exclude citizens of the United States from the navigation of the St. Lawrence—a pretension so preposterous that it could only have had

its birth in hostile feeling, and could only properly be met by a demand for its immediate withdrawal. The idea that all bottoms shall have free access to our lake ports through the St. Lawrence except our own, is one which could only have originated in unfriendliness; and the quicker it is exploded the better for both parties; and we prophesy a prompt and thorough abandonment of all these Canadian schemes for harassing our commerce, as a direct consequence of this outspoken expression of the Presidential feeling, accompanied as it is by arguments and statements of fact that show that he has taken his position intelligently and knows what he is talking about. If Canada should demur, she would get a quick lesson from the home government; for England cannot afford to stand on any small point of difference with us at this time.

We prophesy, too, the acquisition of San Domingo, in accordance with the President's recommendation. Doubtless somebody will make money by it, and to the people of the country it matters but little who it may be, provided the President is wise in his estimate of the results. If it is a measure of national protection, if it will build up our merchant marine, if it will give us new markets, if it will make slavery insupportable in Cuba and Porto Rico, if it will end the conflict in Cuba, if it will help pay our national debt, and cheapen the necessaries of life to our people—and these are the motives by which the President urges his measure—then the American people must and will have San Domingo. We have paid large sums for territory that will never add materially to our wealth or power. We are invited to take San Domingo as a gift. If San Domingo shall become ours, then Cuba will follow in time; then the Sandwich Islands; and then, if Canada becomes particularly amiable, Canada; if persistently troublesome and ungracious, still Canada. For we believe with the President that "the time is probably not far distant when, in the natural course of events, the European political connection with this continent will cease." That means, and can only mean, absorption and unification, in accordance with the common interests of North America and the tendency of this political age.

THE POPE AND HIS PEOPLE.

THE people who have lived under the temporal rule of the Pope have been neither prosperous nor happy. They have been grievously oppressed in many ways, for many years. Indeed, their condition has been pitiable in a sad degree. The rule under which they have lived has been a personal despotism of the worst sort. Every aspiration for liberty has been suppressed, every plea for liberty has been punished, and every liberty-loving man has been placed under an untiring, relentless espionage, or the open or secret ban of the State. The best men of Rome have only escaped death in a prison by spending their lives in banishment. The entire prosperity of the people has been sacrificed to the feeding and decoration and aggrandizement of a great ecclesiastical establishment, with its lazy and useless thousands of priests, its expensive churches, and its multiplied religious houses of various kinds.

A man needed to live in Rome but a few weeks to learn that there was not a particle of sympathy between the Pope and his subjects. He distrusted them utterly, and they hated him, although they acknowledged him as their spiritual father. Nothing but foreign bayonets has kept the Pope upon his throne for years; and the moment they were withdrawn, and the people had an opportunity to vote, they voted the Pope of Rome out, and the King of Italy in. It is sad to think that only this shabby alternative was left to the Roman people. It is sad to reflect that the inhabitants of the Eternal City should have been ruled in such a way that they were glad to assume allegiance to so base a man and so unprincipled a potentate as Victor Emanuel. Such, however, is the undeniable fact; and the friends of the Pope are welcome to all the comfort and countenance they can find in it.

And now what is the shameful thing that we see in this country, in connection with this change of rule in Rome? A great movement among the Catholics which takes the form of a protest against the spoliation of the Pope's temporal power! Do these men pretend to be republicans, and friendly to American institutions? Do they pretend to believe that all "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed?" Can they be friends of America without sympathizing with the Roman people, who, by free choice, have elected to be the subjects of the king of Italy? Is the kingdom of Jesus Christ a kingdom of this world? Was St. Peter a civil ruler? Has not this temporal power, exercised so long in Rome, brought foul corruption to the church, and constant degradation to the people? What can these Americans be thinking about, that they, in this free land, talk about the Pope's "dominion as a sovereign prince"—as if he owned the people of the Papal States, and they had no rights and no will which he was bound to respect? Was the church established for the good of the people, or were the people born simply to serve and support the church? Is it the office of the great to rule or to serve?

If the people of Rome had had the slightest desire to retain the Pope as their civil ruler; if the troops of Victor Emanuel had been unwelcome intruders upon their peaceful loyalty to the man of the Vatican; if they were bowing their necks unwillingly to the yoke of a new despot, there would be some apology for the outcry which the American Catholics are making; but the unpopularity of the Pope, as a ruler, in his own dominions, is so obvious and so notorious that no one has the hardihood to question it. It has been so bad that the people were ready to welcome any change, and they have welcomed, by a unanimous voice, the change that has come. In

Heaven's name let them have their will! Ay, in America's unanimous approval, let them have their will!

It is going to be hard for the Catholic world to learn that the Bishop of Rome is no greater, in any essential respect, than any other Bishop; yet to this complexion, in the world's progress, it must come. If it is essential to His Holiness, in the exercise of his ghostly functions, that he rule the State in which he holds his residence, then it is equally essential for all other bishops, of whatever grade or of whatever church, to rule the realms they occupy. The Bishop of Rhode Island, Episcopal or otherwise, has just as good a right, by virtue of his office, to seize Providence, and convert Brown University into a palace and occupy it, and snub Burnside, and muzzle Sprague, and banish Anthony, and appropriate the money ordinarily spent in elections there as the revenue of the church, and rule that little commonwealth of uncommon wealth with a rod of iron, as the Pope has to rule Rome. There never was anything in his position and functions, as a bishop of the church of Jesus Christ, which gave him the shadow of a claim to any temporal power whatever. The power that he has hitherto enjoyed and employed has been disastrous to the church he has served and the people who have served him. The simplicity of Christian truth, as it came from St. Peter, has been ten thousand times sophisticated by the policies and necessities of the State; and the church, ceasing to minister, had become a tyrant.

We, as Americans and Christians, have two causes of satisfaction in the Pope's fall. The first is that the people of Rome have their wish and their right; and the second is that the church is relieved of a corrupting and misleading influence. All the marriages of Church and State, that have hitherto illustrated the history of Christendom, have been unhappy; and all advances in true progress have invariably tended to their divorce.. It has made no difference in the result whether the Church has wedded the State or whether the State has wedded the Church. The Church has always been the loser in this intermingled life, and always must be, in the nature of things; while the State has received no elevation from the connection. We freely challenge a comparison of the American people, as regards their intelligence, morality, independence, happiness, and practical benevolence, with any people living under an established church of whatever name. We are aware that the Roman people have not escaped from an establishment by escaping from the rule of the Pope, but they have secured this advantage in the change—that they place the church in the position of a minister to the popular need, and remove themselves in a degree from the position of servile ministers to the need of the church. All protest against this change is a protest against popular progress in true religion and popular liberty, and comes with a bad grace from a people whose condition is a constant rebuke and condemnation of the politico-ecclesiastical despotism that during the long centuries has been busy in grinding the manhood out of Rome.

HOME AND ITS QUEEN.

THERE are not many propositions, in this captious world and questioning age, that are permitted to pass unchallenged. It used to be supposed that Adam was the first man, but there are those who doubt it now. The solid democratic faith in universal suffrage is shaken in a multitude of minds by the facility with which the demagogue appropriates a popular privilege to his own corrupt purposes. Our good old Bible, out of which has come all that is worth anything in our civilization, and in which the most of us trust, has been the butt of the skeptic for centuries, and hears strange questions in these days from the lips of those who pretend to preach its truth. Still, two and two make four, the sun is larger than the earth, and we have yet to hear any man or woman deny that in the quality of the homes of the nation abides the nation's destiny. If these homes are nurseries of manly and womanly virtue, and schools of economy and prosperity, the natural outcome and expression of them will be a government of justice and freedom, and social institutions that shall be liberal and pure.

There is probably not an unperverted man or woman living who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are very few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever of good there may be in their characters and conditions. Home, based upon Christian marriage, is so evidently an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is planted, there stands a bulwark of the State. Wherever it is pure, and true to the Christian idea, there lives an institution conservative of all the nobler interests of society. Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes its cue and its hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly,—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted,—she consciously or unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power or eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what their mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice which those men speak in the expression of their power is the voice of the women who bore and bred them. There can be no substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficently upon society and the State. Neither woman nor the nation can afford to have home demoralized, or in any way deteriorated by the loss of her presence, or the lessening of her influence there. As a nation we rise or fall as the character of our homes, presided over by woman, rises or falls; and the best gauge of our best prosperity is to be found in the measure by which these homes find

multiplication in the land. In true marriage, and the struggle after the highest ideal of home-life, is to be found the solution of more of the ugly problems that confront the present generation—moral, social, and political—than we have space to enumerate.

Thus far few will differ with us, we imagine; and further than this we do not care to go, except to say that whatever there may be in the schemes so industriously put forward for changing the position and sphere of woman which will tend to make home better, and its queen more modest and gentle and pure, shall have our earnest support. If an active competition with man in professional or mercantile life will fit woman for home life, and help to endow her with those virtues whose illustration is so essential to her best influence in the family, let her by all means engage in this competition. If the studies and apprenticeships necessary to make such a life as this successful are those which peculiarly fit women to be wives and mothers, and prepare them to preside over the homes of the people, let us change our educational institutions to meet the necessity, and do it at once. If woman's power over the ballot-box, now exercised by shaping the voter, and lifting the moral tone of the nation at home, will be made better and more unselfish by giving her a hand in political strife, and the chance for an office, let her vote by all means. If those virtues and traits of character which are universally recognized as womanly are nurtured by participation in public life—if woman grows more modest, sweet, truthful, and trustworthy by familiarity with political intrigues, or by engaging in public debates—if her home grows better and more influential for good in consequence of her absence from it, then we advocate without qualification her entrance upon public life at once, and demand that the broadest place shall be made for her. If the number of true marriages is to be increased by a policy that tends to make the sexes competitors with each other for the prizes of wealth and place, and secures to any marked degree their independence of each other, then let that policy be adopted.

This good, thus contingently specified, is the grand desideratum of our country and our time. Our suppositions involve questions of vital, paramount importance. They stand before and above all other questions connected with woman's work, woman's rights, and woman's future. They ought to be settled by a wise consideration and discussion; and we believe that when they shall be settled thus, all good men and women will find themselves upon a common platform, and the questions which agitate us now will have vanished.

WHERE ARE THE YOUNG MEN?

THERE are curious facts, noticeable in the Eastern States, to which occasional allusion is made in conversation and the newspapers—facts which illustrate the scarcity of young men of a certain class. At every fashionable summer resort, the small number of young men and the comparative plentifulness of young women are matters of notoriety. If there should happen to be, in such a gathering as this, half a dozen young men, of unexceptionable position, to six times that number of young women in a corresponding position, the thirty-six women would account themselves peculiarly fortunate. In a hotel "hop," one will see half the girls with partners of their own sex. The ladies of a traveling party in Europe are, as a rule, in an overwhelming majority. The fact that beaux are scarce in all public places, is one with which the young women of the Eastern States are painfully familiar. There are many good reasons to be offered for this disproportion of the sexes in such places—the pressure of work or of study upon the men, at a period of life when their time is not wholly at their disposal, being the principal one.

If it were only in the resorts for summer recreation that young men are scarce, the fact would not be noteworthy particularly. They ought to have something to do, and enough to do to keep them from spending a great deal of time in the pursuit of pleasure. It is a startling fact, however, that the young men of the first class, or those regarded as belonging to the first class, are as scarce in the towns as they are at the summer hotels. The marriageable girls among Eastern families of the best position are in overwhelmingly larger numbers than are the marriageable young men in the same position. Something of this is due to the ravages made by the late war among the ranks of the young men. Something more is due to the emigration westward of great numbers of them, so that, in some of the Western States, the men outnumber the women. Whatever the causes may be, they are sufficient to establish a marked inequality in the number of the sexes in the class to which we allude. There are many social circles, in every Eastern city and considerable town, embracing great numbers of beautiful and well-educated young women, in which there cannot be found a brilliant or even particularly desirable match among the men. Two or three hackneyed beaux, whose hair remains black by reason of the barber, and whose teeth are sound by reason of the dentist, do the polite for two or three generations of beauties, and are so busy in the service that they forget to marry, and so pass away; while, shrinking into a thriftless maidenhood, with hearts unwon and charms unappropriated, the sweet life of the women dries up, and sinks to the dust from which it rose.

Now to us this is one of the most sad and serious things connected with our social condition; and it has a world to do with the uneasiness of women, manifested in various ways,—the universal seeking for something with which to fill up life, and make it significant.

But we have a practical reason for calling attention to this matter; and this we propose to present in a statement relating to a large number of young men, usually assigned to the second class in society. While

our fine girls are bemoaning the lack of young men, and the scarcity of beaux who are marriageable and who mean marriage, there is a class of young men whom they do not recognize at all, yet who will furnish to the next generation its men of enterprise, of power, of position, and of wealth. It is not the sons of the rich who will, as a rule, remain rich. The sons of the poor will get rich; and there are to-day, drudging in offices, and counting-rooms, and store-houses, and machine-shops, and printing establishments, the men who, in twenty-five years, will control the nation socially, politically, and financially. Every man of them means to be married; they will, as a rule, make excellent husbands; they are all at work trying to win success. They are men who would be easily improved by recognition, and by bringing them into good, intelligent society; yet they are as little noticed as if they were so many dogs. Virtuous young men from the country go into the city, and live for years without any society, and are regarded by the fashionable young women with indifference or contempt; but those young men have a hold upon the future; and when their success is won, in whatever field of enterprise it may be, the fashionable will be glad to claim them as belonging to their own number. We regret to say that, as a rule, the young men for whom a position has been won by virtuous and enterprising fathers amount to but little in the world; and we rejoice to say that companions chosen from those who have their fortunes to make and their position to win, are those to whom a well-bred woman can generally with safety intrust her happiness and herself.

If there is anything in all these facts, thus brought into association, which points out a duty to "our best society," and urges its performance, even by selfish motives, it will be readily perceived. The hope of the country is in this second grade of young men. They ought to have better social privileges. What better capital can a man have than youth, virtue, intelligence, health, and enterprise? What better claim than these can any man present for admission into good society? To young men of this class, now almost wholly neglected, the society of educated and accomplished women would be a rare and fruitful privilege—fruitful to themselves, and quite as fruitful to those whose courtesies they receive.

THE OLD CABINET.

If you had looked over our shoulder before it was folded and sealed, this is what you would have read:—

The clock has just struck twelve. My first letter of the New Year shall be to you. . . . . .

And instead of writing, what have I been doing these last ten minutes! Making uncanny scrawls all over the sheet. Up in one corner is a dragon with the head of a horse. In another, such a tree as never was on sea or shore, with a bell swinging from one branch and a skull from the next. Here a row of cherub heads; there a waving flight of birds; a profile, a steeple, an eye, a jagged blot, a laurel sprig, a Noah's ark, a spiral—running round and round, in and out, with manifold convolutions, like the long, lithe ribbon with which the Japanese juggler filled all the glittering air about him, at the Town Hall, the other night.

I think I see you smiling over the rude array. Yet are they to me full of spiritual significance—yes, full as the weird, wise picture reveries of Blake and Vedder.

And what do they mean?

They mean that after the noisy stroke of the clock, in that solemn hush wherein the New Year was born, there came such a rush of associations, such a flood of memories, such awe and wonder, that when I thought to write to you there were no words, only those queer scratches and outlines; those handwritings on the wall, whose interpretation you are awaiting.

They mean—The seasons as they roll, seed-time and harvest, the mystery of life, the greater mystery of death.

They mean:

What a strange thing it is, this living in cycles; this beginning every morning and every week and every year. The men of science, you know, are talking about it, nowadays,—the Law of Periodicity,—and they find it in every part; in the heavens and in the earth; in the elements, in business, in disease, in accident, in society, in religion. The sensation of having passed through certain present circumstances before—some say it is a previous existence repeating itself in this. The world, like the Genii in the fairy stories, long ago bowed down, saying: "Behold me, henceforth and forever Slave of the Ring!" The sign and seal are everywhere—the secret who shall discover? for it is the secret of the heart-beat, and lies close hidden near the impenetrable sources of life.

And another thing is strange—the growing old with the years. The debatable land between boyhood and manhood—what a queer country—full of masquerades, and surprises, and wonderings. Do you remember how unreal it all seemed? "Good sirs, if you knew what a boy it was, how quickly you would point to yon door!" After a while the line was passed. It grew—this manhood, this responsibility of age—to be an old story. But there is a new debatable land, 'twixt middle and old age. The same strange feeling comes with the gray hairs and the deeper wrinkles.

From the car window, one morning in the autumn, I saw hoar-frost on the green grass.

> "And, haply, round the Eternal Throne
> Heaven's pitying angels shall not ask
> For that last look the world hath known—
> But for the face behind the mask."

Do you remember the old times—New-Year's Eve at

the Hall?—the big, dark-cornered kitchen, and the great "range," and the molasses bubbling and boiling in the pot! Then the pans set in a simmering row upon the snow; and how we ran out, again and again, and burnt our fingers in testing the sweet stuff's hardness. Do you remember how we took the dark, soft masses of candy into our buttered palms, and pulled and pulled till the brittle threads flashed golden in the candle-light? O the chasing, and the shouting, and the fun! And do you remember how, as the midnight hour grew near, we crowded around him who held the watch, and each "caught" all, with a ringing "Happy New Year"? And what true and loving friends we all were in those days!

Yet I know very well that if you and I wanted a jolly time again, like that unforgettable night at the Hall, we would not care to bring together just the same old, jolly crowd—even were all among the living. There are forms and faces and voices that would have been strange to us that night—and now, they have crowded out the old—crowded out some, not all.

Alas, we say, for human friendship! How soon we change, how soon forget! The dearest and nearest in those old times—how they filled, and satisfied, and blessed us. We love them still, but it is for what they were to us, not for what they are to us now.

And are we fickle then? Are we little or false because the old friendships are not the same?

No, we are not false, we are not fickle! It is sad, yes, sad indeed, if while we have been growing, they have stood still. It would be sadder yet if through the fiery ordeal of the years we had passed with no new self-knowledge—no bettering from the errors and the anguish. The blame, if any there be, lies not with us, but in their narrower lives. No, we are not false! We are true—true to ourselves, and that is the truth that includes all.

I'm sorry, Old Fellow, you're so far off. It's mighty lonely in the big house, at this time o'night; all are asleep but myself, and I believe I'm in the dumps. Barring the sadness there is in remembering, I think it's very much the same feeling of depression that comes to us sometimes in our beds, in the early morning. How fearfully blue everything looks then—how pitilessly the labor and care and trouble of the brazen day confront us. A little while ago I was sitting by the fender, tracing in the ashes, with the brass nose of the bellows, the new date—1871. In ashes! thought I. An ill omen for the stranger! So I tried to blow the figures away—when lo! the strong breath upon them wrought a marvellous transformation—in letters of living light the new year glowed and flushed upon the hearth.

A blessed omen may it prove—for your home and for mine!

There, Old Boy—I have written you a long letter; but it would have been thrice—yes, thirty times—as long if I had interpreted all. Good-night, and a Happy New Year!

"IF Charles Dickens was a heathen, then let us all be heathens—if we can"—said the woman who lectured in the "Lyceum Course" at the Town Hall last night.

Did they know what they were doing?—those men who disturbed the sacred places of sorrow by their narrow, noisy questionings. Did they know of what renown they were robbing Christianity?

For while his may not have been the perfect life—his the perfect books; while he may have lacked in many things—missed somewhat of appreciation and experience in certain directions—yet, if all the sweet humanities, all that is hearty and sympathetic and cheery; if all the fervent, effectual protest against cant and wrong and oppression; if all the good that there is in this man's writings is something foreign to Christianity, then shall we blame the world if it inquire curiously into a state of heathenism so gracious and benign?

"Was Dickens a Christian?"

What is the religion of Christ, and who shall tell the number of his disciples?

As we glanced out of the western window just now, wondering, we thought of the gate that stood, years ago, upon an invisible line of separation between the lawn and the garden. The last remaining relic of a fence long since removed—it was formed of a couple of painted wooden pillars, reaching higher than a man's head, and braced a-top by a frail cross-piece. We passed this way sometimes in reaching the garden, but there was wider entrance on either side. The posts were ancient, and worm-eaten, and rickety, and would have been taken down with the fence, had they not made friends with a honeysuckle vine that clambered up and covered them with its grace and protection.

So rickety that one morning after a gusty night we looked out of the window, and lo! the gate-posts had fallen, the honeysuckle blooms were dragged in the dust.

"Alas, alas!" said Theodosia; "how can we ever get into the garden again!"

THE array of pictures at the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is rather meagre both as to extent and merit. But there are some paintings on the walls it is worth your while to know. For, after you have admired whatever is admirable in color and composition in Bouguereau's "Orestes Pursued by the Furies," you can turn your back upon its splendid conventionalities, and the unendurable horror of the bare mother-breast in which the knife is plunged; what is better—you can turn your back upon certain other things, still less to be endured by gods or men, from Fagnani and those of that ilk—and you may sit and gaze your fill into this "Landscape" by Troyon; into this still, shadowy pool; into these dim, living woods. Do you not feel the cool, damp air upon your brow; is there not the rich perfume of grass

and decaying leaves; are there not truth, and worship, and peace?

There are other pictures that you must not miss. Among these a boy "Playing on the Jews-harp," a head you will not soon forget—torn straw hat, but the soul of a musician, and the joy of one, in its sweet face.

THIS dainty little volume of *Verses*, by "H. H.," with its red edges, and old-style lettering, and crisp leaves—what hum of insects; what flutter of wings and whisper of trees; what breath of fields and flowers; what blue summer sky it brings to us, here by the winter fireside!

"Such couch, such canopy, such floor,
Such royal banquet spread;
Such music through the open door,
So little said.

So much bestowed and understood,
Such flavored courtesy,
And only kings of unmixed blood
For company.

Such rhythmic tales of ancient lores,
Of sweet and hidden things,
Rehearsed by sacred troubadours
On tireless wings."

There is a strange, delicious little story by Erckmann-Chatrian, of a blind peasant girl whose intense sympathy with all plants and insects gave her some fine new sense which more than supplied the place of that of which she had been deprived. "The Queen of the Bees" she was called—they all knew and acknowledged her—her myriad winged subjects; and she knew them every one; thrilled with their joys and suffered their sorrows. The girl knew, too, all the flowers—not only as those who have eyes may know them, but in a mysterious intimacy; for hours she would sit and talk with her wee friends.

It is a mere fancy sketch; the pretty French story—but the poet of these *Verses* has brought to the making of them just such a knowledge and fellowship:—

"'O chilly night,' I said, 'no friend thou hast
For me, and morn is far,' when lo! a shout
Of joy, and riding up as one rides late,
My friend fell on my neck just in the gate.
'You got my message then?'
'No message, sweet,
Save my own eyes' desire your eyes to meet.'
'You saw no swallow and no bee before
You came?'
'I do remember past my door
There brushed a bird and bee. O, dearer presage
Than I had dreamed! You sent by them a message?'"

"Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of 'good-night';
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie 'down to sleep.'"

And as we read on—"My House not Made with Hands," "Wooed," "Won," "My Strawberry," "Tides"—how clear it is that this poet has won the secret of the woods and of the waves; that nature has kept back nothing (that may be told) from so reverent a student and worshipper. Was there ever a delicater sense of her subtile alchemy; a tenderer sympathy; a truer interpretation?

How surely will the soul most sensitive to the "flavored courtesy" of the wilderness have deepest appreciation of the graces that transcend those. Here are locusts and wild honey; but here, too, are the better sacraments of friendship, love, religion.

WE think General Rochambeau understood something about his subject when he wrote to Lafayette that brief but comprehensive essay on the French Soldier. The hot-blooded young Marquis had been fretting at the inaction of the army in Rhode Island, in the summer of 1780.

"Permit an old father, my dear Marquis," said the gracious veteran, "to answer you as a dear son, whom he loves and esteems very highly. You must know me sufficiently to be aware that I do not need urging forward, and that at my age, when a man, controlled by circumstances, takes a position founded on good reasons, both political and military, no remonstrances possible can lead to a change without a positive order from my General. But I am happy to say that General Washington tells me in his despatches that my views agree substantially with his own, regarding all those circumstances which might allow us to take an offensive course. We differ only on a few details, where the shortest explanation—and certainly his orders—will remove every difficulty. You are mortified, as a Frenchman, my dear friend, when you see an English fleet, with a marked superiority of force, blockading here our own squadron. But console yourself; the port of Brest has been blockaded these two months past by an English fleet, which has prevented the sailing of our second division. If you had taken part in the two last wars, you would have heard of little else but these blockades. Our naval commanders will, I trust, avenge these momentary mortifications.

"It is all very well, my dear Marquis,"—and here comes the essay, so remarkable in the light of the present,—"to believe the French soldier invincible. But I am going to confide to you a great secret, the result of forty years' experience: no men are more easily beaten when they lose confidence in their leaders; and they lose that confidence immediately when they find themselves sacrificed to mere personal interest or ambition. If I have been happy in preserving this confidence myself, I owe the fact to the most scrupulous examination of my conscience. I may say that of the fifteen thousand men, or about that number, of different grades, who have been killed or wounded under my orders in the severest actions, I cannot reproach myself with having caused the death of a single one, for purposes of my own."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

FURS.

"A GREEN yule," says the old proverb, "makes a fat kirk-yard." Rarely has a greener yule been known than that through which we lately passed. From all parts of the country came reports of vegetable anachronisms: dandelions in December, apple-blossoms six months before (or after) date, and green-pea patches where never peas waved before! "Portents dire" these to ice-men and stove-men, to furnace-tinkerers and grate-setters, to dealers in wood and coal, and all the thousand and one people whose bread and butter depend upon the inclemency of the winter. But to one class of persons, usually unpleasantly affected by a pleasant season, this has most unexpectedly proved favorable and brought with it comfort instead of dismay. We refer to our friends the Furriers, who, in spite of the thermometer, have been driving a brisk trade in consequence of the popular demand for fur as a trimming for ladies' cloaks and dresses.

The most fashionable furs for this purpose are Russia sable for velvet, and seal and black marten for cloth or cashmere. The seal sets—comprising jacket, muff, boa, and cap—are also much worn, even for the deepest mourning, replacing Astrakan and Persiani. Persian lamb trimmed with seal is also brought. For muffs and boas, as well as trimmings, the long-haired furs are much in vogue. Mink and ermine are *passés*, and their prices correspondingly lessened. Ermine, "the royal fur," is now probably the cheapest in the market, if we except Astrakan and squirrel.

Black marten is the great novelty of the season. Our readers in the country will be amused to hear that this is a euphonious synonym, invented by the dealers, for that animal known to science as "*Mephitis Americana;*" to the less learned as—the skunk! Accustomed as they are to rise betimes, like Mr. Gray's young man, and "meet the sun upon the upland lawn," they are familiar with the trail left by this charming little beast upon the early gale, and will stare to think of his becoming the object of a popular *furor*. With all his faults, however, his fur, it must be confessed, is extremely handsome—long, soft, and glossy, of a tint which shades from umber brown to rich black, and is not unlike the Russian sable. The skins are sent abroad and deodorized by a German process, so as to be, if not exactly agreeable, at least not obnoxious. Dire and dreadful whispers have reached us, however, to the effect that, exposed to damp air or a very hot room, the fur—but no! we forbear.

"*Zibillon*," a rich dark fur, with a submixture of gray in its long hair, is another *nouveauté*, and comes to us Rocky-Mountainward. This fur has been for years an article of exportation to Europe, but until the setting in of the present fashion has been little known in this country. It is rather a costly fur, bearing some resemblance to Russia sable, and possesses a slight animal odor not altogether pleasant.

For school-girls the Siberian squirrel sets are suitable and inexpensive. We have lately seen muffs and tippets trimmed with wide Astrakan fringe of the same shade of gray, the effect of which was extremely pretty.

WINDOW BOXES.

WHEN Winter has taken possession of the outside world, whirled the last leaf from the vine, seared the grasses, and hidden even the ever green branches in snow, then window boxes begin their reign. It is pleasant to glance from the fire and see them basking in the sunshine—green mossy banks, simulating the vanished Summer. Nor need the plants be costly nor the boxes of expensive material. Given fresh mosses and leaves, a few trailing creepers and a spike or two of flowers, and the effect must be charming, whether framed in enamel or zinc, in ebony or deal. And for those who are ambitious only of such effect, there are a dozen cheap and feasible methods of securing it.

The box may be of tin, painted green, or of common white pine, stained and oiled, with a strip of moulding, or a few lichens and fir-cones tacked on by way of ornament. Or, prettier still, it may be turned into a rustic affair by covering it with narrow horizontal lengths of rough-barked wood. Birch boughs or laurel, or both alternating, will answer, halved lengthwise with the saw, and cut into sections to fit the box, the shelf which supports it being edged with the same. Or a gayly colored affair may be made with narrow strips of oilcloth, finished off with a wooden moulding at top and bottom, a set pattern being chosen, of bright solid colors, like the tiles which are so much in vogue for more expensive arrangements. In either case, unless the window-seat is of unusual width, a strong pine shelf must be adjusted in the recess to support the box, and the edge which fronts the room must be ornamented or stained to match.

The one essential of window gardening is *sun*. That secured, the rest is easy. A south window, with a shade which can be raised or lowered at pleasure, is best.

The box provided and the shelf set, begin operations by a bottom layer of broken charcoal.

It is well to have the larger plants in pots, both for convenience of removal and to obviate the need of *box* drainage, which is a troublesome thing in a parlor. Set the pots on top of the charcoal, arranging according to fancy, but keeping the taller plants in the middle. Free, hardy bloomers, such as fuchsias, tea-roses, geraniums,—scarlet, rose, and white,—carnations, Chinese primroses, do better in the house, as a general thing, than tropical ferns and bigonias, which are so temptingly beautiful in conservatories and perish so quickly out of them. One or two foliage plants also, a Coleus, "*Aturanthus*," or a silver-leaved myrtle, will be pretty, and two or three German and English ivies. Fill in

around the pots with light friable soil, one-fifth sand, and smooth the top over so as to cover the pots. Now, into the interstices you may tuck smaller plants —mignonette, lobelia, sweet alyssum, crocus and jonquil bulbs, ivy, geranium, moneywort. There should be a madeira vine or two to arch the window and twinkle across the upper panes. Last of all, cover the surface with mosses fresh from the woods, amid whose roots will be tangled all sorts of sweet wild things, partridge berry, tiny ferns, cranberry vine, and a dozen more. Water well and sprinkle the surface every day with a fine rose or a whisk broom. Later in the season, as some plant grows yellow or dull, you can lift it out carefully and insert a new one; a hyacinth with white or purple bells, a tall spiked heath, a baby cactus, or Jerusalem cherry with fruit of coral; and the sudden brightening of the whole, by virtue of the new addition, will startle you into fresh pleasure, like the lovely surprises of the spring.

The water used for the plants should be tempered slightly when the weather is very cold. It is a good plan to keep a wet sponge hidden somewhere about the box. All furnace-warmed houses are dry, and the more water evaporated into the air the better. Evaporizers of unglazed clay for the registers are of great assistance. They are made to hold a gallon, and will evaporate that quantity of water daily in the register of an ordinary furnace. "Inspiration," and good humor, too, are very apt to "go down through that hole in the floor," as nerves and temper give way under the strain of dry heat, and the addition of four quarts of moisture daily to the air of the sitting-room in which you live, will be found of sensible benefit to your plants, your furniture, and yourself.

STATIONERY.

THERE is no more useless thing in the world, considered *per se*, and without regard to its contents, than a note paper which has been written upon. If it holds a line from the beloved one, a promise to pay, a poem, a recipe, it may secure a brief existence; if not, it is cast aside, a disregarded thing, of no earthly use to anybody.

And yet in the production and purchase of these ephemeral luxuries large sums of money are yearly spent. Every season sees some new device in shape or style. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," the costly whim ranges. Now a square sheet, now an oblong, rules the day; of satin smoothness one month, rough as shagreen the next; with initials and monograms of every design and shade, and envelopes as multiform as Proteus. A guide is required to comprehend, and a fortune to follow, the exigence of Fashion.

The novelty this winter is "tint." The note, which when first glanced at appears white, on closer examination reveals, so to speak, a faint perfume of color; blushes inaudible pink or delicatest lilac, or shadows forth the faintest green. And the monogram which crowns the sheet is to the monogram of two years ago as the full-fledged summer to the pale spring. No longer a mere interlacement of lines—red, blue, or black—it is now a work of art,—as intricate, as rich, and as costly as an initial letter in an illuminated missal. Gold, carmine, ultramarine, umber, royal purple, blend therein in soft unison—the writing-desk, when opened, glows like a bed of jewels or a fairy flower-garden. When opened—Ah!—there's the rub! It is when the test of use is applied to these dainty creations that the question arises, "What has the modern note-writer to say which is worthy of committal to these exquisite pages?"

For paper cannot enhance thought—it is thought which embalms the paper. Shakespeare inscribed his sonnets and Sir Philip Sidney his sad melodious lays upon sheets so coarse and yellow that our very cooks would scorn them. Yet what fragrance, what priceless value now hangs about those discolored folios. And when upon the luxurious smoothness of the modern page we find only the penury of feeling and the poverty of style, the ill-punctuated, ill-arranged, inelegantly-phrased, and meaningless lines which make up the average letter, we are forced to sigh that this inheritance of the centuries should not be in the hands of worthier beings or applied to worthier uses.

A fashionable note, whose irregular scrawl has consumed two of the minikin sheets now in vogue, may be fairly computed to have cost at least three times the value of its postage stamp and ten of its contents. Glancing it over we are forced to frown as we laugh—and we recall something once said by Curtis, to the effect that it is useless to waste time in acquiring mastery over a foreign language, French for example, when the mind affords you nothing worth saying in your own. English answers as well as purest Tuscan if all you desire to express is that the evening is a warm one, or "this is a pleasant party." And so with paper. Commercial note is good enough, and too good, for the commonplace chit-chat of average correspondence. And though wit still exists in the world, and sense, and poetry, and epigram; though letters are written to-day as bright and forcible as any of Madame de Sévigné's or Walpole's, still the art of letter-writing is confessedly in its decadence, and the best examples existing among us are, as a general thing, written on plain paper, and sent forth with no waving of gorgeous flags or blowing of trumpets. "Good wine needs no bush." Let that content those whom an untoward fate compels to "seal their letters with their thumbs" and dispense with a monogram.

WEDDING CARDS.

THE newest wedding envelope retains the pocket-book flap, but is a trifle smaller and squarer than its predecessor. The outside initials are also slightly diminished in size. Multifarious cards accompany the invitation. There is, first, the Bride's card; secondly, the Bridegroom's; thirdly (if to a stranger), the card of the Bride's Mother; fourthly, the "Ceremony" card for church; fifthly, the note paper for the "Reception at the house;" sixthly, the card with the married names

in full, and the days on which they will receive in their new home; seventhly, and lastly, a card with "Please present this at the door" engraved thereon, which is designed to keep uninvited guests from crowding the church, and pickpockets from elbowing the silver. The whole might be fairly styled the "Coupon" invitation, and its weight and cost must cause the heart of the card engravers to leap for joy.

THE WORK-BASKET.

Now that the winter sewing is done and the winter hats are trimmed, industrious little fingers all over the country will be giving themselves a holiday on fancy work. Gay worsteds will replace tape and bobbins on many a work-stand, and the crochet hook fight for supremacy with the needle and oust it from its place. For the benefit of our younger readers, who, living out of town, are unable to refresh their ideas from the inventions of the embroidering shops, we propose this month and next to give a short space for description of some of the new devices in fancy work, which may furnish agreeable employment for the winter evenings.

Fire-benches are pretty adjuncts to a hearth rug. They are embroidered on canvas, and we recommend coarse canvas and the large stitch as being quite as effective, and far less troublesome. The strip should be four feet long and a foot wide. The pattern may be a Persian one or in flowers, with lilies and buds, roses, or shaded green leaves; but in either case the grounding should correspond in color with the carpet and furniture of the room. The bench can be made by any carpenter, of common wood, as a trimming of fringe or gimp tacked round the edge will conceal every part of it except the legs, which should be turned knobs of walnut. These legs on one side should be four inches high, on the other two, thus giving a comfortable inclination for the foot to rest upon while warming before the fire. The top is slightly stuffed, and the embroidery fastened firmly on it with tacks, which in their turn are hidden by the fringe or gimp. Silver or gilt tacks are prettiest for fastening on the trimming.

A JEWEL-BASKET.

The materials for this tasteful little affair are a piece of Japanese canvas, one-eighth of a yard square, three skeins of worsted, two yards and a half of inch wide satin ribbon, a bit of lining silk of the same color, and two supports of black walnut, which must be obtained from a wood carver. These are thirteen inches in height; one end is finished off with a trefoil, the other branches into two feet, and the tops are dove-tailed into each other. Embroider the canvas with a simple set pattern, line, and make into a little bag, the open end being trimmed inside and out with the satin ribbon quilled. Suspend it between the opening, finish each end with a bow of the ribbon, and twist the ribbon up either stick, finishing off at the point of junction with another bow.

Its design is to stand upon a bureau and hold earrings, cuff-buttons, studs, and other little articles of jewelry which are apt to be overlooked or lost if a place is not provided for them.

Very pretty tidies are made nowadays of coarse lace embroidered with working cotton. "Minute" cotton, No. 4, is commonly used. Run the lace with the cotton in groups of rows one inch apart, leaving a space two and a half inches wide between the groups. Embroider either edge of the stripes thus formed with a pointed or Grecian pattern, and in the intervening spaces work rows of large dots, or any other set figure which strikes your fancy. When done, edge the whole with imitation Cluny lace. Sets of pincushion, mats, and bureau-cover of this lace over colored silk or cambric are effective, and a drapery of the same arranged to fall either side the bureau-glass from a black walnut ring on top will be found extremely pretty.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

EDUCATIONAL REPORTS.

TOUCHED to the quick by the fact made manifest by the Paris Exposition of 1867, that continental nations were excelling her in fields wherein she had been supreme, England set herself promptly to investigating the cause. She had not far to look. Her successful rivals were just those nations which had taken most care to provide instruction for their industrial classes; and if she would regain and retain her former position in the markets of the world, she must follow her rivals' example. The result was an educational awakening which promises not merely a reform, but a revolution in the character and scope of popular culture in England.

It is too much to expect any such results from the tardy fruit of the United States Commission to the Exposition; still the circulation of Commissioner Hoyt's Report on Education (*Education in Europe and America: a Report on Education*, by John W. Hoyt, U. S. Commissioner to the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867. Washington: Govert. Printing Office, 1870) will go far to correct the mistaken notion so prevalent among us, that we are pre-eminently an educated people, and by showing us that as a country we are educationally a long way behind the more advanced countries of Europe, it may help to create the needed desire for something better. Even in the department of primary education, our special subject of vainglory, we are doing but a fraction of the work that needs to be done, and are doing that little not nearly so well as it is done elsewhere.

The report begins with a general survey of the educational condition of the countries represented at the Exposition, first noting the extent of their represen-

tation, then giving an outline of their school systems, the scope and spirit of their educational policy, and the general statistical results. In the fifty pages devoted to this part of the subject one may get a clearer and more comprehensive notion of the educational work of the leading civilized nations than in any other volume we know of.

In the special survey of the educational field, to which the remainder of the report is devoted, Mr. Hoyt treats separately of Popular Education, primary and secondary; Superior General Education as provided for by Schools of Letters, Science, and Art; Special Education in Industrial Schools, Schools of Applied Science, Commercial, Naval and Military Schools, Polytechnic Schools, Schools of Medicine, Law, and Theology, and Normal Schools; and finally of University Education, closing with a chapter on the leading tendencies of this department of learning. For the most part this portion of the report is composed of summary statements of the organization, scope and character of the more important institutions in each department. It contains a vast amount of information, though hardly in a shape to be generally read.

Our own educational deficiencies are nowhere more apparent than in the department of special education, —just the field which one would naturally expect to find the "practical" Yankee most zealous in cultivating. So long as our standards were low and our artistic requirements simple, the native tact and handiness of our artisans answered every purpose. But with the increasing demand for artistic workmanship, in addition to mere serviceableness in our manufactures, we must either educate our workmen for their work, or see them outstripped by men of foreign training. Among the grave errors and omissions of our educational system (as we miscall our unsystematic efforts at popular teaching) specially exposed by the report, the most prominent are the annual waste of some millions of dollars on school buildings, not one in a thousand of which has any regard for the conditions necessary to the physical, moral, and mental health of the children; the almost utter lack of proper means of ventilating school-rooms; the absence of any general regulation of the work done in the schools; the lack of oral teaching, and illustrative teaching by means of models of mechanism and the like; the absence of musical and industrial recreation; the almost exclusive devotion to *cram;* the lack of care in the selection of primary teachers, and the failure to make the profession of teaching sufficiently remunerative to enlist and retain the best quality of service; the unpractical character of our high school teaching, and the irresponsible character of the most of our private instruction; the lack of supplementary agencies, as evening schools and schools for the cultivation of art in its industrial relations; the waste of time and money on pretentious "colleges" poorly officered and equipped; the—but it is useless to enumerate. In every department of education tending to make men efficient as workmen and valuable as citizens the report shows us to be more or less grievously deficient. In the higher departments we have quite as little ground for self-gratulation. "When we confess," says Mr. Hoyt, "that the academical department of the oldest and most advanced of our American Universities is entitled to rank scarcely higher than the German Gymnasium, whose certificate is essential to admission to the central and foundation faculty of the German University; that the average graduate, fresh from some of our most noted scientific schools, could hardly pass the entrance examination at any of the European polytechnicums; and that the terms of admission to all our university professional schools, and the meagreness of the courses of study prescribed as requisite to the degrees they confer, are justly a reproach to the intelligence of our people, and a laughing-stock with those who understand them in the Old World, it should be with profound sympathy for the many self-sacrificing scholars of America who are struggling to insure to their respective institutions, and to America superior education, a more honorable career. The reproach is chiefly with the governments and the people who refuse the necessary means."

And not only are we thus falling behind other nations in intelligence, but behind ourselves. Illiteracy is increasing among us, not only from the influx of untaught foreigners, but from native growth. The paper on Illiteracy in the United States, in the report of Commissioner Eaton (*Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year* 1870. Washington: Govt. Printing Office) affords a most humiliating picture of our weakness and danger from this source. It cannot be too widely read. As a whole, this report is not so discouraging. There are indications of an increasing desire in all quarters for wider and more efficient schooling for all classes, and that is a hopeful sign. There is also a manifest disposition to see things as they are, even if not altogether agreeable, and that is another hopeful sign. The report proper occupies some eighty pages, surveying the educational work of the different States and Territories, the relations of education to the Indians and the Chinese; woman's interest in education; the relations of education and labor; half time and evening schools; higher institutions of learning, etc., etc. The remainder of the volume, some five hundred pages, is devoted to abstracts of State and municipal school reports, statistical tables, and a number of contributed articles, of varying merit, touching the work of public education at home and abroad. The value of the statistics is seriously impaired by the lack of agreement in the character of the information given in the State reports, but that is not a matter yet under the control of the Bureau. Considering the limited force of the Bureau, and the subordinate position it occupies, the report is quite creditable. Its contrast with the bulky volume, whose dead weight crushed the Department of Education, will revive the hope that the efforts of the National Government, on behalf of education, will not be fruitless of good results.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The fourth volume of Theodor Mommsen's *History of Rome* (Charles Scribner & Co.) completes one of the most important publications of the day. As an original investigator, equally at home in the classic writers and in the more obscure inscriptions which have come down to us from antiquity, Dr. Mommsen has few rivals and no superior. No historian since Niebuhr has exhibited greater independence of thought, or more courage in attacking inveterate error. Many readers will be disposed to question the soundness of the criteria according to which the current stories relating to the infant days of the city are judged and rejected. But if Mommsen's *Rome* is not the place in which to look for a recital of the fabulous marvels of Romulus and Remus, of the flames playing about the head of the infant Servius Tullius, or of the chivalric self-devotion of Regulus, the reader in search of a spirited, accurate, and consistent narrative of the authentic history of Rome will not be disappointed here. Among the Germans there are few writers that possess more of that peculiar faculty of dramatizing which constitutes one of the most fascinating qualities of a historian. Probably to a majority of readers the last volume will seem the most entertaining of all. If it treats of a degenerate community, fitted by its own inordinate luxury and wide-spread corruption for the tyranny by which it was soon to be enslaved, it is also a well-told story of thrilling incidents. The actors upon the stage are world-renowned personages, their parts important episodes in the fortunes of the most powerful nation of ancient times; and so striking are the costumes, so life-like the play, that even those who are most familiar with the action will watch with attention the progress of the drama onward to the catastrophe for which they are already prepared. The value of this American edition is greatly enhanced by an index at once exhaustive and scientific. Strange as it may seem, the English editions have nothing whatever beyond the most meagre table of contents prefixed to each volume.

The Story of a Workingman's Life (Oakley, Mason & Co.) is an autobiography of an Englishman who emigrated to this country in his youth, and following his trade, sought occupation in various places East, West, North, and South. Converted from a skeptic to a Christian believer, he resorted to a theological seminary for training that should fit him to become a missionary, when he sailed under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union and began a long career, not yet finished, of manifold labors, and, especially among the Karens, of almost miraculous success as a teacher of the Gospel to the Asiatic heathen. The crowded story is told in a style of singular clearness, directness, and simplicity, relieved with frequent touches of a quaint humor, very racy of the character of the man. It is a thoroughly noble book, full of wholesome incentive and suggestion to young men. It should command wide attention. Dr. Francis Mason is a name to be remembered with that of Adoniram Judson as a Christian missionary, and with that of Benjamin Franklin, almost, as a kind of mechanic Ulysses.

Washington Irving retains his strong and full hold upon the affections of his countrymen. Putnam & Sons have lately brought out popular abridgments by this author of the Lives of Columbus and of Washington, than which we know of no books so adapted to instruct and entertain auspiciously American boys. In conjunction with Lippincott & Co., Putnam & Sons have also issued a new and more beautiful edition of Irving's Complete Works, which forms a most desirable national gift-book, while the interest excited and the pleasure afforded by our endeared pioneer author's *Life and Letters*, as edited by his nephew, have induced the publishers to issue a three volume edition in the most attractive shape.

FICTION.

Among the novels of the season, *With Fate against Him*, by Amanda M. Douglas, from the press of Sheldon & Co., is specially praiseworthy as marking a great advance in this writer, whose previous stories have depended for their effect much upon "sensation." Discarding all adventitious methods of awakening an interest in the reader, she here constructs a work of fiction, which, without becoming didactic, powerfully impresses us with a deep underlying lesson of life, and which with comparatively few materials keeps curiosity alive from the beginning to the end. The plot is admirably contrived to withhold the secret of the drama till the unfolding of the *dénouement*. Traits of character and gifts of blood, long wandering in an Arethusa stream through successive generations, are made to reappear and find impersonation in the principal characters, which are drawn with a firm hand. Some of these characters are yet strangely improbable, and for a considerable time, as the narrative proceeds, we seem to be reading of English social life, a deception to which the very names they bear, and the purple tint of aristocracy in the opening chapter, lend assistance. The style is remarkably vigorous and incisive, and bears evidence everywhere of sincerity, giving assurance that the writer has at least been true to her own convictions and kept faith with her heart.

Mr. Bayard Taylor's novel of *Joseph and His Friend*, is a book of a different kind, addressed to a less numerous class of readers—those who prefer the pleasing manner in which a story is told to ingenuity of plot or extravagance in incident. It is a very quiet story, indeed, of simple country life, but it never relapses into dulness, and it will teach the ethical purpose of the writer more effectually than a highly wrought romance could do, though it were ever so exciting. Messrs. George P. Putnam & Sons have published it in an attractive form.

A sillier story than *The Vivian Romance*, by Mortimer Collins (Harper & Brothers), has rarely been

published. Mr. Collins is master of a rapid and lively style, but his incidents are in the highest degree improbable, and his heroes and heroines are absurd sublimities of fashion.

We are pleased to see a new edition of that remarkable New England story, Judd's *Margaret*, published by Roberts Bros., of Boston. The best evidence of the individuality of the tale and its dramatic power, or, at least, of its intense characterization, may be found in the fact that it inspired the best artistic illustrations which any American work has ever received from a native artist. And yet, when Darley's beautiful designs appeared, comparatively few of their admirers were acquainted with the tale of which those picturesque outlines were the appropriate complement. Mr. Judd had a psychological insight, a descriptive and sympathetic power far beyond his literary culture and his artistic descriptions. Accordingly, the force and flavor of *Margaret* is rough and wild, but intensely true and pathetic. If the finish and the style were equal to the conception, the work would be a classic local romance; as it is, it is an original, primitive, and powerful study of life and character naïvely executed.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The number of juvenile publications is, perhaps, no greater this season than usual, but the proportion of good ones in the list is gratifyingly large.

Jacob Abbott's volumes of stories and juvenile histories would make quite a little library in themselves, and yet he seems as fresh and new as ever in the two concluding numbers of the Juno Stories, *Juno on a Journey* and *Herbert* (Dodd & Mead, publishers). His stories breathe morals, and thereby teach them, in the only possible way. These, like all the others of his works, are wholesome throughout, which is far more than can be said of many of the books published for the little people. Albeit they are as absorbingly interesting as any reasonable boy or girl could wish.

Of a very different style, but scarcely less valuable, is *What She Could*, by the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, who has found at last, in the production of children's stories, the literary field for which her genius best fits her. The present story is pleasing and healthful in tone, and carries with it a sound lesson for budding intellects.

Equally valuable are the teachings of Heinrich Zschokke, in *Labor Stands on Golden Feet*, of which Dodd & Mead publish a translation. It is not a child's book particularly, and we venture the prediction that its grown-up readers will be quite as numerous as those of smaller stature. Its author traces a family history through three generations, with the sole purpose of pointing the one moral expressed in the title of his book. The interest of the story is thoroughly well maintained to the last, without the introduction of a solitary incident unworthy the general aim of the work.

Leavitt & Allen Brothers contribute three very handsome volumes, from the pen of Mrs. Frederick Field, constituting the By-and-By series, with which the little people may well be pleased. They are *By-and-By*, *I Didn't Hear*, and *I Forgot*. They are thoroughly wholesome in character, and a shade above their class in point of literary merit.

In the Drayton Hall series, which consists of three volumes, entitled, respectively, *Christy's Grandson*, *Allan Haywood*, and *Lawrence Bronson's Victory*, we have something of a very different character. There is nothing positively objectionable in the stories, but their negative faults are numerous. There is a decided want of ability to interest children, on the part of their author, and their teaching of moral and religious truth is too didactic in manner—too much in the style of clerical exhortations. We make no kind of objection to the truths so solemnly announced; we only say their expression will do no good whatever, because the children will inevitably skip them. The books will be pronounced dry by every healthy boy and girl who may read them.

Robert Carter & Brothers, who publish the Drayton Hall series, give us, also, four more volumes of *Flowerets*, which are simple, childlike, and pleasant in their style, with no particular merit or demerit in a literary sense. A more pretentious volume, from the same publishers, is *Down the Steps*, which is intended for somewhat older children, and is pretty good in its way, as is its companion volume *Conant Farm*, from the same author.

A noteworthy feature in our juvenile literature is the large number of reprints from foreign works, which seek a place among the varied progeny of our extensive corps of American writers for children. Of this class is a sweet, sad story called *Nelly's Dark Days*, by Hesba Stretton, from Dodd & Mead. *Ivan and Vasilesa*, from the Presbyterian Board of Publication, is a story of life in modern Russia. It is a simply and well written story, of small pretensions and considerable merit. *Little Folks Astray* is a mere negation. It is an insipid story, insipidly told. In the Can and Can't series, from Leavitt & Allen Brothers, pleasant little stories are pleasantly told, and good lessons are inculcated by the thoroughly practical system of indirection which marks the best books of this class—though we could wish these volumes a better literary style. In the *Springdale Stories* there is so much of the modern novel mingled with so much of fascinating cant, that children cannot well fail to be both interested and injured by their perusal. There is little in the volumes to commend, and much to censure. Of a different and more wantonly bad sort are *Pinks and Blues*, and the *Proverb Stories*, which are simply dime novels and sensational newspaper reports done over again, and seasoned with pious maxims for the benefit of the children.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

The scientific discussion so long prevalent in regard to the alleged discrepancy between geological facts

and the Scriptural theory of creation, finds, in this handsomely printed volume, by Rev. Dr. Malloy, of St. Patrick's College at Maynooth (*Geology and Revelation*, Putnam & Sons), a valuable and interesting illustration. The author, convinced that there could be no absolute contradiction between the truths of science and religion, studied geology to solve the problem for himself, and in so doing prepared an exposition of the subject more attractive and authentic than those of many writers of higher scientific pretensions. The introduction by Prof. Dana adds to the claim of the work, which embodies a large amount of geological information, and is written in a very candid and clear style, abounds with admirable woodcuts illustrating the text, and is altogether a very pleasing and suggestive addition to the popular history of modern science.

Rev. Dr. Broaddus, of South Carolina, has written one of the least conventional and one of the most entirely sensible books on Homiletics that has ever appeared. His treatise on the *Preparation and Delivery of Sermons* (Smith, English & Co.) covers the whole field of a minister's public duty.

The seventh volume of *Lange's Commentary* (Charles Scribner & Co.) is devoted to Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, and is characterized by that German thoroughness, comprehensiveness, and exhaustiveness that have already placed the work at the head of exegetical literature.

Dr. Hanna's *Life of Christ* (Carters), now complete in five volumes, is marked by the evenness and unintermittent brilliancy of style which is characteristic of the author, and which makes his book delightful if read piece-meal, but a little tiresome if read in course.

One marked feature of theological study at the present time is the division of labor. Not bodies of divinity, but monographs. *The Theology of Christ, from His Own Words*, by Joseph P. Thompson (Charles Scribner & Co.), is a careful, able, elaborate study of the subject indicated by the title.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have reproduced, as appropriate to the time, under the title of *The Destroyer of the Second Empire*, the well-known *Napoleon le Petit* of Victor Hugo. Now that the late Emperor of France is in disgrace at Wilhelmshöhe, with none so poor to do him reverence, it seems almost cruel to taunt him, henceforth harmless, with the bitter epigrams of his brilliant assailant of twenty years ago (not quite, for it was in 1852 that *Napoleon le Petit* was first published); but it is marvellous how like prophecy seem what were thought only the rhapsodies of a political dreamer, now that we read them by the light of France in flames.

The Æneid in Modern American (*Winsted Herald* Office, Winsted, Conn.), except that it is a fragment, representing but two books of the original, is adequately described by its title. Considerable humor in conception, and very good luck here and there in expression, went to the making of this *jeu d'esprit*. If it were novel and original in its idea, it would merit higher praise, perhaps; but, as the case stands, the most that can be said of it is that, read aloud under fortunate conditions, in an appreciative circle of those familiar with Virgil, it would be, and would deserve to be, heartily laughed at for its whimsical incongruities of literary costume. The cuts are funny in just about the same way and to just about the same degree with the letter-press.

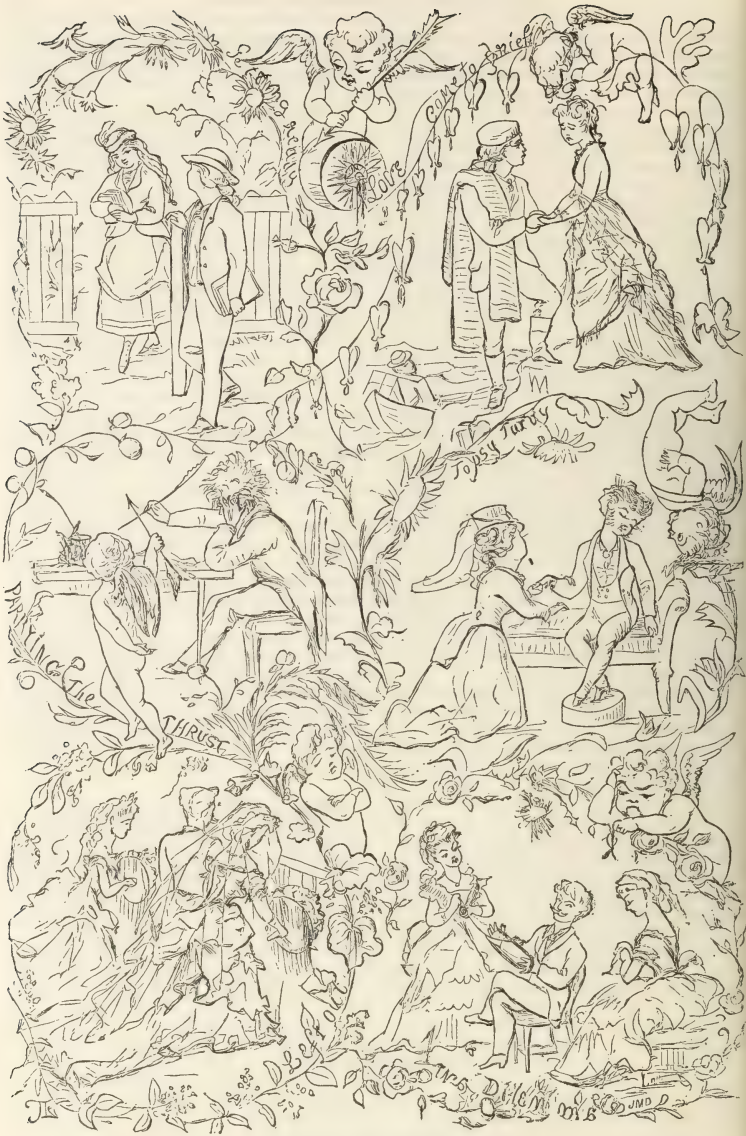
Books and Reading; or, What Books shall I Read, and How shall I Read them? by Professor Noah Porter, of Yale College (Charles Scribner & Co.), is a work of more than transient interest and value, as the author has not confined himself to a dry list of titles, or even to a running commentary upon general literature; but has occupied a large part of the volume with remarks on what it is to read, attention in reading, the relation of the reader to his author, the moral influence of books and reading, and kindred topics. The essays—there are twenty-two in all—recommend themselves by their familiar style and liberal and catholic spirit.

M. Paul du Chaillu, in his description of his reign in the jungle, with jurisdiction over the Apingi people, and the leopards, elephants, wild boars, and other *feræ naturæ* of the land (*My Apingi Kingdom*, Harper & Bros.), is more interesting than ever, and young and old will read his new volume with unqualified satisfaction.

POETRY.

It is not for us at this late day to express our appreciation of Professor Longfellow's version of *The Divine Comedy* (Fields, Osgood & Co.); but we may express our gratification that the book is now no longer sealed up in luxurious large paper and gilt edges. We can only regret that it was ever so treated, as we look admiringly on the popular edition in three neat volumes, the edition that frees from the fetters of costliness

> "—this poem of the earth and air,
> This mediæval mystery of song."



"TO-MORROW IS SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1871. No. 5.

WEATHER-TELEGRAMS AND STORM-FORECASTS BY THE AMERICAN SIGNAL SERVICE.

SECOND ARTICLE.



A STORM-SCENE ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

FOR many centuries of the world's history, a certain fiery meteor was thought to be a fierce and dreadful visitant, filling mankind with terror, as described by the poet:—

> "A pathless comet and a curse,
> The menace of the universe,
> Still rolling on with innate force,
> Without a sphere, without a course."

But since Halley's time the arrival of every comet has been foretold to within a few hours, almost as nicely as the clock tells us the revolution of the earth on its axis.

In 1831, that great meteorologist, William C. Redfield, of New York, from a large mass of observations, demonstrated *that there is a law of storms*.

It is not saying too much when we venture an assertion that a century hence the law of



CURVE OF CYCLONES IN NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

storms, as demonstrated by Redfield, and after him elaborated by Reid, Piddington, Thom, Buys-Ballot, Prof. Henry, Sir John Herschel, Dové, Fitzroy, and others equally eminent, will take its rank among the great physical discoveries of Kepler, Newton, and Halley.

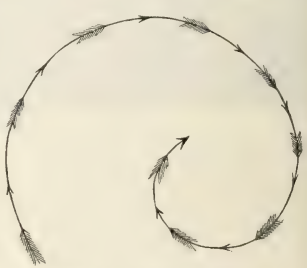
Mr. Redfield showed that the storms of the American coast were of a *rotary* character; that they were *progressive* whirlwinds, moving forward on the line of an *incurving spiral* at a considerable rate, and that *they revolve, in the Northern hemisphere from east to west, against the hands of a watch, and in the Southern hemisphere from west to east, with the hands of a watch.*

The published researches of Mr. Redfield were followed by those of Major-General Reid of the British Army, in the introduction to his *Law of Storms*. Speaking of the Atlantic gales, he said:—"The Tropical Hurricane has now been traced on the west side of the Atlantic, beyond the fiftieth degree of latitude, which is the latitude of the southernmost point of England, and has been proved to be a whirlwind whilst passing over Newfoundland to Labrador. By their rotatory motion such storms neutralize or reverse the trade-winds, and by their progressive motion they cause those changes of the wind which give the name of 'Variables' to certain latitudes.

"A residence of nearly eight years in the Bermudas, on the thirty-second parallel of latitude, satisfied me that all the Bermuda gales, of whatever degree of force, *in which the wind veers and the barometer falls*, are progressive revolving gales; and I was struck when hearing the inhabitants call them 'roundabouts.'" *

The centre of the storm, it was afterwards more fully shown, is marked by a *lull* or *calm*, and by an exceedingly *low barometer*. So low and so suddenly does the mercury fall in the Torricellian tube, that in the celebrated instances of the Havana hurricane of October 12, 1846, and the Natchez tornado of 1840, mentioned by Prof. Dové, of Berlin, the windows of the houses, by the expansive force of the confined air, were blown *outwards*. The character of the cyclone is understood if we look at a carriage wheel revolving fast over a muddy turnpike. The whole wheel moves forward on the road, and the dirt on the upper rim is thrown forward and that on the lower rim backward. While the cyclone is moving with great rapidity on its exterior, perhaps 100 miles an hour or more, its centre and body may be marching so slowly that steamers, and even sailing vessels, sometimes overtake it and run into imminent danger.

Thus we see that a ship caught in a cyclone will find the wind to veer from point to point until finally it has made a complete recurvation. The brig, "Charles Heddle," so famous in the annals of cyclonology, in the Mauritius hurricane from the 22d to the 27th of February, 1845, was carried round and round the cyclone, at an average distance of 50 miles from the centre, scudding 1,300 miles in the five days, and yet found herself afterwards only 354 miles from the port from



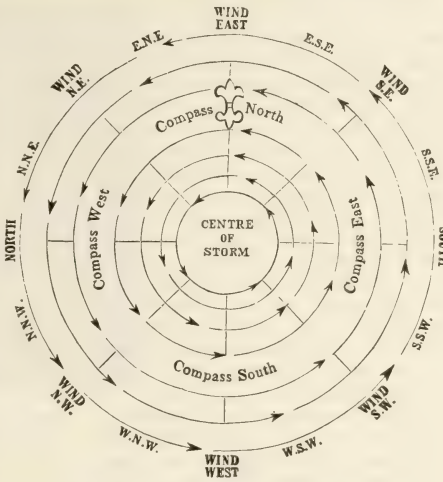
CURVE OF CYCLONES IN SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

* Reid's *Law of Storms*, p. 2.

which she had started, as the storm had made five complete revolutions with her.

If we can further imagine an enormous disk or circular body of air hundreds of feet high, revolving *horizontally* over the surface of water, we can further see how ships on different sides of the cyclone would be affected, and how easily, if they correctly understand its motion, they may *sail around* it, or with it, instead of going into its vortex. By observing the veerings of the wind, the seaman can ascertain the direction of the dreaded centre of the storm, and, knowing the centre, can easily escape the danger.

To facilitate this calculation, Mr. Piddington, President of the Marine Court at Calcutta, prepared two Horn-Cards, one for the Northern hemisphere and one for the Southern.



PIDDINGTON'S STORM-CARD FOR NORTHERN HEMISPHERES.

Should a ship find herself in a cyclone in the northern hemisphere, her master has only to lay down the horn-card (which is transparent) on his chart, taking care to always keep the *fleur-de-lis* on the magnetic meridian, and to lay the *wind's place* on the card at the time exactly over the *ship's place* on the chart, moving the card, of course, along the known track of the storm. Thus, "suppose your ship," says Piddington, "in 16° North (lat.) and 72° West (long.), with all appearances of a cyclone, and the wind at W. N. W., and she is bound to Grenada (U. S. of Colombia). Mark off her place, and lay the W. N. W. of the horn-card over it; and you see at once that it is a storm of which the centre lies about N. N. E. from you, *i. e.*, between you and the shores of St. Domingo, which it is probably then ravaging; and you moreover see that for you it is a fair wind, by which you may safely and surely profit, hauling first a little to the southward, to be sure of a good offing from the more violent and dangerous part, and also to get room to keep away a little if the sea should be heavy on the S. Eastern quadrant of the cyclone, when the wind, as you see, will haul to the S. W." * Or, suppose a vessel from Europe bound to New York meets with a strong S. S. Easterly gale and falling barometer about the meridian of Bermuda, the seaman will discover by the tracks and by the use of his storm-card that he is on the eastern side of a cyclone, which is traveling towards him on an E. N. E. or north-easterly course, and that if he stands on he will inevitably encounter it. He has only to run off to the N. W. till he has brought the wind to at least E. N. E. or N. E. and he finds his barometer rising, and he has entirely eluded the centre of the cyclone. What is true for the northern hemisphere, if reversed, is true for the southern hemisphere, as has been expressed in the following unpoetic lines :—

"Your back to the wind will the centre define,
If you only consider the place of THE LINE.†
For North of it LEFT—or South the RIGHT hand,
Stick out like a sign-post and quietly stand;
And each points to the *Centre*, whose place you demand." ‡

* See Piddington's *Horn-Book*, p. 137.

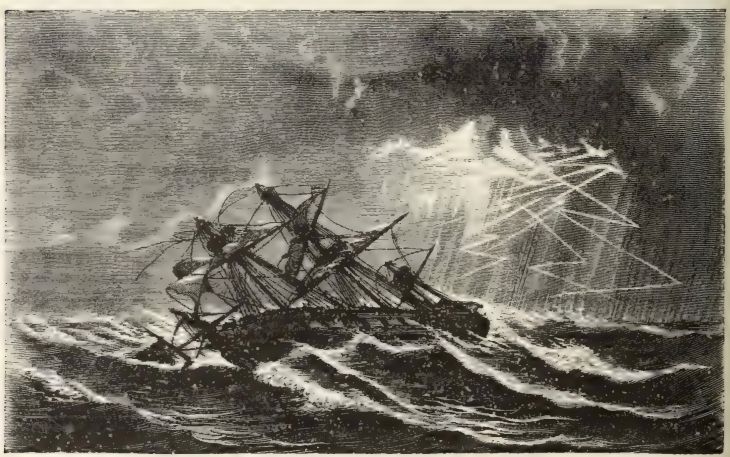
† Sailors call the Equator the Line.

‡ See a little work of Piddington's: *Conversations About Hurricanes*, p. 29.

We began our inquiries in this paper mainly to ascertain those dreadful movements of the atmosphere that every year, nay, at every change of the earth in its orbital position, bring desolation in their pathway and strew our lake coasts and our seaboard with hundreds of wrecks.

But we have already seen that the *sea*, whose surface is a uniform level, upon which the atmospheric currents meet no obstacles to deflect them from their wonted and lawful path, is the best field on which to study the laws of all atmospheric phenomena. Next to the sea, the *desert* of the earth, "*the sea of sand*," furnishes us with the most exact notions of the normal courses of winds and storms, when they are subjected to no deviation from ridges of mountains and the deep valleys between them. If, then, "the law of storms," as established by Redfield, be demonstrated for the ocean, it is good for the land also, provided we are careful to note the features and orographical peculiarities of any section of country, and thus determine the modifications of the law. This law of storms, we do not hesitate to assert, has substantially been demonstrated by evidence which, if we set aside as insufficient, by parity of reasoning we must also set aside Newton's demonstration of the earth's spheroidal shape, from the retardation of the pendulum at the equator. Indeed, we must cast contempt upon the whole Baconian system of inductive science. The law of storms stands emphatically on a basis of facts, and is an induction of many thousands of observations.

Striking instances of its application are countless. Mr. Thom quotes the case of a ship which, in the hurricane of 1840, at Mauritius, slipped with the gale from S. E., hove to and drifted from the island, but the next day was carried back by the N. W. wind, and thrown on the reefs at the entrance of Grand River, at the place she had left. The same year, in September, three ships—the *Golconda*, a British transport, with 400 souls on board; the *Thetis* of Calcutta, and the *Thetis* of London—met a double typhoon in the China seas. The *Thetis* of London, perfectly aware of her position, and her captain well acquainted with the law of storms, hove to at the right time and place, and sustained no damage. The second, the *Thetis* of Calcutta, ran on, evidently in ignorance, till she could run no longer, losing her mainmast, which in falling crushed her pumps, and she barely escaped going down. The third, the *Golconda*, ran up into the meeting-



A HURRICANE.



FORMATION OF MARINE WATER-SPOUTS.

place of the two cyclones and almost immediately foundered.

During the progress of a cyclone near St. Croix, which was situated in the south or left-hand side of the storm's track, the veering of the wind was recorded by Mr. Andrew Long, who for fifty years had paid much attention to the West Indian hurricanes. The results were strikingly confirmatory of the law of the rotation of storms, showing the wind blowing round and in upon the centre of least atmospheric pressure. On the morning of the 28th of September the wind was N. E. (the usual trade-wind); at 4 P.M. it was N.; on the 29th of September, at 6 A.M., it was W.; at 10 A.M., W. S. W.; on the 30th, at 6 A.M., it was S.; on the 1st of October, at 6 A.M., it was S. E. It then shifted to the east, and on the afternoon of the 2d, to E. N. E. Observations from six other places all show that the wind veered in precisely the same way, *i. e.*, from N. E. to N., W., S., E. The ship *Mexican*, whose course during the storm was 200 or 300 miles north-east of Nassau, experienced the same proofs of the rotary character of the hurricane.

The Bahama hurricane of 1866 was in some respects most extraordinary. Our chart * is borrowed from Buchan's, and exhibits the barometric pressure and the direction of the winds at different places in the West Indies at 8 P.M. on the 1st October, 1866, when the centre of the storm was at Nassau. At this instant the barometer was 27.7 inches at Nassau, while at a distance of 286 miles it was as high as 29.7 inches; at Bermuda, St. Thomas, and Barbadoes, it was at the average height; but to the east, north-east, and north of Barbadoes, it was above the average height of that part of the Atlantic. These figures show such extraordinary fluctuations of the barometer as never occur beyond the tropics. In Great Britain the fall of one-tenth of an inch of barometric pressure in an hour is reckoned a large fall, such as only accompanies great storms; but during this storm, when the barometer was falling most rapidly, it fell at Nassau 0.700 inch from 4 to 5 P.M. The fall of the barometer became more rapid as the centre of the storm approached; but at the centre the pressure remained nearly stationary for a time during the lull which there prevailed, and before the barometer began to rise. Since at Nassau the lull at the centre



WATER-SPOUTS.

* See first of these articles in *Scribner's Monthly*, Feb., 1871.

lasted from 7.20 P.M. to 8.50, we learn, from the rate at which the whole body of the hurricane was carried forward, that the calm at the centre covered an area of at least 23 miles across. This calm may be considered as bounded nearly by the isobarometric 27.800 inches, in the centre of which the pressure was only 27.700 inches. Since ordinarily, within the tropics, the barometer rises and falls so little that it may be practically regarded as stationary, such enormous changes of the barometer are the more striking; they are so sudden that the eye, in looking at the mercurial column, can plainly see it falling, and they may be regarded as registering rather than foretelling the different stages in the progress of the storm.

During a cyclone off the Malabar coast, the barometer on board ship in the centre of the storm read 28 inches, while at Ootacamund, on shore, 100 miles distant, it read 30 inches, thus showing a difference of two inches in 100 miles.

At Mauritius, Mr. Meldrum laid down the path of a storm from the Mauritius observations alone, and on afterward receiving, from captains of vessels who had encountered the storm, a note of the latitudes and longtitudes, stated to their surprise when and where they had the storm, and the direction and veerings of the wind during its continuance. "In Mr. Meldrum's Storm-warnings scarcely a failure has occurred."*

That close and sagacious observer, General Reid, further tested this cyclone theory, by examining how far the great waves raised by storms agree with the supposed movement of the storm. "Whilst sailing on the borders of the tropic in the northern Atlantic," he says, "I have frequently watched the gradual change in the direction of the swell, supposed to proceed from the distant gales of wind, and it seemed to change in conformity to the usual progressive track of storms (*cyclonic*). When living in the Bermuda Islands, I was frequently interested by observing the change of direction in the surf which beat against their shores. A coming storm would roll its undulations so as to break upon the south and south-west side of these Atlantic Islands; and as gales proceed northward, the sea was seen breaking on their northern reefs."* The cyclonic motion of storms is further verified by common water-spouts.

We have now demonstrated the law of storms for the sea. One more link in the chain of thought and it is complete.

DOES THE LAW HOLD GOOD FOR THE LAND?

We believe that meteorological observations have shown that *generally* the law does hold good for the land as well as for the sea, and that, if this be true, *we have a solid basis for a system of storm-forecasts and storm-warnings*, and, as was lately said in an editorial of one of the first commercial papers of the country, "there is no science looming up with grander prospects of future results than that of storm-telegraphy."

It is true, exact observations have not been carried very far, but enough has been done to establish the application of the law of storms to the land. If this be questioned for some parts of the earth so boldly marked as the regions of Central Asia, with its towering summits, the Alps of Switzerland, and the lofty Andean States of South America, there can be little doubt as regards the comparatively level area of America east of the Rocky Mountains.

All that we do know of the storms that sweep over the land surface of the earth bears out this theory. In our hemisphere, as Fitzroy and others have long ago observed, "bad or worse weather usually follows shifts of wind *against* watch-hands, or with them in South latitude."

Tornadoes are probably cyclonic. In the Mississippi valley the tornado makes its clean road through the forest a few hundred yards broad, twisting enormous trees off by the roots. Lewis Back, an eye-witness of the great tornado in New Brunswick, June 19, 1835, stated that it was an unmistakable whirlwind.†

* Buchan, p. 341.

* Reid's *Law of Storms*, p. 32.

† The practical application of meteorologic information may be of great utility in the preservation of our houses. Thus, General Reid says:—"When a storm

Dust whirlwinds in India and Nubia are strikingly characterized by the "vorticose" motion. In one instance, carefully observed by Mr. Piddington, "the rotation," he says, "was according to the law for the Northern Hemisphere, and the incurving of the wind most distinctly marked by the dust."*

General Reid describes the great moving pillars of sand in the Nubian desert, as seen by Bruce, who at one time counted eleven of them together, and describes them as being 200 feet high, though only 10 feet in diameter, chasing each other in a circle.

But the character of land storms more conspicuously displays itself in the general storms which sweep over large tracts of country.

On the 2d of November, 1863, a large storm visited Western Europe. A chart giving simultaneous or synoptic observations, made at one hundred and forty places scattered over that continent, was constructed. This chart shows at a glance the atmospheric pressure, the direction and force of the wind at all these points at 8 A.M. The centre of this storm was in England, where the barometer was lowest, just as in the centre of an Atlantic cyclone. The arrows on the chart, representing the winds *exactly as observed at the different stations*, show that the general direction was as follows: W. S. W. and S. W. in the north-west and middle of France, in Belgium, and in Holland; S. E. in the north of England and south-west of Norway; E. and N. E. in Scotland and Iceland; N. in the west of Scotland and the north and east of Ireland; N. W. and W. N. W. in the west of Ireland and south-west of England.

"Thus," says the distinguished Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, who compiled the observations, "the wind blew in all directions around the central patch of least pressure!"

It seems at the very time this storm was raging in Southern Europe, another prevailed in Lapland and the north of Norway, which was marked by the same cyclonic or rotary characteristics.

Mr. Buchan, again speaking of the behavior of the two storms, says: "From this it follows that in these cases the wind blew round the area of low barometer in a circular manner, and in a direction contrary to the motion of the hands of a watch, with—and be this particularly noted—a constant tendency to turn inwards towards the centre of least pressure. It will be observed that the greater the force of the wind was at any place, the more nearly was the direction here indicated approximated to; and that where the direction showed any material departure from the general law, such winds were light, and consequently more under local influences which tend to turn them out of their course. Hence in these storms the winds circulated round the region of least pressure; or, to state it more accurately, the whole atmospheric system appeared to *flow in upon the* CENTRAL *area of low pressure in an inmoving spiral course.* This peculiarity is common to all European storms I have yet examined, and it should be particularly noted that it is no mere theory or opinion, but a simple statement of what has been constantly observed."*

Professor Loomis, in his invaluable work on Meteorology, has given a similar chart of the European storm of rain and snow of December 25th, 1836, which repeats the cyclone at sea in a most striking manner,†—the wind moving against the hands of a watch and around the centre of low barometer.

He also gives the American storm of February 16th, 1842, which is even more perfectly cyclonic.

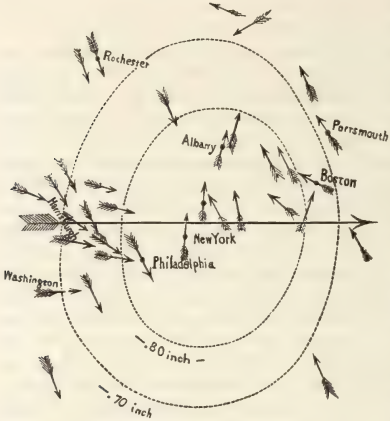
In the diagram of this storm, the smaller oval shows the area within which the barometer sunk eight-tenths of an inch below the mean, and the larger oval shows the area of seven-

comes from the East, it will set in at Barbadoes with the wind at north. When it comes from the south-east, it will set in at Barbadoes with the wind at north-east. The north-east and north sides of houses are, therefore, the sides which should be first barricaded, whilst the opposite doors and windows may be safely left open. They should be barricaded in succession, according to the way in which the wind veers round. The same rules apply to the other windward West India Islands."

* Piddington's *Horn-Book*, p. 299.

* Buchan, p. 252.

† See Loomis' *Meteorology*, pp. 141, 142.



AMERICAN STORM, FEB. 16TH, 1842.

tenths in barometric depression. The short arrows show direction of wind.

In making this statement, the intelligent reader will reflect that the axial rotation of the earth from west to east would conspire to cause the winds to flow in and round upon the centre. No doubt they assist in forming the revolving storm. But the point here aimed at is to show that there is a *rule in the behavior of our continental storms*, as in that of ocean hurricanes.

The rotation of the globe, while it may explain the *ordinary* circulation of the winds over any country, as Europe or the United States, cannot explain the *extraordinary* phenomena of the atmosphere. And we are shut up to the conclusion that the violent rotation of these continental storms proves their cyclonic origin and nature.

In an able paper read before the Board of Trade by Mr. William Stevenson, of Berwickshire, England, the well-known meteorologist, he says: "The storms which pass over the British Isles are found generally to act in strict accordance with the cyclonic theory." *

This view of the cyclone, rising in the equatorial ocean and extending with its ramifying offshoots into every corner of the temperate zones, is eminently in keeping with the apparent design of the Meteor. The storm is as much a part of the terrestrial machinery—a wheel in the atmospheric engine—as the Trade Wind or the Gulf Stream. It is necessary to supply the earth with aqueous vapor * and all those electric and hygrometric phenomena that follow in its track. It is necessary that the cyclonic movement should penetrate into the heart of the broadest continent, in order to accomplish its appointed mission and fulfil its lofty functions.

The surface of the country in England is comparatively so level that it does not destroy the cyclone. In the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, the law of storms doubtless in many instances prevails, and will continue to prevail, unless in some throe of nature a Himalayan chain of mountains be upheaved to intercept the regular winds and to divert the storm from its ordained pathway.

We may therefore conclude, that while local storms may be governed by local causes, the law laid down by Mr. Redfield holds good for general storm-warning purposes.

THE ORIGIN OF CYCLONES.

The Chinese call the island of Hainan "*The Typhoon Mother*," and we may give such a name to the Windward Antilles.

Hainan lies in the midst of a great volcanic basin, and the West Indies lie in the embrace of one of those fiery arms spread forth by the

* Report of the Meteorological Department of Board of Trade. 1862.

* "The climates of different countries," says General Reid, "may be influenced by the storm-tracks; and this is a very interesting part of meteorology to be pursued. The moist climate of the west coast of England, and more especially of the west coast of Ireland, is no doubt in part owing to the many Atlantic whirlwind gales which infringe on these coasts. The extreme dryness of other countries may likewise be in some degree owing to storms being arrested in their course by very high mountains." The Cordilleras of South America lying eastward of Peru and Chili, by arresting the whirlwind gales, cause their drought; the Abyssinian thus render Egypt dry; and the Himalayan mountains, by arresting Indian storms, render the regions north of them arid and unprofitable.

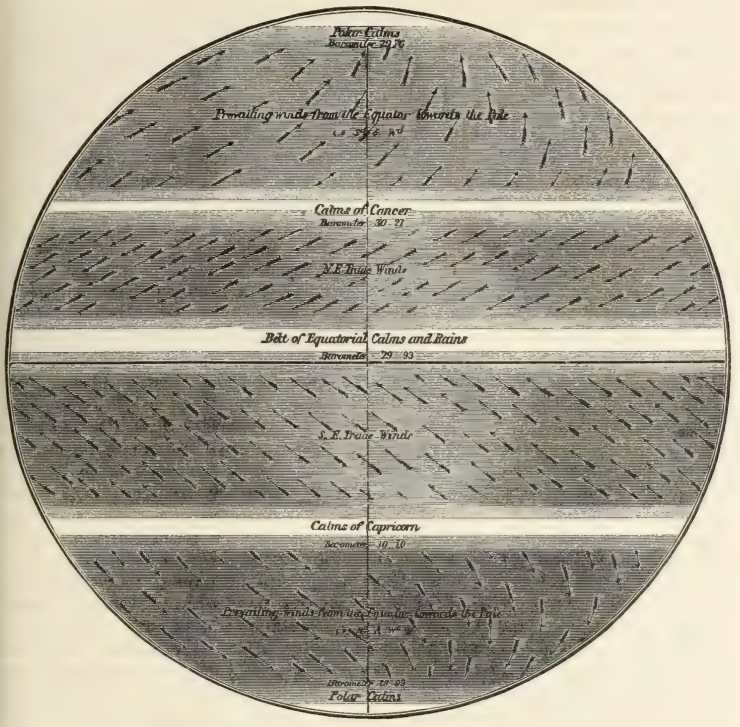


DIAGRAM OF THE WINDS. (ARROWS FLY WITH THE WIND.)

vast volcanic region described by Dr. Gerald Malloy, which stretches from Tierra del Fuego along the Andes through California, as far as the Columbia River.

To comprehend the origin of cyclones, we are forced to revert to what has been advanced with regard to the Trade-Winds. Theory points to the fact that the atmosphere brought by the Trade-Winds to the Equator flows back towards the poles (after rising to great altitudes) *as an upper current.* The existence of this upper or poleward current of air has more than once been distinctly proved, and the points or parallels of latitude where it passes another current *from* the pole has been distinctly observed on various parts of the earth's surface. The level at which this return Trade Wind moves in the equatorial regions is so elevated that no observer has distinctly marked it, even on the loftiest summit of the Andean Cordilleras. But the phenomenon has been distinguished by unmistakable occurrences. On the night of April 30th and May 1st, 1812, explosions as if of heavy artillery were heard at the island of Barbadoes, and the British garrison at Fort St. Anne was put under arms. At dawn on the 1st of May the eastern part of the horizon was clear, while the remainder of the sky was enveloped in a black and portentous cloud. The darkness soon became general, and of such a pitchy intensity that it was impossible to

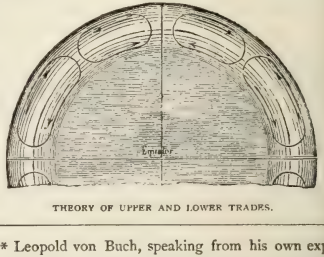
distinguish the windows in the houses, and the sugar-cane, and even some of the stoutest trees, groaned and gave way beneath the loads of ashes showered upon them from the overhanging cloud. The awe-stricken inhabitants questioned and wondered whence came these ashes. In the months of April and May, the North-East Trade-Wind in the latitude of Barbadoes is at its height, and every one supposed that the ashes had come from the volcanoes of the Azores. It was afterwards found they had not then been in eruption. The true source of the ashes was the crater of Morne Garou, in the island of St. Vincent, lying 100 miles west from Barbadoes — a point from which it is impossible for ships at this time to reach Barbadoes, except by sailing in a very circuitous route, in consequence of the direction of the Trade-Wind. The ashes of the volcano had been ejected upwards with great violence through the *under* or surface Trade-Wind, and had passed into the *upper* or return current, which took them to Barbadoes.

Again, on the 20th of January, 1835, the entire isthmus of Central America was convulsed by an earthquake which followed the eruption of the volcano of Coseguina, lying on Lake Nicaragua. So fearful was the eruption that the sounds were heard at Santa Fé de Bogota, at a distance of a thousand miles; and the cloud of ashes was so dense that Union, a seaport town on the west coast of the Bay of Conchagua, was draped in total darkness for forty-three hours. Ashes also fell at Kingston, and at other places in Jamaica, so that the inhabitants thus learned that the explosive reverberations they had heard were volcanic, and not artificial. Jamaica lies nearly 800 miles north-east of Coseguina. On the very day that this island received the volcanic shower, which could not have been borne to it except by the upper or counter Trade-Wind, the English ship *Conway*, sailing 700 miles to the *south-west* of Coseguina, and in the Pacific Ocean, received on her sails and decks a similar and thick shower of ashes, borne in the contrary direction by the regular under Trade-Wind.

The conclusion naturally drawn from these acts has often been confirmed by travelers while visiting the majestic cone of Teneriffe, rising 12,358 feet, in the Canary Islands.*

Humboldt ascended the peak on the 21st of June. When he reached the edge of the crater he could scarcely keep his feet, such was the violence of the west wind. (Relat., 1., p. 132.) George Glass, an accurate observer, says, from much experience on the peak :—"A strong westerly wind is constantly blowing at the highest points of these islands during the prevalence of the north-east wind below." Beyond all doubt it is this very wind that sailors look for and generally find on the summer voyage from Teneriffe to England, and which makes them call the voyage from New York to England sailing *down hill*, and the returning, sailing *up hill*.

Humboldt, Piazzi Smith, Tyndall, and many other visitors of the peak of Teneriffe, tell us that at its base, while the surface Trade-Wind blows from the north-east, the wind at the summit is simultaneously from the south-west. So also it has been found that on the volcano of Mauna Loa, rising over thirteen thousand feet in the Sandwich Islands, during the prevalence of the north-east Trade-Wind at the base, the summit is swept by the wet south-westerly counter trade from the equator. Indeed, as Halley long ago (1686) pointed out — "The north-east Trade-Wind below will be attended with a south-westerly above, and the south-easterly with a north-westerly



THEORY OF UPPER AND LOWER TRADES.

* Leopold von Buch, speaking from his own experience, says :—"Even throughout the summer, when the North-east Trade-Wind was blowing with the greatest violence at the sea-level, the peak of Teneriffe is high enough to reach the upper current even at midsummer. It is hard to find an account of an ascent of the peak in which the strong west wind which had been met with on the summit is not mentioned."



A CLOUD STRATUM BELOW A PEAK.

above. That this is more than a bare conjecture, the almost instantaneous change of the wind to the opposite point, which is frequently found on passing the limits of the Trade Winds, seems to assure us." *

If we can but unravel the mystery of the West India cyclone we can then understand the American storms, which, as we saw in the first article, are born in the Antilles.

Now it is an established fact, that the West India hurricanes rise at the inner edge or on the equatorial side of the belt of north-east Trade Winds, in the so-called region of Equatorial Calms. Along this inner edge of the Trade Wind Zone, the air brought by the Trade Winds is moist and light, and hence ascends and flows away in the upper strata in a direction opposite to that of the surface Trade.

The hurricane, or cyclone, may therefore be explained in one of two ways. The two opposing Trade-Winds are not, perhaps, the only atmospheric forces that may be present within the tropical zone. According to Prof. Dové, a *third* and potential force intervenes, in the form of a *high atmospheric movement in the tropics, from east to west.* This may be accounted for, perhaps, just as we account for the *counter equatorial* drift-current in the Pacific Ocean (which runs from west to east, while the main current runs from east to west), and all those counter-currents or drifts which, as you may see by glancing at any good chart of oceanic phenomena, are always found alongside of the regular ocean streams. Or the high easterly atmospheric movement may be explained, as Prof. Dové has explained it, by the high readings of the barometer in the North Atlantic Ocean, as seen at the Canary Islands, and the high readings in the whole north-east Trade Wind belt, compared with those in the south east Trade-Wind belt, as seen in the Diagram of the Winds.

The ashes from Coseguina, already alluded to, were carried to the *Conway*, but in a direction more decidedly westward than the surface trade-wind would have borne them. They must have received an impulse from a cross current, or one flowing nearly at right angles to the upper trade in a direction from east to west. It is well known, too, that there is in the North Atlantic a frequent and heavy fall of red dust, which is supposed to come from Africa. This dust rises to such a height that Piazzi Smith, as quoted by Dove,* found it on the Peak of Teneriffe, at a level of 10,700 feet above the sea, to obscure the sun before he sank at evening into the stratum of clouds below.

"Such a current as this," says Professor Dové, "must have a tendency to interfere with the free passage of the upper or counter trade-wind on its way to the tropic, and to force it down into the lower or direct trade wind, and the point where this intrusion takes place must advance at the same rate as the upper cross-current, which produces it, moves forward from east to west. *The interference of a current flowing from east to west, with another which is flowing from south-east to north-east, must necessarily generate a rotary motion, and in a direction opposite to that of the hands of a watch.*" According to this view, the cyclone, which advances from S.E. to

* *Philosophical Transactions*, 1686, p. 167

* *Law of Storms*, p. 188.

N.W., in the under trade-wind, represents the advancing point of contact of two other currents in the upper strata which are moving in directions at right angles to each other. "This is the primary cause of the rotary motion, and the further progress of the cyclone will necessarily follow."

But this explanation cannot be regarded as clear and satisfactory, or, at least, as more than plausible and ingenious. Its author, the great physicist of Germany, is himself not confident of its soundness. This is not the place to discuss it. But it may be remarked the solution does not take in nor does it cover the grand and universal phenomena in question. If it explains the West India hurricanes, what light does it cast on those of the East Indies?

I believe it can be demonstrated that the origin of cyclones is found in the tendency of *the south-east trade-winds to invade the territory of the north-east trades, by sweeping over the equator into our hemisphere.* Such an

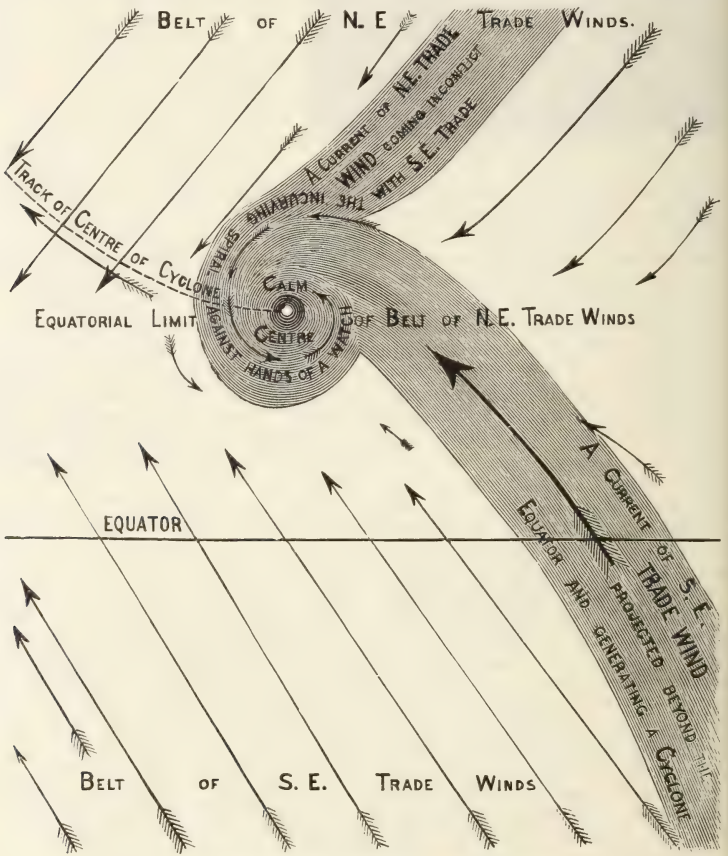


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE GENERATION OF A WEST INDIA CYCLONE

irruption will explain the phenomena of the cyclone, and explain them more naturally than does Dové's abnormal upper wind moving from east to west. It is a well-known fact that the S. E. trade-wind belt is broader than that of the N. E. trades, and that the S. E. trades blow with more freshness and vigor than the latter. (See Diagram of the Winds.) So strong and steady are these winds from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape St. Roque, the most easterly cape of South America, that sailors call the direct ship track "*The Gulf Stream in the Air.*"

This solution of the origin of cyclones is further and strongly borne out by the fact mentioned by all writers, but strongly expressed by Sir John Herschel: "Cyclones originate between the tropics, and run outwards from the equator towards the poles. But *on the equator itself they never occur.*"* (Italics his.)

As far as I am aware, there is also a feebler and rarer manifestation of cyclonic phenomena south of the equator than north of that line. Ansted distinctly states: "The southern trade-wind region is much larger than the northern in the Atlantic Ocean. In this sea the south-east trades are fresher, and blow stronger than the others, and often reach to the tenth or fifteenth parallel of north latitude; whereas the northern trade-wind seldom gets south of the equator, and usually ranges from 9° to 29° north latitude."†

Now, if we regard the average velocity of the south-east trades as compared with that of the north-east trades, we shall find, according to the laborious researches of the National Observatory, that "the velocity of the north-east trades is from 14 to 18 miles per hour, that of the south-east from 25 to 30 miles an hour." Add to this the yet more significant fact, from the same authority, that "*The force of the trade-winds (S.E.), as determined by the average speed of 2,235 vessels sailing through them, is greater between 5° and 10° south, than it is between 25° and 30° south,*"† and we have what amounts well-nigh to a demonstration, that the south-east trades do overlap the equator and generate cyclones.

* Herschel's *Meteorology*, p. 67.

† Ansted's *Physical Geography*, p. 253.

If any further proof be needed that such is the origin of the West India hurricanes, it is found in a statement of Commodore Thornton A. Jenkins, Chief of the U. S. N. Bureau of Navigation, which agrees with all other accounts, that, "in the West Indies, the great storms called *cyclones* are almost exclusively confined to the months from July to October, being most common in the month of August; in the China Sea and Bay of Bengal they are most prevalent about the same period of the year. In southern latitudes they are most common from January to March." (See Commodore Jenkins's *Weather Guides*, p. 16.)

Commodore Jenkins also makes another statement in this connection, which is generally found in writers on the West India hurricanes, that "it has been found that the West India Islands cyclones first make their appearance completely developed at the Windward Islands." Fitzroy mentions one or two exceptions of cyclones encountered east of Barbadoes. Nearer the coast of Africa, sailors meet a monsoon blowing towards the African coast, which they call the "West Monsoon of the Line."

These facts, it need hardly be said, strikingly harmonize with the theory I have advanced, which makes *the intruding south-east trade-winds the cause of the West India cyclone.* From January to March, the trade-wind belts being depressed below the Equator, because the sun is in declination, the cyclone would of course be diverted to southern latitudes, and would move *with* the hands of a watch. In the Bay of Bengal the typhoon would follow in August, from the conflict of the two lateral currents of the south-east trade, and the north-east trade enfeebled by the counter monsoon influence. It is, doubtless, this *enfeebling* of the north-east trade that renders it an easier prey to the impact of the south-east trade; and this explains the violence of typhoons, which is greater than that of West India hurricanes.

Dové himself admits that the phenomena of the cyclone are explained, "if we assume that a portion of south-east trade-wind travels far over the Equator into the northern hemisphere." He adds: "The observations from New Mexico and California exhibit such an

absence of rain in summer, that circumstances of relative dryness, similar to those in the deserts of the Old World, seem to exist. It is possible that this district may exert an attractive action on the south-east trade-wind, analogous to that which, on a much greater scale, gives rise to the south-west monsoon in Asia." *

The intrusion of the south-east trade-winds into the area of the north-east trade-wind satisfies all the conditions of the cyclone problem, and is, therefore, THE TRUE SOLUTION OF THE ORIGIN OF OUR CYCLONES.

It thus appears that storms are produced by the mutual lateral interference of two currents flowing in opposite directions. "If the polar atmospheric current," says Dové, "gives way in high latitudes to the equatorial current, which is nearly due *west*, the former will gradually veer round to the *east*, and we shall have in the north of Europe mild weather, with westerly winds; while in the south it will be very cold, with easterly winds;" and he cites the remarkable winter weather of January, 1855, to substantiate it. Throughout the whole of Prussia and Austria the winter set in with a high temperature, high winds from the west and northwest, and heavy falling weather. On the 1st of January the storm began. Between Siberia and Hamburg it was accompanied with thunder and lightning. Part of the island of Wangeroge was washed away by the violence, and the embankment along the north coast of Germany quivered at the furious lashing of the waves.

The storm was at its height, at Vienna, at 9 A.M.; at Berlin, at noon. In the forest of Lambach, near Kremsmünster, at 2.15 P.M., 30,000 trees were blown down in the space of about 1,000 acres. In Jaslo, on the morning of the 2d, the roof of the court-house was stripped off, and at Frankenau, men and laden wagons were blown down. In Zara there was a calm. The temperature of the latter half of January and February was unusually low. A letter written at this time from Greenland, says: "We had such fine warm days in February (which was desperately cold in Europe) and March, that we were almost tempted to ask if we were really in Greenland."

On the very day (Jan. 1st, 1855) that this cold current forced its way into the warm atmosphere of Europe, a southerly current forced its way to the northward in California. On that day, in the vicinity of New York, the barometer read 0.53 above its mean level; at Norfolk and Charleston it was 0.27 above the mean, while at San Francisco its level was unusually low (29.13 inches), and there was a hurricane from the southwest! At Benicia there was a similar storm, and the barometer stood 0.62 below its proper level.

The ablest and most accurate observers have frequently noticed that storms which have traveled over Europe have been succeeded by storms in America, or that the latter have preceded the former, and have suggested a connection between them as due to a common disturbance.

The suggestion is forcibly sustained by the statistics of rain-fall. The years 1857–'58 were so remarkably dry throughout Central Europe that the Seine in Paris was lower than it had ever before been, and portions of the bed of the Rhine were left dry as never before. During the same period the level of Lake Ontario was two feet higher than its mean level, as determined by fourteen years' observations. "It is not improbable," as Dové has suggested, "that the storms of the United States, which blow from the foot of the Rocky Mountains between November and March, and are preceded by a rise of the barometer, *equilibrate* the warm currents which advance from southwest towards northeast, accompanied by a rapid fall of the barometer, which traverse Europe at the same period." *

The irruption of the cold air of the polar current into the warm and rarefied air from the Equator is, doubtless, the fruitful source of storms. It was the violence of one of these polar currents, as it came in collision with a tropical current off the British coast, that, in October, 1859, overwhelmed the "Royal Charter," a vessel whose fate will ever be the study of the meteorologist. This irruption may be compared to the sudden and unseasonable drifting of an immense iceberg into an atmosphere comparatively mild, producing

* Dové's *Law of Storms*, p. 265.

* *Law of Storms*, p. 269.

atmospheric disturbance such as we have supposed the south-east trade, if projected into the northern hemisphere, would produce. That this is not mere theory appears from the following extract of a report of the weather at Iceland last winter, kindly sent me a few days ago by Commodore Sands, Superintendent of the National Observatory:—

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL OF SCOTTISH METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April, 1870.

"*Correspondence with the Society's Observers at Stykkisholm, Iceland.*

"The unusual arrival of Spitzbergen ice in November occasioned pretty severe frosts, which continued to about 22d December, 1869. After this date milder weather set in, particularly during February, 1870, when the snow and ice completely melted away, and the low country generally began to look green. At the close of the month strong frost set in, accompanied with a slight fall of snow. There occurred a great hurricane December 12, 1869.

"The barometer fell to the lowest point, 28.950 inches, about 6 A.M.; it began to rise at 7 A.M., and rose rapidly afterwards, as soon as the storm began to abate.

"This storm was the severest that has appeared at Stykkisholm in the memory of man."

We dare to go a step further, and to argue that the great American storms which do not come from the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf stream cyclones, are generated by the lateral interference of a current of Polar air and a current of Equatorial air. Such an interference, when we consider the earth's rotative influence on the two currents, would evidently produce a cyclonical storm, precisely as the intrusion of the south-east trade-wind beyond the Equator, and its interference with a north-east trade (see diagram) generates the West India cyclone. Allowance of course must be made in the heart of our Continent for the *diverting* power of our mountains. The rotary storm generated by an interference of a Polar and an Equatorial current in the north-western regions of the United States would naturally be flattened and made oval by striking against the wall of the Rocky Mountains, and would thus advance towards the Lakes *side foremost, i.e.*, the storm covers a greater area in a direction north and south than in one east and west. This is exactly what Buchan, Blodget, R. Russel, Espy and others tell us takes place in the storms which reach the Lakes and the Valley of the upper Mississippi from the Rocky Mountains.*

There are no doubt severe local atmospheric disturbances which do not partake of the cyclonical character. But there can be no doubt that normally, and except as affected by the land, whether born in the Tropics *or generated by interference of polar and tropical air currents in high latitudes*, ALL GREAT STORMS ARE CYCLONICAL.

PREMONITIONS OF STORMS.

The indications of the barometer, the sympiesometer, and the other great inventions of mechanical meteorology, which we shall presently describe, are the main reliances of storm-science, but they do not afford the only premonitions of storms. The cautious meteorologist has many sources of information besides his instruments; and, if wise, he will listen to the monitions which so often rightly guide the rudest peasant or the roughest tar.

The poet Virgil saw in the bird, as his countrymen were wont to do, an augur and a prophet of the mutations of weather. "A being eminently electrical, the bird," says Michelet, not without reason, "is more *en rapport* than any other with numerous meteorological phenomena of heat and magnetism, whose secrets neither our senses nor our appreciation can arrive at. He possesses, as it were, a kind of physical prescience. What more natural than that man, whose perception is much slower, and who does not recognize them until after the event, should interrogate this instructive precursor which announces them? Meteorology especially may derive hence a great advantage. It will possess the surest means, and already it has found a guide in the foresight of birds. Would that Napoleon, in 1812, had taken note of the premature migration of the birds of the North! From the storks and cranes he might have

* See Blodget, p. 381. "A noteworthy difference which exists between the storms of the two continents (Europe and America) is that in America they appear to have an elongated form and advance towards the east *sideways*—that is, the longest diameter is at right angles to the onward course of the storm."—Buchan, p. 264.



CLOUDS.

1. Cirrus. 2. Cirro-Cumulus. 3. Cirro-Stratus. 4. Cumulo-Stratus 5. Cumulus. 6. Nimbus. 7. Stratus.
(See Figures at sides.)

secured the most trustworthy information. In their precocious departure he might have divined the imminency of a severe and terrible winter. They hastened towards the South, and he—he remained at Moscow!"* May we not heed the suggestion of the same brilliant naturalist, when he tells us that in the midst of the ocean, the weary bird which reposes for a night on the vessel's mast, on the following morning resumes his flight without hesitation, choosing on the immense and trackless abyss the exact course which will lead him whither he wishes to go.

With no chart or compass, "no landmark, no guide, the currents of the atmosphere alone, or those of the water, perhaps, also some invisible magnetic currents, pilot the hardy voyager." †

The vegetation of a country furnishes another class of dumb but credible guides in the study of its meteorology. It is said by pioneers of the forest, that, in our hemisphere, knowing that the moss delights in shady places, they borrow the custom of the Indian, and find their way at midnight through unfrequented woods by feeling the moss on the northern side of the trees. "In every country," says Fitzroy, "the bark of trees and vegetation indicate the prevalent winds." If the wind blows constantly or chiefly in one direction in any country, the windward side of it is apt to be crowned with vegetation, while on the other side there is scarcely a shrub or a flower. This is the case in Peru, Patagonia, some portions of Arabia, Africa, and on many islands. In some places, wind carrying moisture affects one side of a hill or mountain chain, and does not affect the other. England and her sister isles receive westerly and southerly winds for about three-fourths of the year, producing a contrast very marked,—Ireland, the most windward, receiving the greatest amount of tepid vapor from the Gulf Stream, and thus obtaining the name of the "Emerald Isle." Some vegetation, however, as at Madeira, avoids the salt-bearing winds. At this little island the prevailing atmospheric currents are from the north-east; but the vintage which yields the celebrated Madeira wine is found at South Point, on the south-west coast.

Since rainbows in the morning, seen in the west, foreshadow the approach of a cloud of rain from the west, and when seen in the evening show a clearing up in the west, they have given rise to the popular prognostic—

> "A rainbow in the morning—
> Sailors, take warning;
> A rainbow at night
> Is the sailor's delight."

Another premonition of an approaching gale is afforded to seaport towns by the agitation of the ocean and the disturbance of its slimy bed. "The muddy appearance of the water in the sea, in anchoring depths, during violent storms," he says, "sometimes precedes the storm, being caused by heavy undulations affecting the bottom of the sea. This effect was remarkable around the Bermuda Islands in September, 1839, a day before the actual arrival of the tempest." *

Clouds are of the utmost utility in foretelling weather, especially the *Cirrus*, *Cirro-Stratus*, and *Cumulo-Stratus*.

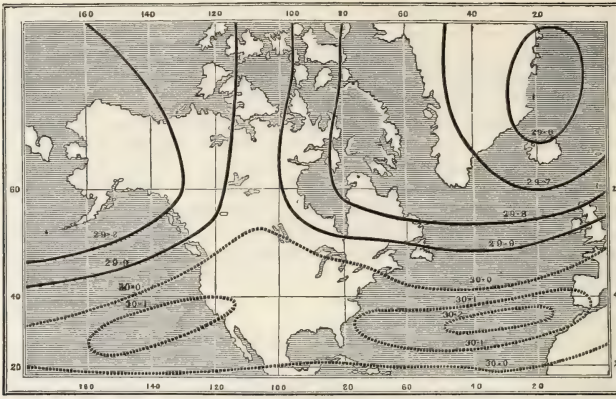
The Cirrus, called by sailors "*Cat's tail*," and sometimes by others the "*Curl cloud*," is made up of wavy parallel or diverging fibres, or slender filaments like white lines penciled on the blue sky. It is probably composed of minute snow-flakes or ice-crystals. Its movement is a fine index of the great atmospheric currents, and it is thus a valuable prognostic of stormy weather. It doubtless often reaches a height of ten miles above the earth. When the fine threads of the Cirrus appear blown or brushed backward at one end, as if by a wind prevailing in these lofty regions, the wind or the surface will sooner or later veer round to that point.

The Cirro-Stratus, partaking of the form of both the Cirrus and Stratus, Buchan says, "is markedly a precursor of storms; and from its

* Michelet's *Bird*, p. 183.

† Even the Stormy Petrel, "Mother Carey's Chickens,"—the bugbear of sailors,—if they really prognosticate stormy weather, may and probably do come up before a gale for shelter, being able, by their rapid flight, to outstrip it. Their behavior and movement might, if carefully interpreted, furnish a clue to the seaman for escaping from the approaching tempest.

* Reid's *Law of Storms*, p. 42.



ISOBAROMETRIC LINES, SHOWING, IN INCHES, THE MEAN ANNUAL ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE FOR UNITED STATES.

greater or less abundance and permanence, it gives some indication of the time when the storm may be expected."

The Cumulo-Stratus is distinctly formed just before rain begins. It is the forerunner of the lurid display of the thunder-storm, as Tennyson has painted it :—

> "The wild unrest that lives in woe
> Would dote and pore on yonder cloud,
> That rises upward always higher,
> And onward drags a laboring breast,
> And topples round the dreary west,
> A looming bastion fringed with fire."

The "pocky cloud" is an almost unerring storm-warning. If clouds be *red* and *lowering* in the morning, the red color arises from a large amount of vapor in the vesicular state, when, as Forbes has shown, the blue rays of light are absorbed and the yellow and red rays pass. This gives rise to the weather proverb—

> "The evening gray and the morning red—
> Put on your hat or you'll wet your head"—

and may sometimes prove ominous of a storm.

The approach of the "Northers" of Texas and Mexico is generally indicated, as an eminent observer tells us, by,—"First, a general humidity of the atmosphere. Secondly, the peak of Orizaba mountain visible and clear, the lower parts only being enveloped in dense, hazy clouds. Thirdly, the distant mountains, far inland to the south-east, exceedingly clear, together with excessive heat and depression in the animal kingdom."

Prof. Brocklesby has well pointed out the additional and important fact that the top of the storm always *impends* — overhangs — the track on which it is advancing, because the base of the storm is retarded by friction with the earth's surface. This is of great significance, as always enabling the close observer to give warning. This is more easily done, from the fact that the front of most storms is marked by a *moist*, warm atmosphere.

In the Northern parts of the United States, according to Prof. Espy,* the wind in great storms generally sets in from the north of east, and terminates from the north of west; while in the Southern parts it generally sets in from the south of east, and terminates from the south of west. With these facts before him, the observer is ready to understand his instruments, and no meteorologist should depend on his instruments alone. Great changes of weather or storms are usually shown by falls of barometer exceeding half an inch, and by differences of temperature exceeding fifteen degrees. *A tenth of an inch* in an hour is a fall presaging a heavy storm or rain. The more rapidly such changes occur, the more

* See Espy's invaluable *Fourth Meteorological Report*, p. 10.

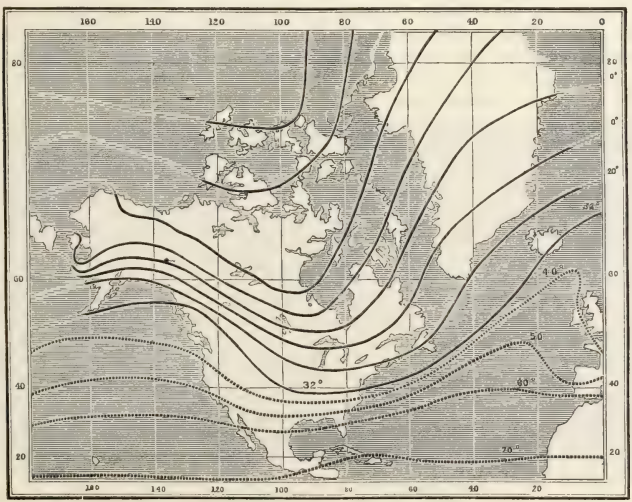
probable a violent atmospheric commotion. To understand the fluctuation of the barometer, we have only to compare it with its normal height for the time, and so with the thermometer. This may be done *generally* by examining an isobarometric chart, which gives you the lines along which the barometer ranges the same number of inches in clear weather, and the isothermal chart, showing the line of equal temperature. Barometers show the beatings—the pulsations of the atmosphere, and their diagrams express to practised observers, to use the words of Admiral Fitzroy, "what the 'indicator-card' of a steam-cylinder shows to a skillful engineer."

We have said nothing of the *electric* disturbances and *magnetic* storms which indicate the approach of the great tempests. Nor have we room to discuss the question. M. Marie Davy, Chief of the Meteorological Division in the Imperial Observatory, Paris, who has for some years made this a special study, states that "the perturbations of the magnetic needle are inseparably joined with one or more of the three following phenomena:—1. General disturbances of the telegraphic lines—due to wide-spread auroras, which mark general movements of the atmosphere in high latitudes and over the Atlantic. 2. Disturbing currents of a more local character, occurring over the telegraphic lines *some time before the storm appears* to which they owe their origin, *thus lengthening the distance and time at which the approach of the storm may be perceived!* 3. Disturbing currents, still more restricted, accompanying the electric changes when the storm itself is passing." * *Blood-red streamers* of aurora crossing the sky, and meteoric and electrical exhibitions preceded the gale in which the "Royal Charter" went down. If we could have more magnetic and meteorological observatories, as Buchan suggests, the magnetic and electric states of the atmosphere and auroras might be made our most valuable prognostics of storms.

It has also been discovered that the presence of large quantities of ozone (which can easily be ascertained by ozone test-papers) foreshadow an impending atmospheric storm.

These unbidden monitions, together with many others—as the sun setting red, a remarkably red color of the clouds; the sign almost

* *De la Prévision du Temps*, p. 493. Paris, 1866.



ISOTHERMAL LINES FOR THE UNITED STATES IN WINTER.



AN AURORAL DISPLAY.

infallible, at Mauritius, of the brick-dust haze in the horizon; a thick, muddy atmosphere, but extraordinarily clear on mountains; frequent shiftings of breezes from all points, thick fog flying fast to the south, a bright halo round the moon, stars very brilliant and unusually twinkling at low altitudes, noises in caverns and wells like a storm, moisture on walls and pavements, sea-birds coming to land, water-fowl flying about; the swell of ocean rolling in, though the hurricane may be 600 miles distant; turtles floating in the calm, *apparently in a state of stupor;* the sea peculiarly clear at great depths, tides irregular; branches of trees not bent forward as by a stream, but constantly whirled about; water rising in wells and ponds; disturbances of currents on the telegraphic wires—are some of the oft-observed presages of the "thing of evil."

So far we have only hinted at a few of the premonitory occurrences which take place in Nature to warn us of the tempest.

THE INSTRUMENTS OF METEOROLOGY

must, however, always be the chief guides of the meteorologist. Whatever mistakes we may make in the interpretation of their story, as Admiral Fitzroy well remarks, "the glasses cannot err."

The invention of the barometer, it has been said, has led to the discovery of a new world to science; and we may apply the same statement to the thermometer, the anemometer, the pluviometer, hygrometer, and other instruments. That it may be seen what vast strides, even within a few years, meteorology has made—especially by the aid of the *automatic* or *self-registering* barometer, anemometer, and similar contrivances—a few of the instruments in use by General Myer will be mentioned. Each one of these is as valuable to him as the telescope is to the astronomer, the microscope to the naturalist, or the compass to the navigator.

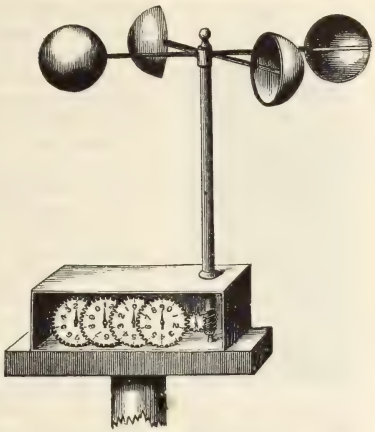
The ordinary thermometer is too well known to require notice. The maximum and minimum thermometers, however, are not generally understood. The former, when in use, is placed in a horizontal position. Inside the tube is a steel index; as the temperature rises, the mercury pushes the index before it; but as it falls, the index is left, thus registering the highest temperature. In the minimum thermometer, spirit is used and a steel index is inserted. As the temperature falls, the spirit drags the index with it, but when it rises, it does not move the index, leaving it at the lowest point to which it has been dragged. The two indications for each day are the most

important ones in meteorology. These thermometers can be set with a magnet, which brings the index to the surface of the fluid in the tube without disturbing the instrument.

To protect the thermometers from the direct and reflected rays of the sun, and at the same time to give them the benefit of a free circulation of air, they are hung in a Louvre Boarded Box Thermometer.

The *anemometer* is the instrument used for measuring the velocity and force of the wind. That in use by the Signal Service is the simplest and best, the *Hemispherical Cup Anemometer*. When placed in the wind the cups revolve; and the arms are of such a length, that when a mile of wind has passed the instrument, 500 revolutions are registered. The number of revolutions is registered by a system of index-wheels set in motion by an endless screw on the upright axis, which are read off in the same way as a gas-meter.*

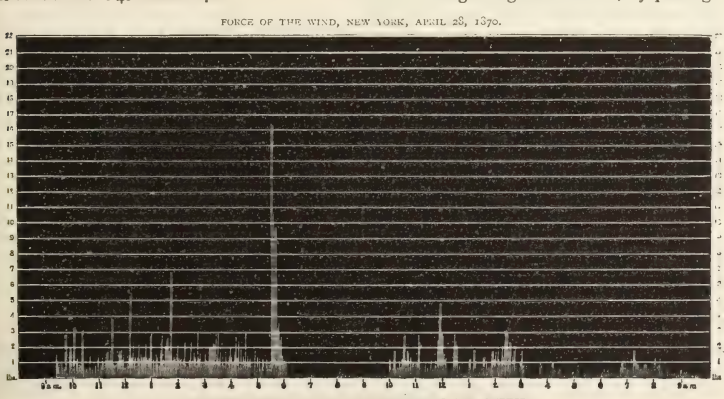
This anemometer only gives the velocity of the wind between two observations. To effect continuous registration, however, the Signal Service uses an elaborate automatic machinery, by which the results are transferred to paper by a pencil, or by photography. Similar contrivances are also used to register the force of the wind. The ordinary *wind-gauge* is a tube bent like a syphon, and half filled with water. It turns with the wind, being hung on an upright rod. One end of the tube is thus like a weather-vane, always pointing with open mouth to the wind. When the wind blows into the mouth, it drives the water up the opposite leg of the instrument, which is graduated. It may be made to register gusts of wind, by putting in



THE HEMISPHERICAL CUP ANEMOMETER.

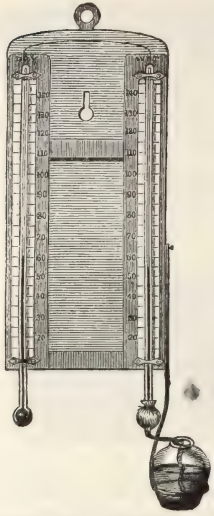
* The number of miles traveled by the wind per hour is found by multiplying the revolutions made in that time by 2, and dividing by 1,000. Thus, if 800 revolutions were made in two minutes, the velocity of the wind would be 48 miles an hour.

FORCE OF THE WIND, NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1870.



SPECIMEN RECORD OF THE SELF-REGISTERING ANEMOMETER.

(The hours are marked on the bottom line; the pounds pressure per sq. ft., by the horizontal lines.)



THE WET AND DRY BULB THERMOMETER.

the water a chemical solution which colors bits of prepared paper, placed at intervals on the inside of the scale-limb.

Rain-gauges, for ascertaining the quantity of rain that falls, are of many designs. That in use by many observers is a copper cylinder, with a funnel closing the upper end so as to prevent evaporation. The rain is collected in a second vessel placed inside the cylinder, and thence poured into a glass measure of small diameter, nicely graduated. The aperture of the gauge is 12 or 15 square inches.

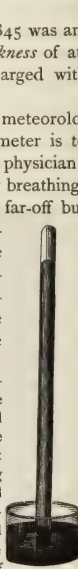
There are few things more important and indispensable, in forecasting the weather or ascertaining the approach of a storm, than to be apprised of the *humidity* of the air; for, as we have seen, the front of a storm is always moist. Steinmetz remarks that the hygrometer is almost as important a storm-indicator as the barometer.

The instrument for ascertaining the relative amount of vapor in the air is the *hygrometer*. The best form of this instrument consists of two mercurial thermometers, which, placed side by side, indicate the same temperature. When fixed together on a frame they are called the *wet and dry bulb thermometers*. The dry bulb is a common thermometer, intended to show the temperature of the air. The wet bulb is also a common thermometer, having its bulb covered with a piece of muslin, from which pass a few threads of darning cotton into a small vessel containing rain-water. The water rises by capillary attraction, thus keeping the muslin constantly wet. When the air is dry, evaporation goes on rapidly from the muslin, and on account of the heat lost by evaporation, the wet bulb indicates a lower temperature than the dry bulb. But when the air is damp, evaporation is slower, and the difference between the two thermometers becomes smaller. When the air is completely *saturated* with moisture, evaporation ceases entirely, and the two thermometers show the same temperature. The wide variation in the humidity of different bodies of air may be understood by a fact recorded by Roscoe, that whilst the air in England is often saturated with moisture, the driest air observed on the coast of the Red Sea, during a simoom, contained only one-fifteenth of the saturating quantity.

Commodore Jenkins, speaking of the hygrometer, observes that "in showery weather its indications vary rapidly, and a person making observations, at short intervals, may predict the approach of a storm, particularly if he take simultaneous observations with the barometer."

The Charles Heddle's gale in 1845 was announced in advance by great *thickness* of atmosphere, from being highly charged with vapor.

But the great instrument of the meteorologist is the *Barometer*. The barometer is to him what the stethoscope is to the physician; for with it he can detect the very breathings and read the fell purposes of the far-off but death-dealing meteor. It was designed by Torricelli to measure the height of a column of mercury supported by the pressure of the atmosphere. From this height the weight of the atmosphere at the place is ascertained.*



BAROMETER TUBE.

* The fundamental principle of the barometer cannot be better illustrated than by the following experiment. Take a glass tube 33 inches in length, open at one end; fill it with mercury, and, closing the open end with the finger, invert it and plunge the open end into a bowl also containing mercury. The column will fall into the tube to about 30 inches above the surface of the mercury in the bowl, if the experiment be made near the level of

At the centre of storms the mercury sometimes sinks *an inch* or two inches (as at Nassau, Oct. 1, 1866) below its mean height, and sometimes even more; and in the wake of storms it often stands an inch or more above the mean height. Buchan mentions instances of tropical tempests in which the fall has been as much as "1.693 inches in one hour and ten minutes!"*

Along the Atlantic coast of the United States, as Commodore Jenkins and many others have pointed out, the approach of a violent northeast storm is generally indicated by the barometer first rising above its mean height; at the same time the wind veers to the northeast and the air grows hazy. After the rain or snow commences, the barometer begins to fall; and when the barometer reaches its lowest point, the wind changes to north or northwest, after which the fluid in the tube begins to rise.†

Admiral Fitzroy proposed the following meteorologic rhymes for barometer scales:—

"When the glass falls low,
Prepare for a blow;
When it rises high,
Let all your kites fly.

"When rise begins after low,
Squalls expect, and clear blow.

"Long foretold—long last;
Short notice—soon past.

"First rise after low
Foretells stronger blow."

The height of the column of mercury is read by a graduated index on the side of the glass, just below the vacuum over the fluid. This scale (from 25 to 32 inches) is divided into inches and tenths of inches. For greater accuracy, the scale is read by the *vernier*.

Invaluable as is the ordinary barometer, its results are made many thousand times more valuable when, instead of being taken at intervals by human hand, they are obtained every minute in the twenty-four hours by an automatic and *self-registering* instrument.

These are but a few of many superb instruments whose silent but ceaseless and unerring monitions, so intelligible to the meteorologist, are invoked by Gen. Myer in his magnificent enterprise.

We have shown that, meteorologically, the United States is most happily and advantageously situated for maintaining a system of weather-telegraphy both for itself and the continent of the Old World, and that no storm can strike any part of the immense expanse of this continent, on which the sun scarcely sets, before every other part may be notified of the danger. More and better than all this, we have shown, from the records of the English and other foreign boards of trade and commercial societies, that, *in England, the high figure of 73 per cent. of storm warnings* have proved correct, and in *France, out of some 100 storms* signalled, *the number of those rightly signalled has, in different years, ranged from 71 to 76, 89, and even 94!**

To this we may add the fact, stated in the Report of the North German Seewarte, that out of 30 telegrams or storm-warning signals (in which the drum was hoisted), for the benefit of the Hamburg shipping, 28 were verified.

Lest any one should challenge the import of these facts by saying that few meteorologists can be obtained who are capable of predicting the approach of tempests and hurricanes, I will answer by giving the words of the lamented Admiral Fitzroy, when asked—"If you are absent, who carries on the responsible duties of forecasting and giving cautionary notices when necessary?" The Admiral's reply was:—"An assistant is fully acquainted with the subject, and has generally executed these very duties. Besides ourselves, there *ought* to be two or three in training for these special duties,

the sea. The fluid is upheld in the tube by the air outside of it pressing on the mercury in the bowl; and since the one thus balances the other, it is evident that the mercurial column will serve as an accurate indicator of the varying pressure of air. The space in the tube above the mercury is one of the nearest approaches to a vacuum that can be made. It is called the *Torricellian vacuum*.

* *Meteorology*, p. 267.

† A great many of our nor'-easters come up from the Gulf Stream *viâ* the Chesapeake Bay. It is for this reason, among others, Gen. Myer has established a meteorologic station at Norfolk.

* See Buchan's *Handy Book of Meteorology*, pp. 342, 343, §§ 665, 666. See also the first of these articles in this Magazine for February, pp. 409-412.

now systematically established."* With the means at his command, the signal officer could train observers to be as accurate and expert as himself in forecasting the weather and preparing the bulletins to be telegraphed to exposed points on the lakes and the Atlantic seaboard.

SOME RECENT RESULTS AND FUTURE PLANS OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

To show how clearly the Signal Service is now enabled to trace some of our great storms, and anticipate their arrival on the Lakes, the following extract from the report of the Chicago *Observer* will suffice :—

* * * * * *

Dec. 11th. The severest storm we have yet had, and one of the highest significance to meteorologists, because of the clearness with which its course can be traced, from the time it left the Gulf till it reached Chicago. Its previous course would seem also to be indicated from the newspaper report that a violent storm was raging at Aspinwall about the 6th, causing many disasters to shipping. On the 9th, at 4 P.M. there is rain at New Orleans; at 11 P.M. at Mobile and Montgomery; at 4 P.M. on the 10th heavy rain at Augusta; at 11 P.M. snow at St. Louis. On the 11th, at 7 A.M. the storm had reached Chicago, and at 4 P.M. Milwaukee. The storm would seem to have traveled up the valley of the Mississippi in a northerly direction, and then, attracted by the moister atmosphere of the Lakes, to have turned eastward. The Alleghany mountains would seem to have intercepted a portion of the air-wave, and carried it up in the direction of Washington and New York. The two branches of the storm would then appear to have combined and remained almost stationary, covering the whole north for some days with heavy cloud.

* * * * * *

Captain H. W. Howgate, the energetic Assistant of Gen. Myer, writes :—

"The storm of December 19, of the year just expired, was announced along our sea-coast some hours in advance by Prof. Lapham, of the Signal Service, telegraphing it from Chicago. Gen. Paine, M.C., from Wisconsin, informed the chief signal officer a few days ago that he knew one instance where vessels with cargoes valued at over a million of dollars were held in the harbor of Milwaukee on the strength of the storm threatened and forecast by the Signal Service bulletin, and which actually swept the Lakes as anticipated. At the same time several vessels which sailed from port regardless of the bulletin encountered the storm, and two of them were lost. In making any estimate of the work done and good already accomplished by this Service, it should be borne in mind that the observers who do the actual work were put on duty after a hurried course of study, and without, in many cases, any previous knowledge of even ordinary military duty. No similar body of men has ever been raised, organized, and equipped. During the sixty days from November 1 to December 31, 1870, it has been clearly proved that men so raised and instructed could make the proper observations, and that, once made, these observations could be transmitted regularly and rapidly, three times daily, to the central points, and thence distributed promptly. This of itself was success enough, but in addition to this a tri-daily bulletin has been posted at several public places in every important city in the Union; weather maps similar to those you saw in our office put up in every Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade now in the same cities, by which the movements of the atmosphere could be clearly traced; and, in addition to all this, the reports which are made synchronously are published synchronously throughout the country, thus far excelling, in point of circulation, the English reports, which have been the result of ten years' experiment. In England these reports are published once each day in the London *Times*, and reach a few thousand people, while ours are printed in several hundred newspapers, and are seen and read by hundreds of thousands. On the first of January the manifold map was commenced, and will be issued daily in all the large cities as soon as we get a sufficient number from the printer."

This is another step forward, and the next one, we are assured by Gen. Myer, will be to forecast the weather for a day or two in advance. This will be done as soon as sufficient data have been obtained to do it with safety. Then will come the display of signals or storm-warnings at points along our coast, but these will not be attempted until more experience has been had in the practical workings of the system.

The Philadelphia *Press* (Dec. 30) well said: "The observations of the Signal Service, so far as they tend to establish laws and bring system out of the chaos that now surrounds the system, will be of great interest and value not only for physicists, but to every class of the community."

Do we not then behold the most terrific and refractory agent in nature as *under law?* We even find the seaman *profiting* by it, and using the very demon of the storm as his minister, to swell his canvas and to speed him towards the haven where he would be, illustrating a happy sentiment, that "we have

* *Report of London Board of Trade*, 1864, p. vi.

only to study nature in order to prevail over her."

It was skeptically said by Dr. Johnson, that, when the philosophers of the 17th century congregated into the Royal Society of London, the time was supposed to be near when "engines should turn by a perpetual motion and health be secured by a universal medicine; when learning should be facilitated by a common character, and commerce extended by ships which could reach port in defiance of the tempest." The first three of these great expectations have been well-nigh realized. Why may not the last?

If the genius of that great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, who first discovered the progressive movement of American storms, and who was ever quick to extract some immediate practical benefit from every principle of nature he discovered, had been impressed on the American mind, and had borne its fruits, what great advances might we not already have made in the science of storms? The moment Franklin ascertained that electricity and lightning were the same, he set about inventing a lightning-rod for insuring the safety of houses. He suffered no item of knowledge to lie as idle capital in his brain.

Happily for the cause of humanity, so universally and vitally interested in this science, the Signal Service of the United States Army, to whose able hands the Weather Telegrams and Storm-Forecasting system has been committed, has shown that it is wide awake and all astir with the practical spirit of the New England philosopher. The officer who has charge of it has proved that the labors of his office shall not terminate with the mere collection of meteorological statistics and the records of storms after they have done their work of destruction, laid our cities in ruins, and strewn our coasts with wrecks; but that, at the earliest possible moment the means in his possession shall suffice to obtain the requisite information, our sea-coasts and the shores of our lakes shall be duly forewarned of every impending tempest.

The combined voice of the world's civilization demands that no effort, no outlay of toil or treasure shall be spared or stinted in effecting all that can be effected in mitigating the horrors annually wrought by the furies of the storm.

Commerce is to a nation like the ancient river Pactolus, whose stream ran down on the streets of Sardis richly freighted with gold. It has been the wealth, the prosperity, the power of every people who have made much of it, from the day of the glory of Tyre to the present. The statistics of the Lake Boards of Trade show that there are nearly two thousand vessels annually engaged on these stormy inland waters, and that in consequence of the risks they run during the wintry and equinoctial gales, the increase of their tariffs is nearly doubled for the transportation of every product of the farmer, the merchant, and the mechanic.

Since the invention of the steamship, the commercial balance of power between the old and new world has been made to preponderate less heavily on the side of England than it did a century ago. The prospects for the United States of reaping at no distant day, through its inter-oceanic railways and an Isthmian canal, the advantages of its physical geography, when connected with other considerations, give deep significance to the efforts the nation is now putting forth to secure the interests of its shipping by every expedient science can offer, and to give encouragement to the growth of its commerce. Our press teems with suggestions for the promotion of the shipping interests. What better can be done to this end, than to protect the vessels already afloat by assuring navigation? A large, costly light-house system, and a fine coast survey, we have for warning ships of rocky shores and shoals upon which they may be driven. How much more do they need to be forewarned of the storm that drives them headlong upon these rocks, or enfolds and crushes them in deep water within its iron coils? Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lavished upon scientific expeditions for the observation of eclipses, for prosecuting geologic speculations, the survey of distant lands, and even for explorations in Arctic ice in search of the mysterious Pole. How insignificant are such objects when placed by the side of that now before us!

To take the lowest view of the present movement of the United States for storm sig-

nals, it will serve to quicken and fecundate all the sciences. The observations of the atmosphere at the thirty different stations scattered over the continent, under the charge of the Chief Signal Officer, will be the most important addition to the physical geography and our knowledge of the physical resources of the country.

Who can foresee the varied and golden harvests that the merchant, the seaman, the husbandman may reap from the labors of this Service in the splendid field of meteorologic research? They are not to be estimated by any pecuniary standard, or by the criterion of material value.

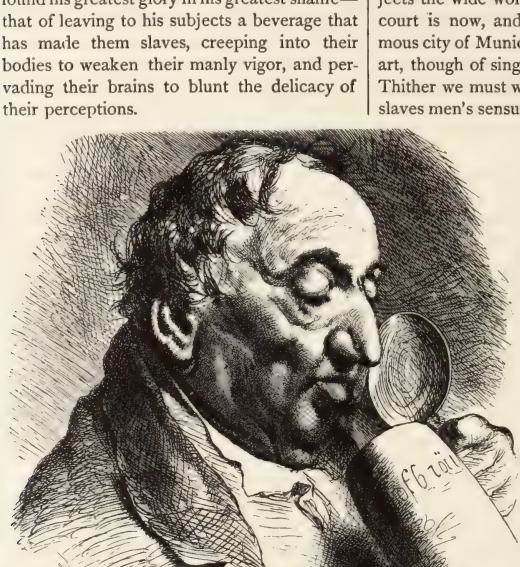
If any man hesitate to be the friend of such an institution as that whose mission has been inaugurated by the American Government, and here feebly set forth, let him but recall the grim vision of Clarence, as he sinks into the slimy deep :—

> "Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
> A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
> Inestimable stores, unvalued jewels,
> All scattered in the bottom of the sea."

KING GAMBRINUS AND HIS SUBJECTS.

ANCIENT story tells us that King Gambrinus once ruled in the Netherlands, and found his greatest glory in his greatest shame—that of leaving to his subjects a beverage that has made them slaves, creeping into their bodies to weaken their manly vigor, and pervading their brains to blunt the delicacy of their perceptions.

This god of beer has many sins to answer for, and daily holds high revel with his subjects the wide world over, though his central court is now, and long has been, in the famous city of Munich, of rare renown in modern art, though of singular subserviency to sense. Thither we must wander if we would see what slaves men's sensual nature can make of them.



AN OLD TOPER.

The great brewery where King Beer holds his court, and presides over the excesses of his subjects, is everywhere known as the Court Brewery, where, from early morning till after midnight, the frequenters of this realm worship at the altar of their god and passion. Among these subjects we find representative characters of all phases of this worship, and the place is therefore more than all others fitted for the study of the good or evil that so controlling an influence must inevitably exert on its votaries.

"Court Brewery" bears this name, truth bids us say, not because it is frequented by the Court, but because the term "Court

beer" indicates a liquid of royal qualities, and the establishment that dispenses such becomes headquarters for all the life of the capital, and claims to bear this distinctive title.

The Court Brewery, then, is the Grand Exchange of Munich. Nearly every species of business is wholly transacted or finally settled over its mugs. The peasant who comes to the city to procure a mortgage sits there with trembling heart until the real estate agent brings him a creditor; the brewer who buys his thousand bushels of barley says to the dealer: "Come to the Court Brewery at ten o'clock, and you shall have your money." There cattle, lands, and houses are sold; there gather the dealers in silk, wool, and cotton; there money-changers from the Bourse; there the military and civil officers; and there the thousands of genial and gifted artists that have made Munich a favorite place of pilgrimage for the lovers of grace and beauty in sculpture, architecture, and painting.



THE SANCTIMONIOUS SHARPER.

Thither, then, we will repair with an artist friend, who will tell us the story of a few of the characters that we may meet, and kindly fix their features with his canny pencil, that we may have some keepsakes to bring with us from the center of public life and gayety in the Bavarian capital. As we approach the thronged entrance of this famous beer temple, he stops short to call our attention to the face of one who is here lying in wait for his prey; for the Court Brewery is also the resort of sharpers and villains on the watch to catch every verdant rustic who may promise rich spoils; and thus we present to our readers the features of the Sanctimonious Sharper.

Near the door, in the shadow of the lamp, stands an elderly man in threadbare garments, his countenance a strange mixture of obsequiousness and rudeness, of sanctimonious devotion and cunning. His eyes wander in unsteady glance, as in fear or in search of something; while on his thin lips hangs a repulsive and uneasy smile. His cheeks are yellow and sunken, and in his dry and withered hands he holds a well-worn rosary.

"Wait a moment," says the artist, "and we shall see him at his work."

Presently a genteel-looking man approaches, who is evidently the accomplice of the old sinner, and, while expressing great pleasure at thus opportunely finding him, introduces a young man from the provinces, who, by his dress and bearing, gives indication of having means.

"Glad to find you," says the new-comer; "you can give this young man a little advice. He has come into town late to-day, and wishes to make a deposit at the bank; but I tell him it is not now open, and that you can tell him how to do it privately."

"I would go with him myself," says the sanctimonious sharper, with a feigned devotion, "but it is just my hour for prayers at the chapel. Take him in with you to a mug of beer, and in an hour I will return."



A BEER-HOUSE SQUABBLE.

"No! no! Come with us this time, and let your rosary answer;" and thus the three enter the Court Brewery, one of them about to be made a prey, when the artist steps up to the young man and politely informs him that he is in the hands of sharpers, and had better deposit his money in the bank, which will be open for an hour yet. The rogues protest against this interference with their occupation, and hurry into the Brewery with their victim, but only to be greeted by the crowd with the cry of "sharper," as they listen to the dispute, which ends with the retreat of the principals and the thanks of the stranger, who makes his way to the bank to place his funds in safe keeping before he indulges in the pleasures of the Court Brewery.

As we enter the precincts of this famous resort, the buzz and hum of a thousand voices greet our ears, and as far almost as the eye can reach, it traces one apartment after another, winding and turning in labyrinthine form and confusion. These again are divided into niches and nooks, each the favorite of some special class of guests that may surely be found there at the accustomed periods of the day. The entrance hall has received the name of "Grandees' Room," because there some of the favorites linger to obtain the first draught of a newly tapped keg, which is always considered the choicest. Bavarian beer has not much cream on its surface, and at the last of a draught this almost entirely disappears. The knowing ones, therefore, watch the inclining cask, and when it is nearly out decline to call for more, waiting till the ringing of a bell or the noise of the mallet on the bung informs them that the cream of the ale is about to be dispensed.

This coveted delicacy gives rise to many a squabble for its possession, one of which, between a shoemaker's boy and an old soldier, the artist sends along for our readers.

For some time a thirsty and sensual-looking crowd has been waiting to see the uninitiated accept the last of the cask, and among these is discovered a shoemaker's apprentice, standing modestly in the corner, with a basket containing eight mugs which he is to have filled for the men of the shop, for even artisans while at their calling are so absorbed with this slavish passion, that if they cannot go to the beer the latter must come to them.

The waiter has several times bid the boy come to him, knowing that his eight mugs would exhaust the old cask and permit him to open a new one; but the youngster has always replied, "I can wait a little," remembering well his orders from the shop to bring only the cream of the ale.

At last an old soldier, impatient for the coming draught, seizes him by the ear and

drags him to the counter, much to the amusement of the crowd, growling out the imprecations: "You can wait, can you? You little scamp! I'll teach you to take your beer and begone!" Whereupon the waiter, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, fills his mugs while drawing the cask, and the poor boy goes home with his flat beer to get a drubbing there, while the guests and the old veteran smack their lips over the new tap which a great bell has announced to the distant rooms.

During the busy hours of the day or evening the throng is sometimes so great that, though the establishment may have a thousand mugs, they are frequently all engaged; and who would not wait too long must seek his own and bring it to the counter. We will follow an unlucky guest in search of a mug, and thus gain an opportunity the better to observe the characters and scenes that fill this abode of revelry or stupor, and seem to be enveloped either in the reeking vapor of the beer, or the still denser fumes of smoke. Sensitive noses and delicate lungs do not usually long linger here, and we will make a rapid journey in the interest of both of these parties.

The man in search of a mug soon perceives rising from a table a dark-blue figure in fierce moustache and slouchy cap, with mighty shade to protect his eyes, which implement clearly shows him to be an employé at court, engaged from morning till night in writing out the endless documents to be enclosed with red tape.

"Is your mug empty?" asks the stranger, blandly.

"It is; but I am sorry to say that I am going to have it filled again, and cannot accommodate you."

And thus these thirsty Bavarians drink mug after mug, in quantities that astonish the uninitiated. These mugs hold from one to two quarts, and in size resemble a small joint of stove-pipe with a handle to it. The man who stops at his first mug has simply learned the alpha of his art, and has yet to travel far before he reaches his omega. Many of them spend a night over their beer, and think it a deed worth boasting of to have emptied their mugs again and again; and thus tables and vessels are in constant demand, especially from night-fall till midnight, during which period the dense crowd of thirsty men press through the narrow doors, and push and throng in the crowded rooms, that become a Babel of voices, discussing all possible questions, and crying out for more beer.

Thus we follow the guest from room to room, vainly seeking a seat and an empty mug, when we encounter a human beer-cask that in some measure solves the question as to where all the beer goes to. He sits lazily reclining against a window, apparently to obtain a little cooling air, and has laid down pipe and mug in utter exhaustion. Here,



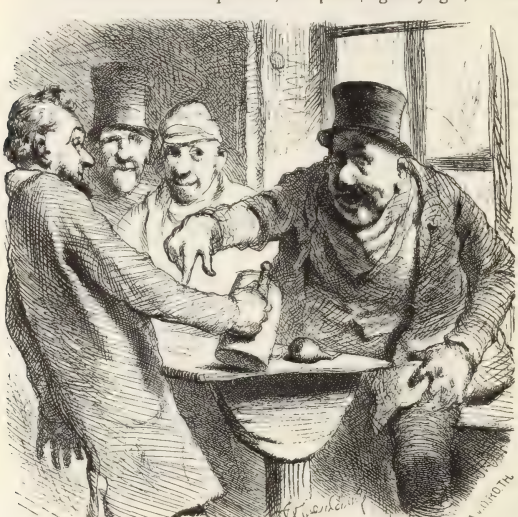
"IS YOUR MUG EMPTY?"

thinks the new-comer, is his chance, and politely repeats the usual question, which he has already asked scores of times, "Is your mug empty?" But the old beer-cask makes no reply. Again the question is repeated in louder tones, at which the old soaker slightly nods his head. This the stranger interprets in his favor, and hastily grasps the handle, only to be assailed with a thundering growl and impulsive start from the flabby mass. "Let that mug alone!" he bawls, and in terror the stranger starts back before this Jupiter of beer.

We have come hither to learn a lesson, and this poor miserable sot affords us one that we shall not soon forget. Bloated and diseased from a long life of sensual excess, he is but a wreck of his former self, and spends most of his days in this reeking resort, dividing his time between beer and smoke, except when in a state of torpor, from which nothing will so soon arouse him as the possibility of losing his mug, which he sadly regards as his fountain of life.

On returning through the throng and fumes of beer and smoke to headquarters, we pass a table half taken up with a lot of noisy students, who resort in numbers to this locality in the evening to discuss their adventures and their duels. The so-called corps-students, or those banded into political or national clubs, are always ready for a fray with a rival club, or, in default of this, with peaceful citizens, mainly the peasants and mechanics. Our artist, knowing their failing, resolved to get rid of them by stratagem, and thus possess a table. Slipping into a side room for a minute to find a valiant corporal who had served under him in the war of '66, and faithfully blacked his boots and smoked his best cigars, he put a flea into the soldier's ear and returned to the table.

Presently the corporal comes sauntering along, and seeing the students, tells of a fray between some corps-students and a body of peasants in another part of the town. "A rumpus with the Philistines! where?" cries the most belligerent of the band of chosen ones, who denominate all as Philistines who are outside of their charmed circle. "Boys, let's be off," says he, extending his arms in imaginary fight, as he has often done to protect his nose and the little velvet saucer on his head dignified with the name of cap.



"LET THAT MUG ALONE!"

And away they start, with the injunction to the Corporal to look after their mugs till their return.

The students of Munich are divided into two quite distinct classes: those who come to spend their time in drinking carousals, and duels with each other, and fights with outsiders, and those known as neutrals, who have nothing to do with the likes and the dislikes of these cliques. The former are generally called Corps-Students, because they are thus banded together, and are frequently the nuisance of the



"BOYS! LET'S BE OFF!"

town, here as elsewhere. They are impudent, arrogant, idle, and dissolute, and spend a far greater portion of their time in beer-houses than in the University. The noisy, belligerent, half-drunken youth whom our cut represents is a pretty fair specimen of these so-called sons of the Muses, whose most frequent pleasures are the low and sensual ones of the beer-house.

The Corporal was quite willing to look after the mugs intrusted to his care, and especially to make an intimate acquaintance with their contents. He was one of a large class of beer-house loungers recruited from the ranks of the standing army, which in Munich also furnishes a very large contingent to the beer-guzzling fraternity. The Corporal was one of those individuals with small means and ready wit, and generally made the latter keep him in beer, at the expense of his friends rather than of his own pocket. The artist had promised him an extra mug and a famous cigar if he was successful in his ruse of war, and he was now in a jolly humor at this prospect of an evening's sitting, and in just such a mood, indeed, as always reminded him of the most famous adventure of his life, that all his friends had heard and applauded a score of times. Lighting his cigar, and puffing at it like a locomotive, he began: —

"In '54 I took a notion to see a little of the world, and enlisted in the French army. I was such a savage-looking fellow that I was put in the corps of Zouaves, and finally was at the storming of the Malakoff. After that I was sent to Algiers, and, having served there till the close of my time, I went to Paris, to see the sights of that great city before returning to dear old Munich. But money goes quickly on the Boulevards, and my pockets were soon empty. One day, while looking at the portrait of the Emperor, I was reminded of the fact that his nose and mine are mates, and suggested to a comrade that, if he would help me, mine would be



THE CORPORAL'S STORY.



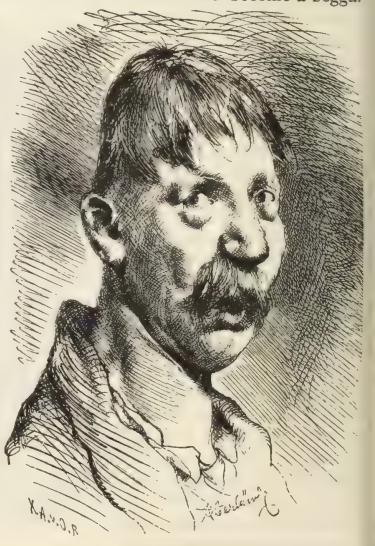
"HOT CHESTNUTS!"

good for a dinner. I soon laid my plan, and sent him in advance into the famous restaurant of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, to whisper to the guests on my entrance that I was the Emperor incog. The ruse took like a charm. I had hardly taken my seat at a table before the guests raised the cry of '*vive l'Empereur*,' and the proprietor came bowing and scraping up to me to know what His Majesty would have for dinner. I told him to lay himself out in that line, and when I had enjoyed an imperial feed, I borrowed fifty francs of him to get cigars with, saying that I had accidentally left my purse at home, and that he might send his bill to the Tuileries."

The Corporal was here fortunately relieved from any cross-questioning in regard to some points of his story by a lugubrious cry of "Hot Chestnuts!" proceeding from a poor, wrinkled old creature, with the most repulsive features and forlorn attire.

No one, in this miserable wreck of early beauty and attractiveness, would ever have supposed that she had been in youth the charm of Munich, and had danced like a fairy on its boards. But youth and beauty, when given to riotous dissipation, do not last always, and thus the gay dancer danced down the inclined plane of life, until at last she was obliged to gain her crust by selling hot chestnuts in the Court Brewery, and listen to the coarse jibes and jokes of those who in former days were wont to worship at her feet.

And finally we present our last character among the series of the Court Brewery as a very fitting one to close the panorama, and, alas! too true a representative of the mournful end of many of them. He goes sauntering about among the crowd of drinkers with the pitiful appeal for a penny for a "poor afflicted man." Inquire after his ailings and he will recite a score of them, which all resolve themselves into a hankering passion for that drink that had made him this miserable wreck, and to indulge in which he is willing to throw off the last remnant of his manhood and become a beggar



THE MOURNFUL END.

among those whom he has preceded in the downward path. He eagerly clutches the few pennies that are in charity thrown to him, and hastens to quench that thirst that has made him a slave to his baser nature and a tortured victim of his passions.

We wish these words to point a moral as well as to adorn a tale, and beg our readers to observe how few the lights and how many the shadows of our pictures, both in word and print. There are many who see naught but sunshine in the realm where beer is king; we see naught but clouds—bloated bodies, distorted features, trembling limbs and stammering words, as the end of those who worship the mug.

Gambrinus is represented by his votaries as a merry king to whom they love to do homage in excessive jollity and uproarious mirth; but he leads his subjects to degrading altars and ignoble ends, and, what is worse, he blinds them in their career, and teaches them to believe that corruption is purity, and failure in life is success. We have witnessed the scenes where beer is king, and have listened patiently to a recital of its virtues, but have failed to discover in them other than gilded vices.

It is a pretty fiction that King Gambrinus or Prince Hop-juice, as he is sometimes jocosely named, can afford a balm for many of the ills and trials of life; if he affords temporary pleasure it is at the expense of future comfort and happiness; and the men or the nations that are subjects of his code never rise to the full development of their power. The Bavarians are the greatest beer-drinkers of Germany, and statistics prove their land to be the most ignorant and superstitious of the Confederation, while quite recent events teach us that the Prussians easily conquered them in '66, and that they, under Von der Tann, were the first Germans to suffer defeat in presence of the French.

WILL SHE RIDE OR WALK?

I.

THE center of the city is like the palm of a hand. From it the long fingers stretch out: one over the mill-dam; another along the flats; the longest of all bridges the river, and then going on and on, the straight wide street steadily rising until it overlooks the bay suddenly bends like the crook of a finger, until its tip touches the water.

It is a ladder—a hill of difficulty—to the dwellers at this end of the town, most of whom began life at its foot, in the dingy shops and tenement-houses there, and have slowly struggled up: some to the long blocks of comfortable dwellings; others, going on still farther, have reached the most pretentious point of all—that lying close down to the water upon the other side.

There is an air of newness, a flavor of Jonah's gourd about the Italio-Chinese pagodas with French roofs here. They seem, indeed, to have sprung up in a night, the dampness of the mould still clinging to them. There is a straining after pinnacles and towers and top-knots in architecture—after effects quite disproportioned to means in landscape gardening; and, in fact, an evident attempt to crowd to their utmost capacity the present limited space and time.

This is the foundation built upon the rock—gold. Another generation will develop the fine arts, and possibly the sciences.

In the mean time, I will tell my little story.

Paul Hayes was sent here to preach the gospel, for there are churches. Some of them, even so soon, are beginning to pride themselves, not upon their sanctity, but upon the high social position of their members;—in other words, upon the distance at which they live from the foot of the street, which is their social scale.

Fortunately, Paul's church was not among these. If one has to deal with ignorant people, it is better to take them in the rough. Iron in its natural state holds wonderful possibilities. But iron—spoiled in the smelting—what can one do with it?

His church was only a mission chapel, sup-

ported by a richer society of the same denomination; his people—the men and women to whom one goes with ungloved hands. But he was young and strong, and believed himself called of God, which is the best preparation for any work. He threw aside his books and read men.

There are a few exceptions to the houses I have described in the more aristocratic part of the town. One will suffice to prove the rule. It stands away from the street, just below the staring white hotel that crowns its rise. It is square, of stone, and painted white. Upon one side is a pleasant garden. Possibly it was built in colonial times, when the salt, salt wind swept in here from the sea, unbroken by anything save these walls and the scattered remnants of forest trees. It has so far caught the spirit of modern times as to don a mansard roof, but the tall Corinthian pillars still remain, as well as the wide stone steps, with a lion *couchant* upon either side.

II.

Vesey Welles stood upon the hearth-rug in the long, low drawing-room, awaiting the coming of her guests. Ordinarily she might be a trifle pale—quiet, possibly—though with depths quickly stirred by the dropping of a careless stone. To-night she was flushed, tremulous, excited.

"By the way," said her father, pausing at the door as he passed through the hall, "I met that young minister—Hayes, you know—this morning, and asked him up to dinner."

"But I don't know," responded Vesey, as he passed on, her eyes growing wider and wider in dismay: "I don't know him at all. And to-night of all nights!" she half-sobbed, pulling at the flowers in the porcelain vase before her, until the one red rose dropped all its petals at her feet.

It was to be the last of the pleasant evenings that had brightened all the winter. Darrel Winslow and his mother were coming to dine with them once more before going home. They had been boarding at the hotel just above, two or three months. Vesey had built so many hopes upon this evening. But now—

She was fastening a bunch of daphne—sweet-scented, velvet-leafed—into her belt, when Paul entered the room. "Passing fair!" he said to himself, at a glimpse of the bent head.

"The Rev. Paul Hayes!" announced the servant. She turned quickly, not catching the name, hearing only the sound of feet and the opening of the door. But the flush upon her face was not for him. The *maladresse* with which she hesitated and then came to meet him was something strange in Vesey—graceful, self-possessed.

"I—I am Miss Welles," with rather unnecessary frankness. "My father will be down in a moment. He was unusually late from town to-night." The last words were uttered with her grandest air, in her efforts to compose herself.

"But haughty and cold," Paul added mentally, as he turned away to meet her father.

Then, at last, Mrs. Winslow and Darrel came.

"Who the —— is this man?" looked out of Darrel's eyes, as Vesey, grown suddenly shy, presented him to Paul, and Paul to Darrel's mother.

"So glad, I'm sure," murmured Mrs. Winslow, effusively. "Always delighted to meet our clergy. Hayes, did you say? And where——"

Vesey interposed. It would never do to chill the air, already frigid, with theological differences. Mrs. Winslow was a stanch churchwoman. Paul, she knew, was of another faith.

"Let me wheel your chair to the fire. There—so." She seated her in triumph. The gentlemen gathered in a knot at a little distance.

"And you really go home to-morrow?" Vesey said, sitting down beside her.

"Yes. I've done all my shopping. My mauve poplin came home to-day. There is nothing to wait for now; and Darrel does not care to stay. The opera season is over, you know."

So it was for the gayeties of the town he had lingered week after week, she thought, with a sudden sinking of the heart. Oh, how blind she had been! His careless laugh came across the room just then, as if to mock her.

"You'll not come back before another season?" She could not hide the pain that quivered in her voice. But the limp little woman crushed into the depths of the arm-chair by her side did not heed it.

"No," she replied, simply, "I suppose not."

The gentlemen joined them.

"Sit down here by me," said Mrs. Winslow to Paul, motioning to the chair at her side.

"It is of no use," whispered Vesey to Darrel, with a hysterical sound between a laugh and a sob.

"What is of no use?" He followed her away from the fire.

"Trying to avert grim fate. Your mother is determined to discuss church affairs with Mr. Hayes. What will she say to find he is not in the succession at all? That he simply cares for the souls of our butcher and baker, and——"

"Candlestick-maker," suggested Darrel.

"Yes, for aught I know. I have tried to keep them apart, but——"

"Extremes will meet. I believe there is an attraction between the poles. But what does it portend, this invasion? Are you about to assume a stuff gown and plain bonnet? Or do you propose to bring him into the true church? Not a bad addition, I should say," fixing his eyes upon Paul, who had won the respectful attention, at least, of his rather light-minded audience in the arm-chair.

"What were you saying?" Vesey asked absently. Her eyes had followed his. "How he chanced to be here? Oh! father has met him occasionally, and so asked him to dinner. I was sorry he came to-night."

"Ah?" Darrel looked down upon her with a conscious air. She had spoken truer words than she intended. She went on, as though she had not heard him—as though the color was not flaming her face.

"Because I knew you would have little in common, and thought it might be awkward for us all. It does not matter." Nothing did or ever would any more. A gray wall seemed to shut out all beyond this night.

"But I am not to be defrauded of my rights. I am to take you out to dinner, am I not? You surely won't throw me over at the last, Vesey?" He bent his head close to her face.

"I don't know; you can sit upon one side and Mr. Hayes upon the other, if he will." She moved away towards the others; leaning over his mother's chair she pretended to listen, smiling assent: to what, she never knew. She was thinking how pleasant she had hoped it would be, with only Darrel and his mother here—they four around the fire in the twilight, Darrel by her—of the words she had thought he would speak. There was a ring hanging upon his watch-chain. It fitted her finger. He had tried it once in jest.

"Vesey!" called her father. And then she knew the others were rising—that dinner was announced.

"I hope you and Mrs. Winslow have become friends," she said to Paul, as they were going out.

"One hardly gets so far as that in a half-hour's chat," he answered pleasantly.

"And just before dinner," added Darrel, from the other side. "That's the time to make enemies, Miss Vesey."

"Then do hasten to be served, gentlemen, lest you quarrel."

"And the cause?" queried Darrel in her ear.

She turned away from him to Paul. And yet what should she say? What do people say to ministers? she asked herself helplessly. And to young ministers above all? Oh if he had not come! If he would only go! If they would all go, and leave her alone with her disappointment and shame!

How she passed that long dinner hour she never knew. She talked of trivial things, as we all do, though beneath the outward calm our very souls are seething. She dared not speak of others, lest she break this crust. Paul judged her. She has found her lowest depth, he said, when she chanced to name a ribbon. Her spirits rose; buoyed by her light words and laugh perhaps. When they were back in the drawing-room, and the others fell into the quiet, desultory chat that follows a dinner, she alone could not be still. Her cold hands refused to lie quietly in her lap, as shapely white hands should. Her feet beat an impatient waltz under her gown.

She glanced at Darrel. He had thrown himself back in an easy-chair, his hands under his head. There was no feverish glitter in his eye. He looked simply bored. He yawned furtively. She pushed her chair back. "How stupid we are! It's the fire, I think. It always dulls everybody but itself. Will not some one sing or play?" And she sat down herself before the piano.

She struck a quick, sharp chord. "I could dance to-night!" She had forgotten the young minister and his probable prejudices. He caught a glimpse, just then, of the flushed, intense face. But in an instant, with the minor chord that followed, it changed. Tears rushed into her eyes. "If I hadn't lost my slippers," she breathed to herself. Her back was to the others. Only Paul saw the sudden saddening of the face, the fall of the wet eyelids.

"Such wonderful spirits!" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow. "So light-hearted Vesey always is!"

"Ah!" responded Paul. But he fell into a revery.

Darrel leaned over her. "What has come to you?"

"How? Why?" She did not pause in her playing.

"You're simply glorious now. You hardly need a crown."

Her hands went wrong. A quick clash—a discord—then she went on. She was growing strong; equal to the strife. There is nothing so deathless as a woman's pride. It had risen at last. Her hands flashed over the keys, throwing off sparks of the wildest, gayest music.

"Not that!" Darrel whispered. "Play something ,soft and low. Do you forget it is our last evening? You're not sorry after all, then!" for her face never changed. She laughed—a low quiet ripple in her throat.

"Sorry? Oh yes;" lingering over the last word. And still her hands toyed with the keys. "But one can't cry at bidding, you know; I dare say I may to-morrow." And again the low laugh welled up in her throat. She looked up fearlessly. It had been all husks she knew now. But at least he should not triumph in her shame. She had worn her heart upon her sleeve; but though it bled he should not know it. She might indeed cry to-morrow, but not now.

As for the man, he experienced a new sensation—of doubt, mingled with amazement. He had read her, as he thought, like an open book. He even fancied he had cut the leaves. "Poor little mouse!" he had said to himself, "I really must go away. She is certainly growing fond of me." He almost wished now he had decided to stay. It seemed there was a sequel to the book. He was tempted to fall in love with her upon the spot. "If she is acting, she's by far more clever than I thought; and if she is really indifferent, I've been a conceited fool."

"Good-night! and good-bye, it must be," he said, detaining her hand when they separated. "We shall take the early train."

The flush had died out of her face. She looked worn and tired. Upon the whole he was not sorry he had decided to go.

"Good-bye," she said quietly.

"You'll come and make us that visit in the summer, Vesey? Oh, my gloves and my veil! thank you," began Mrs. Winslow, fussily.

"I don't know. Perhaps so."

"Of course you will."

"To be sure," added Darrel. "I shall come for you myself."

They were gone at last. She turned away.

"But Mr. Hayes! Vesey!"

She had forgotten his existence.

"I'm afraid I am rude." And she put out her hand. "Good-night; but indeed I may confess now that I have a wretched headache, and—and—" That was all she said. The play was over.

III.

THE spring and early summer wore away. One letter came from Darrel. A letter such as he might have sent to any chance acquaintance, full of hints of gay doings here and there—nothing more. One little note Vesey wrote his mother, to say she could not make the promised visit. Darrel had said nothing in his letter of coming for her. "And tell Darrel"—at the close of her note—"that I am saving any amount of gossip against writing him some day." But the "some day" never

came. Absence, like a strong light, brings out hidden defects, and Vesey knew now that he was a man selfish and vain, who had played with her heart. He had held it in his hand, weighed and measured it and her, and had cast both aside as worthless. She thought of it with burning cheeks.

Among the mountains, in the summer, she gathered strength and life again; for both had seemed to fail. Perhaps it was the heat. The summer had opened like the tropics. With another winter came the Winslows. If she had dreaded it, if she had feared for herself, would it have been strange? But the spell was broken. Looking back, she wondered.

Outwardly the old intimacy was resumed. Darrel came and went as he had come and gone the year before. But to Vesey it was only a shell—a hollow, heartless thing that never had been friendship, and could never now be love. Paul, plodding along day after day in the round of his duties, saw—as though a great way off—Vesey and Darrel flying up and down the icy streets to the tinkle of silver bells.

One night, Vesey, glowing in crimson, with white chrysanthemums in her hair, passed through the hall. The outer door was open wide. Paul stood outside. The wind, raw and wet with the breath of the sea, caught at her hair—at the silken ruffles of her dress.

"Oh, is it you? But you are coming in?"

She little knew how her words tempted him—how the vision tempted him, as she paused with clasped hands under the gaslight, and with the warm, bright room beyond.

"I cannot, I am waiting for your father. There is a family at the lower end of the town starv——"

The words choked him. "Thank you, not to-night," he said. He had longed to meet her again, like this—alone and face to face. But her light manner, her dainty dress, angered him to-night. He had come from such a different scene. Only a woman of the world, after all, he thought. And yet so sweet, so bitterly sweet, he owned, when he had turned away and plunged into the cold and darkness. Darrel was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

"You're like a poem to-night, in all that ruby-red—like an Eastern song."

"Thank you," Vesey said, dreamily.

"I couldn't imagine you in gray," he went on, half to himself, "or in anything somber, or worn, or poor." He had begun to study the girl in earnest now. "Yes, you are made for the rarest and best, Vesey; to shine in satin and diamonds."

Satin and diamonds! Vesey remembered the man she had left at the door. He was out in the winter night among the hungry and naked now, she knew. She had caught his half-uttered sentence. And *she* was made for satin and diamonds!

"Is that *all?*" she asked wistfully.

"All? Is not that enough? It would satisfy most women."

But to-night it did not satisfy her.

IV.

Down at the beginning of the long street was a black, low-browed house, like many others here, with a shop in the lower story, or, more properly, two, since one window was occupied by a watchmaker, and the other displayed pins, needles, spools of cotton, and such small wares. Above were two or three rooms with slanting sides, where a deformed girl—a pitiful object to look at—lived with her mother, earning enough by sewing to put bread into their mouths and scanty covering upon their backs—no more. Vesey employed them; from pity mostly, since her work could have been better done elsewhere. She stepped out of the sleigh here at dusk one night, and ran up the stairs, a roll of work in her hand. She had to wait a moment, so she sat and talked with the girl, who was young like herself, and yet not like herself at all. It made her happier in the happy lot that had sometimes wearied her. It made her thankful for her strong, young life, which she had never named among her blessings, and it shot a gleam of pleasure through the girl's dark days.

It was a poor room, with paper torn and soiled, and of many patterns, upon the walls; with the bare boards of the floor yawning, rising and falling uneasily; with the dim light struggling through uncurtained windows that

peered from under the eaves like eyes from overhanging brows. In one of these windows, a forlorn canary in a broken cage—a brown little bird with ruffled, unkempt feathers—chirruped feebly, like a moan. A low voice in a continuous murmur fell upon Vesey's ear. It seemed to come from the next room.

"What is that?"

"That 'm?" The girl's pale face grew bright. "It's the minister, Mr. Hayes. He comes and prays with mother, now she's sick." The light died down again.

The little room became all at once like a church, solemn and still, as the low voice rolled on and on, like a river far away. The girl laid down her work. Even the bird forgot its moan.

The voice ceased. She heard his step upon the stairs. It was but a second; he could not have reached the street, when a shriek came from the room he had left. The girl sat like one paralyzed. Vesey threw open the door. A swift line of light ran all adown the bed. It burst into a flame, in the midst of which the sick woman struggled. The overturned candle at her head told the story. It was an instinct—there was no time for thought—which made Vesey drag the square of carpet from the floor and press it down upon the flames. They shot out into her face. They seemed to catch away her breath. They licked her arm. They strove and fought, and well-nigh overcame—all in an instant, that seemed hours to the girl, who threw herself upon the bed, smothering the flames with her own weight.

They were conquered at last. The silent, breathless struggle was over.

"If some one would only bring a light! Oh dear! what shall I do? Don't," to the deformed girl, who shrieked and called upon her mother. Vesey had not heard the strong step springing up the stairs—the opening of the door. Some one stood beside her in a moment, lamp in hand. It was Paul.

"Is she dead?" gasped Vesey, shrinking from the bed.

He threw back the scorched blanket that hid the motionless form. "No, not dead; but I think she has fainted. Or the flames—I must go for a doctor. Stay here, if you are not afraid. Oh hush! hush!" to the frightened girl; "it is nothing, I hope. Get some water for the lady; and sprinkle her face," he said to Vesey. Then he was gone.

She did as he had told her,—waiting, watching the blackened mass, she dared not touch. It was frightful, with that still, white face shining out of the darkness. Was it death? No; there was a faint quivering of the eyelids—that first sign of returning consciousness—a feeble moan. Then Paul came. Oh! the rush of joy, of blinding tears, of sudden faintness, that overpowered her when she heard his step. The grim-faced doctor behind him walked straight to the bed.

"There are no deep burns, I think," he said at length. "The blanket saved her. The shock has done more than the fire. A sponge—ah, that will do. Now some water, and some linen rags." There were none. Vesey quietly held out her dainty handkerchief. "Hm!" he said, and tore his own into strips.

"And now *you?*" He turned to Vesey.

"I have no burns." Indeed she felt no pain. The doctor raised her hand, and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut tight and quick together. Something sprang into his eyes—not tears alone.

Then Vesey began to tremble; and, conscious at last of the cruel pain that bit and tore her hand, she sobbed like a hurt child.

"Don't mind," she tried to say. "Don't look at me. It's only—only——" The sobs swept all her words away.

Paul bathed her hand. She remembered afterwards how tenderer than any woman's had been his touch.

"Let her cry," said the doctor, in a voice that must have been given by mistake to the grim face. "And now she'd better go home." He rose from the bed. He took the unharmed hand in his. "She's a brave girl." He looked away from her to Paul; but still he held her hand tight in his. "God bless you, child. Now go home and go to bed."

Paul lifted her into the sleigh and wrapped the robes about her.

"Shall I go with you?"

"If I can take you home."

"Oh no; I must go in here again."

"Then you need not."

It seemed suddenly as if they had known each other a lifetime—*she* and *Paul;* as if they could never be strangers to each other again.

She held out her hand. It was the one he had bound up. He took it tenderly in both his own. "The brave, strong hand!" he said, bending over it in the darkness—"the hand that saved a life to-night."

V.

THERE was to be a bazar, to raise money for the poor. It opened the next evening. The winter had been hard and cruel, and charity—somewhat exhausted—needed a spur.

Vesey had promised to tend a booth.

"You must not think of going," her father exclaimed. Darrel,—too, who foresaw a quiet hour with her alone, if she remained at home. He had something to tell—something to ask for, and a ring to give. Alas for him! He had kept his words too long. A year ago they would have been manna to her heart.

"But I am quite well," she pleaded, "except my hand; and that has ceased to pain me." Indeed her face was radiant.

So she dressed herself with quaint simplicity in something soft and gray that wrapped her like a cloud, with only the braids of her heavy hair for ornament; only her shining eyes for gems. Then she went and took her place.

The maidens from the Chinese pagodas were all there. Before them, in their gay attire, the Queen of Sheba, and even Solomon the magnificent, would have shrunk away abashed—their glory dimmed.

Vesey's nun-like dress was worse than diamonds in their envious eyes. More gay gallants than one paused to stare—to buy.

"It cools your eyes, you see, and rests you some way," vouchsafed one man by way of explanation.

The evening was half over. Darrel had been her shadow. She was tired; tired of his eyes that followed her whichever way she turned; tired of his flattering words; tired of HIM. He moved away at last. Then, and not until then, she saw Paul. All the maidens plumed their gay feathers as he walked down the hall. But he came straight to her.

"Are you well enough to be here?" without a word of greeting, as though they had not parted. "You frightened me with your white face just now."

"I was tired. I wanted to go home."

"Will you go now?" he asked quickly. "Are you strong enough to walk?"

"Oh yes."

"Then come."

It was strangely pleasant to be bidden; to follow meekly.

They had reached the stairs descending to the street when they met Darrel Winslow.

"Vesey! where are you going?" He scowled and nodded at Paul.

"Home."

"But it is beginning to rain, and you have no cloak. Go back and I'll get the carriage." He laid his hand upon the wrap over Paul's arm. Paul looked at Vesey. What did he read in her face?

"Let Miss Welles decide," he said, in a hard, strange voice. He was trying to be calm—to keep his hands from this man who had suddenly come between them. He turned to Vesey again. His face was very pale; his eyes were full of pleading. "Think a moment. Will you ride with him, or will you walk with me?"

She did not speak. She only smiled and laid her hand within his arm.

He would have been more than human to have kept back the triumph in his eyes.

Darrel stared; then wheeled and left them, with an oath upon his lips.

"But think a moment." Paul's voice grew more gentle now. "It will be a long, long road—a road that has no turn."

But still she smiled.

"A rough way perhaps, and your feet are tender."

"I will walk with you," she said.

IN A GARRET.

This realm is sacred to the silent past.
Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare
Of dust and dreams;—the years are long, since last
A stranger's foot-fall pressed the creaking stair.

This room no housewife's tidy hand disturbs;
And here, like some strange presence, ever clings
A homesick smell of dry, forgotten herbs—
A musty odor as of mouldering things.

Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose,
For fancied virtues prized in days of yore—
Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap by those
Whose earthly ills are healed for evermore.

Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread,
And weaves her silken tapestry unseen,
Veiling the rough-hewn timbers overhead,
And looping gossamer festoons between.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof
Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,
Like tall, fantastic ghosts which stand aloof,
Holding grim converse with the long ago.

Here lie remembrancers of childish joys—
Old fairy-stories, conned and conned again;
A cradle, and a heap of battered toys,
Beloved by babes who now are bearded men.

Here in the summer, at a broken pane,
The yellow wasps come in, and buzz and build
Among the rafters;—wind and snow and rain
All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

This mildewed chest behind the chimney holds
Old letters, stained and nibbled;—faintly show
The faded phrases on the tattered folds
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who may know?

I turn a page like one who plans a crime,
And lo, love's prophecies and sweet regrets—
A tress of chestnut hair—a love-lorn rhyme,
And fragrant dust which once was violets.

I wonder if the small, sleek mouse, that shaped
His winter nest between these rugged beams,
Was happier that his bed was lined and draped
With the bright warp and woof of youthful dreams?

Here, where the gray incessant spiders spin,
Shrouding from view the sunny world outside,
A golden bumble-bee has blundered in,
And lost the way to liberty, and died.

So the lost present drops into the past;
So the warm living heart, that loves the light,
Faints in the unresponsive darkness vast
Which hides Time's buried mysteries from sight.

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?
Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once more;
Leave the dead years to silence and to dust,
And close again the long-unopened door.

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Continued from page 398.)

VI.

"Now get that comedy out of your head!" said Herr Gabriel the next morning, "and let us squeeze in some science."

Peer had come near to thinking like young Madsen: "that one was giving up his fresh youth when he was shut up and set down with a book in his hand;" but when he sat at his book there shone from it so many noble and good thoughts that Peer found himself quite absorbed in it. He heard of the world's great men and their achievements: so many had been the children of poor people; Themistocles the hero, son of a potter; Shakespeare, a poor weaver's boy, who when a young man held horses at the door of the theatre, where afterward he was the mightiest man in poetic art of all countries and all time. He heard of the singing contest at Wartburg, where the poets vied to see who would produce the most beautiful poem—a contest like the old trial of the Grecian poets at the great public feasts. Herr Gabriel talked of these with especial delight. Sophocles had in his old age written one of his best tragedies and won the prize of victory over all the others. In this honor and fortune his heart broke with joy. Ah! how blessed to die in the midst of his joy of victory! What could be more fortunate! Thoughts and dreamings filled the soul of our little friend, but he had no one to whom he could tell them. They would not be intelligible to young Madsen or to Primus, nor to Madame Gabriel either: she was either all good humor, or the sorrowing mother, sitting dissolved in tears. Her two small girls looked with astonishment at her, nor could Peer either discover why she was so overwhelmed with sorrow and grief.

"The poor children!" said she then, "a mother is ever thinking of their future. The boys can take care of themselves. Cæsar falls, but he gets up again; the two older ones splash in the water-bowl; they want to be in the navy and make good matches. But my two little girls! what will their future be? They will reach the age when the heart feels, and then know I well that the one they each get attached to will not be at all after Gabriel's mind; he will give them one they cannot endure, and then will they be so unhappy. That is what I think of as a mother, and that is my sorrow and my grief. You poor children! you to become so unhappy!" She wept.

The little girls looked at her; Peer looked at her with a sympathetic look. He could not think of anything to answer, and so he took himself back to his little room, sat down

at the old piano, and forth came tones and fantasies which streamed through his heart.

In the early morning he went with a clear brain to his studies and performed the part assigned to him. He was a conscientious, right-minded fellow; in his diary he recorded what each day he had read and studied, how late he had sat up playing at the piano—always mutely, so as not to waken Madame Gabriel. It never read in his diary, except on Sunday, the day of rest: "Thought of Juliet," "Was at the Apothecary's," "Wrote a letter to mother and grandmother." Peer was still Romeo and a good son.

"Very industrious!" said Herr Gabriel. "Follow that example, young Madsen. You will be *reject*."

"Scoundrel!" said young Madsen to himself; Primus, the dean's son, suffered from lethargy. "It is a disease," said the dean's wife, and he was not to be treated with severity. The deanery was only two miles distant; wealth and fine society were there.

"He will die a bishop!" said Madame Gabriel. "He has good *conjugations* at the court, and the deaness is a lady of noble birth. She knows all about Haaltry—that means coats-of-arms."

It was Whitsuntide. A year had gone by since Peer came to Herr Gabriel's house. He had acquired an education, but his voice had not returned; would it ever come?

The Gabriel household was invited to the Dean's to a great dinner and a ball in the evening. A good many guests came from the town and from the manor-houses about. The apothecary's family were invited; Romeo would see Juliet, perhaps dance the first dance with her.

It was a substantial place, the deanery,—whitewashed and without any manure-heaps in the yard; with a dove-cote painted green, about which twined an ivy vine. The Deaness was a corpulent woman—*glaukopis athene*. Herr Gabriel called her the blue-eyed, not the ox-eyed, as Juno was called, thought Peer. There was a certain remarkable mildness about her, an endeavor to have an invalid took; she certainly had Primus's sickness. She was dressed in a corn-colored silk, wore great curls, caught up on the right by a large medallion portrait of her great-grandmother, a general's wife, and on the left by an equally large bunch of grapes of white porcelain.

The Dean had a ruddy, well-conditioned countenance, with shining white teeth, well suited to biting into a roast fillet. His conversation was always garnished with anecdotes. He could discourse with everybody, but no one had ever succeeded in carrying on a conversation with him.

The councillor, too, was here, and among the strangers from the manors was Felix, the merchant's son; he had been confirmed, and was now a young gentleman very elegant in clothes and manners; he was a millionaire, they said. Madame Gabriel had not courage to speak to him.

Peer was overjoyed at seeing Felix, who came forward most cordially to meet him, and said that he brought greetings from his parents, who read all the letters which Peer wrote home to his mother and grandmother.

The dancing began. The Apothecary's daughter was to dance the first dance with the councillor; that was the promise she had made at home to her mother and the councillor himself. The second dance was promised to Peer; but Felix came and took her out, only vouchsafing a good-natured nod.

"You promised that I should have one dance; the young lady will only give permission when you promise."

Peer kept a civil face and said nothing, and Felix danced with the Apothecary's daughter, the most beautiful girl at the ball. He danced the next dance also with her.

"Will you grant me the supper dance?" asked Peer, with a pale face.

"Yes, the supper dance," she answered, with her most charming smile.

"You surely will not take my partner from me?" said Felix, who stood close by. "It is not friendly. We two old friends from the town! You say that you are so very glad to see me. Then you must allow me the pleasure of taking the lady to supper!" and he put his arm round Peer and laid his forehead jestingly against his. "Granted! isn't it? granted!"

"No!" said Peer, his eyes sparkling with anger.

Felix gayly raised his arms and set his elbows akimbo, looking like a frog ready to spring :—

"You have perfect right, young gentleman! I would say the same if the supper dance were promised me, sir!" He drew back with a graceful bow to the young lady. But not long after, when Peer stood in a corner and arranged his neck-tie, Felix came, put his arm round his neck, and with the most coaxing look, said :—

"Be splendid! my mother and your mother and old grandmother—they will all say that it is just like you. I am off to-morrow, and I shall be horribly bored if I do not take the young lady to supper. My own friend! my only friend!"

At that Peer, as his only friend, could not hold out; he himself carried Felix to the young beauty.

It was bright morning when the guests the next day drove away from the Dean's. The Gabriel household was in one carriage, and the whole family went to sleep except Peer and Madame.

She talked about the young merchant, the rich man's son, who was really Peer's friend; she had heard him say: "Your health, my friend." "Mother and grandmother." There was something so "*negligent*" and *gallant* in him, she said; "one saw at once that he was the son of rich people, or else a count's child. That the rest of us can't claim. One must be able to bow!"

Peer said nothing. He was depressed all day. In the evening, at bed-time, when lying in bed sleep was chased away, and he said to himself: "How they bow and smirk!" That had he done, the rich young fellow; "because one is born poor, he is placed under the favor and condescension of these richly-born people. Are you then better than we? And why were you created better than we?"

There was something vicious rearing up in him; *something wrong;* something which his grandmother would be grieved at. "Poor grandmother! Thou also hast been appointed to poverty. God has known how to do that!" and he felt anger in his heart, and yet at the same time an apprehension that he was sinning in thought and word against the good God. He grieved to think he had lost his child's mind, and yet he possessed it just by this grief, whole and rich in nature. Happy Peer!

A week after there came a letter from grandmother. She wrote, as she could, great letters and small letters mixed up, all her heart's love in things small and great that concerned Peer :—

"My own sweet, blessed boy :—I think of thee, I long for thee, and that too does thy mother. She gets along very well with her washing. And the merchant's Felix was in to see us yesterday, with a greeting from thee. You had been at the Dean's ball, and thou wert so honorable; that wilt thou always be, and rejoice the heart of thy old grandmother and thy hard-working mother. She has something to tell you about Miss Frandsen."

And then followed a postscript from Peer's mother.

"Miss Frandsen is married, the old thing. The bookbinder Court is become court bookbinder, in accordance with his petition, with a great sign, 'Court Bookbinder Court!' And she has become Madame Court. It is an old love that does not rust, my sweet boy.

"Thy Mother."

"Second Postscript. Grandmother has knit you six pair of woollen socks, which you will get by the first opportunity. I have laid with them a pork-pie, your favorite dish. I know that you never get it at Herr Gabriel's, since the lady is so afraid of what—I don't know exactly how to spell 'trichines.' You must not believe that, but only eat.

"Thy own Mother."

Peer read the letter and read himself happy. Felix was so good; what wrong had he done him! They had separated at the Dean's without saying good-bye to each other.

"Felix is better than I," said Peer.

VII.

In a quiet life one day glides into the next, and month quickly follows month. Peer was already in the second year of his stay at

Herr Gabriel's, who with great earnestness and determination—Madame called it obstinacy—insisted that he should not again go on the stage.

Peer himself received from the singing-master, who monthly paid the stipend for his instruction and support, a serious admonition not to think of comedy-playing so long as he was placed there; and he obeyed, but his thoughts traveled often to the theatre at the capital. They had but a fancied life there, on the stage where he was to have stood as a great singer; now his voice was gone, nor did it come back, and often was he sorely oppressed thereat. Who could comfort him? neither Herr Gabriel nor Madame; but our Lord surely could. Consolation comes to us in many ways. Peer found it in sleep—he was indeed a lucky Peer.

One night he dreamed that it was Whitsunday, and he was out in the charming green forest, where the sun shone in through the boughs, and where all the ground beneath the trees was covered with anemones and cowslips. Then the cuckoo began—"Cuckoo!" How many years shall I live? asked Peer, for that people always ask the cuckoo the first time in the year that they hear its note, and the cuckoo answered: "Cuckoo!" but uttered no more and was silent.

"Shall I only live a single year?" asked Peer; "truly that is too little. Be so good as to cuckoo if it is so!" Then began the bird—"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" Aye! it went on without end, and as it went Peer cuckooed with it, and that as lively as if he too were a cuckoo; but his note was stronger and clearer; all the little birds warbled, and Peer sang after them, but far more beautifully; he had all the clear voice of his childhood, and carolled in song. He was so glad at heart, and then he awoke, but with the assurance that the sounding-board still was in him, that his voice still lived, and some bright Whitsun morning would burst forth in all its freshness; and so he slept, happy in this assurance.

But days and weeks and months passed; he perceived not that his voice came again.

Every bit of intelligence which he could get of the theatre at the capital was a true feast for his soul; it was meat and drink to him. Crumbs are really bread, and he received crumbs thankfully—the poorest little story. There was a flax-dealer's family living near the Gabriels. The mother, an estimable mistress of her household, brisk and laughing, but without any acquaintance or knowledge of the theatre, had been at the capital for the first time, and was enraptured with everything there, even with the people; they had laughed at everything she had said, she assured them—and that was very likely.

"Were you at the theatre also?" asked Peer.

"That I was," replied the flax-dealer's wife. "How I steamed! You ought to have seen me sit and steam in that hot place!"

"But what did they do? What piece did they play?"

"That will I tell you," said she. "I shall give you the whole comedy. I was there twice. The first evening it was a talking piece. Out came she, the princess: 'Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!' how she could talk. Next came the people: 'Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!' and then down came Madame. Now they began again. The prince, he: 'Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!' then down came Madame. She fell down five times that evening. The second time I was there, it was all singing: 'Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!' and then down came Madame. There was a country-woman sitting by my side; she had never been in the theatre, and supposed that it was all over; but I, who now knew all about it, said that when I was there last, Madame was down five times. The singing evening she only did it three times. There! there you have both the comedies, as true to life as I saw them."

If it was tragedy she saw, Madame always came down. Then it flashed over Peer's mind what she meant. At the great theatre there was painted upon the curtain which fell between the acts a great female figure, a Muse with the comic and the tragic mask. This was Madame who "came" down. That had been the real comedy; what they said and sang had been to the flax-dealer's wife only "Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!" but it had been a great pleasure, and so had it been also to Peer, and not less to Madame Gabriel, who

heard this recital of the pieces. She sat with an expression of astonishment and a consciousness of mental superiority, for had she not, as Nurse, been Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet," as the Apothecary said?

"Then down comes Madame," explained by Peer, became afterward a witty by-word in the house every time a child, a cup, or one or another piece of furniture fell upon the floor in the house.

"That is the way proverbs and familiar sayings arise!" said Herr Gabriel, who appropriated everything to scientific use.

New Year's eve, at the stroke of twelve, the Gabriels and their boarders stood, each with a glass of punch, the only one Herr Gabriel drank the whole year, because punch makes one's stomach ache. They drank a health to the new year, and counted the strokes of the clock, "one, two," till the twelfth stroke. "Down comes Madame!" said they.

The new year rolled up and on. At Whitsuntide Peer had been two years in the house.

VIII.

Two years were gone, but the voice had not come back. How would the future be for our little friend?

He could always be a tutor in a school—that was in Herr Gabriel's mind—there was a livelihood in that, though nothing to be married on; nor was Peer's mind quite made up as to how large a share of his heart the apothecary's daughter had.

"Be a tutor!" said Madame Gabriel; "a schoolmaster! then be the veriest humdrum on earth, just like my Gabriel. No, you are born for the theatre. Be the greatest actor in the world: that is something else than being a tutor."

An actor! ay, that was the goal.

He gave vent to his feelings in a letter to the singing-master; he told of his longing and his hope. Most earnestly did he long for the great city where his mother and grandmother lived, whom he had not seen for two years. The distance was only thirty miles;* in six hours, by the quick train, that could be passed. Why had they not seen one another? That is easily explained. Peer had, on leaving, been made to give his promise to stay where he should be placed, and not to think of a visit. His mother was busy enough with her washing and ironing. Yet, for all that, she thought a good many times of making the great journey, though it would cost a deal of money, but she never did. Grandmother had a horror of railways; she thought to go by them was to fly in the face of Providence. Nothing could induce her to travel by steam; she was, too, an old woman, and she would take no journey until she took her last one up to our Lord.

That she said in May, but in June the old thing did travel, and quite alone, too, the thirty long miles, to the strange town, to strange people, and all to go to Peer. It was a great occasion, the most sorrowful one that could occur to mother and grandmother.

The cuckoo had said "cuckoo!" without end when Peer the second time asked it, "How many years shall I live?" His health and spirits were good: the future shone brightly. He had received a delightful letter from his fatherly friend, the singing-master. Peer was to go home, and they would see what could be done for him—what course he should pursue if his voice was really gone.

"Appear as Romeo!" said Madame Gabriel; "you are old enough now for the lover's part, and have got some color in your cheeks; you don't need to paint."

"Be Romeo!" said the Apothecary and the Apothecary's daughter.

Many thoughts went sounding through his head and heart. But

"Nobody knows what to-morrow shall be."

He sat down below in the garden that stretched out to the meadow. It was evening and moonlight. His cheeks burned, his blood was on fire, the air brought a grateful coolness. There over the moor a mist hung that rose and sank and made him think of the dance of the Elfin maidens. There came into his mind the old saying of the Knight Olaf, who rode out to ask the guests to his wedding, but was stopped by the Elfin maidens, who drew him into their dance and sport, and thereby came his death. It was a piece of folk lore, an

* Danish measure.

old poem. The moonlight and the mist over the moor painted pictures for it this evening.

Peer sat and soon was in a half dreaming state, looking out upon it all. The bushes seemed to have shapes of human sort and half of beastly form. They stood motionless, while the mist rose like a great waving veil. Something like this had Peer seen in a ballet at the theatre, when Elfin maidens were represented, whirling and waving with veils of gauze; but here it was far more charming and more wonderful. So great a scene as this no theatre could show; none had so clear an air, so shining a moonlight.

Just in front, in the mist, appeared most distinctly a female shape, and it became three, and the three many; they danced hand in hand, floating girls. The air bore them along to the hedge where Peer stood. They nodded to him; they spake; it was like the cling! clang! of silver bells. They danced into the garden and about him; they enclosed him in their circle. Without thought he danced with them, but not their dance. He whirled about, as in the memorable vampire dance, but he thought not of that, he thought not at all of aught more, but was enveloped in the wondrous beauty he saw around him.

The moor was a sea, so deep and dark-blue, with water-lilies that were bright with all conceivable colors; dancing over the waves they bore him upon their veil to the opposite shore, where the giant mound has thrown aside its grassy sward and rose into a castle of clouds, but the clouds were of marble; flowering vines of gold and costly stones twined about the mighty blocks of marble; each flower was a radiant bud that sang with human voice. It was like a choir of thousands and thousands of happy children. Was it heaven, or was it the Elfin hill?

The castle walls stirred—they moved toward each other—they closed about him. He was within them and the world of men was without. Then felt he a pain, a strange yearning, as never before. No outlet could he find, but from the floor away up to the roof there smiled upon him sweet young girls; they were so loving as he looked upon them, and yet the thought came—are ye but paintings? He would speak with them, but his tongue found no words; his speech was gone; not a sound came from his lips. Then he threw himself upon the earth, with a misery he never before had known.

One of the Elfin maidens came to him; surely she meant well to him in her manner; she had taken the shape he would most like to see; it was the likeness of the Apothecary's daughter; he was almost ready to believe that it was she; but soon he saw that she was hollow in the back—a charming front view, but open behind and nothing at all inside.

"One hour here is a hundred years outside," said she; "thou hast already been here a whole hour. All whom you know and love without these walls are dead. Stay with us! Yes, stay thou must, or the walls will hold thee in a vice till the blood spirts from thy fore head."

And the walls trembled, and the air became like that of a glowing furnace. He found his voice.

"Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken me?" he cried from the depths of his soul.

Then Grandmother stood beside him. She took him in her arms, she kissed his brow, she kissed his mouth.

"My own sweet little one!" said she, "our Lord doth not let thee go; He lets none of us go, not the greatest sinner. To God be praise and honor for evermore!"

And she took out her psalmbook, the same one from which she and Peer many a Sunday had sung. How her voice rang! how full her tones! all the Elfin maidens laid their heads down to the rest they longed for. Peer sang with Grandmother, as before he had sung each Sunday; how strong and mighty all at once was his voice! the walls of the castle trembled; they became clouds and mist; Grandmother went with him out of the hill into the high grass, where the glow-worms made light and the moon shone. But his feet were so weary he could not move them; he sank down on the sward; it was the softest bed; there he rested and awoke to the sound of a psalm.

Grandmother sat beside him—sat by his bed in the little chamber in Herr Gabriel's house. The fever was over; life and reason had returned. But he had been at the door of death. Down in the garden, that evening,

they had found him in a swoon; a violent fever followed. The doctor thought that he would not get up from it again, but must die, and so they had written thus to his mother. She and Grandmother felt that they must go to him; both could not leave, and so the old grandmother went, and went by the railway.

"It was for Peer only that I did it," said she. "I did it in God's name, or I must believe that I flew with the Evil One on a broomstick on Midsummer Eve."

IX.

THE journey home was made with glad and light heart. Devoutly did grandmother thank our Lord that Peer was yet to outlive her. She had delightful neighbors in the railway carriage—the apothecary and his daughter. They talked about Peer: they loved him as if they belonged to his family. He was to become a great actor, said the apothecary; his voice had now returned, too, and there was a fortune in such a throat as his.

What a pleasure it was to the grandmother to hear such words! She lived on them; she believed them thoroughly; and so they came to the station at the capital, where the mother met her.

"God be praised for the railway!" said grandmother, "and be praised, too, that I quite forgot I was on it! I owe that to these excellent people;" and she pressed the hands of the apothecary and his daughter. "The railway is a blessed discovery when one is through with it. One is in God's hands."

Then she talked of her sweet boy, who was out of all danger and housed with people who were very well off and kept two girls and a man. Peer was like a son in the house, and on the same footing with two children of distinguished families: one of them was a Dean's son. The grandmother had lodged at the post-inn; it was dreadfully dear! but then she had been invited to Madam Gabriel's; there she had stayed five days; they were angelic people, especially the mistress; she had urged her to drink punch, excellently made, but rather strong.

In about a month would Peer, by God's help, be strong enough to come home to the capital.

"He has been flattered and has become very fine," said the mother. "He will not feel at home here in the garret. I am very glad that the singing-master has invited him to stay with him. And yet," so mourned she, "it is horribly sad that one should be so poor that one's own bairn should not find it good enough for him in his own home."

"Don't say those words to Peer," said grandmother; "you don't see into him as I do."

"But he must have meat and drink, any way, no matter how fine he has grown; and he shall not want those so long as my hands can joggle in the wash-tub. Madam Court has told me that he can dine twice a week with her, now that she is well off. She knows what prosperity is, and what rough times are, too. Has she not herself told me that one evening, in the box at the theatre where the old *danseuses* have a place, she felt sick? The whole day long she had only had water and a caraway seed cake, and she was sick from hunger, and very faint. 'Water! water!' cried the other. 'No! some tarts!' she begged; 'tarts!' She needed something nourishing, and had not the least need of water. Now she has her own pantries and a well-spread table."

Thirty miles away Peer still sat, but happy in the thought that he would soon be in the city, at the theatre, with all his old, dear friends, whom now he rightly knew how to value. Within him there was music: without there was music too. All was sunshine—the glad time of youth, the time of hope and anticipation. Every day he grew stronger, got good spirits and color. But Madam Gabriel was much depressed as his time for departure drew near.

"You are going into great society, and into the midst of many temptations, for you are handsome—that you have become in our house. You have *naïveté*, just as I have, and that will get you into temptation. One must not be fastidious, and he must not be mangy; fastidious like the Queen Dagmar, who on Sunday tied her silk sleeves and then had her mind made up about such little things. More than that, I would never have taken on so as Lucretia did. What did she stick her-

self for? She was pure and honest; everybody in the town knew that. What could she do about the misfortune which I won't talk about, but that you at your time of life understand perfectly well? So she gives a shriek and takes the dagger! There was no use in that. I would not have done it, nor you either; for we are both people of nature, and that people will be to the end of time, and that will you continue to be in your art career. How happy I shall be to read about you in the papers! Some time you will come to our little town and appear perhaps as Romeo, but I shall not be the nurse then. I shall sit in the parquet and enjoy myself."

Madam had a great washing and ironing done the week he went away, that Peer might go home with a whole, clean wardrobe, as when he came. She drew a new, strong ribbon through his amber heart; that was the only thing she wanted for a "remembrance souvenir," but she did not get it.

From Herr Gabriel he received a French lexicon, enriched with marginal notes by Herr Gabriel's own hand. Madam Gabriel gave him roses and ribbon-grass. The roses would wither, but the grass would keep all winter if it did not get into the water but was kept in a dry place, and she wrote a quotation from Goethe as a kind of album-leaf: "Umgang mit Frauen ist das Element guter Sitten." She gave it in translation: "Intercourse with women is the foundation of good manners. Goethe."

"He was a great man!" said she, "if he had only not written 'Faust,' for I don't understand it. Gabriel says so too."

Young Madsen presented Peer with a not badly-done drawing which he had made of Herr Gabriel hanging from the gallows, with a ferule in his hand, and the inscription: "A great actor's first conductor on the road of science." Primus, the Dean's son, gave him a pair of slippers, which the Deaness herself had made, but so large that Primus could not fill them for a year or two yet. Upon the soles was written in ink:—"Remember a sorrowing friend. Primus."

All of Herr Gabriel's household accompanied Peer to the train.

"They shall not say that you went off *sans adieu!*" said Madam, and she kissed him in the railway station.

"I am not concerned," said she; "when one does not do a thing secretly, one can do anything!"

The signal-whistle let off steam; young Madsen and Primus shouted hurra! the "small playthings" joined in with them; Madam dried her eyes and wiped them with her pocket handkerchief; Herr Gabriel said only the word, *Vale!*

The villages and stations flew by. Were the people in them as happy as Peer? He thought of that, praised his good fortune, and thought of the invisible golden apple which grandmother had seen lying in his hand when he was a child. He thought of his lucky find in the gutter, and, above all, of his new-found voice, and of the knowledge he had now acquired. He had become altogether another person. He sang within for gladness; it was a great restraint for him to keep from singing aloud in the cars.

Now the towers of the city appeared, and the buildings began to show themselves. The train reached the station. There stood mother and grandmother, and one other along with them, Madam Court, well bound, Court bookbinder Court's lady, born Frandsen. Neither in want nor in prosperity did she forget her friends. She must needs kiss him as his mother and grandmother had done.

"Court could not come with me," said she; "he is hard at work binding a lot of books for the King's private library. You had your good luck, and I have mine. I have my Court and my own chimney corner, with a rocking-chair. Twice a week you are to dine with us. You shall see my life at home; it is a complete ballet!"

Mother and grandmother hardly got a chance to talk to Peer, but they looked on him with eyes that shone with delight. Then he had to take a cab to drive to his new home at the singing-master's. They laughed and they cried.

"He is still so charming!" said grandmother.

"He has his own good face just as when he went away!" said mother; "and he will keep that when he is in the theatre."

The cab stopped at the singing-master's door, but the master was out. His old servant opened the door and showed Peer up to his chamber, where all about on the walls were portraits of composers, and on the stove a white plaster bust stood gleaming. The old man, a little dull, but trustworthiness itself, showed him the drawers in the bureau, and hooks for him to hang his clothes from, and said he was very willing to clean his boots; when the singing-master came in and gave Peer a hearty shake of the hand in welcome.

"Here is every convenience!" said he; "make yourself quite at home: you can use my piano in the room. To-morrow we will hear how your voice gets on. This is our warden of the castle, our director of household affairs," and he nodded to the old servant. "All is in order; Carl Maria Von Weber, on the stove there, has been whitened in honor of your coming. He was dreadfully grimy. But it is not Weber at all that is put up there, it is Mozart. How comes he there?"

"It is the old Weber," said the servant; "I took him myself to the plaster-man, and he has sent him home this morning."

"But this is a bust of Mozart, and not a bust of Weber."

"Pardon, sir," said the servant; "it is the old Weber, who has become clean. The master does not recognize him again now that he has been whitened."

He could learn how it was of the plaster-man, and then he got the answer that Weber had been broken in pieces, and so he had sent him Mozart instead, it was all the same thing on the stove.

The first day Peer was not to sing nor play, but when our young friend came into the parlor, where the piano stood, and the opera of Joseph lay open upon it, he sang "My Fourteenth Spring," and sang with a voice that was clear as a bell. There was something so charming about it, so innocent, and yet so strong and full. The singing-master's eyes were wet with tears.

"So shall it be, and better still!" exclaimed he. "Now we will shut the piano for the day; you will want to rest."

"But I must go this evening to my mother and grandmother, for I have promised it;" and he hurried away. The setting sun shone over the home of his childhood; the bits of glass in the wall sparkled; it was like a diamond castle. Mother and grandmother sat up there in the garret, a good many steps up, but he flew up three stairs at a time, and was at their door and received with kisses and embraces.

It was clean and tidy there in the little chamber. There stood the stove, the old bear, and the chest of drawers with the hidden treasure which he knew when he rode his hobby horse; on the walls hung the three familiar pictures: the King's portrait, a picture of Our Lord, and father's silhouette, cut out in black paper. It was a good side view, said mother, but it would have been more like him if the paper had been white and red, for that he was an excellent man! and Peer was the very picture of him.

There was much to talk about, much to tell. They were to have a head-cheese, and Madam Court had promised to look in upon them in the evening.

"But how is it that those two old people, Court and Miss Frandsen, ever should have got married?" asked Peer.

"It has been in their thoughts these many years," said mother. "You know he was married. Well, he did it, they say, to pique Miss Frandsen, who looked down on him when she was in her high and mighty state. He got a comfortable property with his wife, but she was dreadfully old; lively, and on crutches! She could not die; he waited for it. It would not have surprised me, if, like the man in the story, he had every Sunday put the old thing out in the open air, so that our Lord might see her and remember to send for her."

"Miss Frandsen sat still and waited," said grandmother. "I never believed she would get it. But last year Madam Court died, and so Frandsen came to be mistress in the house."

At that moment in came Madam Court.

"We were talking about you," said grandmother; "we were talking about your patience and reward."

"Yes," said Madam Court. "It did not come in my youth, but one is always young so

long as one hasn't a broken body, says my Court. He is a witty fellow. We are old, good works, he says, both in one volume, and that with gilt top. I am so happy with my Court and my chimney-corner. A porcelain stove! there the fire is made in the evening, and it keeps warm all the next day. It is such a luxury. It is as in the ballet of Circe's Island. Do you remember me as Circe?"

"Yes, you were charming!" said grandmother. "But how people do change!" That was not at all said impolitely, and was not so taken. Then came the head-cheese and the tea.

The next morning Peer paid his visit at the merchant's. The lady met him, pressed his hand, and bade him take a seat by her. In conversation with her he expressed his great gratitude; he knew that the merchant was his secret benefactor. The lady did not know it. "But it is like my husband," said she. "It is not worth talking about."

The merchant was nearly angry when Peer touched on this. "You are on the wrong track altogether," said he, and abruptly closed the conversation. Felix was a student and was to go into diplomatic life.

"My husband calls it all folly," said the lady. "I have no opinion. Providence disposes of such things."

Felix did not show himself, for he was taking a lesson at his fencing-master's. At home Peer told how he had thanked the merchant, but that he would not receive his thanks.

"Who told you that he was what you call him, your benefactor?" asked the singing-master.

"Mother and grandmother," answered Peer.

"Oh, then it must be so."

"You know about it?" said Peer.

"I know; but you will get nothing out of me. Now come, let us sing an hour here at home, this morning."

X.

Once a week there was quartette music. Ears, soul, and thought were filled with the grand musical poems of Beethoven and Mozart. For a long time Peer had heard no good and well-given music. It was as if a kiss of fire darted down his spine and shot through all his nerves. His eyes filled with tears. Every music-evening here at home was a feast to him that made a deeper impression upon him than any opera at the theatre, where there is always something that destroys pleasure or brings faults too strongly forward. The first thing one knows the words do not come out right; they are so smoothed down in the singing that they are as intelligible to a Chinaman as to a Greenlander; then the effect is weakened by faults in the dramatic expression, and by a full voice sinking down in single places to the power of a music-box, or is drawled out in false tones. Lack of truthfulness also in decoration and costume is to be observed. All this was absent from the quartette. The music poems rose in all their grandeur, costly hangings decorated the walls in the concert-room, and he was in the world of music, listening to the masters in their fascination.

In the great public music-hall was given one evening, by a well-trained orchestra, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; especially the andante movement, "the scene by the brook," stirred and excited our young friend with strange power. It carried him into the living, fresh woods; the lark and the nightingale warbled; there the cuckoo sang. What beauty of Nature, what a well-spring of refreshment was there! From this hour he knew within himself that it was the picturesque music, in which Nature was reflected, and the emotions of men's hearts were set forth, that struck deepest into his soul: Beethoven and Haydn became his favorite composers.

With the singing-master he talked frequently of this, and at every conversation they two came nearer each other. How rich in knowledge this man was, as inexhaustible as Mimer's* well. Peer listened to him, and just as when he was a little boy he heard eagerly grandmother's wonder stories and tales, now he heard those of the world of music, and knew what the forest and the sea told, what sounds in the old giant mound, what every bird sings with its bill, and what

* Mimer, in the Scandinavian mythology, is the goddess of wisdom. It was from her well that Odin drew his bucketfuls of wisdom.—Trans.

the voiceless flowers breathe forth in fragrance.

The hour for singing every morning was a real hour of delight for master and pupil; every little song was sung with a freshness, an expression, and a simplicity: most charmingly did they give Schubert's "Travel Song." The melody was true, and the words also; they blended together, they exalted and illumined one another, as is fitting. Peer was undeniably a dramatic singer. Each month showed progress in ability; every week, yes, each day by day.

Our young friend grew in a wholesome, happy way, knowing no want or sorrow. His trust in mankind was never deceived; he had a child's soul and a man's endurance, and everywhere he was received with gentle eyes and a kind welcome. Day by day the relations between him and the singing-master grew more intimate and more confidential; the two were like elder and younger brothers, and the younger had all the fervor and warmth of a young heart; that the elder understood, and gave in turn in his own wise.

The singing-master's character was marked by a southern ardor, and one saw at once that this man could hate vehemently or love passionately, and fortunately this last governed in him. He was, moreover, so placed by a fortune left him by his father, that he did not need to take any office which did not content him. He did secretly a great deal of good in a sensible way, but would not suffer people to thank him, or, indeed, to talk about it.

"Have I done anything," said he, "it is because I could and ought to do it. It was my duty."

His old serving-man, "our warden," as he called him in jest, talked only with half a voice when he gave expression to his opinion about the master of the house. "I know what he gives away 'between a year and a day,' and I don't know the half! The King ought to give him a star to wear on his breast. But he would not wear it; he would get mad as lightning, if I know him, should one notice him for his honesty. He is happy beyond the rest of us, in the faith which he has. He is just like a man out of the Bible." And at that the old fellow gave an additional emphasis, as if Peer could have some doubt.

He felt and understood well that the singing-master was a true Christian in good earnest, an example for every one. Yet the man never went to church, and when Peer one day mentioned that next Sunday he was going with his mother and grandmother to our Lord's table, and asked if the singing-master never did the same, the answer came, No. It seemed as if he would say something more, as if, indeed, he had some confidence to impart to Peer, but it was not said.

One evening he read aloud from the papers of the beneficence of two or three persons, who were mentioned, and that led him to speak of good deeds and their reward.

"When one does not think of it, it is sure to come. The reward for good deeds is like dates that are spoken of in the Talmud, they ripen late and then are sweet."

"Talmud," asked Peer, "what sort of a book is that?"

"A book," was the answer, "from which more than one seed of thought has been implanted in Christianity."

"Who wrote the book?"

"Wise men in the earliest time; wise in various nations and religions. Here is wisdom enclosed in such words as one finds in Solomon's Proverbs. What kernels of truth! One reads here that men round about the whole earth, in all the centuries, have always been the same. 'Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet in what you say,' is found here. It is a piece of wisdom for all times. 'No one can jump over his own shadow!' is here too, and, 'Wear shoes when you walk over thorns!' You ought to read this book. You will find in it the proof of culture more clearly than you will discover cultivation of the soil in layers of earth. For me, as a Jew, it is besides an inheritance from my fathers."

"Jew," said Peer, "are you a Jew?"

"Did you not know that? How strange that we two should not have spoken of it before to-day."

Mother and grandmother knew nothing about it either; they had never thought anything about it, but always had known that the

singing-master was an honorable, unexceptionable man. It was in the providence of God that Peer had come in his way; next to our Lord he owed him all his fortune. And now the mother let out a secret, which she had carried faithfully a few days only, and which, under the pledge of secrecy, had been told her by the merchant's lady. The singing-master was never to know that it was out; it was he who had paid for Peer's support and education at Herr Gabriel's. From the evening when, at the merchant's house, he heard Peer sing the ballet "Samson," he alone had been his real friend and benefactor but in secret.

(To be continued.)

HOMEWARD.

A GALLOP through the mountain way,
With click, click, click, against the flint,—
Hard following on the flying day,
That backward flings a fiery tint.

The twilight pines stand dense and grim,
And sigh and sigh, "The day is dead;"
The virgin birches, tall and slim,
Wave shadowy arms across the red.

In brooding peace the uplands lie,
Stretched dimly in their evening rest;
As through their lifted calm I fly,
On, onward, to the happy West.

Oh West, heart-red, burn close before!
Pale, dreamy East, float far behind!
No pause, good steed,—a few miles more,
In yonder glow our rest we'll find.

Urgent, we reach the downward hill,
The village darkens far below,—
Has aught befallen her of ill?
My eager heart leaps down to know.

A swift descent along the ridge,
Through shady glooms and breaks of light;
A cheery clatter on the bridge,
Then up the street where falls the night.

Across the dark a hearth-fire's gleam,
A graceful shadow on the wall;
'Twas false, thank God, that last night's dream,
That something evil did befall.

From out the door a ruddier shine
Meets vanished daylight's golden trace;
And starry eyes turned up to mine,—
One light in heaven and home and face!

THE ANCIENT FENIANS.

In his epic of *Arthur*, Mr. Tennyson has succeeded with rare skill in revivifying a mass of ancestral legends, and rehabilitating them in the thought of the nineteenth century. Grim warriors of pre-historic times rise at his bidding from their slumber of centuries, seat themselves again at the Round Table, and give us the same old tales of knightly joust and tournament—the same recitals of marvellous adventures and chivalric deeds—which so long ago charmed the eager listeners to some garrulous minstrel in baronial halls.

To any one familiar with the legends which have thus become the basis of so grand a poem, there is an impressive difference between the rudimentary knights therein described, and those maturer characters pictured in the lines of our greatest living poet. While Mr. Tennyson has been faithful to the general outlines of those Arthurian romances, and has reproduced with an accuracy and research—only to be appreciated by studying the romances themselves—the most essential characteristics of their heroes, there has still been a wonderful transformation effected in the various personages as they have passed through the alembic of his modern imagination. They have a higher moral purpose, broader views of humanity, a keener sense of honor and justice, a truer conception of love and loyalty than belonged to that primitive age. Their coarser and more brutal features have disappeared, and they are presented to us sublimated, as it were, by the more advanced thought and culture of modern times.

Not less true, however, is the later poem to the spirit of the earlier legends. With a more masterly hand our poet has enlarged and perfected the ideal which those pioneers in our romantic literature attempted to portray. The model kingdom, in which men should be united as a common brotherhood loyally subject to a ruler pre-eminent in those noble qualities which insure obedience; the search after a spiritual perfection lost yet still attainable;—these ideas, disguised though they often seem by the pagan and brutal sentiments prevalent in those turbulent times, were really the soul of those early Arthurian legends. The Quest for the San Greal, in which Arthur and his knights play so prominent a part, expresses the popular aspiration which Christianity had excited for perfection of life and government. That aspiration Mr. Tennyson presents to us intensified by the struggles of succeeding centuries. Taking the same ideas, the same general cast of scenery and plot, he carries forward the drama to its intended consummation;—brings out the original ideal in clearer outlines and fairer proportions. In the "Holy Grail" and "Idylls of the King" we may see the transformations which the Celtic spirit has undergone in its unconscious assimilation into the structure of English life. The semi-pagan Arthur appears glorified with the additional lustre which the English mind has since acquired. The former heroes of a province and a tribe emerge from their long obscurity with a breadth of conception and thought naturally produced by the union of Celt and Teuton into a people of world-wide dominion. Tennyson's Arthur inherits the parental virtues of both those great races of whose marriage English genius is the offspring. The poetical, dreamy, impetuous Celtic spirit is still there, but inseparably united with it are Saxon will and Norman culture and Christian sentiment.

In striking contrast with this revival of ancient Celtic legends in modern poetry, is the reappearance of kindred legends in modern politics. Two names could scarcely be mentioned more widely separated in our ordinary thought, and at the same time more closely connected by a common origin, than Arthurian and Fenian. The one—immortalized by our greatest poets—at once suggests knights of lion-hearted courage and maiden purity; chivalric deeds in defence of truth and right; and all the gorgeous pageantry with which imagination has enriched that famous order of the table round. The other! —what a mingling of the ridiculous and the reprehensible; what suggestions of impotent

bluster, vainglorious boasting, petty frauds, criminal conspiracies, and all the grandiloquence of speech and imbecility of action which have marked their abortive insurrections and invasions! No such difference, however, distinguished these names in ancient times. Finn is simply an older hero than Arthur, and the prowess of the Fenians was celebrated long before the knights of the round table became famous in song. Both names represent the early struggles and aspirations of the Celtic race; alike recall the time when that race was unconsciously preparing the foundations for the grand structure which English thought and blood are rearing throughout the globe.

During the first few centuries of the Christian era these Celtic people, who led the van in the march of Aryan civilization westward, saw themselves in danger of being rapidly absorbed or conquered by their stronger Latin and Teutonic brethren in the rear. Celtic Gaul and Hispania already had been brought so completely under Latin dominion that the customs, institutions, and race of the former rulers were almost entirely forgotten. In the British Isles the remnants of this once great people maintained the longest and most successful struggle for independence. There was their last fortress and sanctuary.

It was natural, during the varying fortunes of this protracted conflict, that the imagination should take those heroes whose real virtues most fully satisfied the popular wants, and, through poem and legend, should present them to us so magnified and glorified that they became also the embodiment of the prevailing ideas and hopes. Finn and Arthur were two such heroes,—personages both historical and mythical,—doing deeds great and grand enough to give foundation to those airy structures which the imagination of bards and romancers afterwards built upon them. In their biographies the fictitious does indeed exceed the real, and yet the fiction, no less than the fact, is a record of the spiritual life of the people among whom it arose. These old heroes, be they legendary or historical, give us an epitome of Celtic history; and the different significations of their names in the past and present represent the fate which has befallen different portions of the Celtic race. While the fame of Arthur and his knights has been kept alive by many noted writers, and the legends concerning him have been assimilated so perfectly into English thought that he is no longer thought of as a Celtic hero, the memory of Finn and his ancient Fenians has passed so completely into oblivion that few have understood the real significance of the appellation as it makes its appearance once more in modern politics. Within the past few years, however, thanks to the patient researches of Celtic antiquarians and scholars, so many old Fenian legends have been exhumed from the dusty archives of European libraries, that we are able to obtain quite a vivid picture of the life of these ancient worthies. In this older literature we find Finn and the Fenians occupying a position among the Gael similar to that of Arthur and his knights among the Cymry. They exhibit the same courage, honor, patriotism—express, in fact, the same high popular aspirations.

The trustworthy facts thus far drawn from the tangle of history and legend in which their exploits have been preserved may be briefly stated.

In the early history of Scotland and Ireland, a tribe of Celtic warriors stand forth pre-eminent by their bold adventures and warlike deeds. The scenes of their exploits received names still perpetuated in the topography of both countries, and the exploits themselves became the theme of many poems and romances. Finn Mac Cumhail (pronounced Coole) was one of these warriors, and their most famous commander. According to Irish annals, he lived and died in the third century of the Christian era. So great was his renown that these Gaelic warriors, who had previously been designated by various names, barbarous to our English ears, were henceforth known as Feinne, Fiana, or Fenians; and as such were celebrated in the legendary history of Scotland and Ireland. They seem eventually to have constituted a kind of established militia, whose duty it was, in the words of an old historian, "to defend the country against foreign or domestic ene-

mies, to support the right and succession of their kings, and to be ready upon the shortest notice for any surprise or emergency of the state."

These meagre historical details give one little idea of the amount of Fenian literature which still exists in ancient Gaelic manuscripts. One of its most accurate and learned students has computed that, were all the Fenian poems and legends published, they would fill three thousand closely printed large quarto pages.

It is not our purpose in this article to attempt to separate the true from the fictitious in these legends, or to discuss the vexed question of their antiquity; although we think it can be shown that many of them are older than any other European nation possesses in its own tongue, and that legends, like words, may have, underlying their most obvious signification, the richest stores of information concerning the race. Keating, in his Irish history of the sixteenth century, says:—

"If it should be objected, that it is not to be supposed some particular transactions relating to O'Fionn and his Fiana, or Irish militia, can obtain belief, because some of the circumstances are impossible in fact, and therefore must be absolutely false, I confess indeed that the history of Ireland in some degree labors under the same misfortune with most of the old chronicles that were written in the times of idolatry and paganism, and there is scarce a country on earth, I suppose, whose primitive records are not disguised with fable and some incredible relations. . . . . But it is an unjustifiable consequence to conclude from hence that the old records and chronicles of all nations are fables and rhapsodies; as if antiquity were a sure and infallible mark of falsehood, and the ancients were a gang of cheats and impostors, who conspired together to transmit lies and to impose upon posterity."

Max Müller, in this age of historical criticism, has scarcely expressed more pointedly than this monk did three centuries ago the claim which popular legends have upon the student of a people's life. There is truth in fiction, could we only get at it; and in these Fenian legends there is at least a trustworthy picture of the sentiments and culture of the people among whom they were produced. We propose at present, however, merely to present enough of their contents to show the contrast between the Fenian of the present and his earliest prototype.

Take, then, this picture of Finn himself, as given by his son Oisin,—the Scotch Ossian, so famous last century through Macpherson's forgeries,—and compare it with the ideal of a modern Fenian commander. The manuscript from which it is taken is certainly three centuries old, and there is good evidence that it was copied from much older writings.

"'Twas yesterday week
I last saw Finn;
Ne'er did I see
A braver man;
Teige's daughter's son,
A powerful king;
Both poet and chief.
Braver than kings,
Firm chief of the Feinn,
Lord of all lands,
Leviathan at sea;
As great on land,
Hawk of the air,
Foremost always.
Generous, just,
Despised a lie,
Of vigorous deeds,
First in song,
A righteous judge.
Firm his rule,
Polished his mein,
Who knew but victory.
. . . . . .
All men's trust,
Of noble mind,
Of ready deeds,
To women mild,
A giant he,
The field's delight.
. . . . . .
With miser's mind,
From none withheld;
Anything false
His lips ne'er spoke.
He never grudged,
No! never Finn.
The sun ne'er saw king
Who him excelled.
. . . . . .
A noble house
Was that of Feinn;
No grudge nor lust,

Babbling nor sham;
No man despised,
Among the Feinn.
The first himself,
All else like him.
Finn was our chief.
Easy his praise,
Noblest of kings.
Finn ne'er refused
To any man,
Howe'er unknown;
Ne'er from his house
Sent those who came.
Good man was Finn,
Good man was he,
No gift e'er given
Like his so free."

This poem, so curious as a specimen of early Celtic composition, is still more interesting for the ideal it unfolds of an ancient Celtic hero. The idea of a man who was thus both poet and chief, generous and just, despising lies, babblings, and shams, sharing his rank and greatness with all his followers, is certainly remarkable for a people so barbarous as the ancient Gaels are usually considered.

And the qualifications which he is said to have required in his followers are no less noteworthy. Fabulous as many of them doubtless are, the idea that a true soldier, in order to be worthy of his name, should have honor, courtesy, and learning, as well as bravery and strength, was real, and must have been operating to some extent among the people in order to have thus inspired their writers.

To enter the ancient Fenian order, "every soldier must swear that without regard to fortune he would choose a wife for her virtue, her courtesy, and her good manners; that he would never offer violence to a woman; that as far as he could he would relieve the poor; and that he would not refuse to fight nine men of any other nation. Every soldier must be well acquainted with twelve books of poetry, and be able to compose verses. He must also run well, and defend himself when in flight. To try his activity, he was made to run through a wood, having a tree's breadth, and the whole of the Fenians pursuing him; if he was overtaken or wounded in the wood he was refused, as too sluggish and unskillful to fight with honor among such valiant troops.

"He must be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by standing on it; able also to leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and to stoop under a tree that was lower than his knees. Without stopping or lessening his speed, he must be able to draw a thorn out of his foot. Finally, he must take an oath of fidelity."

These are some of the qualifications given to us by an ancient historian, who naïvely adds:—"So long as these forms of admission were exactly insisted upon, the militia of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels at home and enemies abroad." What would become of our modern Fenians were such qualifications now required?

In another poem of undoubted antiquity, distinguished for its alliteration and syllabic assonance—qualities which characterize more or less much of this ancient Celtic poetry,—Fergus, another of Finn's sons, is represented as mediating in a quarrel between his father, Finn, and another redoubtable warrior, Goll McMorma. The picture which he draws of this warrior corresponds with those already given of Fenian soldiers.

"I tell thee, Finn,
His (Goll's) strength as waves
In battle's crash;
Princely his gait,
Comely his form,
Goll's skilled fence
No play when roused.
Ready to give,
Dreadful his strength,
Manly his mould,
Soldierly great.
Ne'er could I tell
His grace and power.
Like murmuring seas,
Rushed to the fight,
A lion bold,
As great in deed.
'Tis he that wounds
The greatest foe.
His purpose firm,
A victor sure,
Desires the fight.
In history learn'd,
Warrior bold,
Sharp is his sword.
Contemptuous Goll
Plunders at will.
A fearless man,

Wrathful is he,
Dreadful in look,
Leopard in fight,
Fierce as a hound.
Of women loved.
A circle true
E'er by him stood,
He's truly great.
Liberal, just,
Does not despise,
Yet firm resolves,
Gentle, yet brisk,
Forsakes no friend."

After thus soothing Goll's wounded pride by a recital of his many noble qualities, the poem closes with this appeal to Finn and Goll to renew their friendship :—

"Noble MacCumhail,
Sooth and promise,
Give peace to Goll,
Check wrath and guile.
During my day
Whate'er it be,
I'd give without guile
A third of the chase.
Let's strive no more,
Soft do thou speak,
Finn's love to Goll.
Goll, leave thy wrath,
With us have peace,
Now without grudge,
Have of Finn's forest a third."

And Goll is represented as answering :—

"That will I take,
Fergus, dear friend.
My wrath is gone,
No more I ask."

Cheap as such epithets may seem in poetical diction, they are valuable at least in showing the workings of Celtic imagination ; and there must be a truth underlying all this hyperbole and metaphor in that combination of bravery and learning, strength and courtesy, fierceness and gentleness, which we find characterizing these Fenians in so many poems and legends.

If, also, the character of a people can be judged at all from the position woman occupies in their literature, we may find still more striking illustrations of Fenian life in some legends and poems in which the other sex plays a prominent part. The following exhibits not only their respect for woman, but a unique style of courtship :—

The translator has abridged it somewhat, but has preserved as far as possible its original simplicity.

"One day Finn asked Cael,—a favorite warrior of his company,—whom he observed just returning from a journey, where he had come from. Cael answered that he had come from Brugh, in the north. 'And what was your business there?' said Finn. 'To speak to my nurse Muirn, the daughter of Derg,' said Cael. 'About what?' said Finn. 'Concerning Credé, the daughter of Cairbré, King of Kerry,' said Cael. 'Ah! do you know,' said Finn, 'that she is the greatest flirt among all the women of Erinn ; there is scarcely a precious gem in all Erinn that she has not obtained as a token of love ; and she has not yet accepted the hand of any of her admirers?'—'I know it,' said Cael ; 'but do you know the condition upon which she would accept a husband?'—'I do,' said Finn ; 'whoever is gifted enough in the art of poetry to write a poem descriptive of her mansion and its rich furniture will receive her hand.'—'Good,' said Cael ; 'I have, with the aid of my nurse, composed such a poem, and, if you will accompany me, I intend to go to her court and present it.' Finn agreed to the proposal, and they started at once for the lady's court, which was at foot of the well-known mountains, the Paps of Anann, in Kerry. When they arrived the lady asked their business. Finn answered that Cael came to seek her hand in marriage. 'Has he a poem for me?' said she. 'I have,' said Cael ; and he then recited a curious poem, of which these few extracts are a literal translation :—

"A journey I make on Friday ;
And should I go, I shall be a true guest,
To Credé's mansion—not small the fatigue,
At the breast of the mountain on the north-east.

A bowl she has whence berry-juice flows,
By which she colors her eyebrows black.
She has clear vessels of fermenting ale ;
Cups she has, and beautiful goblets.
The color of her house is the color of lime,
Within it are couches and green rushes ;
Within it are silks and blue mantles ;
Within it are red gold and crystal cups.
Of its sunny chamber the corner stones
Are all of silver, and of yellow gold ;

Its thatch in stripes of faultless order
On wings of brown and crimson red.

Wounded men would sink in sleep,
Though ever so heavily burning with blood,
With the warblings of the fairy birds
From the eaves of her sunny chamber.

Its portico is thatched
With wings of birds, both blue and yellow;
Its lawn in front, and its well
Of crystal and of carmogal.

Here is a poem for her, no mean present,
It is not a hasty, rash composition.
To Credé now it is here presented,
May my journey be brightness to her."

The young lady, we are told, was delighted with the poem, and at once accepted the gifted author for a husband. Her dwelling doubtless lacked somewhat of the barbaric splendor with which it is here described; but the taste for gorgeous coloring, and the notion that the man of genius alone was worthy of all this material wealth, and a woman's love,—these were real possessions of those ancient Celts. What a picture also of society is this where maidens are won by poetry, and nurses assist in its composition! Nor are instances wanting of a chivalric spirit not inferior to that exhibited in the Arthurian legends. Here is one which we take from another poem:—

"Once we were a little band,
At Essaroy, of gentle streams;
Near the coast was under sail
A currach, in which sat a maid.
Fifty men stood by the king,
Brave in any fight or field;
Sad for them who faced their right arm,
For we ruled in every land.
All of us rose up in haste,
Save Finn of the Feine and Gaul,
To welcome the boat as it sped,
Cleaving the waves in its course.
It never ceased its onward way
Until it reached the wonted port.
Then, when it had touched the land,
The maid did from her seat arise,
Fairer than a sunbeam's sheen,
Of finest mould and gentlest mien.
Then before this stranger maid
We stood and showed courtesy:
'Come to the tent of Finn with us.'
With grace she all of us salutes;
'Twas Cumhail's son himself replied,
And salutes her in return.

Then did the king of noblest mien
Ask of the maid of fairest face,
'Whence is it thou hast come, fair maid?
Give us now in brief thy tale.'
'If thou be Finn, I ask defence,'
So now did speak the youthful maid,
'Thou of soft speech, and purest race,
Grant me protection; grant it now.'
Then spoke the wise and knowing king:
'Tell us now from whom thou flee'st?
Protection I thee grant, fair maid,
'Gainst every man that dares thee hurt.'"

The maiden relates her grievances; but in the midst of the recital her oppressor—"a hero of unequalled size"—appears, and endeavors to carry her away by force. After a long and fierce struggle, in which all the warriors except Finn are severely wounded, the ravisher is slain, and the maiden delivered. Such a plot may seem rather stale after it has been served up with every conceivable intellectual condiment for so many centuries, but it was fresher then, and it has a peculiar charm now, as an illustration of the spiritual culture of these Gaelic warriors. It is much for a people to have even in legendary literature their most renowned hero represented as "the generous friend of all distressed."

In another legend—and one of the most noted—we get a glimpse of Finn in his old age, where he appears in a light somewhat less heroic, but no less interesting for the revelation it makes of Fenian character and society. We give merely a brief outline of it.

"Finn, in his old age, asked the monarch Cormac MacArt for his daughter Grainné, in marriage. Cormac received the proposal with favor, and invited Finn to his palace at Tara to obtain the princess' consent, which was necessary in those days in Erin. Finn accepted the invitation, and took with him many of his warriors; his son Oisin, and Diarmid, one of his chief officers, a man of fine person and fascinating address. On their arrival a great feast was provided by the monarch for their entertainment.

"It was the custom at such feasts for the mistress of the mansion to fill her own cup with choicest liquor, and send it round by her favorite maid to the most distinguished guests. On this occasion Grainné did the honors of the table, and accordingly sent round her cup until

all had drunk from it except Oisin and Diarmid. Scarcely had they partaken of the liquor, and uttered their acknowledgments to the princess, than they all fell into a heavy sleep.

"When Grainné perceived the effect of the liquor, which she had purposely drugged, she went and sat by the side of Oisin and Diarmid, and, complaining of the folly of Finn, in expecting a maiden of her youth and accomplishments could ever consent to marry a worn-out old man, she offered to elope with Oisin; and when he refused to dishonor his father by such a proceeding, she implored Diarmid to save her from a fate worse than death by running off with her and making her his wife. After much persuasion Diarmid consented; the parties hastily fled from the palace, and succeeded in escaping to the open country.

"Finn and his companions, when they discovered the trick which had been played upon them, were, of course, greatly enraged, and started off immediately in hot pursuit. But Diarmid was such a favorite among the Fenians, and excited so much sympathy from the peculiar circumstances of the elopement, that the offenders succeeded in continually eluding their pursuers."

Did space permit, many other legends might be cited in confirmation of the statement, that, generations before Arthur, there is to be found among these ancient Fenians the same chivalric regard for women which afterwards characterized the romances of the Norman Trouvères. Scarcely inferior, indeed, in any respect to their more renowned compatriots of the round table, is the representation which these early poems and legends alike give of the noble qualities of this band of warriors. The coarse and brutal features of those barbarous times do sometimes mar the picture. We must remember that these men were either pagans, or just passing from paganism to Christianity. Numerous illustrations, in fact, might be given of the conflict between the old Fenian spirit and the monastic, as they are brought face to face. Two examples, however, which exhibit both their wit and bravery, will suffice. With a confusion of chronology common in poems which have passed orally through so many generations, St. Patrick and Ossian are represented as holding the following dialogue :—

"'Tell us, O Patrick, what honor is ours;
Do the Feine of Ireland in heaven now dwell?'

"'In truth I can tell thee, thou Ossian of fame,
That no heaven has thy father, Oscar, or Gaul.'

"'For thy love's sake, Patrick, forsake not the heroes,
Unknown to heaven's king, bring thou in the Feinn.'

"'Though little room you'd like, not one of your race,
Unknown to heaven's king, shall get beneath his roof.'

"'How different MacCumhail, the Feinn's noble king,
All men, uninvited, might enter his great house.'

"'Sad is that, old man, and thy life's close so near,
That thou shouldst so unjustly judge of my great king.'

"'Better the fierce conflict of Finn and his Feinn,
Than thy holy Master and thyself together.'

. . . . . .

"'By thy hand, Boisgne's son, not empty are my words,
Better is one angel than Finn and the Feinn.'

"'Were my men in life I'd not hear thy howling,
And I'd make thee suffer in return for thy talk.'"

In a similar strain the Fenian poet and Christian monk discuss the merits of their respective faiths in another dialogue.

"*Patrick.*—Now is Finn the Whitehanded placed by God among the devils, and, although once great his strength to rely upon, he is weak now in the country of pains."

"*Ossian.*—My affliction and my grief I own; not that myself or Finn would have any regard for devils, however hideous."

"*Patrick.*—It is better for thee to be with me and the clergy, as thou art, than to be with Finn and the Fenians, for they are in hell without order of release."

"*Oisin.*—By thy book and its meaning, by thy crozier and by thy image, better were it for me to share their torments than to be among the clergy continually talking. . . . Woe is me that I am with the clergy of the bells! For a time I lived with Caeilte, and then we were not poor."

With the rise of monasticism the Fenian order passes into obscurity. Their memory, however, continued for some time to inspire the Gaelic poets, one of whom, calling himself by the name most renowned in their lit-

erature, with a pathos and despair characteristic of later Celtic poetry, thus laments their downfall :—

"Long are the clouds this night above me,
The last was a long night to me.
Each day that comes is long to me,
Such indeed was not my wont.
Now is no fight or battle-field,
No learning noble feats of arms;
Without maiden, song, or harp;
No studious learning any more;
No hospitable heart, or board;
No soft wooing, and no chase;
In both of which I took delight.
Without the battle, march, or fight,
Alas! how sorrowful life's close.

"Long are the clouds this night above me,
In this great world none is like me,
So sad, how sad my case!
A poor old man now dragging stones.
Long are the clouds this night above me,
The last man of the Feine am I,
The great Ossian, the son of Finn,
Listening to the sound of bells.
Long are the clouds this night above me."

Thus, amid the lamentations of their bards,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,"

and the Fenians pass from history and romance to reappear, after an interval of so many centuries, in modern politics. Why is it that in their resurrection they have lost so much of their ancient glory? Imagination is very apt to magnify the virtues of the past, and to lessen its failings;—to look back to a golden age, and contrast it mournfully with the poverty of the present; but the difference between the ancient and modern Fenian is not due to the imagination alone.

There was once, if we can put any faith in historical evidence, among Irish patriots a literary taste, heroism, loyalty, which certainly do not characterize them in later years. Much of this apparent degeneracy undoubtedly may be attributed to the severe oppressions Ireland has suffered at the hands of her English rulers. She has been most unjustly and inhumanly treated. But much also must be attributed to what the French historian, Henri Martin, so felicitously styles—Celtic reaction against the despotism of fact. The modern Fenian is a type of that spirit. He remains willfully blind to the fact that it is not independence of race which Ireland needs, but incorporation into English life. The Teuton is the proper complement of the Celt, as the Celt is of the Teuton. Both gain strength by their union in one people. Saxon will and persistency, united to Celtic imagination and fire, have produced a people richer in commanding spiritual qualities than any the world has seen. Arthurian and Fenian are two words which present in miniature the two sides of Celtic history. In one we may behold the Celt passing harmoniously with other races into a larger and completer national life; in the other, losing even his ancestral renown, through his obstinate struggles for an isolated independence, as impossible as it would be injurious.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S QUEEN.

KING VICTOR is not the handsomest man in the world—not a handsome *king* even. An ordinary man is supposed to look extraordinarily well invested with royalty, but he can boast of being the ugliest of kings, if not of men. Low in stature, corpulent in person, with a head that must have been born overgrown, yet without intellectual breadth or form; a coarse, mixed skin, purple-spotted; faded eyes, often rolling unmeaningly in their sockets; nose, a shapeless lump of reddish clay; a sensual mouth, and a brutal expression altogether, make up the exterior *tout ensemble* of this *Re, Galant' Uomo!*—King, brave man—as the people call him. But ugliness has its uses: Victor Emmanuel made a strong background for the picture of his beautiful Queen! All pictures must have lights and shades. She was the light, he the shadow, in the royal portrait. Unhappily, the light vanished long since—only the shade now remains on it. A few years back the picture was a living, striking one in its contrasts.

That right-royal Queen of Sardinia, who passed away too early to share the crown of United Italy, was an Austrian princess—Adelaide, daughter of Archduke Reignier, the sometime Viceroy of Lombardy. She was the mother of the Prince of Piedmont, present heir-apparent of the Italian throne; of Amadeus, the king-elect of Spain; of Princess Clotilde, the unfortunate wife of ex-Prince Napoleon; and of Maria Pia, *Pio Nono's* godchild, and now Queen-consort of Portugal. How like the queenly, full-blown rose among ripening buds did Queen Adelaide look when she appeared on the *Grande Promenade* with her little princes and princesses! The happier mother than wife or queen, seldom drove out unaccompanied by her children, warm maternal affection having been one of her marked virtues. Glimpses of her lovely countenance were caught by those whom she honored with a royal salutation from the windows of her stately equipage, always drawn by six milk-white horses; but it was only on state occasions that the full splendor of her truly majestic beauty dazzled the beholder like the sun in his glory.

Never shall I forget the vision of loveliness—adorning rather than adorned by royal surroundings—which rose before me on the day of my own presentation to Her Majesty. There she stood, a step in advance of her six ladies of honor on the right, and her *chevaliers d'honneur* on the left, all arrayed in their brilliant court costumes, yet like twinkling stars only beside the calm, full-orbed moon, as the Queen appeared. Herself in pure white *glacé* silk, under-dress and court-train the same, embroidered around in silver, with a tiara of the largest rubies set in brilliants on her perfect head—stars against that night-black hair—a necklace and bracelets to match on neck and arms, faultless in their proportions, as belonging to a form of queenly height, which towered almost, like King Saul's, "head and shoulders above" her attendants. Her large, luminous dark eyes looked black in contrast with her skin of marble whiteness and polish, over which passed never the faintest shade of color, her only emotional sign being an increased brilliancy of the eye. Perhaps that extraordinary whiteness—not *paleness*, which indicates something lost from the complexion—made her beauty so remarkable, harmonizing completely with classic features, so that altogether she seemed a very Juno. It was a bright January day, and the noonday sun shone in at the great windows of the presentation-room. Such beauty as its rays only heightened feared not to come to the light. How different with our drawing-room beauties, who shine best in the shadow of thick curtains, which shut out the life-giving sunlight!

I had received an early morning summons to pay my court to Her Majesty at noon: little did she, in her calm grandeur, understand all the perturbation which her gracious wish to receive a simple daughter of the republic, had caused in the heart and in the home of the lady before her; nor how much courage on the stranger's part it required to answer royal questions in an unaccustomed tongue. But French is the court language all over the European continent, and a blessed thing for us was it that we were not, at that early day of our residence in Italy, addressed by queenly lips in the liquid Italian, which rolls out its vowels as over an oiled surface, and which soon became familiar to our ears and tongue. It was as much as one unused to courts could do on such an occasion to manage the sweeping train of *grande étiquette;* to sink without awkwardness into *les trois révérences*, or thrice-repeated courtesies, even to the ground, required to approach royalty; and, at the novice's best, what a contrast to the ineffable melting into beauty's curve with which the Queen responded to our salutations! I say *we*, because it devolved on *Comtesse de R.*, wife of the Prussian Ambassador, and *Doyenne* of the *corps diplomatique*, to present any lady attached to a new embassy.

How did my heart beat as the court-carriage, with the Countess, rolled under the arch of our *porte cochère* to convey me to the palace! She herself was a dazzling picture in her court robes, more showy but less tasteful than the Queen's. A train and skirt alike, of white *moire antique* embroidered in gold, formed the base of the Countess's *toilette*. The diamonds of her tiara, necklace, and arm-

lets were a blaze of light in that noonday sun; while her *au-fait* manners, trained at court; her movements, divested of all angularity, and forming the line of beauty at every turn, might alone have been the despair of her unsophisticated *protégée*, who, fortunately, though, had come from a land where the inborn lady equals the born countess of any country: this thought kept her up to the high intent of the occasion. It was one of the so-called *closet* presentations, which are observed with all the honors, and always granted to foreign ministers and their wives. Others, even distinguished strangers, are presented together, usually at court balls. To go with the multitude, or even with the few, requires little courage; in such case, self-possession is far less difficult to master; but to be the one observed of courtly observers, exposed to criticism from the highest sources, is an ordeal severe enough even for one reared in the spirit of an independent country.

Then the pomp and circumstance of a royal palace in festal array! To enter by the grand stairway, between continuous lines of bedecked and begilded officers, all obsequious to do us reverence; to pass from saloon to saloon, hung with satin draperies and glittering in gold, each door flanked right and left by resplendent ushers; finally, to reach the very anteroom of the presence-chamber, be received with all the imposing etiquette of Her Majesty's personal officers, and there to await, in silent dread, the last opening of ponderous doors (swinging as in conscious grandeur on their costly hinges), the immediate usher's command to the royal presence is, to say the least, exciting. And then to face that dazzling scene,—suddenly smitten by the vertical rays of a Queen's smile,—oh, that is enough to make a timid woman feel as if she were shrinking away to less than nothing in her first court-courtesy!

Victor Emmanuel's Queen was a true woman also, and could see, if she could not understand, how embarrassment would overcome the stranger before her, unless she herself graciously stepped forward to the rescue: thus she advanced with such majestic grace to meet the presented, as turned awe into admiration and set fear to flight. What if the usual questions which serve such occasions were more commonplace than queenly, they at least helped her who answered them to respond unabashed; yet she was startled almost from her propriety, humiliated even in her own sense, when, after a brief interview, Her Majesty stepped back as only a queen could, and dismissed us by a grand retreating *révérence!* This gracious permission to take leave necessitated courtesying backwards on our part, not easily done with an entangling court-train two and a half yards long, especially as this severe test of courtly grace had to be undergone three times, we all the while retreating towards the door, where we disappeared amid our profoundest *révérence*, the considerate usher closing it on our polite agony: the dreaded audience was over; we drew a long breath! Those brilliant officials, so imposing on our entrance, were not even noticed as we repassed them in descending the grand stairway; they had become mere motes in the sunbeam of Royal favor.

The next time I saw Queen Adelaide it was at a court ball. Their Majesties together entered the magnificent assembly-room in royal state, announced by the grand usher, and all the flower of the court circle standing to receive them. There, too, the inevitable *trois révérences* were observed in due form; there again the Queen appeared to my dazed eyes as a glorious vision or starred goddess, with that circlet of brilliants on her brow. Though not so majestical in full ball-dress as in the audience chamber with her train sweeping the tapestry carpet, yet even here she was still every inch a queen, as her imperial form curved into gracious salutation to that noble assembly, which, as one, responded in like manner, and again and again, as their Majesties, followed by the ladies and lords in waiting, truly an imposing *cortége*, advanced to the *dais* and took their chairs of state. Nor did the assembly presume even then to be seated till the Queen was pleased to manifest, through a signal from the first lady of honor, that it was her wish that we should resume our seats. King Victor beside his consort, whom he had literally to look up to, despite his blazing uniform, begemmed with decorations, despite his big head, held

erect, seemed at most but a make-b'lieve king—only a very common man in king's apparel. There was an air of sturdy manliness about him, making less repulsive the coarse grain of his absolute ugliness. His salutations and *démarche*, though destitute of grace, were not awkward, because of his entire self-assurance; on the whole, leaving off the *Re*, his appearance justified the Italian title, *Galant' Uomo*. Never did he come nearer being kingly than when in the presence of his Queen, who seemed to impart something of dignity—awe of her, perhaps—to his deportment. That great assemblage, mostly of the *noblesse* of Northern Italy, was a sight in itself: every group crowned with its precious stones, radiating like stars, formed a constellation. The heirloom jewels of the old nobility are preserved religiously, even where an inherited fortune has to be sacrificed. The very peasantry of Italy have their family pearls, which descend from generation to generation, and are always worn on holidays by the eldest daughter, who takes them from her mother as part of her marriage portion, as the mother did before her from her own mother. Unmarried daughters never wear these heirlooms.

But to return from peasant to queen: After Her Majesty had opened the ball, in what is called the Court Quadrille, dancing with the Duke of Genoa, brother to the King, who never dances himself, all the ladies—save the Queen's attendants and those of the diplomacy, who were also included in her *suite* on State occasions—were at liberty to dance, promenade, chat, or flirt at pleasure; but woe to the other *grandes dames!* whom etiquette required to keep their places, like dressed-up automatons, waiting for the special favor of a few words bestowed on each in turn by the Queen, who, during the time that she honored the ball by her presence, would descend from the *dais* and approach these distinguished ladies. Each rose to receive her, and courtesied bending to the ground, only being seated again after Her Majesty sat down, and at her bidding, by her august side. This visitation of the Queen to a free Republican, to tell the truth, was more than a bore—a veritable *supplice*. For, strange to say, that royal lady, so queenly looking and acting, had no royal road to conversational heights. After asking her honored victim how the last opera pleased her, if she liked dancing, &c., &c., repeating these stereotyped questions on every similar occasion, she would sit still, as if puzzling her poor brain for some other thing to say, till impatience was well-nigh ready to break through court proprieties, and impulsive America to prompt the conversation. When the Queen rose majestically to leave for a visit to the next lady in turn, it must be confessed that one of the party gave silent thanks. Yet not even then, nor while the Court remained, was it *comme il faut* to leave our high place of honor and mingle in the festivities of the ball-rooms.

The King's late brother, *Duc de Gênes*, was in personal appearance, bearing, and cultivation, the very opposite of his royal senior. Like their father, Charles Albert, the Duke was a refined, elegant gentleman, who would have worn the crown right royally. He was a favorite with the ladies too, though a model young husband (for a prince) to his fair-haired Duchess, a daughter of the then King of Saxony, and who survives the Duke. On him the King laid all the lighter duties of the Court, viz., those of the ball-room, drawing-room, etc. He it was who danced, in place of the King, with the Court ladies and the wives and daughters of the *diplomats*. We all admired the handsome Duke, and felt pleased, as well as honored, with his hand for the dance or his arm for the promenade.

A little incident occurred at one of the state balls, which in kind was so novel there, that I am tempted to repeat it here:—The King, one evening, sent his brother to invite an American lady present to dance with him, thus conferring a special mark of royal favor on her country and herself. Now, unluckily, it so happened that the lady had been recently ill, and was not yet able to accept the distinguished compliment; therefore, being from the land of freedom, she ventured on the unheard-of liberty of begging His Royal Highness to excuse her, which he did most graciously, yet blushing, it is true, to his very ears, thrown off his princely balance for an instant by such an unlooked-for rebuff! On return-

ing to his place by the King (less kingly) he had to meet something very like ridicule for his discomfiture. Whereupon some of the aristocratic ladies—whom possibly the Duke had never honored with his hand in the dance—began to attack the Republican lady in a horrified manner, exclaiming, "Do you know what you've done? never was Royalty insulted so before!" and so on, and so on. The lady waited till their surprise had subsided into pity, bordering on contempt, when she turned on them in this wise:—"Ladies, I am honored in having given you a practical illustration of American independence. A queen is higher than a prince, and we ladies of the noble Republic are all queens!" This had its effect, but not such as was produced by the Duke's marked attentions to the lady in question soon after, when, perceiving how she was assailed, he came and conversed with her some time, in presence of the assailants, saying, first of all, loud enough to be heard by them, "I admire your independence, Madame. You have done right, and what no other lady here *dare* do!" Alas! the noble Duke of Genoa was one of those "whom the gods love," who "die young."

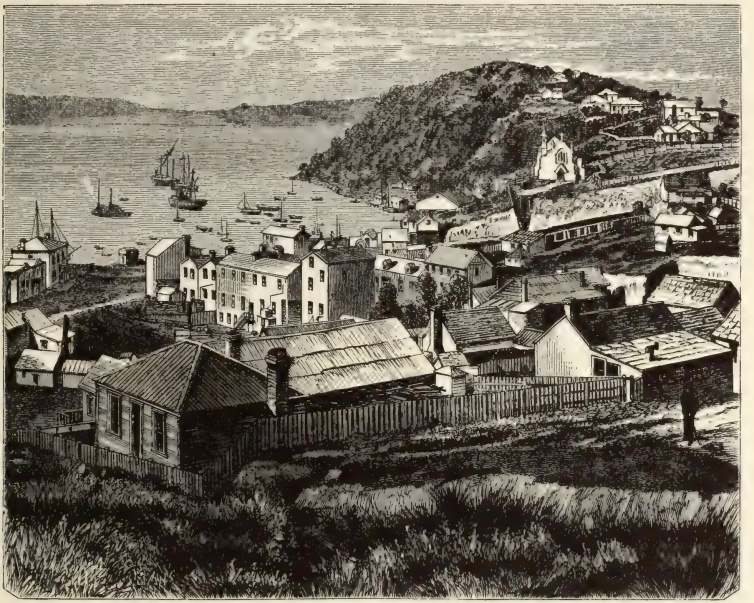
He and Queen Adelaide passed away the same week, and, following fast on their steps, *La Reine Mère* (as the dowager Queen, widow of Charles Albert, was called), and the infant prince also. The King, too, came near dying at the same time of the same fever; but he was spared as the rallying name of the Italian revolution, which ere long followed. The priestly party took advantage of the consternation which death in the palace had caused, by proclaiming, even till it reached the King's ears, that judgment had begun at the royal family for the monasteries uprooted by the Government, who, they said, made liberty a pretext for license among holy orders; and the King, weakened by illness, would have yielded to superstition through the efforts of the reactionists, but for the timely influence of his truest friend as well as faithfulest servant, and Italy's noblest patriot, the late Marquis d'Azeglio, who flew to his royal master's rescue, to the rescue of his country, and being for the first time denied admittance to his presence, wrote him that masterly yet touching letter which saved the nation, and which has been already translated and read in the United States. The free party suspected foul play in the coincident deaths at the palace, which were, nevertheless, from more obvious and natural causes. In the Duke of Genoa chivalry lost a brave soldier, distinguished as a gallant officer on the field, no less than for his gallantry in court society. As for the soldier-king, none doubts his bravery: he fights *con amore* too, and loves the chase as well. Mounted on a fine charger he looks finely, though always best in the distance. But the finest feature of his *morale* was filial love and reverence for his mother, which ever yielded, against his will, to her insistance, that the rigid *etiquette* of the old *régime* should be kept up at court while she lived. Since *La Reine Mère* departed, there is less form and more freedom at Victor Emmanuel's court; while the march of liberty has gone on in the kingdom. But his queenliest of Queens no more crowns the court festivities with her regal presence.

I have seen other beautiful sovereigns, and beautiful women in many lands, but never one, take her for all in all, so handsome as Queen Adelaide. That pretty, fascinating ex-Empress of the French was only a painted doll beside her! albeit, with more beauty of wit, and able to converse with people from all countries and in every tongue.

It seemed impossible that such beauty should go to feed the common worm! Even as it did, that he who claimed it by his conjugal and kingly right, could turn from such a Queen, from the grave of *such* a wife, to contract a morganatic marriage with his long-time mistress—a drummer's daughter! For her he had years before built a house just in the rear of the palace gardens, which was a standing insult to his Queen.

Who may not presume that under the jewel on that superb Queen's bosom there was beating a sore heart, that in her premature decease she was taken from the evil to come? Yet such is the fate of queens! And who is not ready to forget the past, and join the popular cry, *Viva il Re, Galant' Uomo!* who, with all his faults, is still Victor —Victorious!

LIFE IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.



PORT CHALMERS, NEW ZEALAND.

HOW I GOT THERE.

It was on the morning of the one hundred and twentieth day from New York that we sighted the first land of Australia. A fair wind was blowing, and in a few hours we were off Port Phillip Heads, waiting for a pilot to take our ship up to Melbourne, the "Empire City of the Southern Hemisphere."

My room-mate was a young Englishman—a first-rate fellow, but a thorough John Bull. Nothing was good that was not English, and everything that was English was good. After an hour's impatient waiting, we saw a small boat making for us, and, as she came alongside, we saw seated in the stern a jolly-looking individual, with a full, round face, and a color that had probably been acquired from a long residence to the leeward of a brewery. He was the pilot.

"Aha!" said my English friend, "look at that face, will you! There's a good, honest English face, with a color such as no man from Yankee Land ever has."

As the pilot stepped on board, my friend rushed up, caught him by the hand and gave it a hearty shake. "'Ow are you, pilot?" said he. "It does my 'art good to shake the 'and of a fellow-countryman once more."

Like many inhabitants of the "tight little island," my friend made sad work with his *h*'s; so there was no mistaking the land that gave him birth.

"I think, sir," said the pilot, "that you mistake my nationality. I am an American." John Bull was suddenly missing from the poop, and we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense. The pilot was an old American captain, who had formerly run between San Francisco and Melbourne.

At sunset we passed through the Heads and

dropped anchor for the night. After everything was snug, we were feasted on the news of the last four months from all parts of the world. But what particularly interested me was the account of gold fields that had lately been discovered in New Zealand. I was an old Californian, and the stories of rich diggings, and the thousands who were rushing off to the new fields, made me impatient to join the adventurers.

Upon reaching Melbourne, I found that my brother, whom I had come out to see, had already gone to New Zealand, and was in business there. I would have sailed the following day could I have done so, but I was obliged to wait nine days before I could secure a passage. Steamers and sailing vessels were leaving almost daily, and every ship was crowded with passengers.

On New Year's eve I sailed for Otago, and after a somewhat boisterous passage of six days by steamer, sighted the first land of New Zealand. First we saw two large rocks, called the Solander, which stand like sentinels to guard the entrance to Foveaux Straits. There was a heavy mist hanging over the land, and when it broke away the high hills of South New Zealand stood out boldly against the clear blue sky.

From the Solander to Otago Heads the distance is about 180 miles. As it would be impossible for us to get there before dark, we steamed along slowly, so as to run in at daylight the following morning. Passing Bluff Harbor, the most southern port of New Zealand, the steamers run along the coast, keeping so close to the land that passengers get a good view of the coast scenery, which in certain places is somewhat picturesque.

We entered Otago Heads at daylight, and, after steaming up the harbor several miles, dropped anchor off Port Chalmers. We were here transferred to a small steamer, and proceeded to Dunedin, ten miles farther up the harbor. Sailing up the bay, I was reminded of some parts of the Hudson. Hills covered with timber slope down to the water's edge, and are here and there dotted with cottages surrounded by bits of cleared land.

The first view of Dunedin gives a most favorable impression. Rounding the point of a high hill, which rises abruptly from the water, a beautiful panorama breaks upon the vision,—green hills several hundred feet in height, and at the foot of them a narrow belt of flat land parallel with the bay. On this narrow belt is the business portion of the town; but the hill-sides are also dotted with many buildings.

Our little steamer ran alongside of a small wooden jetty, and in a few minutes my feet were on the soil of New Zealand,—a land that in my younger days I had often read of, but never expected to see,—where a roasted missionary was sometimes served up for a chief's dinner, or a fine, fat baby, nicely cooked, when his majesty wanted a particularly dainty dish.

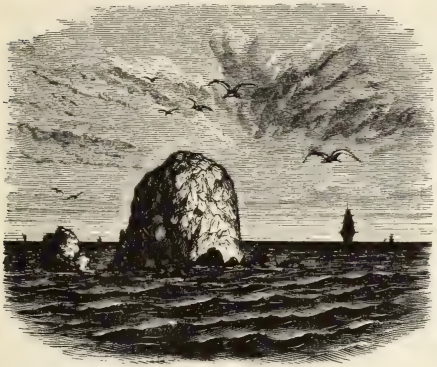
American readers, I think, know but little of this interesting land. I will try to tell them something about it.

HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND.

If the reader will look at a map of the world, he will see between 37 and 47 degrees south latitude, and 166 and 179 degrees east longitude, a group of islands, three in number, and called respectively, Te Ika-a-Mani, Te Wahi Punamu, and Rakiura; by Europeans, North Island, Middle Island, and South or Stewart's Island.

It is more than 200 years since the first white men saw these islands, but it is less than half a century since they began to make their homes in the "Cannibal Islands"—the land of one of the most interesting savage nations yet discovered. How this country was first settled, or by whom, is not known. Many theories have been advanced, but all late writers believe the natives to be of the Malay race. The Maoris (natives) have their traditions of not only how the country was first inhabited, but also of its creation.

The name of the North Island means the Fish of Mani. Mani is the Hercules of their mythology, and it was he who fished up New Zealand, or rather the North Island, from the ocean, with a hook made from the jaw-bone of one of his ancestors. This, however, is not the only account of the means by which the land was brought out of the ocean; but all their traditions give the credit to Mani.



THE SOLANDER.

Of the first inhabitants they have several traditions, but all agree upon some points, and especially the place whence they came. The inhabitants of an island called Hawaiki, somewhere to the east or north-east of New Zealand, were in a state of civil war, and one of the chiefs engaged was obliged to flee from the country. After a long voyage in his canoe, he landed on the North Island of New Zealand; but finding the country not inhabited, he returned to Hawaiki, and induced many of his tribe to migrate to the new land he had discovered. This is one tradition. Another says that the island was inhabited when visited by the tribe from Hawaiki, but all were massacred by the invaders.

One writer believes the settlement of the islands by the Maoris to date as far back as 1300 B. C. The majority of writers, however, think that the country has not been inhabited more than 500 or 600 years, and one of the Sandwich Islands is supposed to be the traditionary Hawaiki.

In 1642, Tasman, the Dutch navigator, discovered New Zealand. Cook visited the country in 1769, and again in 1773. Vancouver and others also visited it soon after. The first white settlers were parties from whaling vessels, which for many years had successful cruising grounds in the waters about the New Zealand coast. Several settlements were formed on the east coast, by whalers and sealers, to facilitate their operations of "boiling down," etc. Bay of Islands was the favorite port, and even now is a great resort for whaling vessels.

In 1830 the British Government took possession of the country, and by proclamation declared that the crown only should have the right to purchase land from the natives. Previous to this, immense tracts were obtained by traders and captains who visited the islands. Thousands of acres were bought for a mere bagatelle: a cask of rum, a musket, or something else of little or no more value, would buy a good-sized farm. The captain of an American whaler claims, I believe, something over a million acres, for which he probably paid goods worth not more than fifty dollars.

The claims of these sharp individuals have been investigated by the Government, and such amounts allowed as were thought proper. In 1833 a consul was sent out for the protection of the settlers, and three years after he purchased from the native chiefs the sovereignty of the islands; but until 1845 the colony was subordinate to New South Wales. In that year it was made an independent colony, and the representative of the crown promoted to the rank of governor. In 1839 a company which had been formed in England, for the purpose of colonizing the country, sent out its first batch of colonists, and in the following year the English government formed a settlement on the site now occupied by the city of Auckland. Soon afterward settlements were formed at several places on both the North and Middle Islands. Some statistics which will be given in another chapter will show what rapid strides the country has made in a little more than a quarter of a century.

One of the most important events in the colonization of New Zealand was the massacre of twenty-two settlers by the Maoris, in the Wairoa Valley. This sad event took place in 1843, and was the forerunner of many bloody engagements between the natives and whites.

The agent of the New Zealand Company

residing at Nelson ordered a survey of the valley on the south side of Cook's Straits. The surveyors were on the ground, ready to proceed with their work, when they were ordered to desist by two chiefs from the opposite side of the Strait. These chiefs laid claim to the land, and when they saw that the surveyors were not inclined to obey their commands, they brought up their men and destroyed the tents and instruments, but offered no violence to the whites. One of the surveyors returned to Nelson and reported the affair, whereupon the company's agent and about forty volunteers went to Wairoa for the purpose of arresting the chiefs under whose orders the surveyors had been molested. A magistrate accompanied the party, armed with a warrant for the arrest. The chiefs, however, refused to give themselves up to the authorities; high words ensued, and several natives threatened fight. The Maoris numbered about ninety, and were well armed and accustomed to warfare; whereas the whites were poorly armed, and many of them knew nothing about fighting. A shot was fired, supposed to be by one of the Maoris; immediately after a volley was fired by the natives, who were sheltered behind the trees. The whites retreated, and were followed by the Maoris to a hill. The European officers tried to get their men to stand, but without effect, for several were already wounded, and to fight longer under such disadvantages was thought to be useless. Several escaped to the bush, and the others surrendered. Instead of sparing the lives of these men, who had given up their arms and were unable to defend themselves, the Maoris cruelly tomahawked them all.

The bodies were interred by a missionary, on the hill where they were found, and a monument has lately been erected on the spot to commemorate the sad fate of these early settlers. Since this unhappy event very many Europeans have been sent to their long home by the natives, and no doubt many more will follow before land disputes will become things of the past.

DUNEDIN PAST AND PRESENT.

At the head of Otago Bay stands the city of Dunedin, the commercial, though not the political capital of New Zealand. Before the discovery of gold, coasting vessels, an occasional trader from Australia, and an emigrant ship from the Old Country, were the only visitors to Otago harbor. A few months had wrought a wonderful change; instead of an arrival being considered an important event, as was the case a year before, the harbor was now full of vessels, and arrivals and departures were of daily occurrence. In 1860 there was an average of but little more than one entry per week, and in 1861 the average was five times that number.

Vessels cannot at all times cross the bar at the Heads, if deeply laden; but when inside the harbor, they can ride safely at anchor in any weather. Deep water reaches only as far as Port Chalmers. Large vessels are obliged to anchor there and discharge their cargoes into lighters. The water from Port Chalmers to the head of the bay is so shallow that vessels of small tonnage only can get up to Dunedin. It is said that Cook sailed in at the Dunedin end of the bay; but it is now separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of swamp and sand-hills.

The favorable impression of Dunedin that I had received from the bay was not confirmed when I found myself in the city. The streets and sidewalks were ungraded, and the mud was knee-deep. The buildings were nearly all of wood, and very few indeed could make any pretensions to architectural beauty. Many buildings were in course of erection, but the greater number of them were of the most unsubstantial character. Princes street, the business street of the town, was crowded with diggers, many of whom had their "swags" (tents, blankets, etc.) on their backs, evidently just starting for the mines.

By the time I had reached my brother's place of business I was covered with mud to the knees; so, before venturing into the streets again, I adopted the fashion of the place by putting myself into a pair of long boots. Hotels and boarding-houses were crowded, and although new ones were opening almost daily, accommodations could not be furnished for anything like the number already in the town. Not even a "shake-

down" on the floor could be got in any of the hotels, and hundreds of people were obliged to get tents and camp about the suburbs of the town. There were enough tents to accommodate a good-sized army. There were at this time not more than two hotels worthy of the name. The others were more for the sale of liquor than the accommodation of guests. This state of things, however, did not last very long. Dunedin has for several years been supplied with comfortable, well-kept hotels.

Several years' residence in the diggings, in the early days of California, had prepared me for almost any style of living; but the first few weeks in Dunedin were worse than anything that I had experienced in California. For sleeping accommodation we fitted up some bunks in an out-building near the store, which had formerly been used as a stable; our meals we got wherever we could. After trying many places, we at last found one where a comparatively good meal could be had. Unfortunately, there was one disadvantage connected with even this place—there was great difficulty in getting an early breakfast. The tables were all occupied by sleepers, and, as many were not early risers, it was not an uncommon occurrence for a dozen fellows to be lying around snoring while we were at our repast. One morning the waiter pushed aside several dirty socks to make room for my plate. This was the last straw. If the filthy things had been removed from the table, I might have stood it; but to have them by the side of my plate was more than human nature could stand—even while "roughing it" in the first days of a new gold rush.

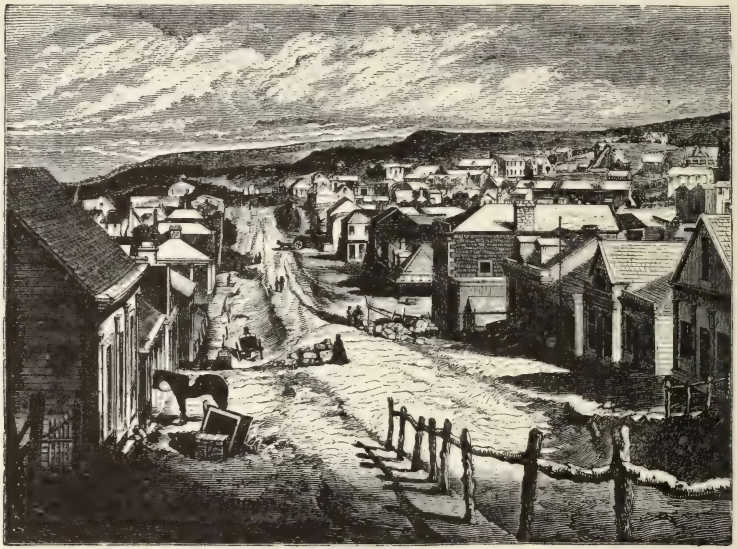
A re-arrangement of the stable was made. A floor was laid in one half of it, and this part was used for parlor and sleeping-room; four bunks were erected, two for ourselves and the two extra ones for the accommodation of any friends who might drop in upon us and could find no better quarters. Many availed themselves of our hospitality. In the other portion of our building we had an American cooking-stove, and cooked our own meals. Our quarters were not elegant, but we lived well; and as business was good and profits were large, a little roughing was not considered a great hardship. Here we lived several months, and fared as well as any one in the town. The Shamrock Hotel, erected by the Messrs. Murphy, of Portland, Maine, was our home during the rest of the time we spent in Dunedin, as it was also for nearly all the Americans who for business or pleasure visited the city.

In those good times any person in business could make money if he would exercise ordinary judgment. Nearly all the new-comers brought more or less gold with them, and the diggers were doing well and spending their money freely.

Merchants and shopkeepers were not long in following the diggers to a new "rush." Dunedin was well supplied with these sutlers to the digger army. For every store or shop there was a score of applicants, and no matter how exorbitant a rent was asked, a building did not remain vacant many hours. Allotments of land in the business portion of the town were let at an annual rental of as much per foot as the land originally cost. It was difficult to get freehold property at any price. A piece of land would be leased for five years at so much per foot, the lessee to put on buildings, which at the end of the term were to become the property of the lessor; and so anxious were people to get business premises, that in many instances the lessee got no valu-



THE SHAMROCK HOTEL, DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.



PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN—1860.

ation whatever for his buildings, even on a short lease of three years, and after paying, too, a heavy ground rent. Dunedin was not an exceptional instance of this rash style of doing business; the same thing occurs in all gold countries at the beginning of the fever. Neither was it an exception as to its results. Many of the business men came to grief soon after the reaction began. I have some experience in gold countries, and have had many opportunities of seeing the results of a lack of caution in the excitement of a gold fever. Every one thinks that the field will certainly not be worked out in three or five years, and within that time hopes to make his fortune and probably retire from business. But to get a good business connection he must be one of the first in the field, and he therefore thinks it matters but little what the cost may be to get a start. At first all is excitement, and a fortune is being rapidly made; but this state of things does not last long. It is a very good gold field where the reaction does not begin before the end of the second year. Too many go into business, and competition becomes greater every month; the diggers either do not make so much money to spend, or they begin to save their money instead of throwing it recklessly away, as they do invariably for the first few months. The business men who started with but little capital soon feel the change of the times, and as their business is not increasing and their profits are rapidly decreasing, they are soon forced to go to the wall. Failures and fires then come fast, and all in business feel the effect of the hard times. The man who began with caution may weather the storm, but the rash ones are almost certain to be wrecked. Dull times soon bring down those who have high rents to pay and other heavy expenses.

For twelve months or more the excitement kept up, and eligible business sites and premises were let at enormous prices. The quiet old settlers were driven nearly crazy by the importunities of the new-comers for land and buildings. As the amount to be paid appeared of little account, owners of property soon became afraid

to name a price for fear they would not ask enough.

One old gentleman had a corner allotment which was one of the best business sites in the town, and which had probably cost him £50. As a matter of course he had any number of applicants for it, but he would not name a price for it. For a joke a person offered him £10,000. This almost took away the old gentleman's breath, and so frightened him that he ordered the man out of his place, and threatened to give him in charge of the police for having robbed a bank. It soon became known about town, and the practical jokers did not lose the opportunity to enjoy some sport at the old gentleman's expense. A dozen or more applicants a day would be sent to him, and fabulous sums would be offered for his allotment. He still holds his land, I believe. Like many others of the old settlers, he was too greedy, and lost the opportunity of getting a high price. But even now I think that property is more valuable in Dunedin than in any other place in New Zealand, except (perhaps) Auckland.

The first year cooled down the heat of the excitement; but for two years business kept up well, money was plentiful, and credit was good. Dark clouds then began to creep over the sky of our prosperity. Too many were in business, and competition was too great. Up-country store-keepers began asking accommodation, renewals of bills, etc. It was not long before the crash came, and scores of business men, large and small, had to succumb. The weak ones were, in a few months, nearly all weeded out, and business got better again. Dunedin has several times gone through such a collapse, but is never very long in recovering herself. At the beginning of the year 1870, business was in a worse state than I had ever before seen it; but even in the present times of stagnation the city is steadily improving. The hill-sides are being covered with neat villas, the valleys filled with cottages, and in the business portion of the town splendid blocks of buildings are going up. The views of Princes street in 1860 and 1870 will show what vast improvements have been made in the last ten years.



PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN—1870.



A NEW ZEALAND THEATER.

But to go back to the old times. There was not much enjoyment to be had in those days; but such amusement as we could get was made the most of. We had plenty of work to do, and after the labors of the day were over, if we were not too fatigued, we sallied out in quest of recreation. As I stated before, the streets were knee-deep in mud; and, as there were no public lamps, there was some difficulty in getting about the town on dark nights. However, with trousers tucked into boots that reached above the knees, we bade defiance to the mud, and, if we got bogged occasionally, a stalwart policeman kindly dragged us out.

A finer body of men, by the way, than the police force, I never saw; they are all Irish, and hardly a man of them is less than six feet high. They are dressed in a neat uniform, and in point of behavior and efficiency, will compare favorably with any police force in the world. It is no easy task to keep order

amongst several thousand diggers; but very good order was kept in Dunedin, even in the height of the excitement; and not only in Dunedin, but throughout the whole province. A few highway robberies and other crimes were committed; but I believe that, in the exciting times of a gold fever, in no other place have life and property been so safe.

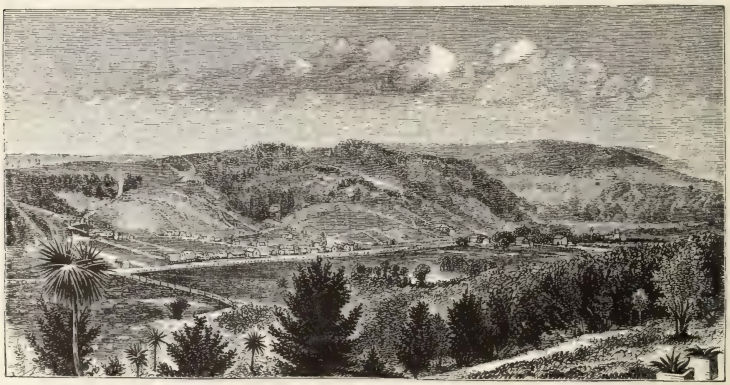
Near our place of business was one of the worst places for mud in the town. There was a deep cutting in a hill, and the soil being clay, every fall of rain made this place a slough of despond. It was the main thoroughfare connecting the north and south parts of the town, and to avoid it necessitated a walk of half a mile through mud almost as deep. Cases of getting bogged in the cutting were almost of nightly occurrence. Hearing cries for help one dark night, I went out with a light and found two young ladies fast in the clay. With considerable difficulty I managed to extricate them, and place them safely on firmer ground, one minus both shoes, and the other, one. So many mishaps occurred at this place that we erected a street lamp at our end of the cutting, and kept it alight every dark night. I am certain that we received the silent thanks of many a nightly wanderer. For many months this was the only street lamp in the town; but afterwards the streets were lighted with kerosene, and still later with gas.

Dark and muddy as were the streets, they were filled every night; for, with the exception of the old settlers, very few of us had any home-ties to keep us within doors after the day's labor was finished. Then, too, there were people arriving nearly every day, and they, of course, were out to see the sights of the town at night, as well as the day; for there are in every town lions that can be seen only after nightfall.

Well, the lions of Dunedin were not very numerous in those days, and when seen were not of much account. Grog-holes, billiard saloons, cafés, concert rooms, &c., were well patronized, and the quantity of liquor consumed was enormous. In 1862 a theater was established; but before this there were several concert halls, in one of which was a company of American negro minstrels. All



THE OLD ROAD UP THE WATER OF LEITH VALLEY.



THE NORTH-EAST VALLEY, NEAR DUNEDIN.

the places were well filled by appreciative audiences. The theater was something unique; it was a large stable with stalls on each side, and canvas screens were put up at night to hide the horses from the audience. A stage was erected at one end, and deal forms were arranged on the ground floor, and divided off by rails into pit and parquette. A part of the hay-loft was used as dress circle and private boxes. The first company certainly had many difficulties to contend with; but under the most favorable circumstances I do not think that crowded houses would have been drawn to their performances at any of the principal theaters of New York. Dunedin now has a very good theater, and the audiences are difficult to please; but in the good old days the audience were not so chary of their applause; it took but little to "bring down the house," horses included. The animals would get fractious sometimes, and come in with their applause in the wrong place. The dying heroine, instead of having an accompaniment of slow music by the orchestra, would sink to rest amid the loud rattling of hoofs against the floor and sides of the stalls.

On Sunday we had the choice of three churches, two Presbyterian and one Episcopalian. If the day was fine in the afternoon, we generally went out for a long walk over the hills and through the valleys about the suburbs of the town. At the north end of the town is Water of Leith Valley, through which is one of the loveliest walks near the city. One of the finest views for many miles around is to be obtained about six miles from the town, on the road from Dunedin to Port Chalmers. Leaving the city at the north end, and passing through Northeast Valley, then up a hill of two or three miles, and for our long walk we are rewarded by a magnificent view. To the southward is a panorama of Dunedin and the hills and valleys around it, the ocean and part of the bay. A little farther on and to the north, we look down upon Port Chalmers, the Lower Harbor, the Heads, the ocean, and the rugged mountains inland.

On Sunday two or three American musical friends were in the habit of calling and spending with us several happy hours singing the old familiar anthems that we knew would on that day be sung in many churches of our "own dear native land," perhaps, too, by those dearest to us of all.

In 1863 two musical societies were organized; the following year they amalgamated and gave several "grand" concerts. The society then sank into a state of feebleness, and, after a sickly existence, died in 1868. For the size of the city there is very little prominent musical talent. Church music is very poor, except in the English church. In the

Scotch churches the singing is—well, the less said about it the better.

Connected with the churches of nearly all denominations there are held what are called tea-meetings. The first one that I attended was in the early days. I had no idea of what it was to be; but being of an inquiring turn of mind, I had paid my half-crown simply to get a note for my journal. The church was well filled when I entered; I sat down in the first vacant pew, and had hardly taken my seat when a lady gave me a cup of tea, and immediately after another lady placed in my hand a paper bag. Looking around I saw that all were engaged in drinking tea and eating. I opened my bag and found a bun, some raisins, candy, and an orange; but not feeling either hungry or thirsty, I handed over my prizes to a youngster who sat in front of me, and heard him remark to a companion that he had already had six cups of tea. The object of these meetings is to raise money for the church. The ladies of the congregation furnish the tea, etc., and attend to the tables. The proceeds from the sale of tickets, and what can be begged from the audience, goes to the church, less the cost of advertising, etc.

There are now about a dozen churches in Dunedin, some of which are very fine buildings. The First Presbyterian Church, now in course of erection, when finished will be one of the handsomest churches in the Colonies. There are also many other handsome buildings, both private and public: the post-office, hospital, Government buildings, several banks, warehouses, shops, and many private residences. The Masonic fraternity are erecting a very handsome hall. The Odd Fellows already have a hall, but a much plainer building than that of the Masons.

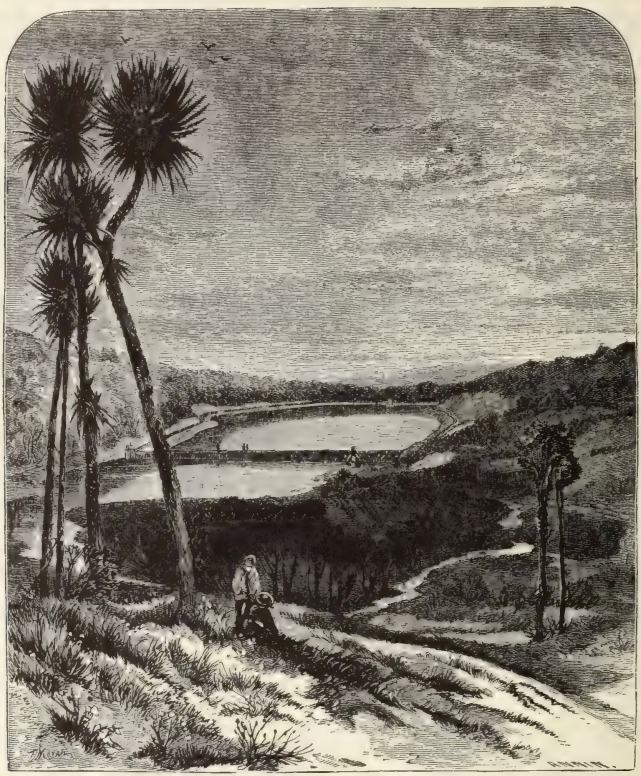


FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DUNEDIN.

Dunedin has had many destructive fires. Private individuals have suffered heavy losses; but the appearance of the town has been wonderfully improved. Wooden buildings are not allowed to be erected within the city limits, except by special permission of the authorities. But clay for bricks, and good building-stone, are plentiful, and many old wood buildings are being torn down and replaced by stone or brick.

The city now has a good supply of water, which is brought from a reservoir at the head of Water of Leith Valley. Before this supply of water was brought into the city the only effectual means of arresting a fire was by pulling down buildings; but as no one had authority to order a building to be torn down, the fire generally had its own way until stopped by a street or other gap. There certainly was a fire department; but as there was no water, the engines were of about as much use as a ship on a desert. On the morning after one of the fires, all that remained of our stock was piled up in the street, and all that was left of the store was the chimney! In a gold country fire must not dishearten a man; he must not sit down to mourn over his loss, but before the smoke has cleared away he should make arrangements to go on with his business as usual.

The friendly societies are well represented. Besides the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Lodges, there are Rechabites, Forresters, and others. There is also a Caledonian society, with extensive grounds in the lower part of the city. During the New Year's holidays, two or three days of Scotch sports are given in these grounds, and are generally well patronized by all classes of the community. There are cricket clubs, having a cricket ground at each end of the town; a jockey club, with a race-course several miles from the city; rowing clubs,



THE RESERVOIR NEAR DUNEDIN.

several companies of volunteers, a Chamber of Commerce, a Young Men's Christian Association, and a literary society. There is also a very good library—subscription, one guinea per annum. On its tables may be seen papers and magazines from all parts of Europe and America.

For places of recreation, there are the Vauxhall Gardens, on the opposite side of the bay; the Botanical Gardens, near Pelichet Bay, North Dunedin; and the grounds of the Acclimatization Society, North Dunedin. Squatters, professional men, and merchants constitute the first class in colonial society; shop-keepers, clerks, etc., the second; mechanics the third.

Dunedin is now a pleasant place to live in. Fortunes are not easily made; but if a person settles down to make his home there he can enjoy life, if he cannot get all the luxuries of an older and larger city. Balls, concerts, lectures, etc., are frequent, and people generally appear to make the most of the pleasures within their reach. European paupers are not sent to New Zealand by the ship-load, as they are to the United States. Dunedin has a benevolent asylum, but no poor-houses (or work-houses, as they are called in England). Of course there are poor in Dunedin, and filthy, poverty-stricken hovels, where wretched children and bedraggled women may be seen;

but all can earn an honest livelihood if they will.

Like all other British towns, Dunedin has many grog-shops, and, as a natural consequence, much drunkenness; for if there were few drinkers, there would be few places for the sale of the fiery fluid. In every colonial town that I have visited, I think I am safe in saying there are double the number of places for the sale of strong drink that would be found in American towns of the same size. So, too, with breweries; it must indeed be an insignificant place that cannot support a brewery. Dunedin, with a population of 13,000, has four; and also imports large quantities of English beer. The imports of wine, spirits, and beer, which will be given in another chapter, will prove that New Zealanders are hard drinkers. Dunedin, however, is a very orderly city, thanks to the police, and comparatively little drunkenness is seen in the streets. Sunday is as quiet as in a country village. Hotels and all places of business must be closed on that day, or rather the law says they must be closed; but I suppose, as in other places, every grog-shop has a private door through which thirsty mortals slip in quietly and get their drinks. Churches are well attended, and liberally supported, while the education of the young is looked after by a high school and several grammar and private schools.

GOVERNMENT.

New Zealand is divided into nine provinces and one county. On the North Island are the provinces of Auckland, Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, and Wellington; on the Middle Island, Nelson, Marlborough, Canterbury, Otago, and Southland provinces, and the county of Westland. The South Island is included in the province of Southland.

The population of the colony is about 225,000 whites, and probably about 50,000 aboriginals; and to make laws for this small number of people—the population of a second-class city—there are eleven governments, viz.: a general government, nine provincial governments, and one county government. A more expensive system it would be difficult to devise. The General Assembly consists of two Houses, viz.: a House of Representatives, and a Legislative Assembly. The members of the Upper House are appointed by the Governor, who is the representative of the Crown. The members of the Lower House are elected. The functions of the General Government are to make general laws for the colony, and to regulate the departments of customs, posts, colonial defences, telegraphs, etc. Each province has a Superintendent and Council, all elected by the local residents. The county has no superintendent, the officer who presides over the council being appointed by the Governor. The qualifications that entitle a person to vote are not exactly the same in all the provinces. In Otago they are as follows: the possession of a freehold estate of the value of £50, or a leasehold of an annual value of £10; the paying an annual rent of £10 if in town, and £5 if out of town. One person may therefore have several votes, except for Superintendent. On the gold fields, the possession of a "miner's right" entitles the holder to a vote. Elections are sometimes very exciting, and the characters, both public and private, of the candidates are very freely commented upon by the press. Ballot-box stuffing, repeating, and the other rascally accomplishments that our American city politicians are so perfect in, are unknown to the innocent politicians of the colonies. Even there, however, purity of character is not essential to political success. One of Otago's superintendents appropriated to his own use, while in office, a considerable amount of government funds, and also the money of many private individuals that had been placed in his hands for safety. He was placed under arrest until the affair could be investigated; but not liking to occupy the same quarters as the common felons, and as superintendent having power to appoint any place a jail, he declared his own house a jail, and remained comfortably at home. The charge was not proven, but there was no doubt as to his guilt. The affair was hushed up as quietly as possible, and he retired to his farm. There he remained several years, and then came forward as candidate for superintendent again, and was elected; not be-



ACCLIMATIZATION GROUNDS, NEW ZEALAND.—CABBAGE TREES IN FOREGROUND.

cause the majority of the voters thought he was an innocent man, but because he was more clever than his opponent.

The system of government in New Zealand is different from that of any other British colony, and has been established principally on account of the topographical peculiarities of the country. But allowing for all these peculiarities, there is no doubt that a much more economical form of government could be established; and I believe the day is not far distant when the Provincial Governments will be things of the past. Three of the provinces (Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, and Marlborough) have an average population of about 5,000 each, and for these 15,000 people there are three Superintendents, Councils, etc. What could be more absurd? The only advantage in this system of government that I have been able to discover is that it makes a splendid opening for office-seekers. There is now a strong party in favor of having but two governments; one for the North Island, and the other for the remainder of the colony.

The country is heavily in debt, and the taxes, for a young colony, are enormous. On the first of January, 1869, the amount of the debt, general and provincial, was over seven millions sterling—more than $150 per head for the white population. The taxes, direct and indirect, are considerably higher than in the United States.

The greater part of the debt has been incurred in prosecuting the Maori wars. All the fighting is on the North Island, and for much of the trouble with the natives the settlers are themselves to blame; and as the people of the South have to bear the greater part of the cost, they grumble, as men generally do when their pockets are affected.

Now, at first glance, this may appear somewhat selfish, but really it is not so. There were at one time more that 10,000 troops in the field, and the northern merchants had the supplying of them. It is well known that these men, who were being enriched by the wars, cared but little to have them end; and there is no doubt that some of these men supplied the Maoris with arms and ammunition.

American whalers have been accused of supplying the natives with contraband goods, and as high prices were paid for guns, powder, etc., no doubt some of the Yankee skippers availed themselves of the opportunity to make a few pounds. But I think that Auckland and Taranaki merchants made ten pounds in this contraband trade where our countrymen made one. The wars were of great pecuniary gain to very many at the North, but to no one at the South, and the Southerners felt sore at being obliged to put their money in the pockets of the northern merchants. Persons who had property destroyed by the natives received compensation from the government. I was told in Taranaki that it was known that friendly natives had been hired to burn property in the outlying districts, by the owners themselves, so that compensation might be got from the government.

There is great jealousy between the people of the North and the South, and there is no doubt that two governments would be far better than that which now exists. The Maoris of the North are a warlike race, and love fighting better than peace; whereas those of the South are as peaceable as the whites. The number, too, in the South is very small. Peace at the North does not last very long. At the beginning of last year a great part of the island was in a state of war, and fighting is still going on. In the former wars England furnished troops and several men-of-war, the New Zealand government paying, I think, £30 a year per man. There have been at times ten full regiments of regular English troops in the colony; but all these troops have been removed, and the colony is left to defend itself.

The Governor gets a salary almost equal to that of the President of the United States, and the members of the executive about the same as the cabinet officers at Washington. Judges and other public officers also receive salaries equally remunerative. Taking into consideration the number of office-holders in the colony, the expense of "running the government" can be readily imagined.

(To be continued.)

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 436.)

CHAPTER XV.

AWAY.

I WILL not linger longer over this part of my history—already, I fear, much too extended for the patience of my readers. My excuse is, that in looking back, the events I have recorded appear large and prominent, and that certainly they have a close relation with my after history.

The time arrived when I had to leave England for Switzerland. I will say nothing of my leave-taking. It was not a bitter one. Hope was strong, and rooted in present pleasure. I was capable of much happiness—keenly responsive to the smallest agreeable impulse from without or from within. I had good health, and life was happiness in itself. The blowing of the wind, the shining of the sun, or the glitter of water, was sufficient to make me glad; and I had self-consciousness enough to increase the delight by the knowledge that I was glad.

The fact is I was coming in for my share in the spiritual influences of Nature, so largely poured on the heart and mind of my generation. The prophets of the new blessing, Wordsworth and Coleridge, I knew nothing of. Keats was only beginning to write. I had read a little of Cowper, but did not care for him. Yet I was under the same spell as they all. Nature was a power upon me. I was filled with the vague recognition of a present soul in Nature—with a sense of the humanity everywhere diffused through her and operating upon ours. I was but fourteen, and had only feelings, but something lay at the heart of the feelings, which would one day blossom into thoughts.



WILFRID'S REWARD.

At the coach-office in the county-town I first met my future companion, with his father, who was to see us to our destination. My uncle accompanied me no farther, and I soon found myself on the top of the coach, with only one thing to do—make the acquaintance of Charles Osborne. His father was on the box-seat, and we two sat behind; but we were both shy, and for some time neither spoke. Charles was about my own age, rather like his sister, only that his eyes were blue, and his hair a lightish brown. A trĕmulousness about the mouth betrayed a nervous temperament. His skin was very fair and thin, showing the blue veins. As he did not speak, I sat for a little while watching him, without, however, the least speculation concerning him, or any effort to discover his character. I have not even yet reached the point of trying to find people out. I take what time and

acquaintance discloses, but never attempt to forestall, which may come partly from trust, partly from want of curiosity, partly from a disinclination to unnecessary mental effort. But as I watched his face, half-unconsciously, I could not help observing that now and then it would light up suddenly and darken again almost instantly. At last his father turned round, and with some severity, said :—

"You do not seem to be making any approaches to mutual acquaintance. Charles, why don't you address your companion?"

The words were uttered in the slow tone of one used to matters too serious for common speech.

The boy cast a hurried glance at me, smiled uncertainly, and moved uneasily on his seat. His father turned away and made a remark to the coachman.

Mr. Osborne was a very tall, thin, yet square-shouldered man, with a pale face, and large features of delicate form. He looked severe, pure, and irritable. The tone of his voice, although the words were measured and rather stilted, led me to this last conclusion quite as much as the expression of his face; for it was thin and a little acrid. I soon observed that Charley started slightly, as often as his father addressed him; but this might be because his father always did so with more or less of abruptness. At times there was great kindness in his manner, seeming, however, less the outcome of natural tenderness than a sense of duty. His being was evidently a weight upon his son's, and kept down the natural movements of his spirit. A number of small circumstances only led me to these conclusions; for nothing remarkable occurred to set in any strong light their mutual relation. For his side Charles was always attentive and ready, although with a promptitude that had more in it of the mechanical impulse of habit than of pleased obedience. Mr. Osborne spoke kindly to me—I think the more kindly that I was not his son, and he was therefore not so responsible for me. But he looked as if the care of the whole world lay on his shoulders; as if an awful destruction were the most likely thing to happen to every one, and to him were committed the toilsome chance of saving some. Doubtless he would not have trusted his boy so far from home, but that the clergyman to whom he was about to hand him over was an old friend, of the same religious opinions as himself.

I could well but must not linger over the details of our journey, full to me of most varied pleasure. The constant change, not so rapid as to prevent the mind from reposing a little upon the scenes which presented themselves; the passing vision of countries and peoples, manners and modes of life, so different from our own, did much to arouse and develop my nature. Those flashes of pleasure came upon Charles's pale face more and more frequently; and ere the close of the first day we had begun to talk with some degree of friendliness. But it became clear to me that with his father ever blocking up our horizon, whether he sat with his broad back in front of us on the coach-box, or paced the deck of a vessel, or perched with us under the hood on the top of a diligence, we should never arrive at any freedom of speech. I sometimes wondered, long after, whether Mr. Osborne had begun to discover that he was overlaying and smothering the young life of his boy, and had therefore adopted the plan, so little to have been expected from him, of sending his son to foreign parts to continue his education.

I have no distinct recollection of dates, or even of the exact season of the year. I believe it was the early summer, but in my memory the whole journey is now a mass of confused loveliness and pleasure. Not that we had the best of weather all the way. I well recollect pouring rains, and from the fact that I distinctly remember my first view of an Alpine height, I am certain we must have had days of mist and rain immediately before. That sight, however, to me more like an individual revelation or vision than the impact of an object upon the brain, stands in my mind altogether isolated from preceding and following impressions—alone, a thing to praise God for, if there be a God to praise. If there be not, then was the whole thing a grand and lovely illusion, worthy, for grandeur and loveliness, of a world with a God at the heart of it. But the grandeur and the loveliness spring from the operation of natural laws; the laws them-

selves are real and true—how could the false result from them? I hope yet and will hope that I am not a bubble filled with the mocking breath of a Mephistopheles, but a child whom his infinite Father will not hardly judge that he could not believe in him so much as he would. I will tell how the vision came.

Although comparatively few people visited Switzerland in those days, Mr. Osborne had been there before, and for some reason or other had determined on going round by Interlachen. At Thun we found a sail-boat which we hired to take us and our luggage. At starting, an incident happened which would not be worth mentioning, but for the impression it made upon me: a French lady accompanied by a young girl approached Mr. Osborne—doubtless perceiving he was a clergyman, for, being an *Evangelical* of the most pure, honest and narrow type, he was in every point and line of his countenance marked a priest and apart from his fellow-men—and asked him to allow her and her daughter to go in the boat with us to Interlachen. A glow of pleasure awoke in me at sight of his courtly behavior, with lifted hat and bowed head; for I had never been in the company of such a gentleman before. But the wish instantly followed that his son might have shared in his courtesy. We partook freely of his justice and benevolence, but he showed us no such grace as he showed the lady. I have since observed that sons are endlessly grateful for courtesy from their fathers.

The lady and her daughter sat down in the stern of the boat; and therefore Charley and I, not certainly to our discomfiture, had to go before the mast. The men rowed out into the lake, and then hoisted the sail. Away we went careering before a pleasant breeze. As yet it blew fog and mist, but the hope was that it would soon blow it away.

An unspoken friendship by this time bound Charley and me together, silent in its beginnings and slow in its growth—not the worst pledges of endurance. And now, for the first time in our journey, Charley was hidden from his father: the sail came between them. He glanced at me with a slight sigh, which even then I took for an involuntary sigh of relief. We lay leaning over the bows, now looking up at the mist blown in never-ending volumed sheets, now at the sail swelling in the wind before which it fled, and again down at the water through which our boat was ploughing its evanescent furrow. We could see very little. Portions of the shore would now and then appear, dim, like reflections from a tarnished mirror, and then fade back into the depths of cloudy dissolution. Still it was growing lighter, and the man who was on the outlook became less anxious in his forward gaze, and less frequent in his calls to the helmsman. I was lying half over the gunwale, looking into the strange-colored water, blue dimmed with undissolved white, when a cry from Charles made me start and look up. It was indeed a God-like vision. The mist yet rolled thick below, but away up, far away and far up, yet as if close at hand, the clouds were broken into a mighty window, through which looked in upon us a huge mountain peak, swathed in snow. One great level band of darker cloud crossed its breast, above which rose the peak, triumphant in calmness, and stood unutterably solemn and grand, in clouds as white as its own whiteness. It had been there all the time! I sank on my knees in the boat and gazed up. With a sudden sweep the clouds curtained the mighty window, and the Jungfrau withdrew into its Holy of Holies. I am painfully conscious of the helplessness of my speech. The vision vanishes from the words as it vanished from the bewildered eyes. But from the mind it glorified it has never vanished. I have *been* more ever since that sight. To have beheld a truth is an apotheosis. What the truth was I could not tell; but I had seen something which raised me above my former self and made me long to rise higher yet. It awoke worship, and a belief in the incomprehensible divine; but admitted of being analyzed no more than, in that transient vision, my intellect could—ere dawning it vanished—analyze it into the deserts of rock, the gulfs of green ice and flowing water, the savage solitudes of snow, the mysterious miles of draperied mist, that went to make up the vision, each and all essential thereto.

I had been too much given to the attempted production in myself of effects to justify

the vague theories towards which my inborn prepossessions carried me. I had felt enough to believe there was more to be felt; and such stray scraps of verse of the new order as, floating about, had reached me, had set me questioning and testing my own life and perceptions and sympathies by what these awoke in me at second-hand. I had often doubted, oppressed by the power of these, whether I could myself see, or whether my sympathy with Nature was not merely inspired by the vision of others. Ever after this, if such a doubt returned, with it arose the Jungfrau, looking into my very soul.

"Oh Charley!" was all I could say. Our hands met blindly, and clasped each other. I burst into silent tears.

When I looked up, Charley was staring into the mist again. His eyes too were full of tears, but some troubling contradiction prevented their flowing: I saw it by the expression of that mobile but now firmly closed mouth.

Often ere we left Switzerland I saw similar glories: this vision remains alone, for it was the first.

I will not linger over the tempting delight of the village near which we landed, its houses covered with quaintly notched wooden scales like those of a fish, and its river full to the brim of white-blue water, rushing from the far-off bosom of the glaciers. I had never had such a sense of exuberance and plenty as this river gave me—especially where it filled the planks and piles of wood that hemmed it in like a trough. I might agonize in words for a day and I should not express the delight. And, lest my readers should apprehend a diary of a tour, I shall say nothing more of our journey, remarking only that if Switzerland were to become as common to the mere tourist mind as Cheapside is to a Londoner, the meanest of its glories would be no whit impaired thereby. Sometimes, I confess, in these days of overcrowded cities, when, in periodical floods, the lonely places of the earth are from them inundated, I do look up to the heavens and say to myself that there at least, between the stars, even in thickest of nebulous constellations, there is yet plenty of pure, unadulterated room—not even a vapor to hang a color upon; but presently I return to my better mind and say, that any man who loves his fellow will yet find he has room enough and to spare.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ICE-CAVE.

During our journey Mr. Osborne had seldom talked to us, and far more seldom in speech sympathetic. If by chance I came out with anything I thought or felt, even if he did not disapprove altogether, he would yet first lay hold of something to which he could object, coming round only by degrees, and with differences, to express a little consent. Evidently with him objection was the first step in instruction. It was better in his eyes to say you were wrong than to say you were right, even if you should be much more right than wrong. He had not the smallest idea of siding with the truth in you, of digging about it and watering it, until it grew a great tree in which all your thought-birds might nestle and sing their songs; but he must be ever against the error—forgetting that the only antagonist of the false is the true. "What," I used to think in after years, "is the use of battering the walls to get at the error, when the kindly truth is holding the postern open for you to enter and pitch it out of window?"

The evening before we parted, he gave us a solemn admonishment on the danger of being led astray by what men called the beauties of Nature—for the heart was so desperately wicked, that even of the things God had made *to show his power*, it would make snares for our destruction. I will not go on with his homily, out of respect for the man; for there was much earnestness in him, and it would utterly shame me if I were supposed to hold that up to the contempt which the forms it took must bring upon it. Besides, he made such a free use of the most sacred of names, that I shrink from representing his utterance. A good man I do not doubt he was; but he did the hard parts of his duty to the neglect of the genial parts, and therefore was not a man to help others to be good. His own son revived the moment he took his leave of us—began to open up, as the little red flower called the Shepherd's

Hour-Glass opens when the cloud withdraws. It is a terrible thing when the father is the cloud and not the sun of his child's life. If Charley had been like the greater number of boys I have known, all this would only have hardened his mental and moral skin by the natural process of accommodation. But his skin would not harden, and the evil wrought the deeper. From his father he had inherited a conscience of abnormal sensibility; but he could not inherit the religious dogmas by means of which his father had partly deadened, partly distorted his; and constant pressure and irritation had already generated a great soreness of surface.

When he began to open up, it was after a sad fashion at first. To resume my simile of the pimpernel—it was to disclose a heart in which the glowing purple was blanched to a sickly violet. What happiness he had, came in fits and bursts, and passed as quickly, leaving him depressed and miserable. He was always either wishing to be happy, or trying to be sure of the grounds of the brief happiness he had. He allowed the natural blessedness of his years hardly a chance: the moment its lobes appeared above ground, he was handling them, examining them, and trying to pull them open. No wonder they crept underground again! It may seem hardly credible that such should be the case with a boy of fifteen, but I am not mistaken in my diagnosis. I will go a little further. Gifted with the keenest perceptions, and a nature unusually responsive to the feelings of others, he was born to be an artist. But he was content neither with his own suggestions, nor with understanding those of another; he must, by the force of his own will, generate his friend's feeling in himself, not perceiving the thing impossible. This was one point at which we touched, and which went far to enable me to understand him. The original in him was thus constantly repressed, and he suffered from the natural consequences of repression. He suffered also on the physical side from a tendency to disease of the lungs inherited from his mother.

Mr. Forest's house stood high on the Grindelwald side of the Wengern Alp, under a bare grassy height full of pasture both summer and winter. In front was a great space, half meadow, half common, rather poorly covered with hill-grasses. The rock was near the surface, and in places came through, when the grass was changed for lichens and mosses. Through this rocky meadow, now roamed, now rushed, now tumbled one of those Alpine streams, the very thought of whose ice-born plenitude makes me happy yet. Its banks were not abrupt but rounded gently in, and grassy down to the water's brink. The larger torrents of winter wore the channel wide, and the sinking of the water in summer let the grass grow within it. But, peaceful as the place was, and merry with the constant rush of this busy stream, it had, even in the hottest summer day, a memory of the winter about it, a look of suppressed desolation; for the only trees upon it were a score of straggling pines —all dead, as if blasted by lightning or smothered by snow. Perhaps they were the last of the forest in that part, and their roots had reached a stratum where they could not live. All I know is, that there they stood, blasted and dead every one of them.

Charley could never bear them, and even disliked the place because of them. His father was one whom a mote in his brother's eye repelled; the son suffered for this in twenty ways—one of which was, that a single spot in the landscape was to him enough to destroy the loveliness of exquisite surroundings.

A good way below lay the valley of the Grindelwald. The Eiger and the Matterhorn were both within sight. If a man has any sense of the infinite, he cannot fail to be rendered capable of higher things by such embodiments of the high. Otherwise, they are heaps of dirt, to be scrambled up and conquered, for scrambling and conquering's sake. They are but warts, Pelion and Ossa and all of them. They seemed to oppress Charley at first.

"Oh Willie," he said to me one day, "if I could but believe in those mountains, how happy I should be! But I doubt, I doubt they are but rocks and snow."

I only half understood him. I am afraid I never did understand him more than half. Later, I came to the conclusion that this was

not the fit place for him; and that if his father had understood him, he would never have sent him there.

It was some time before Mr. Forest would take us any mountain ramble. He said we must first get accustomed to the air of the place, else the precipices would turn our brains. He allowed us, however, to range within certain bounds.

One day soon after our arrival, we accompanied one of our school-fellows down to the valley of the Grindelwald, specially to see the head of the snake-glacier, which having erept thither can creep no further. Somebody had even then hollowed out a cave in it. We crossed a little brook which issued from it constantly, and entered. Charley uttered a cry of dismay, but I was too much delighted at the moment to heed him. For the whole of the white cavern was filled with blue air, so blue that I saw the air which filled it. Perfectly transparent, it had no substance, only blueness, which deepened and deepened as I went further in. All down the smooth white walls evermore was stealing a thin veil of dissolution; while here and there little runnels of the purest water were tumbling in tiny cataracts from top to bottom. It was one of the thousand birthplaces of streams, ever creeping into the day of vision from the unlike and the unknown, unrolling themselves like the fronds of a fern out of the infinite of God. Ice was all around, hard and cold and dead and white; but out of it and away went the water babbling and singing in the sunlight.

"Oh Charley!" I exclaimed, looking round in my transport for sympathy. It was now my turn to cry out, for Charley's face was that of a corpse. The brilliant blue of the cave made us look to each other most ghastly and fearful.

"Do come out, Wilfrid," he said; "I cannot bear it."

I put my arm in his, and we walked into the sunlight. He drew a deep breath of relief, and turned to me with an attempt at a smile, but his lip quivered.

"It's an awful place, Wilfrid. I don't like it. Don't go in again. I should stand waiting to see you come out in a winding sheet. I think there is something wrong with my brain. That blue seems to have got into it. I see everything horribly dead."

On the way back he started several times, and looked round as if with involuntary apprehension, but mastered himself with an effort, and joined again in the conversation. Before we reached home he was much fatigued, and complaining of headache, went to bed immediately on our arrival.

We slept in the same room. When I went up at the usual hour, he was awake.

"Can't you sleep, Charley?" I said.

"I've been asleep several times," he answered, "but I've had such a horrible dream every time! We were all corpses that couldn't get to sleep, and went about pawing the slimy walls of our marble sepulchre—so cold and wet! It was that horrible ice-cave, I suppose. But then you know that's just what it is, Wilfrid."

"I don't know what you mean," I said, instinctively turning from the subject, for the glitter of his black eyes looked bodeful. I did not then know how like he and I were, or how like my fate might have been to his, if, instead of finding at once a fit food for my fancy, and a safety-valve for its excess, in those old romances, I had had my regards turned inwards upon myself, before I could understand the phenomena there exhibited. Certainly I too should have been thus rendered miserable, and body and soul would have mutually preyed on each other.

I sought to change the subject. I could never talk to him about his father, but he had always been ready to speak of his mother and sister. Now, however, I could not rouse him. "Poor mamma!" was all the response he made to some admiring remark; and when I mentioned his sister Mary, he only said, "She's a good girl, our Mary," and turned uneasily towards the wall. I went to bed. He lay quiet, and I fell asleep.

When I woke in the morning, I found him very unwell. I suppose the illness had been coming on for some time. He was in a low fever. As the doctor declared it not infectious, I was allowed to nurse him. He was often delirious and spoke the wildest things. Especially, he would converse with the Saviour after the strangest fashion.

He lay ill for some weeks. Mr. Forest would not allow me to sit up with him at night, but I was always by his bedside early in the morning, and did what I could to amuse and comfort him through the day. When at length he began to grow better, he was more cheerful than I had known him hitherto; but he remained very weak for some time. He had grown a good deal during his illness, and indeed never looked a boy again.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

One summer morning we all got up very early, except Charley, who was unfit for the exertion, to have a ramble in the mountains, and see the sun rise. The fresh, friendly air, full of promise, greeting us the moment we crossed the threshold; the calm light which without visible source lay dream-like on the hills; the brighter space in the sky whence ere long the spring of glory would burst forth triumphant; the dull white of the snow-peaks, dwelling so awful and lonely in the mid heavens, as if nothing should ever comfort them or make them acknowledge the valleys below; the sense of adventure with which we climbed the nearer heights, as familiar to our feet on ordinary days as the stairs to our bedrooms; the gradual disappearance of the known regions behind us, and the dawning sense of the illimitable and awful, folding in its bosom the homely and familiar—combined to produce an impression which has never faded. The sun rose in splendor, as if nothing more should hide in the darkness forever; and yet with the light came a fresh sense of mystery, for now that which had appeared smooth was all broken and mottled with shadows innumerable. Again and again I found myself standing still to gaze in a rapture of delight which I can only recall, not express; again and again was I roused by the voice of the master in front, shouting to me to come on, and warning me of the danger of losing sight of the rest of the company; and again and again I obeyed, but without any perception of the peril.

The intention was to cross the hills into the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, not however by the path now so well known, but by another way, hardly a path, with which the master and some of the boys were familiar enough. It was my first experience of anything like real climbing. As we passed rapidly over a moorland space, broken with huge knolls and solitary rocks, something hurt my foot, and taking off my shoe, I found that a small chiropodical operation was necessary, which involved the use of my knife. It slipped, and cut my foot, and I bound the wound with a strip from my pocket-handkerchief. When I got up, I found that my companions had disappeared. This gave me little trouble at the moment, for I had no doubt of speedily overtaking them; and I set out briskly in the direction, as I supposed, in which we had been going. But I presume that instead of following them, I began at once to increase the distance between us. At all events, I had not gone far before a pang of fear shot through me—the first awaking doubt. I called louder—and louder yet; but there was no response, and I knew I was alone.

Invaded by sudden despair, I sat down, and for a moment did not even think. All at once I became aware of the abysses which surrounded the throne of my isolation. Behind me the broken ground rose to an unseen height, and before me it sloped gently downwards, without a break to the eye, yet I felt as if, should I make one wavering movement, I must fall down one of the frightful precipices which Mr. Forest had told me, as a warning, lay all about us. I actually clung to the stone upon which I sat, although I could not have been in more absolute safety for the moment had I been dreaming in bed. The old fear had returned upon me, with a tenfold feeling of reality behind it. I presume it is so all through life: it is not what is, but what may be, that oftenest blanches the cheek and paralyzes the limbs; and oftenest gives rise to that sense of the need of a God which we are told nowadays is a superstition, and which he whom we call the Saviour acknowledged and justified in telling us to take no thought for the morrow, inasmuch as God took thought for it. I strove to master my dismay, and forced myself to get up and run about; and in a few minutes the fear had withdrawn into the background, and I felt no longer an unseen force

dragging me towards a frightful gulf. But it was replaced by a more spiritual horror. The sense of loneliness seized upon me, and the first sense of absolute loneliness is awful. Independent as a man may fancy himself in the heart of a world of men, he has only to be convinced that there is neither voice nor hearing, to know that the face from which he most recoils is of a kind essential to his very soul. In such case the gluttonous alderman would thank God for the company of a live turtle. Space is not room; and when we complain of the overcrowding of our fellows, we are thankless for that which comforts us the most, and desire its absence in ignorance of our deepest nature.

Not even a bird broke the silence. It lay upon my soul as the sky and the sea lay upon the weary eye of the ancient mariner. It is useless to attempt to convey the impression of my misery. It was not yet the fear of death, or of hunger or thirst, for I had as yet no adequate idea of the vast lonelinesses that lie in a mountain land: it was simply the being alone, with no ear to hear and no voice to answer me—a torture to which the soul is liable in virtue of the fact that it was not made to be alone, yea, I think, I hope, never *can* be alone; for that which *could* be fact could not be such horror. Essential horror springs from an idea repugnant to the *nature* of the thinker, and which therefore in reality could not be.

My agony rose and rose with every moment of silence. But when it reached its height, and when, to save myself from bursting into tears, I threw myself on the ground, and began gnawing at the plants about me—then first came help: I had a certain *experience*, as the Puritans might have called it. I fear to build any definite conclusions upon it, from the dread of fanaticism and the danger of attributing a merely physical effect to a spiritual cause. But are matter and spirit so far asunder? It is my will moves my arm, whatever first moves my will. Besides, I do not understand how, except another influence came into operation, the extreme of misery and depression should work round into such a change as I have to record.

But I do not know how to describe the change. The silence was crushing, or rather sucking my life out of me—up into its own empty gulfs. The horror of the great stillness was growing deathly, when all at once I rose to my feet with a sense of power and confidence I had never had before. It was as if something divine within me awoke to outface the desolation. I felt that it was time to act, and that I could act. There is no cure for terror like action: in a few moments I could have approached the verge of any precipice—at least without abject fear. The silence—no longer a horrible vacancy—appeared to tremble with unuttered thinkings. The manhood within me was alive and awake. I could not recognize a single landmark, or discover the least vestige of a path. I knew upon which hand the sun was when we started; and took my way with the sun on the other side. But a cloud had already come over him.

I had not gone far before I saw in front of me, on the other side of a little hillock, something like the pale blue gray fog that broods over a mountain lake. I ascended the hillock, and started back with a cry of dismay: I was on the very verge of an awful gulf. When I think of it, I marvel yet that I did not lose my self-possession altogether. I only turned and strode in the other direction—the faster for the fear. But I dared not run, for I was haunted by precipices. Over every height, every mound, one might be lying—a trap for my destruction. I no longer looked out in the hope of recognizing some feature of the country; I could only regard the ground before me, lest at any step I might come upon an abyss.

I had not walked far before the air began to grow dark. I glanced again at the sun. The clouds had gathered thick about him. Suddenly a mountain wind blew cold in my face. I never yet can read that sonnet of Shakspeare's:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace,"

without recalling the gladness when I started from home, and the misery that so soon followed. But my new spirits did not yet give way. I trudged on. The wind increased, and in it came by and by the trailing skirts of a cloud. In a few moments more I was wrapped in mist. It was as if the gulf from which I had just escaped had sent up its indwelling demon of fog to follow and overtake me. I dared hardly go on even with the greatest circumspection. As I grew colder, my courage declined. The mist wetted my face and sank through my clothes, and I began to feel very wretched. I sat down, not merely from dread of the precipices, but to reserve my walking powers when the mist should withdraw. I began to shiver, and was getting utterly hopeless and miserable when the fog lifted a little, and I saw what seemed a great rock near me. I crept towards it. Almost suddenly it dwindled, and I found but a stone, yet one large enough to afford me some shelter. I went to the leeward side of it, and nestled at its foot. The mist again sank and the wind blew stronger, but I was in comparative comfort, partly because my imagination was wearied. I fell fast asleep.

I awoke stiff with cold. Rain was falling in torrents, and I was wet to the skin; but the mist was much thinner, and I could see a good way. For a while I was very heartless, what with the stiffness, and the fear of having to spend the night on the mountains. I was hungry too, not with the appetite of desire but of need. The worst was that I had no idea in what direction I ought to go. Downwards lay precipices—upwards lay the surer loneliness. I knelt, and prayed the God who dwelt in the silence to help me; then strode away I knew not whither—up the hill, in the faint hope of discovering some sign to direct me. As I climbed, the hill rose. When I surmounted what had seemed the highest point, away beyond rose another. But the slopes were not over steep, and I was able to get on pretty fast. The wind being behind me, I hoped for some shelter over the highest brow, but that, for anything I knew, might be miles away in the regions of ice and snow.

I had been walking I should think about an hour, when the mist broke away from around me, and the sun, in the midst of clouds of dull orange and gold, shone out upon the wet hill. It was like a promise of safety, and woke in me courage to climb the steep and crumbling slope which now lay before me. But the fear returned. People had died in the mountains of hunger, and I began to make up my mind to meet the worst. I had not learned that the approach of any fate is just the preparation for that fate. I troubled myself with the care of that which was not impending over me. I tried to contemplate the death-struggle with equanimity, but could not. Had I been wearier and fainter, it would have appeared less dreadful. Then, in the horror of the slow death of hunger, strange as it may appear, that which had been the special horror of my childish dreams returned upon me changed into a thought of comfort: I could, ere my strength failed me utterly, seek the verge of a precipice, lie down there, and when the suffering grew strong enough to give me courage, roll myself over the edge, and cut short the agony.

At length I gained the brow of the height, and at last the ground sank beyond. There was no precipice to terrify, only a somewhat steep descent into a valley large and wide. But what a vision arose on the opposite side of that valley!—an upright wilderness of rocks, slopes, precipices, snow, glaciers, avalanches! Weary and faint as I was, I was filled with a glorious awe, the terror of which was the opposite of fear, for it lifted instead of debasing the soul. Not a pine-tree softened the haggard waste; not a single stray sheep of the wind's flock drew one trail of its thin-drawn wool behind it; all was hard and bare. The glaciers lay like the skins of cruel beasts, with the green veins yet visible, nailed to the rocks to harden in the sun; and the little streams which ran down from their claws looked like the knife-blades they are, keen and hard and shining, sawing away at the bones of the old mountain. But although the mountain looked so silent, there came from it every now and then a thunderous sound. At first I could not think what it was; but gazing at its surface more steadily, upon the face of a slope I caught sight of what seemed a larger

stream than any of the rest; but it soon ceased, and then came the slow thunder of its fall: it *was* a stream, but a solid one—an avalanche. Away up in the air the huge snow-summit glittered in the light of the afternoon sun. I was gazing on the Maiden in one of her most savage moods—or, to speak prose, I was regarding one of the wildest aspects of the many-sided Jungfrau.

Half way down the hill, almost right under my feet, rose a slender column of smoke, I could not see whence. I hastened towards it, feeling as strong as when I started in the morning. I zig-zagged down the slope, for it was steep and slippery with grass, and arrived at length at a good-sized cottage, which faced the Jungfrau. It was built of great logs laid horizontally one above the other, all with notches half through near the end, by which notches, lying into each other, the sides of the house were held together at the corners. I soon saw it must be a sort of roadside inn. There was no one about the place; but passing through a dark vestibule, in which were stores of fodder and various utensils, I came to a room in which sat a mother and her daughter—the former spinning, the latter making lace on a pillow. In at the windows looked the great Jungfrau. The room was lined with planks; the floor was boarded; the ceiling too was of boards — pine-wood all around.

The women rose when I entered. I knew enough of German to make them understand my story, and had learned enough of their patois to understand them a little in return. They looked concerned, and the older woman, passing her hands over my jacket, turned to her daughter and commenced a talk much too rapid and no doubt idiomatic for me to follow. It was in the end mingled with much laughter, evidently at some proposal of the mother. Then the daughter left the room, and the mother began to heap wood on the fire. In a few minutes the daughter returned, still laughing, with some garments, which the mother took from her. I was watching everything from a corner of the hearth, where I had seated myself wearily. The mother came up to me, and without speaking, put something over my head, which I found to be a short petticoat such as the women wore; then told me I must take off my clothes and have them dried at the fire. She laid other garments on a chair beside me.

"I don't know how to put them on," I objected.

"Put on as many as you can," she said laughing—"and I will help you with the rest."

I looked about. There was a great press in the room. I went behind it and pulled off my clothes; and having managed to put on some of the girl's garments, issued from my concealment. The kindly laughter was renewed, and mother and daughter busied themselves in arranging my apparel, evidently seeking to make the best of me as a girl, an attempt favored by my pale face. When I seemed to myself completely arrayed, the girl said to her mother what I took to mean "Let us finish what we have begun;" and leaving the room, returned presently with the velvet collar embroidered with silver and the pendent chains which the women of most of the cantons wear, and put it on me, hooking the chains and leaving them festooned under my arms. The mother was spreading out my clothes before the fire to dry.

Neither was pretty, but both looked womanly and good. The daughter had the attraction of youth and bright eyes; the mother, of good-will and experience; but both were sallow, and the mother very wrinkled for what seemed her years.

"Now," I said, summoning my German, "you've not yet finished your work. Make my short hair as like your long hair as you can, and then I shall be a Swiss girl."

I was but a boy, and had no scruple concerning a bit of fun of which I might have been ashamed a few years later. The girl took a comb from her own hair and arranged mine. When she had finished,

"One girl may kiss another," I said; and doubtless she understood me, for she returned my kiss with a fresh laugh. I sat down by the fire, and as its warmth crept into my limbs, I rejoiced over comforts which yesterday had been a matter of course.

Meantime they were busy getting me something to eat. Just as they were setting it on the table, however, a loud call outside took

them both away. In a few moments two other guests entered, and then first I found myself ashamed of my costume. With them the mother re-entered, calling behind her, "There's nobody at home; you must put the horses up yourself, Annel." Then she moved the little table towards me, and proceeded to set out the meal.

"Ah! I see you have got something to eat," said one of the strangers, in a voice I fancied I had heard before.

"Will you please to share it?" returned the woman, moving the table again towards the middle of the room.

I thought with myself that, if I kept silent, no one could tell I was not a girl; and, the table being finally adjusted, I moved my seat towards it. Meantime the man was helping his companion to take off her outer garments, and put them before the fire. I saw the face of neither until they approached the table and sat down. Great was my surprise to discover that the man was the same I had met in the wood on my way to Moldwarp Hall, and that the girl was Clara—a good deal grown—in fact looking almost a woman. From after facts, the meeting became less marvellous in my eyes than it then appeared.

I felt myself in an awkward position—indeed I felt almost guilty, although any notion of having the advantage of them never entered my head. I was more than half inclined to run out and help Annel with the horses, but I was very hungry, and not at all willing to postpone my meal, simple as it was—bread and butter, eggs, cheese, milk, and a bottle of the stronger wine of the country, tasting like a coarse sherry. The two—father and daughter, evidently—talked about their journey, and hoped they should reach the Grindelwald without more rain.

"By the way," said the gentleman, "it's somewhere not far from here young Cumbermede is at school. I know Mr. Forest well enough—used to know him, at least. We may as well call upon him."

"Cumbermede"—said Clara; "who is he?"

"A nephew of Mrs. Wilson's—no, not nephew—second or third cousin—or something of the sort, I believe. Didn't somebody tell me you met him at the Hall one day?"

"Oh, that boy—Wilfrid. Yes; I told you myself. Don't you remember what a bit of fun we had the night of the ball? We were shut out on the leads, you know."

"Yes, to be sure, you did tell me. What sort of a boy is he?"

"Oh! I don't know. Much like other boys. I did think he was a coward at first, but he showed some pluck at last. I shouldn't wonder if he turns out a good sort of fellow. We *were* in a fix."

"You're a terrible madcap, Clara! If you don't settle down as you grow, you'll be getting yourself into worse scrapes."

"Not with you to look after me, papa dear," answered Clara, smiling. "It was the fun of cheating old Goody Wilson, you know!"

Her father grinned with his whole mouthful of teeth, and looked at her with amusement—almost sympathetic roguery, which she evidently appreciated, for she laughed heartily.

Meantime I was feeling very uncomfortable. Something within told me I had no right to overhear remarks about myself; and, in my slow way, I was meditating how to get out of the scrape.

"What a nice-looking girl that is!" said Clara, without lifting her eyes from her plate—"I mean for a Swiss, you know. But I do like the dress. I wish you would buy me a collar and chains like those, papa."

"Always wanting to get something out of your old dad, Clara! Just like the rest of you!—always wanting something—eh?"

"No, papa; it's you gentlemen always want to keep everything for yourselves. We only want you to share."

"Well, you shall have the collar, and I shall have the chains. Will that do?"

"Yes, thank you, papa," she returned, nodding her head. "Meantime, hadn't you better give me your diamond pin? It would fasten this troublesome collar so nicely!"

"There, child!" he answered, proceeding to take it from his shirt. "Anything else?"

"No, no, papa dear. I didn't want it. I expected you, like everybody else, to decline carrying out your professed principles."

"What a nice girl she is," I thought, "after all!"

"My love," said her father, "you will know some day that I would do more for you even than give you my pet diamond. If you are a good girl, and do as I tell you, there will be grander things than diamond pins in store for you. But you may have this if you like."

He looked fondly at her as he spoke.

"Oh, no, papa!—not now, at least. I should not know what to do with it. I should be sure to lose it."

If my clothes had been dry, I would have slipped away, put them on, and appeared in my proper guise. As it was, I was getting more and more miserable—ashamed of revealing who I was, and ashamed of hearing what the speakers supposed I did not understand. I sat on irresolute. In a little while, however, either the wine having got into my head, or the food and warmth having restored my courage, I began to contemplate the bolder stroke of suddenly revealing myself by some unexpected remark. They went on talking about the country, and the road they had come.

"But we have hardly seen anything worth calling a precipice," said Clara.

"You'll see hundreds of them if you look out of the window," said her father.

"Oh! but I don't mean that," she returned. "It's nothing to look at them like that. I mean from the top of them—to look down, you know."

"Like from the flying buttress at Moldwarp Hall, Clara?" I said.

The moment I began to speak, they began to stare. Clara's hand was arrested on its way towards the bread, and her father's wine-glass hung suspended between the table and his lips. I laughed.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Coningham—and added nothing, for amazement, but looked uneasily at his daughter, as if asking whether they had not said something awkward about me.

"It's Wilfrid!" exclaimed Clara, in the tone of one talking in her sleep. Then she laid down her knife and laughed aloud.

"What a guy you are!" she exclaimed. "Who would have thought of finding you in a Swiss girl? Really, it was too bad of you to sit there and let us go on as we did. I do believe we were talking about your precious self! At least papa was."

Again her merry laugh rang out. She could not have taken a better way of relieving us.

"I'm very sorry," I said; "but I felt so awkward in this costume that I couldn't bring myself to speak before. I tried very hard."

"Poor boy!" she returned, rather more mockingly than I liked, her violets swimming in the dews of laughter.

By this time Mr. Coningham had apparently recovered his self-possession. I say *apparently*, for I doubt if he had ever lost it. He had only, I think, been running over their talk in his mind to see if he had said anything unpleasant, and now, reassured, he stretched his hand across the table.

"I'm sure, Mr. Cumbermede," he interposed, "*we* owe *you* an apology rather. I am sure we can't have said anything we should mind you hearing; but ——"

"Oh!" I interrupted, "you have told me nothing I did not know already, except that Mrs. Wilson was a relation, of which I was quite ignorant."

"It is true enough though."

"What relation is she, then?"

"I think, when I gather my recollections of the matter—I think she was first cousin to your mother—perhaps it was only second cousin."

"Why shouldn't she have told me so, then?"

"She must explain that herself. *I* cannot account for that. It is very extraordinary."

"But how do you know so well about me, sir, if you don't mind saying?"

"Oh! I am an old friend of the family. I knew your father better than your uncle, though. Your uncle is not over friendly, you see."

"I am sorry for that."

"No occasion at all. I suppose he doesn't like me. I fancy, being a Methodist ——"

"My uncle is not a Methodist, I assure you. He goes to the parish church regularly."

"Oh! it's all one. I only meant to say that being a man of somewhat peculiar notions, I supposed he did not approve of my

profession. Your good people are just as ready, however, to call in the lawyer as others when they fancy their rights invaded. Ha! ha! But no one has a right to complain of another because he doesn't choose to like him. Besides, it brings grist to the mill. If everybody liked everybody, what would become of the lawsuits? And that would unsuit us—wouldn't it, Clara?"

"You know, papa dear, what mamma would say?"

"But she ain't here, you know."

"But *I* am, papa; and I don't like to hear you talk shop," said Clara, coaxingly.

"Very well; we won't, then. But I was only explaining to Mr. Cumbermede how I supposed it was that his uncle did not like me. There was no offence in that, I hope, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Certainly not," I answered. "I am the only offender. But I was innocent enough as far as intention goes. I came in drenched and cold, and the good people here amused themselves dressing me like a girl. It is quite time I were getting home now. Mr. Forest will be in a way about me. So will Charley Osborne."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Coningham, "I remember hearing you were at school together somewhere in this quarter. But tell us all about it. Did you lose your way?"

(To be continued.)

THE CELESTIALS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

ONE of the most interesting Sabbath services in New England, and very likely in the Union, is that held each Sunday afternoon in Messrs. Sampson & Co.'s shoe factory at North Adams, Massachusetts, and known as the "Chinese Sunday-school." The interest is not confined to the casual visitor, or those engaged in the school, for here, week by week, is being wrought out the solution of that problem which agitated many earnest minds when the "heathen" first landed on Puritan soil—"Can these men be Americanized?" Very many Christian men who were not alarmed by any other aspect of the Chinese question, and who cared for no other, shook their doubting heads when they spoke of the strange language, different social customs, and benighted spiritual condition of the new-comers.

But a very brief observation showed that the Celestials were willing and anxious to learn of that which pertained to their temporal welfare, and hearts inspired with true zeal at once determined that this trait of character should be made the means of their advancement in other directions, as well as in the making of shoes. A consultation between the different pastors of the village and Mr. Chase, the partner of Mr. Sampson, resulted in the opening of a Sunday school in the Chinese quarters. Mr. Chase, aided by the clergymen, and especially by Rev. T. A. Griffin, of the M. E. Church, naturally fills the plac of superintendent. In the various Sunday-schools of the village a call was made for volunteer teachers, and a general response came.

It was very easy to volunteer—not so easy to teach the "heathen." Scarcely one of the Celestials, with the exception of the interpreter, Charley Sing, knew a word of English, and very surely the teachers knew nothing of Chinese. But not disheartened even by this unpromising state of affairs, the self-appointed missionaries set to work, and now, after the lapse of something like five months, we look in upon them.

A graveled walk around to the rear of the three-story brick building which Mr. Sampson converted into a shoe factory, brings us directly to the Chinese quarters—a suite of large rooms in the rear portion of the building. Passing first through the sleeping-room, with which we have nothing to do, we enter another apartment, and find ourselves at once in the midst of the school.

The school-room is some thirty feet in length by half the width, and ten tables, five

upon each side, are already surrounded by teachers and pupils. It is now half-past four, and school has just commenced. Upon one side of the room a number of gas jets give an uncertain light, while the other tables are illuminated by lamps, candles, whatever may be impressed for service.

Each table has from four to six of the yellow-skinned pupils, all dressed in their best, quite a number of them appearing in neat black suits of the latest American style. There are nearly an equal number of teachers, very few having more than one scholar, none more than two. And here the usual experience of schooling is reversed. The Celestials are all young men, of small stature, and to the stranger appear quite as much alike as so many peas. There is the greatest diversity among the teachers. At one side of a table sits a dignified, middle-aged man, judge of the district court, earnestly laboring to impress new ideas, or ideas in a new form, upon the mind of his single pupil, and laboring not in vain. Not far away is a little Miss, not yet requiring two figures to write down her age, who is now and then impatiently shaking back her golden tresses, as she labors to impress upon the mind of her pupil the strange combinations of the English alphabet, looking up into his half-pleased, half-puzzled Asiatic countenance, herself in doubt whether she has succeeded in making the point as clear to him as it is in her own mind. At the same table may be a school-boy, a year or two older, just getting conscious of his rights as "Young America," and as wild and mischievous as one often sees ; but his heart is large and true, and just now he is patiently leading the mind of his charge through the rudiments of the omnipresent primer.

There are very few young men among the teachers, but the same cannot be said of the young ladies. At no gathering of equal numbers will a larger proportion of the beautiful, refined, intellectual young ladies of the village be found. From the delicate child to the middle-aged woman, and from the affluent to the poor, all classes and ages are engaged in this work of charity.

It is not a quiet place, this school-room. Fifty teachers are earnestly laboring with about an equal number of scholars, as though the fortunes of lives depended upon utilizing this Sabbath afternoon hour. Then there are fifty or more visitors or lookers-on, who must needs learn the whole history of the school, and express their individual opinions for the general benefit of those present. So that the imaginative mind receives a very good idea of that grand confusion upon the plains of Shinar.

Passing down the room, we have an opportunity to observe the individual members of the school at their studies. First of all, we are impressed with the spirit of earnestness, in many cases amounting almost to enthusiasm, which pervades the whole assembly. Here and there one, a trifle duller than his neighbor, it may be, or with a teacher less gifted to impart information, sits gazing upon the strange symbols before him, or repeats mechanically the promptings of the teacher, looking all the while like a personification of stupid patience. But generally the quick flashing eyes, the earnest nods of assent, indicating comprehension, and the general light of intelligence, shows an understanding of the subject beyond the scholar's ability to express in the yet unmastered language of his adopted country.

Each teacher follows the bent of his or her own preferences in regard to the method of instruction, but, generally, reading forms a principal part of the hour's pursuits. Here the ordinary school primer is brought into service, and, judging from the progress made by many of the pupils, nothing could be better adapted to the purpose. A few of the learners read quite readily where words of two syllables abound, while others are not yet able to master the mysteries of three-lettered words.

A great deal of object-teaching is here employed, and very advantageously. In fact, it is rendered a necessity by the want of language in common between teacher and learner, and principally upon the ability of the tutor in this direction depends the success of the student.

In connection with reading and object-teaching, writing is employed in some cases. A slate with one or two sentences written upon it lies before the Celestial. A dimly-burning candle sits upon an adjacent table. "What is that?" the teacher asks, pointing

towards it. "Candle," replies the novice. "Find the word upon your slate." The yellow finger passes slowly along, and soon rests upon the word. "Now spell it and write it yourself." A few moments' application, and the word is written in characters which would put to shame the handwriting of most men who live by the pen, and the pupil looks up with a bright sparkle of the eye for the reward he is sure to receive, the smile of approbation from his teacher.

The peculiar faculty for imitation possessed by the Chinese as a nation makes writing an easy branch of their studies. Once having learned the letters which make a given word, and recollecting their written forms, the Celestial writes the word very readily, and very neatly. Simple problems in mental arithmetic, names of days and months, as well as many object lessons which circumstances may suggest, fill up the hour. There is no lull or hush. Each moment is saved, for the time is brief, and it will be a whole week before another opportunity for such instruction and pleasure will present. But in the midst of the exercises a single stroke of the bell is heard.

What a silence ensues! Instantly every sound is hushed, unless it may be some visitors have not quite finished their conversation, in which case they will be expected to continue, giving those present the benefit of their wisdom, and the example of their good-breeding. If a clergyman is present, or a visitor who has anything to say, he can address the school through the interpreter, Charley Sing. The teachers unite in singing "There is a happy land," or some simple song of that class, and frequently the pupils, so far as able, join.

After the close of school, which is informal, a song in Chinese is sometimes given by one of the pupils, for the gratification of visitors. The air is very simple, peculiar, though not unpleasing, and the words, which appear to be monosyllables of all kinds mixed together, convey about as much sense to English ears as does a great deal of the popular singing *at* our own language.

"Come next Sunday," frequently in its abbreviated form—"Sunday," is the parting request of the scholar to his teacher. And generally the latter is quite as interested as the former in her weekly missionary hour. The attachment between the scholars and their teachers is in many cases noteworthy. Not only is this manifested in little acts of kindness, and such trifling gifts as they are able to make—fans, coins, and multitudes of little trinkets—but sometimes their feelings find expression in more substantial manner. On Thanksgiving Day a number of the teachers were astonished at the reception of fine plump turkeys as tokens of the estimation in which they were held by their disciples. Generally, a Celestial will not attend the school unless assured that his teacher will be present. From some convenient nook in the sleeping-room, or elsewhere, he watches the door until the familiar form appears, when with a glide and scramble he hurries into the accustomed seat, and is waiting with boyish eagerness for the commencement of his exercises.

Should the Chinaman fail to learn with the rapidity of his more fortunate companion, no impatience or discontent marks his conduct. The failure is all attributed to his own stupidity, and yet he does not become discouraged. The general anxiety to learn the language, written and spoken, as well as the manners and customs of the people among whom their lot is cast, strikes us at once as an omen exceedingly favorable in its nature. Although they enjoy but one hour's teaching per week, their study does not end with that hour. Evenings and spare moments are very often given to the primer, and such progress as can be made unassisted is worked out by the persevering shoemaker. It is to be hoped that ere long some means may be devised by which they shall receive two or three additional hours of instruction during the week, and if this can be done, beyond all doubt their progress towards Americanization will be very much accelerated.

We have thus attempted to describe the most interesting and important hour of the week to the Chinese in New England. From the record of that hour logical deductions may be made regarding their future. It is not our purpose to draw these conclusions, since we do not intend to discuss the Chinese question—only to draw aside the veil, that the world may have a peep in upon their

inner life. That they are highly satisfied with their situation as laborers seems very evident; that they are much pleased at the efforts being put forth to instruct them cannot be doubted. Their intention to adopt American customs may be seen in the use of our own style of clothing in place of theirs. That they are capable of thorough culture and religious impression, Charley Sing, a perfect gentleman and a member of the M. E. Church, is a living and indisputable witness. That they are naturally temperate is sufficiently proven by the fact that of the seventy-five employed by Messrs. Sampson & Co., none used strong drink in any form, not even as a medicine.

What part they are to play in our future history cannot be told; but so long as they love the school and its associations, are open to kindly Christian influences, are temperate and industrious, we see no reason why our broad territory, a haven for the oppressed of every clime, should be denied to the Celestials.

THE OUTCAST.

BLEAK winds of winter, sobbing and moaning,
Pluck not my rags with your pitiless hand;
Here in the darkness, cold and despairing,
Homeless, and friendless, and starving I stand.
Scourged by the white icy whips of the tempest,
I wander forlorn on my desolate way,
Forgotten of earth, and forsaken of heaven,
Too frozen to kneel, and too hungry to pray.

I look at the stately and palace-like dwellings
That line with their grandeur the pathway I tread,
I fancy the brightness and warmth of the hearth-stone,
The plenteous board with the wine and the bread:
I see the heads bow'd with a reverent meaning,
A blessing is breathed o'er the sumptuous fare;
Will it rise to the ear of the pitiful Father,
Or die of the cold, like the vagabond's prayer?

Hark! midnight. The chime from the church-tower above me
Drops solemnly down through the whirl of the storm:
If one could but pass through the gate to the portal,
Could sleep there, and dream it was lighted and warm.
Give way, cruel bars! let me through to a refuge!
Give way! but I rave, and the fierce winds reply:
"No room in His house for His vagabond children,
"No room in His porch for an outcast to die."

No room in the dwellings—no room in the churches,
No room in the prison—for hunger's no crime;
Is there room in the bed of the river, I wonder,
Deep down by the pier in the ooze and the slime?
Mock on, taunting wind! I can laugh back an answer,
An hour, and your bitterest breath I defy;
Since bars shut me out of God's house among mortals,
I will knock at the gate of His home in the sky!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

LECTURE-BROKERS AND LECTURE-BREAKERS.

THERE is a general complaint this year, throughout that portion of the country in which the "lecture system" has become an institution, that the usual courses of lectures and of intellectual entertainments grouped with lectures have been unremunerative. The ancient croakers who have been prophesying the downfall of the institution for years are tuning their croak to a jubilant turn, and it really seems as if something had happened to give them reason for their mournful merriment. Something *has* happened, about which we propose to discourse for a little.

A few years ago the literary associations of the Western States formed an association among themselves, for the purpose of co-operation in securing the services of prominent Eastern lecturers. The different associations communicated to their common secretary the names of those whom they wished to hear, he having already written to and received answers from the different lecturers whose services were deemed desirable, and they having stated their subjects, fees, and the amount of time they would devote to a Western trip. Thus, if there were thirty applications for the services of Mr. A., and Mr. A. could give thirty evenings, his trip was arranged for him, with the closest regard to economy of travel and fatigue; and when he had finished a week of work, Mr. B. followed over the same ground the next week, and Mr. C. the next, and so on, until the winter's courses were concluded. Not that those courses were made up as simply as this; but this statement will illustrate the working of the system. Each lecturer was informed that there were expenses attending the operation of this machinery, and that, if he saw fit to assist in paying them, he could remit to the secretary five per cent. of his receipts; otherwise, he was at liberty to throw the expense upon the association. None of the lecturers, we presume, declined to bear his portion of the burden, because it was a great convenience to him to have his time all filled, and his route conveniently arranged by one who lived upon the ground. We do not know whether this association exists to-day or not, but there certainly is no good reason why it should not. It was a good thing for the literary associations and the lecturers alike. It filled a manifest emergency, and served a legitimate purpose. Under it the lectures thrived, and the associations made money, as well as those whom they called into their service.

It is possible that this association of associations and its operations suggested to some of our enterprising fellow-citizens the idea of lecture bureaus and lecture brokerage. It was entirely a legitimate business movement. We have no fault to find with the motives of those who organized these bureaus, and who now carry them on. It is an enterprise for making money as middle-men; and the country is full of such, in all departments of business. It was probably impossible for them and the country to foresee the result of their plans upon the fortunes of the lecture field. It is quite possible that they believed they were doing that which would extend the field, and add to the prosperity of all interested in its operations. We wished them well and hoped for the best, but we never quite believed in this mode of communication between lecturers and the public. The sudden decline of the popular interest in lectures proves that some new influence is at work, and we shall look for it in vain unless we find it in the new bureaus.

Without having any personal, practical knowledge of the operations of the bureaus, it is easy to see that two bad tendencies are naturally developed by them, the first being an increase of price to the associations. A lecturer who has been accustomed to a certain fee naturally feels called upon to add to that fee when the bureau, to whose disposal he has committed his name, takes from him ten per cent. of it. If the percentage were smaller, he would have no special motive to increase his fee; but it is so out of proportion to the service rendered that he is at once moved to get a part of it back from the associations to which he is sent. We do not say that this is the case, because we do not know; but any business man knows that this would be the natural tendency. So, when fees are increased, the margin of profits to the associations is reduced, and the dangers of loss are augmented.

But this cause would of itself do little to bring about the untoward result which we are discussing, for it is not large enough to accomplish so much alone. The second and principal cause is the introduction into the lecture field of great numbers of men and women who have nothing to say,—"dead weights" all of them,—who never would have found their way to a platform but for the help of a bureau. Only a few years ago the really acceptable lecturers of the country—those men who made the platform popular and useful, and apparently indispensable—did not number more than twenty-five. Their names were on the tongues of the people; and between them and the different associations of the country there were the most friendly relations. All these men—each in his own way—had something to say that the people desired to hear. The people took their utterances home and absorbed them into their life. They shaped opinion, developed sentiment, agitated great public questions, denounced wrongs, taught, exhorted, stirred the people. Upon the rolls of the lecture bureaus will be found some of these names to-day, associated in a common column with literary jesters and mountebanks, readers, singers, etc., etc.,—men who, outside of a lecture course, would not draw auditors enough to pay for the rent of their audience rooms. We believe that it has been mainly through the pushing and the endorsement of the bureau that these people have found it for their advantage to cling to the rolls from season to

season. Some of them have been either pushed or invited into nearly every lecture course, until sensible men have become disgusted, and have given up the lecture as a thing that does not pay. The good lecturers have been cheapened by association with their inferiors in gifts and aims, and the "lecture system" has degenerated into a string of entertainments that have no earnest purpose, and minister to no manly and womanly want. The bureaus themselves can have no permanent interest in pushing this class of performers and entertainments, for the whole lecture institution will go under with such treatment; but the trouble is that it is only the second and third rate men that have any real use for the bureau. Good lecturers get all the engagements they want at their own prices, and if they need assistance they can hire a clerk to do their correspondence at half the price asked by the bureaus. We are glad to see that a few of the better class of lecturers have refused to commit themselves to the brokers. If those who are in their hands like the association, they will remain; but we are sure it would be better for them to withdraw, and go back to their old direct relations with the literary societies of the country. A bureau is established to do the business of other people for a consideration, and every man who wishes to enter the lecture field, and every man who has entered it and holds a low place in it, is sure to adopt the machinery and invoke the aid of a bureau to secure engagements. Practically, then, without any intentional mischief on the part of the bureaus, the effect of their operations has been to crowd upon the lecture associations of the country a class of inferior men, who are unconsciously bringing the system to which they have looked for their support into contempt and ruin.

We close with the expression of a wish that lecturers and lecture associations would communicate to us their impressions and opinions upon this subject. It is really one of very great importance. We are not among those who believe that the lecture has outlived its usefulness. Indeed, we do not believe it ever will. There is nothing so pleasant, so inspiring, and so instructive as a nrst-class man with something to say; and so long as such a man can be induced to "stand and deliver," the lecture will live. What we desire is, to find out exactly what the present obstacles to the success of the lecture are, and to get them out of the way with as little delay as possible. If the bureaus are helpful to the system we shall be glad to learn the fact. If they are not, they must go under.

A GROWING VICE OF BUSINESS.

TWO suggestive incidents will introduce to our readers a vice of business which ought to be reformed before it assumes the magnitude and universality which it is sure to achieve, unless efficient steps are taken to arrest its progress.

INCIDENT NO. 1.—A builder of furnaces was called upon recently to name a price for heating a large structure in a large city. He offered to put in his apparatus for $30,000. After repeated conversations with sundry persons interested in the contracts, he was told that the man who should secure the job would be obliged to pay a percentage to them—in this case amounting to $3,000—the bill, of course, to be rendered in such a form as to make him a party to the fraud upon the owners of the building. He told them that he wanted the job, but that as he also had a desire to go to heaven when he died, he was afraid he should be obliged to decline their conditions. He also suggested that he should like to bid for the job with others, and was informed that not a single contract on the building had been given to the lowest bidder. Then he was politely bowed out of the presence of the gentlemen who could not use him. He went home, and as an experiment, sent them a proposal to put in his apparatus for $25,000. From this he never heard; and some man with a more convenient conscience got the contract and gave the percentage.

INCIDENT NO. 2.—A piano-forte manufacturer sold an instrument, at his regular retail price, to a gentleman of New York. Within forty-eight hours he was called upon by three musicians, every one of whom demanded his percentage upon the sale of the piano, claiming that it was bought upon his recommendation. The purchaser, to make sure of getting the best instrument, had separately consulted all these men, and they had happened to agree upon this maker. The result was, that the maker paid each man the amount of his claim, and said nothing, though he parted with considerably more than his profits on the piano-forte. When asked by the friend to whom he told the story, why he submitted to such an imposition, he replied that he did not dare to do otherwise; that if he had refused to respond to these exactions, the musicians would have turned against him, and transferred their recommendations to other makers.

The way in which corporations are bled by the leeches that fasten upon them is notorious. The men in respectable society, who regard a corporation as the legitimate subject of plunder, are too many to be counted. Tax-payers and stockholders part annually with untold millions to fill the purses of these dishonest men, and the mouths of their mendacious servants and tools. There are States in the Union in which the public conscience has become utterly demoralized with relation to this particular matter,—where every corporation, including Mutual Life Insurance Companies and Savings Banks, is in some way "sweated" by those who have the management of its concerns. In most instances this result is achieved under cover of the law; but, in some, gigantic robberies are effected by the purchase not only of the officers, but of the makers of the law.

This process cannot long go on, of course, without such a sophistication of the popular conscience that private trusts will be as little regarded as those which are corporate and public. Indeed, it has already produced its proper fruit, as the incidents we have cited

show. Men are everywhere seeking for money which they do not earn. It is quite likely that the piano-dealer is as much to blame for his bondage to the musicians as they are. He may have invited their patronage, indeed, and promised them their pay; but it is all wrong, and the money all comes out of the consumer in the long run. The price of everything must be raised that tribute may be paid to those who are in a position to exact or steal it. If we go on at the present rate, we shall soon be no whit behind our European neighbors, whose servants are bribed by butchers and grocers and bakers, and who demand their "drink money" for every service, in addition to their legitimate wages. Every man who connives at this mode of doing business is not only a voluntary but a meanly mercenary corrupter of the people.

There is no question that in this matter of personal honesty America has retrograded within the last ten years. The rich corporation and the rich man are come to be regarded by tradesmen and laborers alike as sources of money which they may draw upon to the extent of their ability, without rendering an equivalent. An honest day's work is a much harder thing to get to-day than it was ten years ago; and unless a reformation take place, the good old standard of personal honesty among the laboring poor, and of business integrity among the prosperous, will become a thing of remembrance only. If it were necessary, whole branches of business might be mentioned which pay a regular tax to what is called "influence," to men who have thrust themselves between the seller and the buyer for the simple purpose of fleecing one or both. Many a product of ingenuity and toil is obliged to buy every inch of its way to the consumer; and a thousand improvements which affect the public convenience and comfort fail of adoption unless their profits are shared with the influence and power to which they appeal. Congress and the legislatures do not monopolize the lobby, for the lobby is everywhere. Black-mail, commissions, bonuses, gifts, the feathering of private nests among the recesses of great corporate interests, positions sought, won, and used for purposes of theft—all these things are so common that they have ceased to be remarkable; and they argue sadly against our boasted progress in Christian civilization.

We do not expect to rid the world of thieves; but the danger is, that honest men will not be able to do business at all without the adoption of their corrupt machinery, the prostitution of integrity, and the sacrifice of self-respect. How far are multitudes of our good houses from this position now?

THE OLD CABINET.

"If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs. Jarley's Wax-work Show,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him?
Oh no, no!
Then run to Jarley's."

So we ran to Jarley's.

On both sides of the Town-Hall stage the rude, big-lettered show-bills glared: "The Only stuPendous Collection of Real Wax-Work in the World," "Jarley is the deLight of the Nobility and Gentry," "Over the Water to jarley." The Jarley hand-organ, in one corner, impatient of the slow turns of the grinder, was trying to drown the ominous sounds of shuffling and rolling behind the scenes, when suddenly—in the liveliest part of the Carnival of Venice—it gulped and choked at an invisible signal. Every one leaned forward—a "breeze of stillness" swept across the house.

The tinkling of a bell,—up rolls the long curtain,—and—shade of Dickens defend us—there, in the midst of a glittering array of waxen figures, she stands, in all her pomp confessed, the pride of the nobility and gentry, and the peculiar pet of the Royal Family, the world-renowned, "the genuine and only Jarley!"

A bonnet of mighty dimensions, all a-tremble with bows and ribbons, a figured chintz gown, a gay shawl pinned across the breast, old-fashioned high-heeled shoes, a turkey-feather fan, gloves reaching far up the arm, big, round spectacles—a pompous, self-contained, stout, fluffy little middle-aged Englishwoman, who steps towards the foot-lights, and makes her solemn courtesy in the midst of loudest applause.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Mrs. Jarley's Wax-work show; *I* am Mrs. Jarley"—with a stately little toss of the head, that sets the bows a-shaking again. "Over two hundred figgers packed in refrigerators to cross the sea for the States; but here I am without accident, not counting Lord Wensleydale, which fell off a pier. Fancy my feelinks in the Tropics—'twas like going on a picnic with one's friends in metallic coffins; for, as Mr. Slum—my poet—would say, before me was a home in the briny deep, with porpoises and the sea-sarpint, and behind me the crowned heads of Europe, sitting on the wax-work show, shaking their crowned heads against my confiding my unrivalled collection to a steamship with a boiler. 'I saw thy show in youthful prime,' says the Duke of Cambridge to me, with his head under my bonnet,—the very one I wear now,—when Hannah More lost her balance and fell over the foot-lights into a hinfant school, and Prince Arthur was took out roaring, his long ostrich feather dangling behind. Hannah More could never go on view again as Hannah More, so I had her melted over with a Corsair, to make a Wild Man of the Woods; but there wasn't enough Corsair, and so I sold her to a cathedral for candles. This is the exhibition that elevates the mind, cultivates the taste, and enlarges the sphere of the human understanding. It's Jarley's Wax-work, remember;—calm and critical. No low beatings and knockings about; no jokings and squeakings, like your precious Punches; but always the same, with a constantly unchanging hair of

coldness and gentility, and so like life that if wax-work only spoke and walked about, you'd hardly know the difference. I won't go so far as to say, that, as it is, I've seen wax-work quite like life, but I've certainly seen some life that was exactly like wax-work. No open-air wagrancy; no tarpaulin' and saw-dust. Hevery hexpectation set forth in the 'and-bills is realized to the utmost, and the whole forms an effect of imposing brilliancy hitherto unrivalled in this republic. The price of admission is only sixpence, and this is an opportunity which may never occur again! Hinfant schools, orphan asylums, and the press half-price. The old gentleman will wind up the figgers, and Mrs. Jarley will explain 'em."

And the wonderful wax work itself—the figures standing there in that gorgeous row—how can it be fitly described without the fan, and the trembling bows, and the proud accent of Jarley! There is Queen Elizabeth, grand in her ruffles and waxen glory, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who, when out walking one day, in a beautiful new plush cloak which he had borrowed from another favorite, selected a very nasty puddle, and spread the cloak carefully in it, that his queen might pass over without soiling her royal feet, returning the cloak next day to his friend. When "wound up" Sir Walter outspreads the cloak in a highly mechanical sort of a way, and Elizabeth steps stiffly up and down with one foot, regardless of cloak or puddle, and with eyes firmly fixed on vacancy. There is Dr. Kane discovering the open Polar Sea. "Bring in the Open Polar Sea," says Mrs. Jarley, and a large wash-tub is rolled upon the stage and set up for that purpose, while Dr. Kane rises on tip-toe and distinctly sees an iceless area of four thousand and two hundred miles. There is the old lady who died dancing at the advanced age of 132; very famous for her minuet step and her elasticity, as well as for her arch and bewitching expression, which is wonderfully imitated in wax.

And after certain other figures are explained and put through their motions, the curtain falls on the Historical Chamber, only to rise again on the Chamber of Horrors, where are displayed the unfortunate Maid of Honor, which died of pricking her finger in consequence of sewing on Sunday,—observe the gold-eyed needle of the period, also the blood of the period which drips from her finger; the frightful figure of Captain Kidd, as he sailed, as he sailed, with pistols in belt and a human thigh-bone in one hand, and bent legs, and neck awry, as if lately removed from the gallows; Mrs. Day, mother of Sandford and Merton, a woman of great presence of mind and unblemished reputation, which walking one day in a jungle in India, and meeting an unusual tiger deprived of her cubs, with characteristic presence of mind and unblemished reputation opened her umbrella and so scared the beast that he fled away howling.—"It requires a great deal of presence of mind," says Mrs. Jarley, "to be the mother of Sandford and Merton;"—Lindley Murray composing his celebrated Grammar—wind him up and let him compose—who is placed in this Chamber of Horrors because he occasioned more misery than any dragon or Roman emperor, and indeed if Mrs. Jarley were describing Nero she could not show such indignation and disgust; Jasper Packlemerton, of atrocious memory, who courted and married fourteen wives and destroyed them all by tickling the soles of their feet when they were sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue,—observe that his fingers are curled, as if in the act of tickling, and that his face is represented with a wink, as he appeared when committing his barbarous murders; the Elderly Naval Man, sitting on a rock with a doleful countenance, having been shipwrecked and forced to eat his companions:—

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark or play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

After more horrors comes the Chamber of Beauties, wherein is the Beautiful Girl pursued by an Indian, the former having been the first to step upon Plymouth Rock, when she was chased by a wild Indian who sprang from an ambush that grew near by. In the same chamber is the most celebrated Prima Donna of any age, whose name was Jugugmicantabellaroarescesplitto, and who was fed upon a decoction of grasshoppers and skylarks' tongues from her earliest infancy; the crowned heads of Europe bickered about her low notes; science quailed before her high. At the zenith of her fame, when monarchs hung upon her trill, and the birds of the forest claimed her for their own, suddenly her voice cracked. Here, too, is the Maid of Athens, who returned Lord Byron his heart when requested—the said heart being touchingly represented in red flannel, with a hole conveniently arranged to fit the thumb of the returning hand. Here is the Mermaid, not a wax figure, but a real mermaid, stuffed, from the aquarium of the Duke of Edinboro, which he took off Gravesend in his 'Ighness's yacht; and she a sitting on a rock combing her golden locks and singin':—"Don't leave me, my lone one, to pine on thy stem." Mrs. Jarley kept her in a tank—a flopsy-slopsy thing which she was glad when it was dead. Here is the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, and the widow of his sole surviving descendant, Cusu, son of Payu; the widow of Cusu, when wound up, eats rice with chop-sticks, while Confucius, with uplifted finger and solemn gesture, is supposed to be enlarging upon that excellent mediocrity which must be observed between the too much and the too little, saying (if wax-work could only speak), "Lu, Vu, Su," with no other intent than to dissipate the mists of the mind. His last words were:—"O great mountain, O great mountain!" Childish, I fancy, says Mrs. Jarley, in a knowing way.

And in the Classic Chamber we have Cornelia, Frivolous Friend, and jewels, with a marvellous expression of scorn on the face of the Frivolous Friend; Æneas heroically bearing his father from the flames of Troy; Ajax defying the lightning; "wind up Ajax and wind up the lightning, and don't let Ajax defy in Pætus's face;" and Curius Dentatus refusing the magnificent gift of the Samnite ambassador, namely a tin teapot, somewhat the worse for wear—since which time no man has ever been known to receive a bribe,—and various other moral and instructive effigies.

And even now we have not told how the wild Indian ran down in the middle of the stage, while diligently pursuing the Beautiful Girl, and was only started again after his machinery had been well oiled; nor how, in turning them around, the porters made a mistake, and let the Beautiful Girl pursue the Indian, in the most idiotic manner; nor how Captain Kidd, who was very weak in the legs, fell prone with a crash when one of the porters jostled against him, in lifting out King Richard, and had to be leaned back against the wall, with his right eye cocked up at the ceiling and his left covered over with court-plaster to keep it in; nor how the Elderly Naval Man's works—which seemed to be unusually delicate and touchy—went off with a buzz and a whir a second time without being wound up, and while Mrs. Jarley was expressing her emotions in relation to Lindley Murray, and how the "Elderly Naval" had to be carried out, and he a-kicking, and a-croaking, and a-jerking off his wig, in a frightfully rapid manner, unbecoming the decorousness of the occasion, and much to Mrs. Jarley's consternation and chagrin.

And we have not told about the final grand tableau in which all the figures appeared; nor how very funny they looked standing more or less unsteadily upon their legs, with their eyes very wide open, and, as Dickens described them, with "all their countenances expressing great surprise;" nor how they were all wound up at once and went through their motions together in a bewildering maze,—the "properties" and positions having become so strangely mixed in the confusion that the Calabrian Bandit was seen consulting *not* the miniature of his lady-love, but a wax doll representing Lord Byron's Favorite Child, Harold,—and Sir Walter Raleigh unnecessarily offered the borrowed cloak for the convenience of the Woman who poisoned Fourteen Families with Pickled Walnuts.

Funny—yes, consumedly funny—but not funny at all to Mrs. Jarley. Ah! that grand air of proprietorship; that dignified, delighted appropriation of all the applause to herself; those trembling ribbons! With *her*—though the audience roar and scream with the overpowering ludicrousness of the thing—it is ever the exhibition that elevates the taste, and enlarges the sphere of the human understanding. It's Jarley's wax-work, remember!

And now, dear mystified reader, you who have been attending your first "Jarley," instead of passing out with the crowd, come with us behind the curtain and see what it all means. Behold, now, that dazzling display of wax transformed into living flesh and blood. Behold the Indian in amicable conversation—in very good American—with the Beautiful Girl, while Confucius gallantly assists the Mermaid out of her tail; Queen Elizabeth unpins Anchises's nightcap; Diogenes crawls out of his tub, and stretches his legs; Fair Rosamond rubs the paint off of Queen Eleanor's cheek, Lindley Murray cuts an ecstatic pigeon-wing, and Charlotte Corday and the Awful Appearance of the Shade of Remus indulge in a startling galop across the stage.

In fine, forty good people of this very town have been making bogus wax figures—that is, everlasting geese—of themselves, to-night, after the model of the Jarley show in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and in the potent name of charity. But the surpassing charm of it all is the exquisite humor embodied in the principal personation, that of the "genuine and only" herself; a wit of such "tender grace" as to impress us with we know not what subtile quality of pathos. How it rings in the memory like the minor refrain of some quaint, sad song—her last words announcing the next entertainment—another rare and royal opportunity—"Be in time! Be in time! Be in time!"

But where is Mrs. Jarley?

Shall we follow her away from this flummery and fun and nonsense?

No loud bursts of applause now. All is very quiet, save the murmur of some little child in pain. And—

> "Lo! in that house of misery
> A lady with a lamp I see
> Pass through the glimmering gloom,
> And flit from room to room.
>
> "And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
> The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
> Her shadow, as it falls
> Upon the darkening walls."

We have read your scrap-book of verses, Dear Ned, with very great enjoyment. There are lines, here and there, that we should consider worthy of anybody who writes verses in these days; and there are two or three entire poems of which we might say the same. Your talent must make for you many moments of what we take to be almost the supreme pleasure; and you have enough discrimination and good sense to lead you to an appreciation of your capabilities and their present limitations, and to keep your talent from becoming a delusion and a snare. If your time should ever be less engrossed by the literary routine to which your tastes have led you, and to which your necessities chain you—perhaps you will yet rhyme us rhymes that will ring in the world's memory many a day. Remember this: that a ground-work—such as you are now laying—of firm, clear-cut, sincere, conscientious, purposeful prose is a good foundation for whatever superstructure of poetry you may yet rear in earthly or heavenly places. We, at least, have this hope concerning you—

that you may never attain the fatal facility that will give currency to your mediocrities, or induce you to earn a precarious livelihood by hawking your wares about, with clamor.

But will you forgive us if we utter one word of precaution? It is against a certain tendency that we notice in your verses, and which they have in common with those of other young poets—a tendency toward a flippant use of the element and experience of religious doubt. Now do not understand us to mean that you are insincere in the expressions to which we allude,—that you are conscious of any unworthy purpose whatever. But analyze your motives—trace carefully your mental processes, and we think you will arouse, on your own part, a lurking suspicion of what is, in some instances at least, a mere trick of effect.

There are not many who have traveled the way that Christian traveled, and have escaped capture by Giant Despair. You yourself have spent more than one night in that dismal dungeon of his; have felt the grievous crab-tree cudgel, and been very sore with the stripes. And you have come out into the light, at last, a little better, we ween, for the drubbing. You have passed through the dark waters and have reached the firm land; at the least, you have "touched bottom;" your feet are not far from the shore.

So we think you ought to know enough about it not to want to hurry any other soul prematurely into the same perplexities which you have nearly, if not quite, emerged from. Is there not darkness enough in the world, that you should go about knocking men's hats down over their eyes? If there is a mountain in the way, don't forever be harping upon its unscalable heights—magnifying its dangers by day, its nightly terrors. If you know the way over, or around, or under, get up and say so, like a man and a brother. Above all, beware that you fling no stumbling-block in the way of those who climb for their lives. For it must needs be that offences come—but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.

BEYOND THE SEAS.

Besides our monthly reviews of many of the topics of the hour that for the moment command attention in the various spheres of public interest at home, we appreciate the fact that "Beyond the Seas" there is a busy world, to which we cannot afford to remain strangers, and thither we propose, monthly, to turn our eyes, to review the mighty movements of humanity in its efforts to develop all that can conduce to the elevation and culture of the race.

A judicious blending of the Old and the New seems to be the demand of the hour—and it is a wise one; for only where the salient points of youth are taught and tempered by the discreet wisdom and experience of age, can they impart to their possessor the full value of their strength. Since electric cords, below the seas, are hourly flashing to us the busy doings beyond them, the ties that bind us have been more closely welded, and our aims have become more harmonious. The nations of the earth are constantly approaching a solidarity of interests in government and religion, art, literature, and science; and we propose to scan these fields abroad, and gather such sheaves of intelligence as can most interest our readers on this side of the water.

Everything in Europe is still absorbed by the war, as it has been for months. In this respect we have been disappointed on both sides of the water. Remembering the seven weeks' campaign of Prussia in '66, everybody prophesied a short, sharp war; and literature, especially, took refuge in the journals and periodicals, to the utter abandonment of its usual fields. In many instances publishers declined to send out editions of works that were just ready to make their *début*, being unwilling to risk the chances of notice and success in the wild excitement and confusion that followed the opening of hostilities. And nearly all the literary men of the Continent were seized with the same mania that induced a celebrated German professor in Berlin to announce a suspension of his lectures, in view of more important matters to engage his attention.

Thus, for the last six or seven months, journalism has been the ruling power in the literary world. In Germany, especially, the demand has been for news from the seat of war, or for a literature regarding some question excited by the war, to the almost total exclusion of all else. And the press has risen in importance in obedience to this call, and has met the great responsibility with an earnestness and efficiency that have astonished the country. So great an outlay of means and labor, so high a grade of skill in delineation, and talent in description, coupled with the deepest genius in seeing and illuminating the moral, political, and national aims of the war, have never before been thought of in Continental journalism, and their influence will be felt after the conflict has ceased, and will give to the periodical press increased importance and a broadened career hereafter.

Illustrated Journalism has also celebrated its greatest triumphs; there never was a period when the pen and pencil thus labored in unity under the guidance of acknowledged masters in both fields. Some of the first artists of Germany, among them well-known delineators from the schools of Dresden, Munich, and Düsseldorf, have followed the armies and been on hand to perpetuate events with the accuracy of the camera. Some of these have proved themselves as skilful with the pen as with the pencil, and not unfrequently the same hand has depicted the scene with both. In all instances, however, there has been a conscientious en-

deavor after truth, and we have good reason to believe the assertions of the German publishers, that such labor has never been so faithfully done before. Nearly all the illustrations given have been sketched on the spot, and in several instances artists and journalists have sacrificed their lives in their eagerness to be in the front of the conflict and at the centre of their work.

The result has been a very harvest of illustration, and a page would scarcely suffice to enumerate the works that have appeared in the wake of the war. The standard illustrated periodicals have all added "war supplements" to their usual issues, besides giving up their main sheets to this subject almost entirely, and a new crop of publications has appeared, issued for the hour, in numbers not to exceed ten or twelve, according to the original announcement, showing that the Germans expected that about this many weeks would settle the conflict. Many of these issues are well worthy a special notice, but for want of space we allude simply to the great veteran in the field, the Leipsic *Illustrirte Zeitung*. This old favorite of the nation and the world has done good service in holding the mirror up to nature these thirty years, and in the present crisis has outdone itself, not only in its standard sheet but in an extra issue for the war, entitled *Illustrated Chronicle of the War*. These two publications are a panorama and history combined, and have become so popular with the people that a proposition is now on foot to have them republished in book form in immense editions for gratuitous distribution to the families of the soldiers in the field.

HUMOROUS LITERATURE has followed closely in the wake of these, for a people that has much occasion to weep needs also to laugh. Tons of funny and witty sheets have been sent to the army to keep up their spirits, and the surgeons order them for the hospitals, and send out their patients the sooner for having something to incite the hearty laugh. A capital issue of this kind is a French song entitled "On to Berlin," which was very popular with the Imperial army on its way to the Rhine. On the very first defeat of that army the Germans captured several copies, and, thinking them too good to be lost, sent them home. There the Frenchman's song of bravado was set to music, and is now a popular refrain in all circles where the French is understood. It exhorts the sons of France to go and punish the insolence of the Teutons, and bids Charlemagne turn in his coffin when he sees his children on their way to Germany to repeat the classic combat of the giants. The French army is soon to encamp at its ease on both sides of the Rhine, and dye its flood with the blood of the enemy; it will teach the world that its conquerors died not at Waterloo; and the song then closes with the following grandiloquent chorus:—

> "From Paris to Berlin,
> Forward, without delay!
> Fulfill our fathers' dream!
> Follow the glorious way!"

As the French for a very forcible reason ceased to sing this glory-chant, the Germans took it up, and, as may be supposed, are having rare fun over it. Indeed the Germans have sung their way over France, while to the French this has been virtually a songless war. In the line of humor we see also announced a *Humorous War Album*, with original etchings, of which 40,000 were sold in one month, and also a highly original French army bulletin, with a key to the solution of its enigmas. Four large editions of these were sold in fourteen days. In short, in the line of humor the Germans have decidedly the best of it, and they seem to be making capital use of it, considering that their reputation in that sphere is none of the best.

AMERICAN SONG-WRITERS of German proclivities are receiving very flattering attentions in the German press. None of these has warmer friends in Germany than Bayard Taylor. A recent allusion to this gentleman in a literary weekly of Berlin speaks of his German wife and his frequent visits to the Fatherland, and calls special attention to his capital translation of the German national melody of the epoch—"The Watch on the Rhine," and also to a very creditable original little poem in German, published in this country just after the marvellous victories of the Teuton hosts. The song is reprinted with Taylor's signature, and some very kindly criticisms on the zeal that could thus produce poetic success in a foreign language.

Philadelphia's poet, George H. Boker, comes in also for some very grateful words for his song sung to "German Unity" in the commencement of this struggle, and it is declared worthy to be placed beside the best that has appeared on the other side of the water in commemoration of the same great object. It is printed in full in the columns of the *Magazine for Foreign Literature*. Hans Breitmann also receives a fair share of attention. He is praised for his geniality and humor, and especially for his skill in producing his odd medley of German and English.

THE NATIVE POETS are so overwhelming the land and the press with their effusions that the journals have long since declared their inability even to open and read a tithe of them; and a poetical effort, to receive the least attention, must bear some charmed name, like Fritz Reuter or Ferdinand Freiligrath. But the national song of the period was made for it long ago, because the national aspirations of which the present harmony among the German nations is an outburst, have long been smouldering in every German heart. Arndt's "Fatherland's Song," Becker's "Rhine Song," and Schneckenburger's "Watch on the Rhine," touched the chords of German hearts too deeply and tenderly to admit of any modern rivals. The only living hero of all these is Carl Wilhelm, whose melody for the last one has suddenly called him from obscurity in a way that seems utterly to astonish and bewilder him. A few weeks ago he was dragged from his insignificant and prosaic village, and brought to Berlin to receive a public ovation, over which he rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and, like the old woman in Mother Goose, seriously asked the question

if this could be he. The serenades, torch-light processions, gifts, and even royal decorations, and popular addresses, were too much for him; he hesitated, and stammered, and stumbled, and finally gathered up what he could carry of the various bounties loaded on him, and begged them to let him go home in peace.

AUERBACH, the story-teller of the nation, is just now the most popular of living authors. His quaint and genial narratives seem to be a welcome relief from the horrors of the battle-field and the sufferings of the hospital. For the first time his works are now published in one series of sixteen volumes, and this is running into many editions, so that hundreds of thousands of copies of his books have been published,—an unheard-of event in Germany, where editions and circulation of popular works are by no means so large as they would be were it not for the circulating libraries, which everywhere allow one copy to do the work of hundreds. Auerbach himself is now with the troops, caring for the sick and wounded soldiers. His pen is busy in patriotic appeals to his countrymen, who expect that his experience in this national uprising will afford him the text of many genial tales in furtherance of the harmony and new birth of the nation.

POOR FRANCE, that formerly occupied so large a space in the eyes of the world in literary and artistic fields, is now a blank in this regard, while her rival seems to absorb all the attention. Indeed in looking Beyond the Seas it is difficult just now to see aught else than Germany, and therefore so large a portion of our review has been unconsciously devoted to that country. Every interest that has been specially cultivated in France is now laid low; and most of the dramatic, literary, and artistic periodicals are entirely suspended. The *Journal of the Beaux Arts* thus ceased to appear some time ago, as did also the *Revue Critique*, one of the most valuable of the critical periodicals of France, whose literature is comparatively poor in this department. Indeed, so far as we can learn from a city still besieged as we write these lines, nothing appears in print except the official and political journals of the day, and these, of course, in very reduced and imperfect form. The literary magnates of the country are scattered, and no one seems to know where they are, or in what they are engaged, else than in weeping over the fortunes of their country. Occasionally we hear Laboulaye, Chevalier, Renan, or Guizot defending the French cause, or appealing to their countrymen in regard to the thrilling questions that agitate them. Now and then we learn of the death of some noted author, and when the conflict ceases we shall probably be made acquainted with much of the mental and physical suffering through which many of them have passed. The elder Dumas recently died almost in penury, and abandoned by all save his immediate family. A thousand pities for his fame that he did not die a score or more of years ago, before he had filled the world with his corrupting novels, and disgusted even France with his extravagant displays of coarse luxury and open licentiousness. The longer he lived the more base and foul he seemed to grow, and he leaves little behind from his long career but a noisome stench.

A real loss to France was the well-known novelist and historian, Prosper Merrimée, who recently died of consumption in Cannes. He had paid very special attention to the Spanish language and literature, and for this study he had spent some years in Spain, where he had become intimate with the family of the Empress. Shortly after Miss Montijo became Empress, Merrimée was made Senator of the Empire, a post which he never dishonored by base sycophancy, for he was the intimate friend of Prevost-Paradol, who paid him a visit before leaving on his eventful journey to this country, little dreaming that he would fall by his own hand before his friend would succumb to the insidious disease that was then preying on his vitals. Merrimée was a remarkable linguist for a Frenchman; he translated some of Tourgenieff's novels from the Russian, a feat such as few Gauls can boast of.

Without the drama it would seem that Paris could not exist. The theatres were closed for a time after the siege began, and were then opened for the representation of the legitimate drama, mainly tragedy, as more appropriate to the times. But the actors, instead of appearing in character, were to be dressed in black, with colored kid gloves,—marvellous that a people could indulge in such childishness in the presence of a besieging army large enough to annihilate them. The French did one good thing in driving the Germans out of Paris: they rid themselves of Offenbach, the author of the licentious opera that has done so much towards corrupting the operatic stage throughout the civilized world. They imagined he was a German from his name, although naturalized in France and resident there from his childhood. It is said that he has taken his abode in Vienna, a capital that he counts on as most fitting for the display of his indecent propensities in operatic ballet. Paris is fortunate in getting rid of him, and Vienna is by no means the gainer by his presence.

HOLLAND has been greatly agitated during these boisterous months of the war, for its position would make it a prize for either of the nations engaged in the conflict, and had the French been fully successful in their raid on Germany, Holland would have stood a poor chance, for these Gauls are the authors of the proverb that the appetite comes by eating, and as the Rhine flows right through Holland, and there finds the sea, the French would have soon convinced themselves that the Rhine ought to be theirs to the sea.

The first cry of war, therefore, stirred up the ancestors of our Knickerbockers in an unusual degree, and the excitement reached the great University of Leyden, of ancient renown. The most celebrated historical teacher in this institution announced a course of lectures on the age of Napoleon, and as it was easy to see that this was directed to the great question of

the hour, an immense crowd overwhelmed the Professor on his appearance, and he evidently gave them just such intellectual food as they were famishing for. He took his text from Voltaire, who says in his *Mahomet* that each nation has its turn—*Chaque peuple a son tour*. The Spaniards had their turn in ruling the world, and then the French, and now the time has come for the Latin races to step into the background and let the Germanic stock in Europe and America have their turn. His critique on the French downfall was sharp and intelligible. The Gauls have neglected the solid supports of a nation, and have made a great mistake in treating all their neighbors with contempt, in literature, art, and science, while they were really falling behind them. The French romance and drama of the day seem to have no other aim than to gloss over the crimes of adultery and harlotry. Modern French literature is a restless chasing after effect, which has rendered it bombastic in the extreme, while it is filled with newly-coined words that Molière and Bossuet would not comprehend. Such a literature is the sure precursor of decadence, as were the productions of the later authors in ancient Rome, and the inflated style of the Spaniards under the last Hapsburgs, etc. Enough said, we opine, to let us know where the Dutch are in the intellectual arena of this mighty struggle between the Latins and the Teutons.

RUSSIA is also having her internal troubles regarding this modern contest of the giants. The ruling house evidently sympathizes with the Germans; and well it may, for it is so closely intermarried with them as to be far more German than Russian; indeed, there is scarcely any Russian blood on the throne of the Muscovites, and this is what the latter do not fancy. The Germans have virtually made Russia what it is in industrial development, and have been its teachers in what literature and art it possesses. But the Russians are rather renowned for throwing away the lemon when it has been squeezed, and now they would like, as a nation, to cast out the Germans and embrace the French, although the latter have humiliated them time and again in history. The Russians have a lively taste for the latest phases of French civilization, and the wealthy stay in Paris for years at a time, and pay more attention to the French language and speak it more correctly than their own. So great has become among them the mania for French polish, that of late the middling classes have assumed to aspire to it, to which the nobles now respond in a proverb more forcible than refined: "Go to Paris as a pig, and come back as a hog." Now, the feature of the moment is that this war has entered the journals of the capitals—St. Petersburg and Moscow—and they have taken sides pro and con, and are now waging a war that is making it more important for us to know a little of the proclivities of the respective organs.

The official organ is published in French—*Journal de St. Petersbourg*—and is the source whence we obtain most of our Russian news. It tries to hold a neutral position, so as not to compromise the government, or too much offend the feelings of the French sympathizers. The *St. Petersburg Gazette* is actually owned by the Academy of Sciences, but is farmed out to some one who will run it with their tendency and in accordance with their policy, which is, as scientists, to learn all they can from other nations. It is the only journal distinguished for good reviews in literature and art, and of course favors the Germans. All the other large sheets are regular fire-eaters towards the Germans; they are headed by the *Golos* of St. Petersburg, and the *Gazette* of Moscow. These journals fight the Germans with most caustic bitterness, and would drive them out of the army, the civil service, the schools, and the state; and, on the contrary, they favor Panslavism, which would bring under Russian rule all the Sclavonic tribes now scattered about in the neighboring nations. The intense significance of this discussion has of late made these journals of much more importance to Russia and the outside world.

SWITZERLAND is about the only quiet country in central Europe, and here we find still a little attention paid to the arts of peace. The Romanic languages and literature seem to have taken their last refuge in some of her deep and hidden valleys, and a recent work on this most interesting theme has lately appeared. Its author counts four hundred different works, and about one hundred and forty authors in this dialect—a wealth of which the literary men of Europe seem hitherto to have had no conception. Switzerland is crowded with refugees from France, but seems to maintain her neutral position well.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA is, as far as we can see, the only monarch who is now enjoying himself. He has just been seized with a passion for traveling, and at the request of his mother is now making a pilgrimage to a shrine in Turkey. To do honor to the Sultan, the Shah travels regardless of expense. He has a suite of 2,000 persons, among whom are all the ministers of state, and to these may be added a *cortége* of 8,000. The Persian monarch foots the bill, and carries out everything in regal style. We thank him for this ray of sunshine over a sea of troubles.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

LITTLE DINNERS.

THERE is no great art required, nowadays, for the giving of dinner parties on a large scale. Formerly they were an accepted test for knowledge, for taste, for a certain sort of genius. Great men did not disdain to consult over the coming banquet with their *Udes* and *Carêmes*, and to place the laurels thus acquired beside the trophies of sterner battle-fields. Now it is merely an affair between Aladdin and his Lamp. It is but to rub Mr. Delmonico, or some other gastronomic light, judiciously, and lo! the thing is done! Up starts the Genie, the presiding Afrite (or African) who comprehends the whole matter and has the secrets of the universe at his fingers' ends. With him appear his satellites, Slaves of the Lamp. They all speak French or French-Irish; they bear upon their heads trays of massive silver—marked "Meriden, Conn."—and these are heaped with every delicatest dainty known to man.

Peacocks' brains are there and nightingales' tongues, dates and pomegranates, lampreys from Imperial tanks, cream tarts of Damascus duly peppered, the wine of Shiraz and the apples of the Hesperides. From table-cloth to tooth-picks all is made easy. The entire *menu* is provided, even to guests and conversation if desired, and happy Amphitryon, spared all pains and trouble, has but to dismiss responsibility, take the head of his table, and pay with a good grace the long bill which, just before leaving, the head Afrite presents with a low bow. For despite the convenience of him, our Slave of the Lamp, like Aladdin's, demands a *quid pro quo*, and is only to be kept in order by dint of perpetual checks.

But these gorgeous banquets have their laws and routine definitely settled; they admit of little variation or play of fancy; and it is small dinners, after all, which are the true test of social tact and the true arena of social ability. What can be cosier than a small dinner perfectly conducted?

The size of the party is a matter of consequence. Party is a noun of most indefinite multitude. Some numbers arrange well at table—some ill. Six, ten, fourteen are favorite numbers. They balance symmetrically and give a proper alternation of sex. But as a general rule it should be set down that the "little dinner party" shall not comprise more than ten. It taxes the powers of the parlor-maid too heavily, and a hired waiter converts the affair at once into a "spread." But given six or ten well-selected, judiciously grouped people, a round table, a moderate temperature, sufficient light, and a good dinner, and what further provocation does mortal man need to make him agreeable?—if agreeability within him lies.

The dinner need by no means be elaborate. Soup, fish, a joint or poultry, and a pretty dessert, with bright conversation by way of sauce, is sufficient for any small party. And these dinners, those of us who are not Aladdins, can afford to give not infrequently. And a dozen such in the course of a year do more toward cementing friendliness and extending our hospitable influence than any number of "swell" repasts from a confectioner's, or even than a bi-annual jam of the most recherché kind, presided over by Brown or furnished by Iauch.

Every table should have a centre—and that centre should not stand too high. Be it fruit, flowers, or confectionery, its top should be below the level of the eye. Nothing interferes with talk so much as to be forced to dodge this way and that to catch a glimpse of one's opposite neighbor. There should not be too much on the table at a time. A crowded look destroys elegance. The eye demands space as well as the elbow. Two vegetables with each course are sufficient.

Hot plates, iced water. Blessed duo! Temperature should be studied by every housekeeper. It is all-important and within the reach of all. A cold plate makes a good dinner bad and a bad one horrible. A hot plate (which costs nothing) improves everything. A hot room dulls and stupefies. Conversation wilts with the flowers.

To give coloring to the table is a difficult art now that white china is so generally used. Much may be said in favor of this china. It is neat and pure-looking, it conflicts with nothing, it can always be matched. On the other hand it defaces easily, and gives a colorless effect which is difficult to overcome. Our own preference is for the English china, which is cheap, extremely strong, remarkably convenient in shape and size, quaintly and beautifully decorated, and not difficult of replacement if broken. This, however, is a matter of taste. If the dinner service be white it can be enlivened by various little touches. The napkins may boast a scarlet initial or monogram. Folded napkins with similar letters in the centre may be laid to receive the dishes in lieu of table-mats. Finger-bowls may be arranged to form groups of prettily contrasted tint. Flowers in the centre, or beside the plate of each guest, are prettiest of all. Nothing lends such grace to food as flowers.

A delicate finish should characterize each detail, and a certain amount of ornament. Every dish is susceptible of being made pretty as well as eatable. A bunch of parsley, a circle of sliced lemon, vegetables cut into pretty forms, potato, rice, bread-crumbs, quilled paper, adjuncts neither troublesome nor expensive, may be made to give a look of elegance to simple fare. Above all things, perfect and dainty neatness, best ornament of all, and that cordial home-atmosphere which confers savor even upon a dry crust.

All this is so much trouble, some one says, and makes no show, and confers no particular credit. But anybody can give a ball or a big reception nowadays with the existing facilities, and be pretty sure of having it as fine and as dull as the Browns in the next street or the Joneses over the way. But to arrange a smaller

party, or one out of the common way, and make it live and sparkle, requires personal talent. And the people who come to your ball and perspire in corners, and get *mayonaise* on their gowns, go away without caring a button for you, while the select few who enjoy your little dinner carry off an impression of pleasantness and taste which raises your house in social importance. And last, though not least, many of us who possess the hospitable instinct can afford to give the one and can by no means afford to give the other. Wherefore, long live little dinners!—and to every one who essays them "*Guten Appetit!*"

ENGLISH IVIES.

Of all house-plants the English ivy is easiest to rear and most rewarding. Its beautiful and glossy green, its grace, cleanliness, and ability to dispense with sunlight, make it of inestimable value in city homes with limited window-privileges, or in dull, narrow parlors, where space must be economized.

It will grow almost anywhere and any how. Its modest demands are but three: earth for its roots, light enough to climb by, and water. Not too much water: it will not thrive with its feet in a perpetual mud-bath (who would?), nor can it flourish if the room in which it lives is kept at 70° or upward. But then neither can we, and the ivy teaches us a lesson.

Light, earth, and water given, a weekly draught of soap-suds and an occasional sponging to its pretty green face, and the contented ivy will go on its way rejoicing, "without haste, without rest," and never stop till it has made our bare walls a marvel of verdure and beauty.

Its capabilities are many. A single root has been known to wreathe a bow-window with thick garlands, and then strike off into lovely, independent paths, along picture-cords and above cornices, till the room seemed all a-bud, like Aaron's rod. It will cover a screen of wire, curtain a curtainless window, festoon a pillar, frame a favorite picture (and what more graceful or delicate frame could be devised?), arch a door, climb and twist about a window-sill, and swing in long, looped tendrils from a bracket. There is no end to its beautiful uses.

In German homes the ivy becomes as one of the family. Sometimes the whole side of a parlor is covered with it, and the portraits of father, mother, and cherished friend look forth smiling from the leafy environment. Small articles of *virtu* gleam here and there, bronze, bisque, alabaster medallions, saints' heads on backgrounds of gold; and to all the lovely sprays add increased beauty. It pervades in-door life with something of the charm of out-door Nature, and makes a green, perpetual summer wherever it goes.

Tickle it with a little guano, and how it frolics. Nip off the terminal shoots, and lo, two bright, persistent tendrils shoot forth and curl and twine about your very fingers. Wash its dusty leaves, and no child could look more gratefully into your face. It harbors no vermin, encourages no blight, but steadily and sweetly keeps its daily course. It is a decorative artist of high ability, a companion, a friend!

This sounds like poetry, but it is honest prose, or rather that delightful mixture of both which the happy things of nature find so easy, and we—poor human puzzle-heads—so difficult. But if any one is inclined to doubt or to call it romancing, he may test the question personally. Let him buy a large ivy, for two years make it the object of his care, allow it to take its graceful will about his home, and at the end of that time, if it lives and he is honest, he will confess that the half was not told him; that every word said here is true, and ten times more.

THE WORK-BASKET.

Mantel-piece lambrequins are pretty and graceful additions to a room. They are embroidered on canvas with worsted and silk floss. The strip of canvas must be of the length of the mantel (measured from the wall), and from one to two feet in width, according to the pattern selected. The patterns are various. We have seen one in Gothic points, richly colored; another in deep graduated scallops, each holding a medallion filled in with small flowers; and a third, which was a double chain of rose-buds on a dark ground, with an embroidered edge simulating a fringe. Whatever the pattern, the grounding should agree with the general tint of carpet and furniture in the room.

The top of the mantel-piece is covered with plush, cloth, or reps, of corresponding color. If the mantel is of marble, or too narrow to look well, a pine shelf of suitable width can be fastened on above it, and the drapery attached to that. The lambrequin must be lined with something thick and substantial, finished on the edge with a cord or fringe, and then tacked on to the shelf with gilt-headed nails. A pattern which curves into a point at the centre and corners is more graceful than a long unbroken strip.

Certain convenient little shields for the backs of chairs are known in England by the name of "Anti-Macassars," but as Macassar's oil is little used among us, and it would take quite too long to say "Anti-zylobalsamun" or "Anti-Tricopherous," we substitute the simple, easy, and familiar word, "Tidy." They are made of various materials, those that wash having the advantage over those that do not. Some of the prettiest we have lately seen were made of Swiss muslin. One was oblong in shape, and trimmed with Cluny insertion and edging; a large initial being embroidered in the centre of the muslin. Another was circular, finished off with a fluted ruffle edged with lace footing and four inches deep, in the middle a large bow-knot of footing was laid on, and button-holed on both edges, the muslin being afterward cut out underneath. In the two bows were embroidered initial letters. A third tidy, also made of muslin, was ornamented with a pattern of ferns and ivy-leaves in "spatter-work," lined with colored silk, and trimmed round the edge with quilled ribbon of the same shade. Of course this cannot be washed.

A pretty and useful tidy is also made of white Java canvas, embroidered in centre and corners with cherry or blue wool, and trimmed with a fringe of similar color. But on the whole tidies of lawn or muslin are preferable, because of the ease with which their prettiness can be renewed by clear-starching and fluting, and the air of trim freshness they give to a room.

Crocheted mouchoir-cases are a novelty, done in the "Affghan stitch," white single-zephyr worsted being used. Set up fifty-nine stitches and do one hundred and twenty rows. Line with quilted silk or satin of any color you like, with a little sachet-powder sprinkled in. Then crochet and line two squares of the same width for pockets, and fasten them on, leaving the open ends toward the middle. Edge the whole, and across the pockets with a border of shells in colored worsted to match the lining, and finish off with bunches of tiny balls at each corner. These are extremely pretty and convenient, and not too difficult to be attempted by any young girl who is on friendly terms with her crochet hook.

Though a baby's Affghan, made of fur, does not, strictly speaking, come under the head of fancy-work, we give it, as a new and pretty idea, for the benefit of young mothers. The white fur known to the furriers as "Russian cony" is used. It comes in strips, and the quantity required costs from $1.50 to $2.00. Sew the strips together neatly on the wrong side, and tuft the whole at regular intervals with small clippings of black Astrakan. These hide the joins and keep the white fur from looking soiled so soon. Line with scarlet or blue flannel, and leave a narrow pinked edge visible all round. These Affghans are too warm for the house, and are meant to be used exclusively for perambulators when Baby goes out on a cold day.

A beautiful new worsted has just been introduced under the name of "Angora wool." It is woven full of minute silky hairs (pulled from the tails of the Angora kittens, we are told), and when knit the surface presents a mysterious, glistening fuzz, as delicate as swan's down and as fine as gossamer. We have seen small three-cornered head-pieces of this wool, done in garter-stitch and edged with quilled ribbon, which were indescribably pretty, and we foresee any number of tasteful applications for it as soon as it is commonly known and recognized in the shops.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

POETRY.

BELOVED WHITTIER! Whereunto shall we liken the song of this brave, sweet old man, singing on in the last gate of Life? We think of blue-bells growing out of glistening clefts in hard granite, of spicy sturdy juniper, of unpolished garnet crystals in moss-rimmed rocks on hill-tops; of all lonely, resolute tender things which New England cherishes under her frosts. But perhaps we love him too much to "liken him," or to criticise him justly. Englishmen of culture who come here, say, "We do not understand the position which Whittier has taken in America. You certainly overrate him." Possibly we do. But we are glad that the nation's ear is yet young enough and sensitive enough to be led into doing it. Doubtless if Jenny Lind sang here to-morrow, we should "overrate" her as an artist. We always did. She made us love her! There is a kinship, a subtlety, underlying these things of triumph, which there is not room to analyze here. The best poems in the present volume (*Miriam and other Poems*, Fields & Osgood), are "My Triumph," "The Prayer Seeker," and "In School Days." The last of these is perhaps the most perfect thing, artistically, which Whittier has written. It is simple as simplicity's self; but it is rounded and full of color. Some day some other artist will paint it: the school-house, sitting by the road, "A ragged beggar sunning;" the little girl with "Brown eyes full of grieving," who stands on the door-step, whispering to the half-sullen boy—

> "I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
> I hate to go above you,
> Because"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
> "Because, you see, I love you."

"My Triumph" is a poem for poets: on reading it in the *Atlantic*, months ago, we said, "This is the farewell of one upon whose face shines light from beyond the confines of Beulah." We know of no other poem of Whittier's which has the peculiar charm of this. It has a calm serenity which fits the heart of a hero, a tender lovingness like the heart of a woman, and a clear-eyed prophecy of good, like the open vision of one near dying.

> "I feel the earth move sunward,
> I join the great march onward,
> And take by faith while living
> My freehold of thanksgiving."

The "Prayer Seeker" has a dramatic quality very uncommon in Whittier's verse. It has also the pathos and solemnity of a litany: no heart but answers to these words:—

> "Pass on! The type of all thou art,
> Sad witness to the common heart!
> With face in veil and seal on lip,
> In mute and strange companionship,
> Like thee we wander to and fro,
> Dumbly imploring as we go:
> Pray for us!"

Beloved Whittier! Critics may sharpen their pens, and point out his rhymes which rhyme not, his frequent disregard of all laws of versification: we see them. But there are poets whose rhymes rhyme always, whose metre and accent are faultless, and whose culture is rich to a marvel, who will die and be forgotten, while Whittier's best verses live on in the heart of a nation.

To the two magnificent works of translation by American poets—Mr. Longfellow's *Dante*, and Mr.

Bryant's *Homer*—published by the well-known Boston publishing firm of Fields, Osgood & Co., their successors, James R. Osgood & Co., have lately added an English rendering of *Faust*, by Bayard Taylor. The appearance of a new metrical version of the immortal poem of Goethe is always an important literary event; but the significance of it is greatly increased when the translator is a man of original power and acknowledged poetic ability. Criticism of Mr. Taylor's *Faust*, to be of any value whatever, should be thorough; and the critic should be quite as familiar as the translator with the German language and the German master, with the movement, melody, and meaning of the original, to prepare an intelligent and conscientious review of the translation. Such literary labor more properly belongs to the Quarterlies. It may be permitted us, however, upon a less careful and competent examination of the work, to say that Goethe has never before been so satisfactorily presented to the English reader. It was said of Coleridge's translation of *Wallenstein*, that it was in all respects as good as the German drama itself. To say this of Mr. Taylor's *Faust* were fulsome and unmeaning praise; but to declare that he has conferred an inestimable benefit upon all American and English lovers of poetry who do not read German, by enabling them to comprehend and to enjoy the purpose and the movement of this masterpiece, would be strictly within the limits of the truth. Mr. Taylor's aim has been to preserve the rhyme, the measure, and the proportions of the drama, where this was possible—a task of immense difficulty; and there are very few passages in which he has been compelled by the unbending limitations of art to sacrifice either the metrical structure or the rhyming syllable, or to expand very greatly the exact bulk of a stanza. For the minor beauties of the poem, the felicities of language, and the graceful turns of expression on almost every page, the reader is referred to the work itself. We cannot forbear quoting, however, one of the most popular of the songs in *Faust*, in translating which Mr. Taylor has departed from the original in leaving unrhymed the first and third lines of each stanza, with greater effect than would have been attained by adhering strictly to the rhyme:—

"There was a King in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave,—
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

"Naught was to him more precious;
He drained it at every bout:
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

"When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

"He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

"There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

"He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea:
Then fell his eyelids forever,
And never more drank he!"

Voices of Nature, by L. V. Hall, comes from the press of Benton and Andrews, Rochester, New York. When a man who has printed a volume of his own verses tells us, in the preface to it, that he was born blind, he has disarmed our condemnation of his poetry, however bad we may find it. But when he adds that his book "contains the elements of a new philosophy" he makes us less patient with such lines as—

"This world is like a dinner-pot,
Filled with water boiling hot;
Each atom near the heated sides
Expands and to the surface glides;"

and compels us to reply that neither his poetry nor his philosophy has any value beyond the comfort which they may have given to his own lonely and darkened hours; and that it is a pity to have forced them on the notice of an unsympathizing world.

Dr. Bonar's Hymns have won their own place in the hearts of good Christians who like to sing their faith and hope and sorrow. There is something almost marvellous in the apparently inexhaustible flow of his gentle, graceful verse: never very strong; never strikingly original; but always clear, and always brimful of love to God, and always fit to be set to tune. We notice two poems in these volumes (*Hymns of Faith and Hope*, by Horatius Bonar, D.D.; three series), however, which have a quaint run of simplicity much distinguishing them from the rest: "The Sweet Cup of Sorrow" and "The Lord Needeth Thee." His versifications of the Psalms, at the end of the third volume, seem much inferior to the Hymns. It is a dangerous thing to attempt to rewrite David.

A reprint of Lucretia Davidson's *Poems* (Hurd and Houghton), is "a tribute of affection from an only surviving brother to the memory of a beloved sister." The volume also contains her memoir, written by Miss Sedgwick many years ago. In this memoir we find the following quotation from a notice of Miss Davidson's poems, written by Southey in the London *Quarterly Review*: "In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons and the friends and parents of the deceased could have formed." The illustrations in this book will not add to Mr. Darley's reputation.

FICTION.

It is unspeakable comfort in these days to come upon a novel whose title is without an antithesis, and whose story is not sensational! *Aspendale* (by H. W. Preston: Roberts Bros.) is a gentlewoman's work;

and when we say this we mean no shallow praise of a surface trick or show. We mean the greatest praise which can be given to the manner of doing or saying a thing. Just at present "views" seem to be getting so ahead of "behavior;" there is so much elbowing and jostling and loud talking in what are called "arenas," that to find a woman who has leisure enough to write a book like *Aspendale*, boldness enough to be honest champion for the true germ of true morality underlying George Sand's words, and education enough to write two hundred and nineteen pages of absolutely good and graceful English, is, as we say, unspeakable comfort. Story-wrights, and the great body of those who deal at their shops, will pronounce this book "heavy," no doubt. People who like Arthur Helps and Miss Mitford will enjoy it.

Every Day, a novel by Mrs. Pike, the author of *Catherine Morris*, is based upon the daily life of two young girls from infancy to womanhood, both pleasing and pretty, but placed in contrast for the moral—the one leading a languid and luxurious existence as the idol of indulgent parents, the other educated to the true and beautiful life of the "perfect woman nobly planned." Mrs. Pike's purpose is so praiseworthy in the working out of this parallel in womanly development, that we could wish the story itself were not so dull.

Shiloh, or Without and Within, by W. M. L. Jay, and *By The Sea*, by Mrs. Sophronia Currier (E. P. Dutton & Co.), are books for whose existence there is not the least excuse. But then that is true of so many books that it is perhaps a waste of words to say it. *By The Sea* has considerably more plot than *Shiloh*, but the plot is very bad. *Shiloh* has much more conversation than *By The Sea*, but the conversation is insupportable. Neither book has enough individuality about it to make one distinctly remember, half an hour after reading them, which book had the murderer in, and which had the good young lady;—which had the death-bed scene in which a whippoorwill sang in a lilac-bush under the window;—and which had the fisherman's daughter who dug clams for a living and painted fine pictures in oils!

Mrs. Austin comes very near being a good story-writer. She knows what she means to make of her characters: she is vivacious; she has true sentiment; and she has considerable descriptive power. But for all that, she commits the mistake of making the whole plot of *Moloch Mountain* (Sheldon & Co.) hinge and turn upon two improbable, preposterously improbable incidents; and in her Mr. Chappelleford she introduces a creature as unlike any known species of man as was the ichthyosaurus under which the poor old gentleman was crushed to death. Mrs. Austin's lively descriptive sketches in the *Atlantic* are far better than anything she has ever done, or is likely to do in the way of story writing.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

THE theological writings of the greatest interest at the present time are those which bear upon the character and mission of Jesus Christ. The religious world is beginning to understand that around Christ, as the central point, the decisive battle between conflicting theologies must be fought. Rénan, Strauss, Young, Liddon, and a host of other writers, more or less recent, on either side, have perceived this, and the controversy is fast becoming narrowed down to the simple question of Christ's veracity. *The Scripture Doctrine of the Person of Christ* (Andover: W. F. Draper), translated from the German of W. F. Gess, by Prof. Reubelt, of Indiana University, is a treatise on Christology for the people. The translator has dealt freely with the language of the author, while preserving the integrity of his system, and expressing his own differences of opinion in foot-notes and in an appendix. He advocates the conservative or evangelical view of the subject, and his book will be valuable, both for general reading and reference, to those who believe in the Divinity of our Lord.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians; A Revised Text, with Introduction, Notes, and Dissertations, by J. B. Lightfoot, D.D. (2d Edition, Andover: W. F. Draper), is perhaps the most important religious book on our list for this month. The reputation of the learned commentator will secure the attention of scholars to his work; while the Dissertations on the Brethren of the Lord, and St. Paul and the Three, are of interest also to less instructed readers. *Sermons Preached in Memorial Church, Baltimore*, by Rev. Octavius Perinchief (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is the title of a volume of discourses on practical and doctrinal subjects which the affection of his late parishioners has caused to be preserved and given to the public. They are earnest and evangelical, though not specially eloquent, and permit no doubt of the Christian fidelity with which Mr. Perinchief fulfilled his ministry during the few months of his Baltimore pastorate, from which he was compelled to retire on account of impaired health. *Work-day Christianity; or, the Gospel in the Trades* (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), is the title of a book by Alexander Clark, in which good gospel doctrine is inculcated in a style of very questionable taste.

In Sunday-school literature we have, among other works, a comprehensive and excellent manual for the formation and management of Sunday-schools, by that well-known teacher and writer, John S. Hart. It is entitled *The Sunday-School Idea*, and is published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philadelphia. Superintendents and teachers will find it an invaluable guide and assistant; and there are few schools which would not be improved by adopting some of its suggestions.

"MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

CONNECTICUT has a new patch of historical ground. Waterloo is Waterloo, and had its Wellington; but Nook Farm had its Warner; and night and "Pusley" were too much for him. There will be pilgrims to that battle-field; next summer's travelers who pass

through Hartford will stop over a train, and summon "wandering hackmen" to carry them thither. At least we know one who will; and can there be any doubt about our recognizing the cat Calvin? Even if we meet him a mile from home we shall know him by his "gravity, morality, and uprightness." Who can measure the obligation the world is under to the man who makes it laugh? Even the mere humorist is a benefactor; though his fagots may crackle and snap, and we get no great warmth from the fire they make. But mirthfulness is better than humor; there is tenderness underlying it,—tenderness and passion too: and the laughs which it gives us and shares with us, warm like open wood-fires with blessed inexhaustible back-logs. Charles Lamb was a mirthful man; and the race of them who love him, and have tears in their eyes when they laugh at his wit, will never die out. Charles Dudley Warner is a mirthful man, and there must be hundreds of people to-day, who, without suspecting it, perhaps, have begun to love him since reading the story of his nineteen weeks in a garden (*My Summer in a Garden*, by Charles Dudley Warner. Fields, Osgood & Co.). It is useless to try in a few paragraphs to justify this praise by extracts, or to explain analytically the peculiar sweetness and delicacy of Mr. Warner's humor. We have read and re-read the book in search of transferable sentences, and have shut it up in despair. There is the exquisite tribute to "Polly," in the dedication;—the description of the inherited raspberry patch, whose stalks were "biennial institutions;"—the "striped bug," "the saddest of the year," "a moral double-ender, iron-clad at that;"—the conception of an ideal plan for hoeing, "to have four persons of foreign birth carry a sort of canopy over you as you hoed," and "a person at each end of the row with some cool and refreshing drink;"—the patient, plaintive pages on the mole; the uselessness of a scarecrow in a garden where "the birds are too much accustomed to seeing a person in poor clothes;" "the serenity of plumbers working by the hour;"—"it is a great pleasure to meet such men; one only wishes there was some work he could do for them by the hour;"—the disquisition on the onion;—on "the domestic cow, whose feet were a little large for the size of her body;"—on the celery-worm, "a big green-and-black worm called, I believe, the celery-worm, but I don't know who called him; I am sure I did not." This is one of the September sentences:—"To muse is to sit in the sun and not think of anything. I am not sure but goodness comes out of people who bask in the sun, as it does out of a sweet apple roasted before the fire." And this in October, in the last days of the garden:—"The Callas about the fountain will be in flower by Christmas; the plant appears to keep that holiday in her secret heart all summer." "Secret heart," that is the secret of all deliciousness, and of the deliciousness of Mr. Warner's words, whether grave or gay. But another secret of their deliciousness and their success is that they are few. The humorous man who can set his fancy in shortest phrase, can have intermissions of fun, and periods of silence,—he is the man whose humor does not grow threadbare, and whose name, if he will, may become an immortal "sesame" of laughs and smiles!

KONEWKA'S SILHOUETTES.

In the first half of the 18th century all Paris laughed at Monsieur Silhouette. Minister of Finance he was, to be sure, but he was so stingy and so ingenious, that his makeshifts for economy's sake became a proverb in people's mouths. All sorts of cheap articles were sold, were advertised as "Silhouettes," simply by reason of their cheapness. But Monsieur Silhouette was not to be disheartened or deterred. He kept on inventing economies, until at last, in his eagerness to cut down the royal expenditures, he drew the string too tight, cut off his own political head, and disappeared from history. But we are sorry for his misfortune, because except for him we might never have had Paul Konewka. He it was, this stingy Minister of Finance, who invented the kind of picture which to-day is called by his name. Perhaps he made the first ones of Madame Silhouette's old black silk gowns. Who knows? This, however, is only our surmise. But the rest is history.

Who can say just where the charm lies of these fantastic, weird things of Konewka's? They sometimes seem half uncanny, like magic photographs of live imps; but they are graceful and subtile, and even tender by turns, until one's admiration is almost lost in perplexed wonder how so much expression can be given to a simple profile, or outline of a solid black figure. It is easy to see how the grotesque and comic should be well set forth in this way; but when the same shadowless simplicity, sharp outline, and fantastic black and white are made to suggest and show deep emotion in a face, aërial grace of motion in a figure, the result seems almost magical. A year ago Messrs. Roberts Brothers gave us the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, illustrated by these silhouettes. We still remember their Oberon and Titania, Robin Good-Fellow, and Puck. But lately the Puck has come back to us again, more charming than ever, in a little fifty-cent book translated from the German of Ludwig Bund, by Charles T. Brooks: "*Puck's Nightly Pranks*." Graceful as a child at seven, that lithe point of age where plumpness has left off and leanness has not begun, he floats and hovers and poises in these pictures, a delightful mixture of small boy and fairy.

We have from the same publishers another beautiful gift volume with Konewka's illustrations: "Faust," the text being taken from Bayard Taylor's translations. This was a harder test both of the silhouette and of Konewka: single figures, or groupings of two or three, to be stamped with the impress of subtlest shades of intensest feeling. It was impossible in the nature of things that this should be so perfect as the Midsummer-Night's Dream. But some of the figures are marvellously full of expression; the

Mephistopheles, for instance, wearing from first to last an evil sneer which is incredible on a profile, and the poor Margaret looking up into her lover's face, and afterward down on her chains, with unutterable pathos.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, the author of *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*, has made another valuable and graceful contribution to American literature in his *Suburban Sketches*, which Hurd & Houghton have published in a handsome volume. All lovers of pure English and genuine sentiment will welcome it heartily. There are nine sketches in the volume, written upon sufficiently commonplace topics, yet so full of grace and humor, so poetic in fancy and expression, so wholly free from all narrow or morbid views of life, and so compact of thought, that we could wish for many more. Mr. Howells has been compared to Washington Irving for the exquisite purity of his style, and to Hawthorne for a certain subtile recognition of a hidden meaning in familiar things. A more thoroughly genial writer, certainly, we have not, nor one more conscientious in the practice of his art. Everywhere in the book we find passages that suggest the eminent qualifications of Mr. Howells to write, if he would, a series of truthful novels of American life. He betrays dramatic power of no mean kind, with a talent for minute description that recalls the Flemish school of painting. Nor is he wanting in satiric touches that are quite delightful. The sketch "By Horse-Car to Boston" is not, by any means, the most striking of the series; but who can read it without admiring the good-nature of the philosophic passenger, or without thanking him for his protest against that modern daily exhibition of man's inhumanity to man which makes countless thousands of men and horses mourn!

Historic Americans is the title of a work from the press of Horace B. Fuller, embracing four biographies by the late Theodore Parker. The subjects are: Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, and the biographies were originally prepared for delivery as Lectures for the Fraternity Course in Boston, in 1858. Three of them were so offered to the Boston public in the Tremont Temple; but the failing health of the author rendering it impossible to give the fourth, he determined to publish the whole in a connected form, and partially rewrote them for that purpose. Mr. Parker's views of these four great men were very honestly and plainly set forth, and no one can fail to see in the portraitures the strength of the hand that limned them. It was manifestly impossible that the religious opinions of a theologian so individual as Theodore Parker should not appear in efforts of this kind, but they proved no intellectual disqualification for a skillful analysis of the characters under discussion.

Fifteen Years, a Picture of the Last Century, by Talvi, has a pathetic interest as being the last work of the gifted Mrs. Therese Robinson. It is brought before the American public by the daughter of the lamented author, who explains, in a Preface, that as it was originally intended for the German reader, there are many passages that may seem obscure, and that would doubtless have received the author's revision had she been spared to prepare it for the press of this country herself. The story refers to the middle of the last century in Sweden, when Frederick the Great had just begun to waken Germany from its long sleep, and the Empress Elizabeth of Russia was at the height of her despotic excesses; and the narrative has the advantage, which is wanting to the popular novels of Miss Muhlbach, of historical accuracy.

Some travelers come home and tell where they went, what they did, how they fared, and what they saw,—which latter is apt to be but a small part of what they might have seen. If their experience happens to be unusual, and their story is well told; or if the reader happens to have a personal interest in the traveler or his journey, the narrative has a certain value, more or less according to circumstances. Other travelers take their readers with them. Alfred Wallace is a type of this class. When his books are finished the reader has not so much a story as an experience of the traveler's life, with a marvelous apprehension of the nature and character of the scenes passed through. He has seen the land and its inhabitants with the naturalist's intelligent eyes, and comprehended them with his generalizing mind. The Messrs. Myers are fair examples of the former class, with the disadvantage of inexperience in writing, and a tendency toward a sophomoric abuse of the English language. The title of their book, *Life and Nature under the Tropics* (D. Appleton & Co.), is consequently a misnomer. The sub-title, "Sketches of Travel among the Andes, and on the Orinoco, Rio Negro, and Amazon," is more truthful. In these sketches the authors have given, in a boyish way, a narrative of the double expedition to the tropical regions of South America, sent out from Williams College in 1867. To the friends of the writers, and those directly interested in the expedition, the book will doubtless be acceptable. Others will prefer to study the regions visited through the eyes of better trained and more experienced observers.

Roberts Bros. have added to their series of Arthur Helps's writings his latest volume, *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business*. A Boston reviewer makes a happy blunder, and gravely announces the essays as written in the interests of business. So indeed they are, in the highest sense of the word. They are rich in wisdom that the busiest business man would find profit in absorbing and putting into practice. The essay on "Organization in Daily Life" is particularly valuable for its suggestiveness.

To their rapidly augmenting "Library of Wonders," Charles Scribner & Co. have just added a new illustrated work of popular science, namely, *The Wonders of the Heavens*. This valuable series, which now numbers some twenty volumes, is fast finding its way into school, as well as private libraries.

A MUSICAL PARTY.



The fascinating Violinist.



Violoncellist extraordinary.



The renowned Flutist.



The event of the evening.



The distinguished Critic, and the Old Party who detests music.



The Infant Prodigy shown up on all occasions.

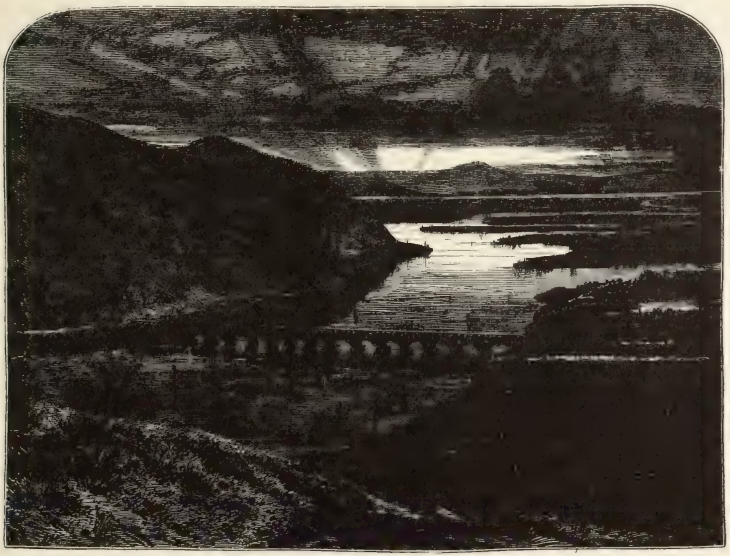


The young lady who is "*so*" fond of music; (talks the whole evening through).

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1871. NO. 6.

LIFE IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.



BRIDGE OVER THE EAST TARIRI RIVER, NEW ZEALAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

THESE two provinces were originally one; but the inhabitants of the southern part of the province thought they were too far from the seat of government, and petitioned for separation. The petition was granted, and in 1861 the province was divided. The result of this division was not so satisfactory to Southland as had been hoped for. Business of all kinds is in a depressed state, and the province is in debt to such an amount that it can never hope to free itself. In this hopeless state of affairs the Southlanders have petitioned to be reunited to Otago. The principal town of the province is Invercargill, situated on New River, a stream navigable for small vessels only. The only port for larger vessels is Bluff Harbor, about twenty miles distant from Invercargill. These two points are connected by a railroad, the building of which was one of the principal causes of placing the province so hopelessly in debt. I have traveled over many railway lines, but never met with such accommodation as on this road. On the way from Melbourne to Dunedin, when the steamer stopped at Bluff Harbor, several of us passengers

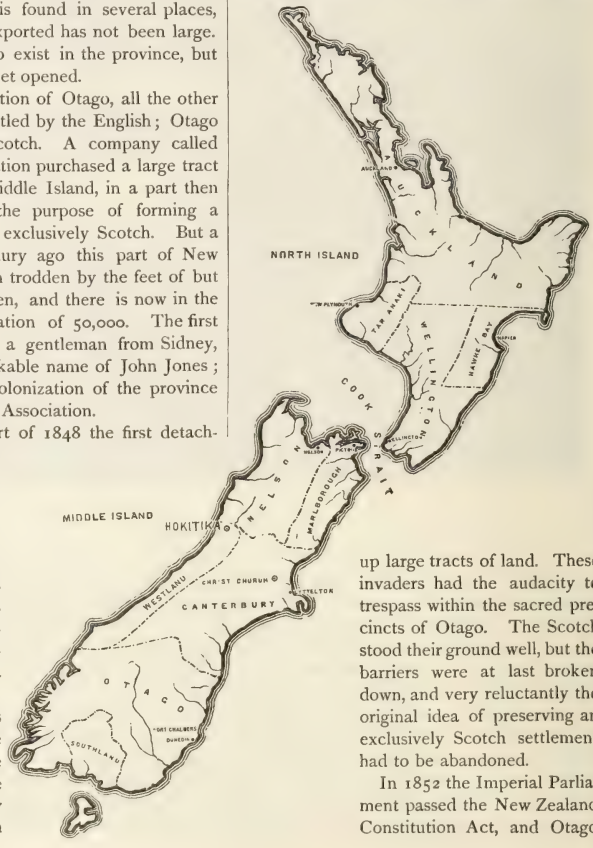
wished to go to Invercargill; but having business to do that would detain us several hours, we desired to leave town at three o'clock. The regular time for the train to start was one; but when we represented our case to the agent he gave orders for the train to be detained two hours!

The climate of Southland is not agreeable. Wind and cold rains prevail the year round; but the winter is particularly miserable. There is a considerable quantity of good agricultural and pastoral land in the province, and on Stewart's Island there is a large amount of timber. Gold is found in several places, but the amount exported has not been large. Coal is also said to exist in the province, but the fields are not yet opened.

With the exception of Otago, all the other provinces were settled by the English; Otago was settled by Scotch. A company called the Otago Association purchased a large tract of land on the Middle Island, in a part then unoccupied, for the purpose of forming a settlement to be exclusively Scotch. But a quarter of a century ago this part of New Zealand had been trodden by the feet of but very few white men, and there is now in the province a population of 50,000. The first actual settler was a gentleman from Sidney, bearing the remarkable name of John Jones; but the regular colonization of the province was by the Otago Association.

In the early part of 1848 the first detachment of colonists, ninety in number, under the leadership of Capt. Cargill, arrived in Otago Harbor, and put up their huts where now stands the city of Dunedin; 200 more immigrants arrived a few weeks later. These pioneers were all of the Scotch Free Church, and, like the Japanese, they thought that in this far-off land they could separate themselves from the rest of the world, and not be contaminated by outside barbarians. These fond hopes were not realized. For several years any person not from haggis-land received a very cold reception in Otago. Not only were English, Irish, and others coldly received, but even Scotch, if they belonged to any other denomination than the Presbyterian.

Squatters from the neighboring colonies, in search of fresh fields and pastures new, came to New Zealand, and finding that the country was well adapted for pastoral purposes, took



up large tracts of land. These invaders had the audacity to trespass within the sacred precincts of Otago. The Scotch stood their ground well, but the barriers were at last broken down, and very reluctantly the original idea of preserving an exclusively Scotch settlement had to be abandoned.

In 1852 the Imperial Parliament passed the New Zealand Constitution Act, and Otago

was made a province. The population at the beginning of this year was about 13,000. Dunedin had become a good-sized village, and there were several other smaller towns in the province.

A large majority of the population was still Scotch ; and although the province was steadily progressing, and would, no doubt, have become in a few years one of the most important in the colony, the discovery of gold in 1861 did more in a few months towards bringing the province into prominent notice, not only in the colonies of Australia,but also in Great Britain, than many years of sheep-farming and agriculture could have done.

Before the discovery of gold the greater part of the pastoral lands were occupied, and large quantities of wool were being exported. Up to 1861 the squatters were the great men of the country, and were making fortunes rapidly. Much of the land held by them was unfit for agricultural purposes, and they therefore felt secure in holding their runs as long as they wished. It is said that the existence of gold in Otago was known to many of the squatters long before the discovery was made public. But they much preferred having their runs occupied by sheep than gold-diggers.

In 1861 a man named Gabriel Reid went out on a prospecting tour, and discovered the precious metal in a gully about 80 miles from Dunedin. His discovery was made known to the government, and through the press to the public.

Dunedin had never before been in such a state of excitement ; hundreds rushed off to the gold-field, and not many days elapsed before "Gabriel's Gully" was dotted with the tents of many anxious men, who had left their quiet homes to make their fortunes by gold-digging.

Government furnished a mounted escort to secure the safe transit of the gold from the diggings to Dunedin. The first escort brought down over 5,000 ounces. This news extended the excitement not only to the neighboring provinces, but also to Australia. It was not long before vessels filled with intrepid gold-seekers were arriving in Otago harbor nearly every day. The ground in Gabriel's Gully was very soon all occupied, and those who were unable to get claims there were obliged to seek for new diggings. Prospecting parties went out in all directions, and new fields were soon opened.

The church people (and nearly all the Scotch are church people) looked with horror upon the introduction of the class of men who were landing upon their shores. Preachers warned their flocks to keep far from "these men who had no fear of God or man." This I heard myself the first Sunday that I was in Dunedin. That many of the gold-seekers were "bad ones," there is no denying ; but to speak of them as being all fit subjects for prison was going rather too far, and caused a bitterness of feeling between the "Old Identities" and the "New Iniquities," as the old settlers and new-comers were respectively dubbed, which lasted for a considerable time.

For two or three years there was little in common between the two parties ; now, however, there is no distinct line drawn, but all work in harmony for the common good of the province which they have chosen for their home. The result has been to advance Otago, commercially at least, to the rank of first province in the colony.

Certainly, at the present time, business of all kinds is in a very depressed state ; but not more so than in the other provinces, and also throughout the whole of Australia. All classes are feeling the pressure of the dull times, but all feel that there is a glorious future for Otago. I think they are much more sanguine than circumstances will warrant ; but I do believe that whatever position New Zealand



MONUMENT TO CARGILL, DUNEDIN.



PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, DUNEDIN.

may reach in the future, Otago will retain the rank which she at present holds.

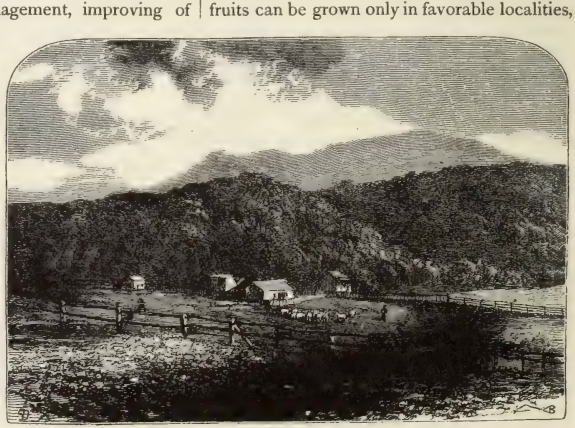
The principal exports from Otago are gold, wool, flax, and grain; of the last two the amounts are not large. The total amount of exports in 1853 was only £770; in 1863, £2,569,718. Since that year the amount has steadily decreased, and in 1868 had fallen to £1,160,147. The cause of this large decrease is the great falling off in the yield of gold. The amount for wool has increased from £300 in 1853 to £452,734 in 1868. The export of flax is now rapidly increasing, and will, no doubt, in a few years come in next to gold and wool. Sheep-farming is not very profitable now, and many squatters have been obliged to succumb to the hard times. But economical management, improving of stock instead of increasing the number, and cheap transit for wool and stores, and no doubt squatting can even now be made remunerative, although the price of wool is comparatively so low.

Before the discovery of the gold-fields the roads throughout the province were very bad, and the squatters who were far inland had great difficulty in getting their wool to port for shipment; but the profits were so large that a good run would be taken up, though far away from any road. The number of sheep in Otago is now over 3,000,000.

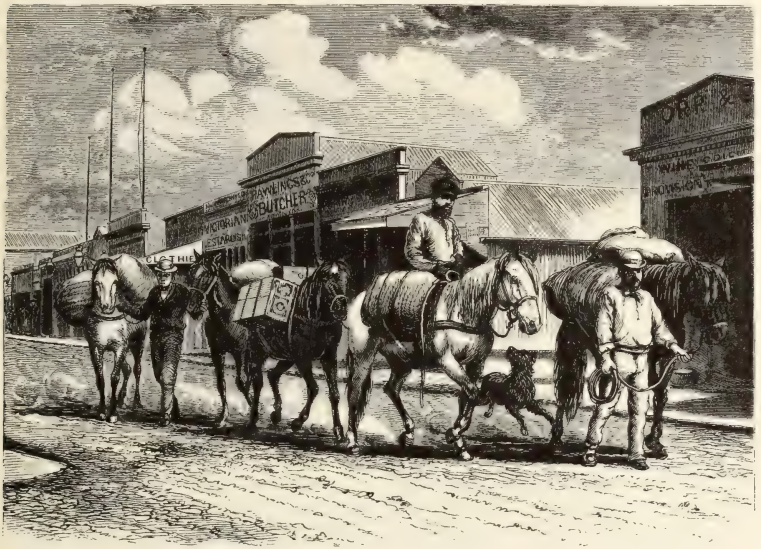
The area of the province is about thirteen and a half millions of acres, of which two millions are good agricultural land, three millions barren, and the remainder fit for pastoral purposes. The native grass is good, but squatters having freehold land put down large quantities of English grasses.

Of the agricultural land, about one-fourteenth is now under cultivation, of which one-quarter is under oats, one-half grass and hay, one-eighth wheat, and the remainder barley, etc. Otago produces oats equal to any country in the world, not only in quality, but in quantity per acre. The yield in favored localities is as high as ninety bushels; the average yield nearly fifty. Of wheat, forty bushels is about the average. Indian corn is raised only for green food in the provinces of the Middle Island. Vegetables of all kinds grow very well. Potatoes yield an average of over eight tons per acre. Of fruits, there are apples, pears, plums, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, etc.

But Otago cannot be called good for fruit generally. Peaches, grapes, and many other fruits can be grown only in favorable localities,



SHEEP STATION, OTAGO.



STORES FOR THE INLAND DIGGINGS.

and no kind of fruit is raised in sufficient quantity to supply the home market. The greater part of the fruit consumed in the province is imported from Tasmania and Australia, and will continue to be for many years to come. There is not a large fruit orchard in the province ; which is surprising, for the price of all kinds of fruit is high. Apples, pears, peaches, and most of the other kinds are seldom retailed for less than twelve cents per pound when the market is well stocked.

The Otago farmer has a climate well adapted to the raising of all kinds of grain ; good land that yields a high average per acre, and a country not subjected to long droughts. But farming does not pay. Farm labor is much too high ; and there must be better and cheaper facilities for getting the grain to market than now exist before the farmer can hope to make any money.

There are good roads through the province, but railways are wanted to open up the country properly, and give the farmers and squatters the means of getting their products to market at cheap rates.

Although there are many streams called rivers, none of them are navigable except for boats of small tonnage. The principal river is the Clutha ; on this there is a flat-bottomed steamboat which runs up the river forty miles. This is the only river steamer in the province. An agent was sent to England three years ago to raise capital to build a railroad from Dunedin to Tokomairiro and some of the other districts, but the success anticipated was not met with, and the line is not yet begun.

As has been stated, large vessels are obliged to anchor at Port Chalmers and discharge their cargoes into lighters. It is of course a serious drawback for a commercial city to be ten miles from its port. Several plans have been mooted for forming a channel for large vessels up to Dunedin wharf, but they have all been abandoned, and a railway has now been settled upon.

Englishmen generally do not approve of the American system of cheap railroads. John Bull is a stubborn fellow ; he gets a notion in his head, and it is about as difficult to get it out as it is said to be to get a joke into the

head of a Scotchman. For England the English system may be the best, but for the colonies cheap railways are wanted.

Each province has its own land laws. Otago's may be taken as a fair average; and in this province the price of public land is high compared with the United States. "The agricultural lands are parceled out in blocks containing from thirty to one hundred and twenty square miles; and the purchaser of a freehold in one of these blocks (or 'Hundreds,' as they are termed) is entitled to run cattle on the unsold land around. The number and description of cattle that each person may depasture in each Hundred is determined by a 'Board of Wardens,' the members of which are elected by the landowners from amongst themselves. The board also regulates the fees chargeable for depasturing, which must not exceed five shillings per head for large, and one shilling for small cattle. The fees are appropriated for making roads, etc., within the Hundred. £1 per acre is the price of land; but if two or more apply for the same piece, it is put up at auction and goes to the highest bidder over the upset price (£1). Pastoral lands and lands not yet required for settlement are leased in large blocks, or 'runs.' Rent is charged in the form of an annual assessment, based on a low estimate of the capabilities of each run. The rate fixed by law is three shillings and sixpence per head for large, and sevenpence per head for small cattle. Town lands are sold in quarter-acre sections; the upset price ranging from £20 to £50 per acre, according to value." *

In the United States the farmer can get four acres of public land for the same money that it takes to buy one in Otago. The land in America is as good, and the facilities for getting his products to market are much better; and he has the best markets of the world near at hand. Therefore, with all the advantages that the Otago farmer is supposed to have, the American farmer is in a better position to make money than his Otago brother, although the latter gets such good yields per acre.

* *Province of Otago*, published by the Government.



FERN TREE.

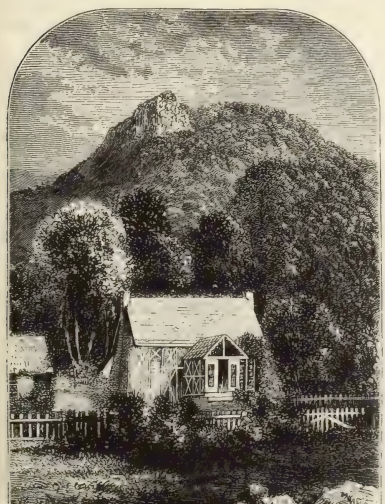
In many parts of the province there is a great lack of timber, and consequently many of the homesteads on both farms and runs are not very comfortable-looking places. Since the opening of good roads throughout the province a great improvement has taken place in the appearance of the homes of the people inland. But you will see men of means bring up their families in mud or log huts, without a fruit-tree or a flower near. Some of the farmers' houses in Otago had such a poverty-stricken appearance that it might be thought that the occupants were on the point of starvation; instead of which they are, probably, amongst the most well-to-do in the province. Very many of the homesteads on both farms and runs are, however, pictures of cozy comfort: a neat cottage, with its fruit, flower, and vegetable garden, a nicely cut lawn, fence painted, and everything about showing that the occupants are people of taste. With one style I was very much pleased—cottages built of black fern logs. It might be thought that they would have rather a gloomy appearance; but with strips of painted deal around the doors, windows, etc., they were made bright, cheerful looking, and were quite as comfortable as any other house.

There are three main roads in the province;

one from Dunedin to the Molyneux River, passing through the East Taeiri and Tokomairiro districts; one through the West Taeiri; and the other near the coast through Oamaru and Timaru to the province of Canterbury. All the roads have branches leading to the diggings.

Government has built good bridges over the principal rivers on the main lines of travel; but as all the New Zealand rivers are subject to heavy floods, the bridges are often damaged, and sometimes carried away altogether.

A great part of Otago is rolling land, completely bare of timber. I have traveled a hundred miles without seeing a tree or bush as thick as a man's wrist. In other parts, in a day's travel a half-dozen lonely cabbage-trees might be seen. The western part of the province is mountainous, and the scenery in many places is said to be equal in grandeur to any in the world. The high peaks of the Southern Alps are covered with snow the whole year, and the hardy men who have penetrated through the almost impassable tracks of these mountains to the West Coast have been repaid by witnessing immense glaciers, and rough, rugged scenery unsurpassed anywhere. Far above the level of the sea in these ranges are several large lakes, on one of which are small steamers plying between two digging townships which are on the border of the lake. Although these ranges are covered with snow during the winter months, and the high peaks during the whole year, the climate is not nearly so severe as it is in New York State; in fact, there are comparatively few days in the year that, in the valleys, diggers cannot work.



HOUSE MADE OF THE FERN TREE.

The climate throughout the province is good, and statistics prove it to be healthful. The summer months are delightful; but the winter is rather miserable. There are not the extremes of heat and cold that we have in the Northern States of America; the summer is never too hot, and the winter not severely cold. Snow falls, but never remains for any length of time, except in the ranges. Cold rains, hail, sleet, and slush are the delights of an Otago winter—New York March weather. Along the coast there is much more rain than in the interior. I have known it to rain in Dunedin more or less every day for six weeks, and during this time but little rain fell in the country districts. Oamaru, 80 miles from Dunedin, and also on the coast, has more wind than rain.

In this district there is an almost inexhaustible supply of fine building-stone. It is nearly white, and when first taken out of the quarry is so soft that it can be sawn and cut almost as easily as wood. Exposure to the air hardens it; but it has not yet been in use long enough to prove that it is very durable. The finest buildings in the province are built of this stone.

In education Otago is taking the lead. The government has made very liberal land endowments for educational purposes, and shows a desire to advance the cause in every way, so that the youth of Otago will not be obliged to leave their province to get a first-class education. Besides the ordinary grammar schools there is at present a High School for boys, under the charge of competent teachers from the English Universities; and there is also about to be established a University and a High School for girls.

Of religious denominations, the most numerously represented are the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist. There are also Baptists, Catholics, and others. There is no State aid for religious purposes; each denomination supports itself from the voluntary contributions of the respective members.

CANTERBURY AND WESTLAND.

ADJOINING Otago on the north is the province of Canterbury. Formerly this province extended across the island from east to west. About three years ago the residents on the western side of the dividing range applied for separation, and the County of Westland was created. Canterbury was settled in 1850 by members of the Church of England, and it was intended that it should be an exclusively English Church settlement. But, like the experiment in Otago, it was found impracticable, and the idea was very soon abandoned.

The province has a large extent of good agricultural and pastoral land, and the exports of wool and grain are large. In 1854 the exports of wool amounted to £7,095; in 1868, £576,076—more than one-third of the whole amount from the colony.

The exports of grain from the whole of New Zealand amounted to only £123,356 in 1868, and of this amount Canterbury stands credited £91,264.

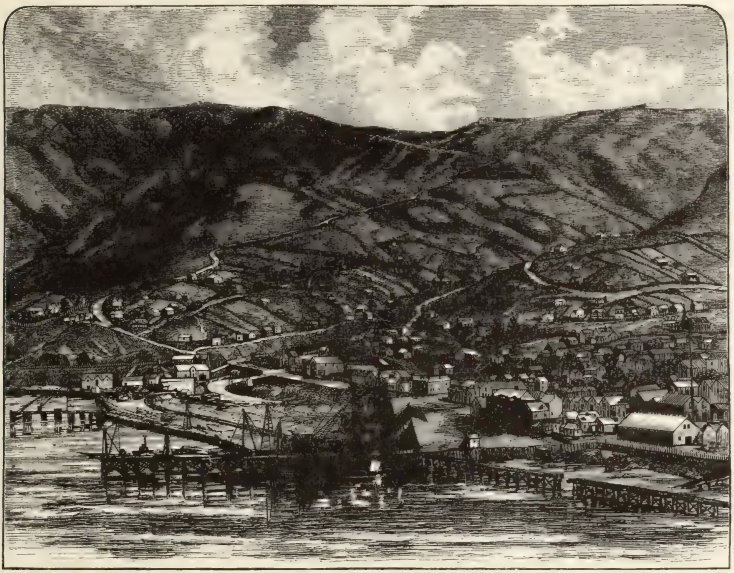
The success which attended sheep-farming prior to 1868 was the principal cause of the progress of the province. The snowy mountains, running north and south, divide the province, and on the east side, from the range to the ocean the country is a great plain. A great part of this plain is splendid agricultural land, and the remainder is fit for pastoral purposes. In February, 1870, I saw some of the finest fields of grain on the Canterbury plains that I have ever seen. But the farmers all say that they can make no money, the principal reason given being that labor is too high. No class of immigrants are so much wanted in New Zealand as farm-laborers. They can find remunerative employment in several of the provinces. Female servants also find little or no difficulty in getting employment. Some of the provinces have agents in England, who render assistance to certain classes of emigrants who are too poor to pay their own passage-money—the amount advanced being refunded to the government by the persons so assisted, in easy installments.

The principal towns of the province are Christchurch, Lyttelton, Timaru, and Akaroa. Christchurch is the capital, and is situated on the Avon River, on the plain about seven miles from the sea. With its gardens and hedgerows, it is said to have more the appearance of an English provincial town than any other place in New Zealand. Lyttelton, the port town, is situated near the head of a bay and at the foot of high, steep hills, which in places rise abruptly from the very shore of the harbor. Over the hill, to the west of the town, is a bridle-path which leads to Christchurch. The walk to the top of the hill is rather tiresome; but when the top is reached a fine view is obtained of the plains, Christchurch, and the snowy mountains. To the east of the town is the main road to Christchurch, which also leads over the mountain, and is in some places steep and dangerous.

The only object of interest on this road, before getting into the suburbs of Christchurch, is Cave Rock, near Sumner. All goods for Christchurch had to go over these



CHRISTCHURCH.—GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.



LYTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND.

thirteen miles of road, or be taken in lighters outside the heads and over the Sumner bar, and then carted several miles to town. Either mode of transit was expensive. Several years ago Government began the construction of a railroad to connect the two places, starting from Lyttelton with a tunnel through the Port Hill. This tunnel is about three miles long, and was finished in 1867.

Christchurch has not the appearance of a very lively city; but there is a quiet, home-like look about the town particularly pleasing to a stranger, leading him to expect to receive, as he really does, more hospitality than in the other more stirring towns.

There are a number of fine buildings in the city and suburbs, both public and private—the Government buildings, several churches, banks, etc. The foundation of a large cathedral was laid some years ago.

The harbor will admit the largest vessels; but when an easterly wind is blowing, a heavy roll comes up the bay, sometimes doing considerable damage.

Akaroa is a French settlement on Banks' Peninsula. This district is one of the best for fruit on the Middle Island.

South of the Peninsula is a shingle beach, extending about ninety miles, and terminating just below Timaru. This place has an open roadstead, as have also several other of the New Zealand towns. It is not a safe place for shipping, and all goods are discharged from vessels into surf-boats. There is a coach-road from this place to Christchurch, but the ride is very monotonous—nothing to be seen but telegraph-poles.

Coal exists in several parts of the province. Gold is found on the Peninsula, and also in other parts, but in no place east of the dividing range have paying gold-fields been found.

Limestone and good building-stone are obtainable, while timber is scarce. Public land is £2 per acre. The pastoral lands are all occupied, and the best of the agricultural land is taken up.

Christchurch has a theatre; but it is not well enough supported to keep it open, except for

occasional performances. Friendly societies are well represented. It has, too, a racing-club, a cricket-club, and several companies of volunteers.



CAVE ROCK.

Nearly every foot of the east coast of the Middle Island had been thoroughly explored for years before anything was known of the west coast. Squatters who had gone westward to seek for new country for their sheep, turned back before reaching the coast. Mountains towered on all sides; some covered with almost impenetrable bush, others barren rock; immense glaciers, and dark, deep, gloomy gorges through which rushed torrents with the noise of a cataract. Mariners, also, had a dread of the west coast, and generally gave it a wide berth, for they knew not what rocks might lie hidden beneath the unsurveyed waters near the coast. After the gold discoveries in Otago, several gold-seeking parties started off to prospect these unknown regions of the west. Some were never heard of again, others returned and told wonderful stories of their hair-breadth escapes trying to get through the surf with their little boats; of the dangerous rivers, and the gloom of life in the dense jungle. But every person had the idea that rich gold-fields existed there; so adventurers continued their search, braving all the dangers and hardships, and hoping for a golden reward.

The reward came at last. Rich diggings were discovered on the Hokitika River, and thither thousands soon rushed from all parts of New Zealand and the gold-fields of Australia. Getting there, either by sea or land, was attended with considerable danger, and many lives were lost in fording the deep, rapid mountain streams. Many hearts of those who went by sea quailed when they saw the swell and surf through which it would be necessary to pass to reach the shore, as they were lying off Hokitika, waiting for the small steamer to come out of the river for them. An account of my own experience, the second time that I "crossed the Hokitika bar," may give the reader some idea of the danger of traveling on the west coast of New Zealand.

On the morning of the fifth day from Melbourne, we dropped anchor about three miles from shore off Hokitika. We had had a westerly wind all the way across, and knew that there would be a heavy swell on the bar. It was noon before the signal was hoisted on the flagstaff at the entrance of the river, to show that there was enough water on the bar for the small steamer to cross. Soon after we saw the tug coming down the river, and in a few minutes she was among the rollers. For a moment we would see her on the top of a mighty wave, and the next moment she would disappear altogether—not even the top of the smoke-stack to be seen. It was a hard struggle, but she got through at last, and lay a cable's length from our steamer, ready to take aboard the passengers and mail. There were probably thirty of us to go ashore, amongst whom were several who were going ashore to see the town, intending to return to the steamer in the morning. One of these was a doctor, on his way to England. There were several ladies, one a young bride. The life-boat was launched, and a dozen or more of us took our seats, and she shoved off. I say we took our seats. Now this to a landsman may seem a very simple affair, but, my dear reader, if you had been one of us you would have thought very differently. The heavy swell caused the

steamer to roll so that at times the life-boat would be twenty feet from the bottom of the ladder, and the next moment at your feet again ;—holding on to the ropes, waiting your chance for a jump when the "Now, then!" should be given. Just as you would be ready to let go, the sailors in the boat would cry out, "Hold on!" and the boat, in a second, would be several feet from the ship's side. You would jump at last, and land—perhaps on your feet; but there was as strong a probability of it being on your back, face, or side. With bruised shins, and perhaps a bloody nose or black eye, you would eventually get seated. But our troubles were but begun. Before reaching the side of the tug we would be drenched by the spray, and heartily wishing ourselves safe on shore. Getting from the life-boat on board the tug was even more unpleasant than getting from the ship into the boat. As for the ladies, I pitied them. Two men would lean over the gunwale of the tug, and as our boat would come within reach they would make a grab at the person standing ready, catching hold by the arms, back of the neck, head—anywhere they could get a hold—and over the rail, with heels flying in the air, he or she would go, landing upon all-fours on the tug's deck. I have often seen sheep handled in this way, but never human beings, except on the west coast of New Zealand.

Passengers and mail aboard, we started for shore. The ladies were sent below to the little cabin, and the doors fastened, so that they could not be opened from the inside; the gentlemen all remained on deck, and secured themselves by holding on to the most substantial things within reach.

About a mile from shore we came into the very heavy rollers.

The captain stood on the bridge at the wheel. "Hold on, everybody!" he cried, and on looking seaward we saw towering above us a wall of green water. It struck our little bark, and for a few seconds it seemed as if we were completely buried, and would never see daylight again. As the water cleared away the cry was heard, "Man overboard!" and struggling in the sea we saw the doctor. Nothing could be done to save him, for the next moment another sea swept over us, carrying away bulwarks, galley, and all the luggage that was on deck, and crushing in one of the wheel-houses. Sea after sea swept over us, and many felt that their end was near, for it appeared impossible for our little boat to hold together very long under such a tremendous hammering as she was getting. The ladies in the cabin were screaming to be let out; but if the doors had been opened a moment, the water would have rushed down and perhaps have swamped us. I was taken off my feet once by the force of the water, and might have gone overboard had it not been for a friend standing by my side, who caught me by the collar and held on until I regained my feet. (Friend Bonar, let me thank you again for saving my life!)

But we got over the bar at last and were soon in the smooth water of the river. As we stepped on shore hundreds congratulated us that our little craft had successfully struggled through the dangers of the sea. Half the people of the town had been on the beach watching us, and expecting every moment to see the boat go down. During the night all the luggage was washed ashore. The doctor's body was never seen. This was one of the worst trips made across the bar; but many have experienced almost if not quite as bad.

My introduction to Hokitika was in the middle of the summer (December), several months after the discovery of the gold-field. It was Sunday. Just before sunrise we dropped anchor; it was a glorious morning; the sea was as smooth as glass, the clear blue sky without a cloud. What a glorious sunrise that was! And such a view as we got from the deck as the sun came slowly up, bright and clear, above the horizon! In the foreground on the beach stretched a long row of white houses, behind them a dense jungle of dark green, then range after range of mountains, rising one above the other and backed by the Southern Alps, whose snow-capped peaks glistened brightly in the sun and loomed far away to the southward, where, lifted in silent grandeur, stands Mount Cook, 13,400 feet above the level of the sea.

Vessels of about 400 tons, and not drawing too much water, could at favorable times

cross the bar; larger vessels were obliged to anchor three or four miles from the shore, and discharge cargoes and passengers into the tugs. It was an open roadstead without shelter, so if it came on heavy weather vessels lying there would have to run to sea, oftentimes so suddenly that anchors and cables would have to be left behind. Freight is generally sent in vessels that can get in the river and discharge at the quay. The difficulty in getting in is sometimes very great. Scores of vessels have left their bones on the beach, both steamers and sailing vessels.

The town consisted of two streets, a short one along the bank of the river, and the other a mile or more in length, and stretching along the beach. The houses were nearly all of one story, and built of canvas or corrugated iron, perhaps with wood fronts. The main street was very narrow, and the buildings close together. On this street were two hundred places for the sale of liquor, and several more on the other street. There was probbably a grog-hole for every fifty persons on the coast: the quantity of liquor consumed can be imagined. In California I never saw anything to equal it. For gambling, however, California could bear off the palm.

Sunday afternoon I went up to a digging township on the bank of the river, several miles from Hokitika. The place consisted of a row of about twenty shanties, standing a few feet from the river. At one end of the town a dog-fight was going on, and being witnessed by an admiring crowd. Further on a man stood on a stump preaching to a score of listeners; and a few yards away two drunken men were fighting, and fifty or more fellows were cheering them on. Drinking saloons were all open, and well filled with thirsty customers. Drinking, swearing, and fighting was the order, or rather disorder, of this Sabbath-day. The English custom of female bar-tenders is to my mind horrible, and especially so on the gold-fields. At every bar was a female, some of them young girls not more than sixteen years of age, who had probably been not more than a month at the business, and whose modesty was not yet quite all gone; others were brazen-faced women, old in sin, on whose faces a blush could only be brought by the gin-bottle or paint-brush.

Returning to Hokitika in the evening, I found the streets crowded with diggers and others, many of whom were drunk and noisy; and no wonder, for more than two hundred bars had all the day been doing a roaring trade, dealing out poison at twenty-five cents the "nobler" (a drink, or small glass of liquor). Sunday on the gold-fields is about the worst day of the week, for the diggers are then all in town, and making the most of their holiday. The week-day nights are, however, worse than Sunday nights; concert-halls, dancing saloons, and bars are all ablaze, and money is spent as if it were as plentiful and valueless as the sand on the beach. Diggers are an improvident class; when money is being made rapidly they will not save, but throw it recklessly away as long as it lasts. As a class they are generally poor, for the richest claim will be worked out in time, and as they will not make hay while the sun shines, they are forced to struggle along as best they can when the rain comes and no hay can be made.

An astonishing country is this West Coast of the Middle Island. Gold everywhere; you can get it in the street, in your door-yard, in the sand on the beach, the banks of the rivers, on the mountains, in the valleys, on the plains. Now, my dear reader, do not get excited and start off for this wonderful country, thinking that you can make a fortune in a week and then return home. I have stated facts, but the whole story is not yet told. It is one thing to find gold, but quite another to find it in sufficient quantities to pay. Gold-digging is one of the poorest paying occupations that a man can follow. Where there is one who makes a fortune, there are hundreds who make only a precarious living. Then, too, the hardships and privations of the gold-digger are very great.

The first of the West Coast diggings was on the terrace along the beach, and just above high-water mark. The gold was very fine, but large quantities were taken out. All the black sand of the beach contains more or less of this fine gold, and so also is it the case with nearly every foot of soil along the coast. Very much of the ground, however, it will not



A NEW ZEALAND NATIVE.

pay to work, and all the country within some miles of Hokitika has been well prospected, and the best ground worked out. Digging townships are all along the coast for more than a hundred miles, and several townships are some miles inland. Hokitika was for a long time the leading town, but Greymouth, twenty miles farther north, is now the first in rank. Near this place there is found coal of good quality, and the gold-diggings are rich.

Back of the terrace spoken of there is a dense jungle, which reaches far inland. Silent, dark, damp, and gloomy is it in this almost impenetrable bush. Hardly a ray of sunshine penetrates through the foliage over head. The air strikes chill and damp, for there is much rain on the West Coast, and the ground gets no chance to dry in the bush. The trunks of the trees are covered with a green, slimy moss, the sight of which is almost enough to bring on an attack of ague. From the limbs hang hundreds of supple-jacks, and below there is a tangled mass of undergrowth, through which there wind and twist scores of "lawyers,"—prickly vines—which make such a close network that it seems almost impossible for a rabbit to get through it.

In the colonies, "in the bush" is the expression used in place of, as we would say, "in the woods or forest."

This bush will not burn, so that every step of the way must be cut with an axe. But nothing deters the gold-seeker. Prospecting parties soon struck off into this jungle, and new fields were discovered. These pioneers underwent great hardships; some died in the bush, and others returned half dead with swamp fever, and looking like walking corpses instead of living men. With cadaverous face, sunken eyes, and colorless cheeks, you would see them crawling about the streets a few days, and then they would disappear—whether they had gone out of the country, to the hospital or the grave, no one but their friends would know. Should a man on a prospecting expedition be taken sick in the bush, I should think it almost impossible for him to get well, for all the surroundings tend to depress his spirits. The silence alone is enough to give a well man the blues. In New Zealand there are no wild animals indigenous to the country—not a snake or reptile, and comparatively few birds.

Many diggers have made their fortunes on the West Coast, and the exports of gold have been, and are still, very large. Up to 1st of January, 1870, the amount of gold exported from the whole of New Zealand was about $100,000,000, two-fifths of which was from the West Coast diggings (but not all from Westland). But when the gold is gone the population will be gone too, for there is nothing but gold to keep the people there. The soil is very rich and deep, and very productive on the small patches that have been cleared; but farming will never pay on the West Coast. The gold-fields may last many years, but the end must come.

To the inland townships tracks have been cut through the bush, and all goods are packed on horses from the coast towns.

After the discovery of the diggings a road was constructed across the island from Christchurch to Hokitika. It is 150 miles long, cost £150,000, and was opened for traffic in 1866.



A NEW ZEALAND QUEEN.

NELSON AND MARLBOROUGH.

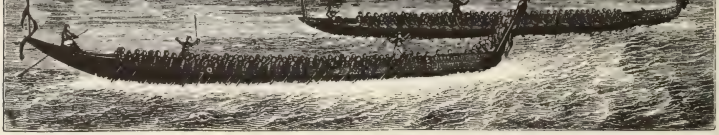
Nelson and Marlborough are the northern provinces of the Middle Island. Marlborough has a population of less than 5,000, and with little probability of the number increasing. The exports of wool amount to about $200,000 per annum. Timber and gold are also exported, but not to a large amount.

The capital of Nelson is the city of that name, — by far the prettiest town in the colony. The climate is lovely; no other part of the colonies can compare with it; and it is so healthy that a person wishing to die must remove to some other part of the country or commit suicide. Fruit and vegetables of all kinds grow in abundance, and for several miles to the southward there is good agricultural land, on which the farmers raise splendid crops of all kinds of grain. Near the town hops are extensively cultivated, and there are many very fine fruit-gardens, in which may be found nearly all the fruits that are raised in the Northern States of America. The town is laid out in broad streets running at right angles. The principal buildings are the Government Buildings and the English church. As a place of residence, simply, Nelson is incomparably superior to any other place in New Zealand.

WELLINGTON, TARANAKI, AND HAWKE'S BAY.

The southern part of the North Island is the province of Wellington, the capital and principal town of which bears the same name as the province. This town (or city, as the inhabitants call it) is perhaps the most disagreeable, as a place of residence, of any town in the colony. If the dust is not sweeping through the streets in clouds, there is almost certain to be a cold rain. The wind blows almost continuously; and added to the disagreeables before mentioned, earthquake shocks are of common occurrence. It has a good harbor—one of the best in New Zealand. And this, added to the city being the most central in the colony, is the reason why it has been chosen as the capital of the colony in preference to Auckland, the former capital.

The Provincial Government, in anticipation of Wellington soon being a rival of New York or Liverpool, began making preparations for extending the limits of the future metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere. Hills were cut down and removed to the harbor; an extensive wharf was built, and a graving-dock begun. But unfortunately things have not gone right: the steamship company failed; an earthquake gave the dock foundation such a shaking that work was stopped on it, and will probably never be resumed; the portion of the harbor reclaimed has but a half-dozen



MAORI WAR CANOES.

lonely-looking buildings upon the ground, and there is now serious talk of the General Government removing to Auckland again.

There is good agricultural land in the province, but roads are wanted to open up these districts. Then, too, the natives in all the provinces of the North Island are very troublesome, and the settlers in the outlying districts are liable to be driven from their homes any hour, houses and crops destroyed, and perhaps wives and children massacred.

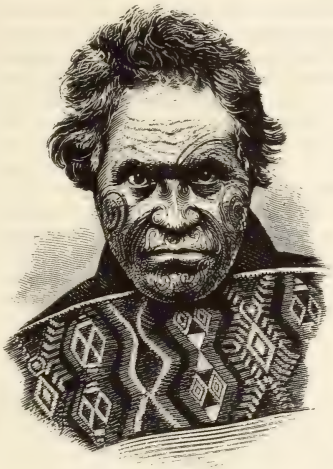
Gold is found in the province, but as yet not in paying quantities.

The first object of note on landing upon the beach of Taranaki is the beach itself, which is for many miles formed of iron-sand. There are thousands upon thousands of tons of it, but little or no use is being made of it, though "the steel produced by the Taranaki sand is far superior to any yet known, conducing to main essentials, hardness and toughness." For cutlery it is said to be very superior. South of New Plymouth a mile or more, petroleum is found on the beach. The writer has run a walking-stick into the sand about two feet, and with a shell has, in a few minutes, filled a pint bottle with pure petroleum that came bubbling up from the hole. The report of the Government Geologist is that paying quantities do not exist there. An American company offered to prospect the ground thoroughly if the Government would grant them land enough to make it an object to expend the amount that would be necessary; but the Government would not make the grant.

On the east coast of the island is the province of Hawke's Bay. And these two provinces (Taranaki and Hawke's Bay) have together a population of less than 10,000; but each has its superintendent, provincial treasurer, secretary of public works, etc., and its provincial council. Extensive petroleum springs are said to have been found in the interior, but the natives will not allow the whites to trespass too far inland.

AUCKLAND.

The portion of New Zealand comprising the province of Auckland is, without doubt, the most interesting part of the colony. For the scientific explorer this province is a rich field. In the interior are volcanoes, boiling springs, mineral springs, petroleum springs, water-falls, and other wonders. The resources of the province are gold, coal, flax, timber, kauri gum, wool, and grain. The quartz reefs of Shortland and vicinity are amongst the richest that have ever been discovered. When the existence of these rich reefs became known, thousands of people rushed to the new field from all parts of the colony. Not only dig-



A NATIVE CHIEF—MODE OF TATTOOING.



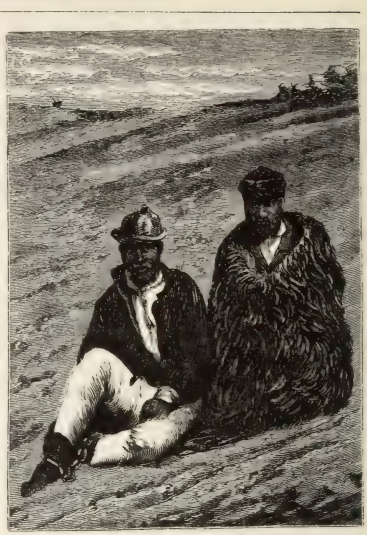
TE-OA, THE CRAZY PROPHET.

gers went, but merchants, brokers, loafers, and hard-up individuals of all classes. The country about was staked out, and thousands of claims registered within a few weeks. Very few of these claims, however, were taken up by parties who intended working them; but by speculators, for the purpose of getting up joint-stock companies. More than one thousand of these companies were gotten up, and shares placed on the market. The excitement soon became intense, and the mania for gambling in scrip was shared in alike by high and low, rich and poor, by men and women, and even children invested the contents of their money-boxes in one or more shares of the "Happy-go-Lucky," "Sink or Swim," "Never say Die," or some other as oddly named company. At the beginning of the present year not more than a dozen of the companies were paying dividends, and scrip of the remainder was worth about ten cents a bushel. A few individuals had made fortunes, but hundreds had lost their all.

That the gold-fever excitement has died out is no criterion as to the real value of the field. Scores of claims as rich as the "Golden Crown" or "Long Drive" may yet be opened, and the field be more extensive and productive than any in the colony.

The capital and principal town of the province is Auckland. If a visitor to New Zealand has time to visit but one port, let that one be Auckland. Not that the city has any great beauty to boast of, but more of New Zealand life is to be seen in and near Auckland than in any other town in the colony. A short sail from the city takes you to the diggings, and in the city itself scores of Maoris are met with. Extinct volcanoes, some of which have perfectly formed craters, are to be seen in all directions. Sailing up the harbor our vessel is soon alongside the wharf, and we step ashore.

To the left of the wharf is a large Maori war canoe, with its grotesquely carved figure-head, and there are also a dozen smaller native boats; some of them are filled with chattering natives—men, women, and children—about to start for their homes with provisions, etc., purchased in town; other boats have cargoes of melons, peaches, etc.,



THE MURDERERS OF VOLKNER.

brought from the native farms for sale to the Europeans. At the end of the wharf is an enclosure filled with natives; this is the Maori market. The peaches are all in "kits" (flax bags) holding about half a peck each. I tell the old woman to give me sixpence worth, and selecting half a dozen offer her the money; but she refuses to take it, and says I must take the kit or none. Giving her the shilling I take up the kit, and soon see why she refused to allow me to select sixpence worth. The remainder would have been unsalable. A few good peaches were on the top, and the others were fit only for the pigs. Talk about the Maoris being savages!

The favorite Maori ornament for the ears are sharks' teeth tipped with a bit of red sealing-wax, and suspended by a piece of dirty black ribbon. Ornaments made from the New Zealand greenstone are also much worn. This stone is very hard to work, but takes a fine polish. Native tools, hatchets, etc., are made from this stone; also idols, which are suspended from the neck. The dress of the old women is sometimes a blanket only, sometimes the cast-off clothing of white women. The younger females, however, are

dressed very differently; many are in full European costume, and others with a skirt, and over the shoulders a neat native flax mat. The men are nearly all dressed in European costume. As we walk along up Queen Street we meet Maoris of all classes. Here is an old man with every inch of his face tattooed. Anon we meet several half-caste girls, dressed in the top of the fashion—waterfalls, kid gloves, silk dresses, parasols, jewelry, etc., equal in quality and cut to the most fashionable of their white sisters.

THE MAORIS (NATIVES).

The last of the Tasmanian natives died a few months ago. A century hence, I believe the last Maori (pronounced *Mowry*) will have gone to his fathers. In the year 2000 the race will be of the past. When Cook visited the Islands the population was estimated at 100,000; and there is good reason to suppose that fifty years before, the population of the North Island alone was much larger than this. The highest estimate given for all the Islands for 1870 is 50,000. The cause of the great reduction before Cook's day was doubtless war, for Maori life in the olden times tended to health and superior physical development.

Not only were numbers killed in battle, but the habits of the people became changed. Agriculture was neglected, each tribe thinking they would be able to steal enough from a weaker tribe to supply their own wants. This uncertain and precarious way of living soon began to tell upon the health of the people, and sickness carried off as many as the wars. Game becoming almost extinct, and the ground being untilled, the people were often in an almost starving condition. Then began cannibalism. No need of starvation now. If the tribe had no provisions they must send out the warriors to capture some prisoners, and steaming hot dishes of human flesh would soon be placed before the victorious, hungry tribe. When Cook visited New Zealand he put a number of pigs ashore, and these in a few years increased to thousands. Maize and other seed were brought by vessels trading to the country. Missionaries came, and after laboring amongst these savages for a time, got them to begin the cultivation of the soil again. Cannibalism gradually disappeared. A pig was as easily cooked as a man, and was perhaps as savory a dish; then, too, corn and potatoes were plentiful. Besides this, thousands of the Maoris had become, nominally, Christians. I say nominally. Late events have proved that religion with the great majority of the Maoris is all on the surface; true Christianity has not entered their hearts. In 1845 the last known act of cannibalism took place until within the last six years, during which time a number of cases are known to have occurred. A crazy Maori named Te Oa pretended to have had a revelation from heaven to declare a new doctrine to his people. But a few months had elapsed when nearly all of the Christianized Maoris had gone over to the new faith, and these "Hau Haus" have committed the most terrible crimes against the whites, massacring not only men but women and children, and mutilating the bodies in a most horrible manner. One article of their faith is that they are to drive the whites from the land. But a few months ago these human fiends made an attack on a white settlement in Hawke's Bay province, in the night, set fire to the houses, and shot the inmates down or killed them with tomahawks. Missionaries had formerly great influence over these savages, but this influence seemed all to be gone in a day. A German missionary named Volkner was murdered by two of these devils, who afterwards drank his blood. That some of the Maoris were true Christians there is no doubt, but the number compared with those who were nominally converted was very small indeed. William Thompson, the "King Maker," one of the most celebrated of the Maori chiefs, and who lately died, was probably one of the small number. During his illness the Bible was ever at his side, even after he was too weak to read it. I have conversed with several of the missionaries, and all acknowledged that their years of labor had nearly all been in vain. One old man shed tears when speaking of his work; he was one of the oldest missionaries in the colony, and up to the time of the breaking out of the Hau-Hau faith believed that he had been the means of converting many souls, but his flock

had gone over to the new faith almost to a man.

The men are tall and well formed, the features regular, complexion from a light brown to darker shades of that color, hair black and generally straight. Many of them are splendid looking fellows; with their muscular and well-formed limbs they look every inch the noble savage. Their powers of endurance are very great; they are intelligent, quick to learn, and have splendid memories. In trade they are shrewd, in morals licentious.

They are a very inquisitive set. When I was living in Auckland a Maori was one day passing the store and saw me working a sewing machine; he appeared very much interested, came in and watched me some time, and then went away. An hour after he came back with several companions, and I was requested to work the machine again. For a week I had no peace; all the Maoris, I think, for miles around, came to see the machine, and at last they became such a nuisance that I would not allow them in the store.

Some of them are good speakers, and very clever in argument. They must have a clear space of at least thirty feet, and at every sentence the speaker runs, jumps, and dances down this space. Running backward he gains time to think of what shall follow, and down he comes, dancing, with another sentence. As warriors, they are superior to any savage nation in the world. They have studied war as a science; have a good knowledge of engineering, and are brave and active.

At bush-fighting one Maori is more than a match for five white soldiers. In all other countries that England has colonized little regard has been paid to the claim of the natives to their own land; but, in New Zealand, Government was *forced* to acknowledge the claims of the Maoris.

At Wellington I once saw a rather comical sight, showing how the chiefs ape the whites. The steamer was just about to sail, when hurrying down the wharf came a Maori, dressed as follows:—a black frock-coat, black waistcoat, black silk hat, white shirt and fancy neck-tie; in one hand an umbrella and in the other a new portmanteau; but without *pantaloons or boots*. They were probably in the portmanteau. All travelers carried baggage, so he thought he must do it, even if it necessitated the taking off of some of his clothing.

The Maori mode of salutation is somewhat peculiar, and especially so when the friends have not met for some time. Instead of shaking hands or kissing, they rub their noses together for several minutes, and then, sitting on the ground, sway their bodies to and fro, all the time shedding tears copiously, and talking most mournfully in a sing-song strain. The crying is not necessarily because some relative or friend has died, it is simply a custom of the people.

They begin their war-dance by jumping, clapping the hands on the thighs, and giving utterance to a short, peculiar noise from the throat, like "Hu! Hu!" They all keep perfect time in this, and as they continue the motions become quicker and more exciting. Soon come horrible grimaces, rolling of the eyes until the whites only can be seen, thrusting out the tongue, and yelling; in their fury and excitement they sometimes tear off what clothing they may have on, and with violent gestures and contortions of body they continue until exhaustion compels them to desist.

AREA, RESOURCES, ETC.

New Zealand has an area of about seventy-eight million acres—nearly the size of Great Britain and Ireland. The North Island has thirty-one millions, Middle Island forty-six millions, and South Island one million. The mean width of the island is about 125 sea miles, and the length about seven times its width. The coast has an extent of over 3,000 miles. Fifty million acres are supposed to be fit for agricultural purposes.

New Zealand people have much to say of the immense resources of the country, and, in anticipation of its future greatness, call it "Britain of the South." I wish well to the country, but am very far from being so sanguine of its future greatness as New Zealanders generally are. That the country has progressed wonderfully since its settlement, I freely admit. But will it continue in the same ratio? I doubt it. I certainly do not believe that New Zealand will *ever* hold such a place

amongst the nations of the world as has been held by her mother country.

As New Zealanders feel in regard to their country as a whole, so too do they feel in regard to the provinces individually. Each province thinks its future is more promising than its neighbors.

The resources of New Zealand are gold, coal, wool, grain, timber, gum, and flax.

The last-named article will, I believe, be more conducive to the permanent prosperity of the country than all the others combined. The flax (*phormium tenax*) grows wild in all parts of the country; it is a hardy plant and has a very strong fibre. Considerable difficulty has been experienced in dressing it properly, and, until within the last two years, comparatively little was exported. Mills are now being erected in many parts of the country, and cutting and dressing flax will soon give employment to a large number of men. Although rope made from it is not equal to Manilla, it is probably superior to that made from any other fibre. The dressing is still very imperfect, but improvements are being made every year, and doubtless very soon all difficulties will be overcome. The exports are increasing rapidly, and I believe will continue to increase for many years. Good as the fibre now is, cultivation will no doubt improve it. I have great faith in the flax, and believe it to be worth very much more to the country than her gold-fields. The flax-fields will never be worked out, but the last of the gold-fields is only a matter of time. It is a poor country indeed that has gold only to depend upon. Gold is worth nothing to a country that has no other resources, and valuable to a country with other resources only because it brings a large population, all of which will not be gold-diggers. The farmers, mechanics, and others find that their respective callings can be made as remunerative as gold-digging, and farms are taken up, mills erected, and homes are made, not to be deserted at a moment's notice. If the mineral resources of a country are almost unlimited—gold, iron, silver, copper, etc.—they are a source of permanent wealth. But is this the case with New Zealand? So far as known, certainly not. She has rich gold-fields, but they will in time be all worked out; other minerals are found, but not in paying quantities.

The value of gold exported from 1857 to 1869, both inclusive, is nearly nineteen and a half million pounds sterling. The exports of wool during the same period were eleven and a half millions.

Sheep-farming, as carried on in the colonies, is rather a drawback than otherwise to a country. The squatter's interest is to keep the country sparsely populated; he wants thousands upon thousands of acres, and will perhaps give employment to but a score of men. This business is carried on very extensively in nearly all of the provinces, but is not nearly so remunerative as it was a few years ago. The American war sent up the price of wool to a very high figure, and the squatters were making fortunes rapidly. But the late reduction in the price of the staple has seriously affected all who were following this pursuit.

One prosperous farmer is worth more to a country than a score of gold-diggers or squatters. Grain is counted amongst the exports of New Zealand; but as a considerable quantity of flour and wheat are imported, and will continue to be for some years, it will be a long time before she can be counted amongst the great grain-producing countries of the world. That the country has a large extent of good agricultural land I admit; but the farmer, to be successful, must have something more than good land. He must have cheap labor, and facilities for getting his produce to the good markets of the world at as cheap a rate as the farmers of other countries.

Coal is found on both of the large islands, and in many places. Some of it is rather poor, but in other places it is of good quality, and the veins are of considerable extent. But in New South Wales there is an almost unlimited supply of coal of as good quality, if not better; and it can be placed in a ship's hold at a much less price. Therefore, as an article of export, New Zealand cannot hope to compete with New South Wales, in coal.

The value of exports for 1868 was £4,429,198; of imports, £4,985,748, one-tenth of which is for beer, wine, spirits, and tobacco. On these the duty is about equal to their

value. Few articles come in free, and on some the duty is very high. There is an export duty of two shillings and sixpence per ounce on gold, and there is also a stamp duty. Altogether, the people of New Zealand are about the most severely taxed of any in the world.

Who are getting rich in New Zealand? I do not know. All may be able to make a comfortable living; but I think very few are getting rich.

There is no class of Americans that I should advise to emigrate to New Zealand to seek their fortunes. There were at one time quite a number of our countrymen in the country, but the number is now very small. Nearly all the coach lines in the colony have been established by Americans. Several large sawmills were also established by them. On the diggings there were quite a large number, many of whom came from California. There are two American commercial houses—Bates, Sise & Co., of Dunedin, and Messrs. Taylor & Co., of Christchurch. Both firms deal exclusively in American goods.

Some of our American government representatives in Australia and New Zealand are not very creditable to the country which they pretend to represent. The incumbent of one of the most important consulates spells consul "councel." Another consul would not be believed under oath by any of his countrymen. Another is a swindler, who gets trusted wherever he can, and never pays a shilling to any one. Another of the representatives, being a holder of considerable real estate, got naturalized, and was soon after elected as a member of the provincial council in the province of which he was a resident. But before the end of his term he got himself into disgrace by becoming implicated in some land-jobbing operations anything but creditable to those connected with the affair. It is not surprising, therefore, that colonial people have a very unfavorable opinion of Americans.

Farewell, New Zealand! I love thee almost as well as my native land. Within thy borders I felt as free as if under the shadow of my own loved flag; and I had the same protection, and nearly all the privileges, of thy own citizens. If I had the power, I would fill thy harbors with ships, thy valleys and plains with prosperous farmers; and all the people within thy borders should be successful and happy. The brightest dream of the most enthusiastic of thy citizens should be realized, and New Zealand should indeed be "Britain of the South."

IN THE PARK.

Two on the seat beneath the old Park elm,
  Wreathing their arms and pressing cheek to cheek,
That brief midsummer night which is Love's realm,
  Odorous with bliss, and vows too deep to speak.

Two on the seat beneath the old Park tree;—
  The sunbeams—broken into flecks of gold—
A crowing baby on its mother's knee
  Strives with its aimless hand to pluck and hold.

Two in the Park seek out the self-same seat:
  Bright like a lover's beams the old man's face
Upon his child's, in womanhood grown sweet—
  His old love back again, with grace on grace.

A BREAKFAST WITH ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

During a temporary absence from my office in Paris one day, in the month of October, 1864, Mr. Dumas called, and not finding me, left the following note :—

Si Monsieur était l'homme que l'on dit, il viendrait déjeûner demain avec moi à St. Gratian Avenue du lac, en prenant le chemin de fer du Nord à 11 heures moins 10 minutes.

Je lui serre bien cordialement la main.

Alex Dumas.

I telegraphed an acceptance of his invitation, and on the following morning took the train from the St. Lazairè station, which brought me to Enghien at twelve o'clock, whence I took a cab for St. Gratian. After driving about a quarter of an hour I remarked in front of us a large and rather picturesque-looking man standing in a gateway opening into the front yard of a modest wooden cottage, with his head uncovered and a book in his hand, talking to a passer-by. I recognized at once, from his resemblance to the photographs, the author of Monte Christo.

While we were exchanging the commonplaces which usually inaugurate an acquaintance made for a purpose, I made a hasty but careful survey of my host and his surroundings. Dumas himself, I discovered to my surprise, was over six feet high, and but for an inclination to corpulency, well proportioned. He had all the distinctive characteristics of the African ; the brown complexion of the quadroon, crisp, bushy gray hair which no comb could straighten, a head low and narrow in front, but enlarging rapidly as it receded, thick lips, a large mouth, and a throat, all uncovered, of enormous proportions. But for the retreating in all directions of his forehead, his face would have been very handsome for one of its kind, in which the animal nature was in full force. He was dressed in dark pantaloons, a spotted muslin shirt unbuttoned at the throat, and no cravat, and a white flannel round-about with a capote attached, all scrupulously neat. He moved with the alertness of a school-boy, talked all the time and rapidly. The cottage which he occupied was hired for the season, simply furnished, and suggested nothing of interest except the great change in his fortunes since he built his famous villa at St. Germains, and "warmed" it with a festival of six hundred covers, and when his income was over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

As we had never met before, he took an early opportunity of letting me know his purpose in calling upon me the previous day. He had been told, he said, that if he would go to America and write a story, it would have a great sale there. He wished to know what I thought about it. I replied that he was scarcely better known in France than in America ; that he could not write a book that would not sell, and that his welcome in the United States would be all that he could desire. He said that a lawyer in New York, of French origin, whose name I did not distinctly hear, had recommended him to come, and promised him a great success if he would go at that time ; that he proposed, if I thought well of it, to leave in about two months, and to be absent four. It occurred to me at once that in the midst of the critical contest going on in America, in which the African race had so much at stake, and where the question of emancipation as a war measure was under discussion, the appearance of one who had done more, perhaps, than any other person of African descent to vindicate the intellectual capabilities of that race, would be interesting and perhaps useful to my country people, and, without doubt, lucrative to him.

I remarked that the time seemed short to see so large a country, and I asked him whether, instead of making a story, or, as he called it, a *Roman*, he had not better give the world the benefit of his personal observations ; that it was an historical epoch with us, and that the events occurring every week transcended in interest and importance anything legitimately available for romance.

To this he made no direct reply, but went on to say that the idea he had formed was to enter into relations with some bookseller to write a four-volume work of some sort, and sell it by subscription. He said, also, that

he had several invitations to correspond with the press. I advised him to enter into no arrangement with any bookseller till his book was completed, for he could scarcely tell till he had done it what sort of a book it would be. I recommended him to keep his pen free to make such a book as a visit to the United States might inspire him to make, and, when made, to sell it in the best market he could find; and I invoked the example of de Tocqueville, who, in his private letters, frequently congratulated himself that he had forborne to publish his first impressions about America, but had waited till they had had time to ripen. Time and reflection, I said, will often suggest to the most experienced traveler things to add and correct which sometimes determine the fortunes and usefulness of a book.

In reply to these remarks, he for the first time betrayed to me his African blood. He said he never corrected anything; he wrote *dans l'abondance*, and sent his manuscript to the printer without looking it over; that he had never re-read anything he had written in his life, except in proof. My MS., he said, is without an erasure; if I get to altering and correcting, I always end by throwing it into the fire and beginning anew. I will show you one of my MSS. With that he called his secretary, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, and intellectual-looking young gentleman of some twenty-two years, and requested him to bring him a chapter of *San Felice*. The secretary presently returned with some fifty or sixty pages of quarto MS., which he placed in my hands. There was scarcely an erasure or a correction in it from beginning to end, and what surprised me more, the writing was in a clear, round hand, and not at all like the current French chirography. It was as legible as print.

I subsequently learned some facts about Dumas' literary habits, which render it a little less than absolutely certain that I really saw his MS. in the package that was shown to me. His secretary, it is said, writes so much like the great romancer that no one but an expert could distinguish the MS. of the one from that of the other. His son, and, indeed, many others, are said to possess this accomplishment as well. In other words, Dumas is in the habit of putting his name to romances he has scarcely read, much less written. He sometimes published in a single year more volumes than the most rapid penman could copy in twice that time. For example, in 1845, sixty volumes, purporting to be the work of his pen, were issued from the Parisian press. The copying alone of half of them could not have been done by a single man in a year. The remainder, be they more or less, were done by others, at first under his name alone, and later under the joint name of himself and their authors.*

In showing me his MS. he may have had it in his mind to disabuse mine of any impression I might have received of his ploughing with other people's heifers, by showing the MS. of a work which he had but recently finished. I had no doubt then that it was his, nor have I much doubt now, though unhappily his calling it his was in itself by no means conclusive proof. Whether his or not, I fully believe that he wrote *dans l'abondance*, as he said, and did not revise. There was where the African came in. He had no reflective faculties. The moment he began to correct he became confused, and the train of his thought was irrecoverably broken. He had to run down, like a clock, as he was wound up, and without stopping. It is the peculiarity of the African that, for want of the reflective and logical faculties, he is incapable, except in rare instances, of measuring distance, size, or time, or of thoroughly mastering the common rules of arithmetic. Dumas' blood was not sufficiently strained, or shall I say corrupted, to be an exception in this respect. At school he could never be made

* Dumas had a sort of manufactory of plays and romances in Paris at one time, not unlike the cheese factories of New England. His part of the work consisted in giving it his name, and perhaps its title. One of his most faithful and fertile collaborators, Auguste Maquet, is said to have contributed not less than eighty volumes to the stock of the concern. Dumas is reported to have taken yet greater liberties with printed works. His appropriations, in one way or another, of other writers' labors, got him into several duels and as many lawsuits, from none of which was he so fortunate as to retire with quite all the character he embarked in them.

to learn arithmetic, and the greatest difficulty was found in getting a little Latin into his head. He excelled, however, in hunting birds' nests, snaring game, poaching, riding horses, fencing, and pistol-shooting, and it was in gratifying these propensities that he acquired the hardy constitution which threescore years of a by no means exemplary life had failed in the least to impair.

To my inquiry if he spoke English, he replied that he read it a little, but he added, *ma maîtresse est Anglaise, et elle me fera parler toute de suite.* I looked at him again to see if I had not misunderstood him, and if he had not meant his valet, but he went on to say that he had taught her French, and that she was only waiting till her accent was perfect to appear at the opera.

He wished to know how much he would require for his expenses during his absence, and if 2,000 francs a month would be enough. I told him that if he took but one servant and no woman it would.

While we were discussing these matters the door opened, and in walked a young lady whom he addressed cordially as Madame, and presented to me. She saluted me in idiomatic English. A glance at her convinced me that she was the *maîtresse* who was to endow him with the requisite English for his transatlantic excursion. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, of regular features, and, but that her head over the forehead was too flat, would have been beautiful. I did not hear her name, if it was pronounced, but she told me, I think, that one of her parents was Irish; that she had given concerts in America; and she showed me a letter from a Mr. Thompson, of Cincinnati, to her, in which she was addressed as "Picciola."

Matrimony is an institution of which Dumas never comprehended the necessity or even the propriety. He was once married, but not in obedience to any conviction that there was any fitness in such formalities. It happened in this wise, say the Paris gossips. When about eighteen years of age, upon the recommendation of General Foy, who took him under his protection, he was appointed to a Secretaryship under the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, at a salary of about $250 a year. When the Duke had become King, Dumas, with the same insensibility to the distinction between a wife and a mistress which he showed in proposing to take his "Picciola" with him to America to teach him English, escorted a young actress, who had figured at several of the minor theatres of Paris, to a ball given by the young Duke of Orleans, the King's eldest son. After they had presented themselves and been received by the Duke, he said in a dignified tone to his chivalric guest:—

"Il est entendu, mon cher Dumas, que vous n'avez pu me présenter que votre femme."

These words were equivalent to an order, a disregard of which would have involved his disgrace. They were married at once; all the literary notabilities were invited on the occasion, and the austere Chateaubriand was one of the official witnesses. They soon, however, discovered that as married people they got on better separate than together; he remained in Paris and she went to Florence, where she died of an epidemic.

We waited breakfast till 1 o'clock for the arrival of Mr. Genesco, the editor of the *Europe*, from whom a telegram then arrived informing us that he had missed the train by two minutes. The proprietor of the cottage and a professional musician were the only other guests. The honor of conducting madame to the table fell to me. The breakfast was admirably served, though it did not escape the criticism of our host. A carp, cold and more than two feet long, taken from the neighboring lake, with a sauce piquante, was followed by a hot roasted leg of delicious mutton. Then came a *riz de veau*, with tomato sauce. When Dumas was handed some he declined, saying: "Je me défie de la sauce tomate que je ne fais pas moi-même." One of the guests insisting that the sauce was very good, "Ah," replied Dumas, in a tone between a sigh and a grunt, "it is not as I like it." He afterwards remarked of another dish not entirely to his taste: "I can't quit the kitchen five minutes." After the *riz de veau*, we had crevisses, of which he ate enormously. By this time his breathing had become as distinctly audible as if it had been effected by the

aid of a high-pressure engine. I never saw a person eat so much like an animal. Grapes and pears concluded our repast, which was led to its place with champagne, claret, and some excellent Burgundy.

Soon after we had made an end of our eating and drinking, our host relapsed into a state of stertorous somnolency against which he struggled for a while manfully but in vain. I observed, however, that this was a familiar experience with the household, and was not to be noticed. Though somewhat reassured by the tranquil air of my *commensales*, I could not help feeling a little as if I were the guest of honor at one of La Fontaine's feasts of the animals. In about half an hour, however, he overcame his drowsiness, and then talked on rapidly, and sometimes eloquently, and the more he talked the better looking he became. His smile was very sweet, and there was not a sordid, or mercenary, or selfish trait in one of his features. He spoke of topics of current interest like a man of decided opinions, but evidently saw them from a very restricted rather than from a philosophic or national point of view. He said some things that were striking. The emperor, he remarked, was *un vrai conspirateur* and not a brave man, hence he did everything requiring courage in the night, and then enumerated several of his important nocturnal performances. He compared him to those beasts of prey that only seek their food at night, such as foxes, wolves, jackals, etc., and said that he had the eye of that class of animals.

The Franco-Italian Convention of the 11th Sept., which had been then recently signed, and of which the world has just witnessed the auspicious consummation, he pronounced very ingenious and quite sure to restore Italy to Rome. He spoke with great admiration of our novelist Cooper, whose works were lying on his table, and whom he professed to have known.

Before leaving St. Gratian I returned to the subject of his projected American expedition, made proffer of such letters and counsel as might promise to be of service to him, and repeated the advice I had given him before, to make a book about the United States, and not to sell it until it was written. It was obvious that for some reason, then not quite intelligible to me, this advice was not palatable altogether.

Reflecting upon what had passed during my ride home, I came to the conclusion that his hope was that our government, following the example of several European States when in trouble, might desire to enlist his pen in its service, and that perhaps I was prepared, under the cover of a bookseller's engagement, to take him into the service of the Republic.

Speaking of his proposal, a few days later, to a distinguished member of the Institute, he told me that I should caution all to whom I gave him letters not to lend him money, for, said he, he will levy upon every one of them, *il est un grand mangeur*, and always in want of money. This, he added, is so notoriously his character that I feel no remorse in warning you of it. He thought, however, Dumas might make a good book, and perhaps, under the circumstances, a useful one.

I need hardly add that I never offered Dumas any special inducements to visit America, or that he never executed the project about which he consulted me. Neither did he ever renew the subject with me nor with any one else that I know of. His sceptre was already broken and his literary influence was rapidly passing away. During the winter succeeding my visit to St. Gratian he tried to trade a little upon his past reputation and notoriety, by lecturing; but his success did not warrant him or his friends in trying the experiment more than twice. With them Dumas may be said to have closed a literary career which, brilliant as it was for a time, placed mankind under very inconsiderable obligations.

A GENTLEMAN'S PREROGATIVE.

"THE many fail, the few succeed," is an aphorism so old, that its authorship, no doubt, had we the means at hand, could be traced to Father Noah himself,—his last utterance to the wicked world as he shut the door of the ark, and retired to safety and solitude.

Yet a greater amount of success in life, I think, might be generally attained, if, instead of abusing circumstances, which we are all ready to do, we were to endeavor to fit in the angles of character to the nooks and corners of destiny.

No one is surprised when the reckless and dissipated come to a disastrous termination of their career, but many a one of honorable instincts and unsullied morality falls short of expectation, and makes as dismal a conclusion.

There must be some reason for this, and a modest theory of my own on this vexed question has been, for many a year, that elegant tastes, without proportionate means to back them, bring as much trouble upon the possessor as absolute want of capacity, or even wrong-doing in its widest sense. And he who is ruled by his inclinations, apparently harmless, in opposition to duty, will make shipwreck before his voyage is ended, no matter how gallantly his vessel sails out of port.

A friend of my youth is just dead. He entered the narrow circle of my intimates at boarding-school, more than thirty years ago, and was the pride and glory of our whole class. Even then he was a most elegant-looking boy, and became the especial pet of the teacher, who found him clever and gentlemanlike, and to the rest of us, rough country lads, he was indeed a model of style. His father was not a rich man; indeed his income was no larger than that of my own parent, but as this last was the anxious owner of ten unruly children, he was in proportion poorer than old Mr. Centend, whose only child was our aforesaid hero.

So, when my coat was shabby, it was still worn with noble indifference to color or size; my boots were in a terrible state of patchedness before new ones were forthcoming, and as to pocket-money, my poor father, work as hard as he could, was always behindhand with my monthly allowance. Eight more sons at home and one delicate little daughter ate up his small income with fearful rapidity. I therefore grew up with very simple ideas as to what was necessary and what superfluous, and the sight of Paul Centend's toilette apparatus, which he displayed before us schoolboys, a short time after his arrival, gave me no pang of envy, although I could appreciate the elegance of its arrangement. "Father wanted to give me a common, trashy dressing-case," said the young fellow, quite at his ease in displaying his treasure, "but I wouldn't have it."—"I don't like a thing any better because it is expensive, you know, boys, but I think the best is always the cheapest, and I would do without, a hundred years, rather than start with one of those nasty japanned things the other fellows have. So the governor forked up this, though it's my selection entirely—perfectly plain and solid, with silver tops to everything—I hate shams."

"Do you choose your own clothes too?" said I, looking at the admirable material and cut of his coat; "your father must be very indulgent to you to permit that."

"Oh! my father is a regular brick, and never refuses me anything necessary for a gentleman; and let me tell you," he added with a knowing wink, "that there is not a fellow of my age in New York who knows how to choose a coat better than I. I am not bragging," he said, laughing and coloring a little, "but it's truth, every word I say."

A great big lump of a boy, who never knew his lessons, but had brains to be saucy when he liked, and who had not said a word till this moment, gave a contemptuous sneer.

"If you and your father are such big folks," he said, with a grin, "I wonder you ever came to a country school at all with us small fry—I wouldn't, I'd be hanged first."

"Do be hanged now, Wilson; don't stand on time," was Paul's reply. "It will be an immense relief to us all, and the professors too, no doubt."

Thus it was that Centend took the *pas* of us boys, and in a few months led the class like an old bell-wether. With me alone, however, he was really on an intimate footing. I was his chum, and had it not been for early education, which had given my mind a strong bias, I might have been led into trouble by the association. In all his habits and thoughts Centend was a gentleman, and opposed to anything rude or disorderly, but his judgment on the subject of expense never underwent change, and his decrees as to what every one should wear, buy, and spend were fixed by his own experience, and immutable.

Many were the amicable discussions that took place between Paul and me, on this fruitful subject, and as he grew more decided in his utterances, I became more stubborn in my opinions, and on this "moot point" eternal warfare raged.

I never shall forget one afternoon when Centend caught me with a pair of cheap white gloves that I had purchased at half price at the country store. This extravagance had emptied my purse and made my countenance fall, but there was to be a wedding at the Professor's house that evening, and we were all expected to appear in white gloves and cravats. It was impossible to stay away without giving offence, and I had therefore made this sacrifice to society, but not without a pang.

Paul took the gloves from me, turned them coolly over, and handed them back with a contemptuous shrug.

"Cheap and nasty, I see," said he, laughing. "You never will learn wisdom, Jack, and buy your things tip-top."

"These are good enough for one evening," said I quietly; "white gloves don't last any longer, and beside I can't afford any better; these took all that was left of my allowance."

"You should have written home for more money."

"I wouldn't do that, whatever happened; not if I had to wear mittens."

"Then you are a jackass; I would rather beg, borrow, or steal a first-rate pair of kids than go in those."

"I shall go in these, and have a nice time in spite of cheap gloves; I am only a boy, and nobody expects us to be elegant or handsomely gotten up here."

"I shall always be dressed as a gentleman should, if it takes the last stiver I have got in the world. Every one notices dress, and besides I hate mean clothes."

"It is the meanest thing in the world to have what you can't afford, or can't pay for."

"Nonsense! the *pater familias* is an animal that expects to be fleeced; he likes it, no matter how loudly he *baas*."

"Well, my father has no fleece to spare, and when I leave school I have got to work hard and push my own way in the world. I am not going to encumber myself with a load of elegant tastes. Common clothes, plain fare, will be my lot for years, perhaps for life, and it is as well to submit to circumstances until I can overcome them."

Paul said no more. He was too kind-hearted to dwell upon my uncertain prospects, and felt really much commiseration for what seemed to him abject poverty; but this conversation had the effect to confirm us both in our preconceived opinions.

Three years passed away, and we separated to enter life on different pathways.

With much difficulty my father obtained for me a place in a city lawyer's office, where I studied, and received at the same time a small salary for doing ordinary office work. If my elegant friend Paul had seen me in the shabbiest of clothes, and on the scantiest of fare, working like a veritable beast of burden, I doubt whether a hearty scolding, or a heartier shake of the hand would have been his greeting. As it was, not till time had carried me rather higher up on the rounds of fortune's ladder did we meet again, and then he welcomed me with a cordiality that revived the affection of early years. He had been through college, and was now on his way to Europe to finish his studies and see the world.

"You are your own master now," said I, glancing at his faultless mourning suit, evidently in its first freshness.

"Yes, and I miss my father terribly, although he was always pounding it into me about my extravagance. However, he was a true friend, and left me all he had in the world.

Not so much, after all. Only $50,000. But it's a nice little sum."

"You can live very comfortably on that abroad," said I. "The income will support you if you get in a cheap place."

"No cheap places for me," said Centend, laughing. "You know I don't believe in that sort of thing. The best of everything is the cheapest, 'in fare, wear, and stare,' and to see the world and eat and be clothed decently is the prerogative of a gentleman."

I sighed. "It is not the fate of all," I said. "Some must struggle while others enjoy. However, it is all right in the end, no doubt."

"Jack," said Centend quickly, "come out in the steamer with me. You want a holiday sadly, and the run across will do you good. You can go for a month or so to Paris, and return in the autumn. It won't cost you much, and I'll back you to any extent. You are such an economical old squaretoes, that having you along will lessen my expenses by half. For you know I have no dissipations."

This was true, for Centend, extravagant as he was in everything he bought or used, was too elegant to enjoy *fast* city life, and spent his time in the choicest society, where he was sure to find the highest culture and most congenial entertainment.

I need hardly say that Centend went to Europe alone. I fagged away, often heart-sick and weary, till a sudden turn of affairs put me in as junior partner of the firm in which I first entered as humble assistant. Also about this time my father died, leaving an unsullied name behind him, and a property that, divided between ten children, gave each of them $5,000. All of my brothers were now settled, most of them in a distant part of our country, and my only sister, a pretty little creature of nineteen, was claimed by me as her elder brother, and head of the family.

Then, too, a hope long cherished, but frequently relinquished, became at once feasible as it was delightful. I could now possess a home of my own, simple and plain,—for this alone my means permitted,—but still my own, where my sister and one other person, even dearer, should take their places by the hearth-stone, and rule by right of authority and affection.

This was fifteen years ago, be it remembered; a man in those happy days could buy a small house at a moderate price, and furnish it, without utter ruin, at the upholsterer's. Indeed the snug dwelling which so comfortably contained my household goods, my dear little Susie, and my still more charming Caroline, was in itself nothing remarkable, but to my eyes the abode of happiness and luxury.

As it chanced, about two months after my marriage, I met accidentally my friend Paul Centend in the street not far from my own house, looking for lodgings after a prolonged tour in Europe. Never was a friend more affectionately greeted than I; never did my heart respond more warmly to Centend's kindly interest.

I invited him immediately to my house, and promised him unlimited hospitality from my wife and sister.

I shall never forget Paul's first visit at my modest domicile. He "took stock" in a moment of all my economical arrangements, and a smile, which brought back reminiscences of boyhood, lit up his face as with a gleam of sunshine.

"The same old two-and-sixpence are you, my boy, as when first we met 'upon the banks of Dee'! And does your adored admire mahogany and hair-cloth, and condescend to put her feet on a villanous three-ply? She must be very much in love indeed."

"I hope she is," said I, laughing; "at any rate she is contented, apparently, with me and my belongings. I have done as well for her as I could afford, and she knows it and is satisfied; indeed, happily for my pocket, neither of us has expensive tastes, nor sighs for what is unattainable."

"There is the mistake you always make, my dear fellow; a handsome thing at double the common price is the cheapest, because it does not go out of fashion and lasts longer. Depend upon it, real wood furniture and the heaviest carpets are the best investments in the end."

"Certainly for a rich man, but I have not money to pay for such things, and in debt I will never be."

"There you are again. Who talks about debt? Everybody says you have money put

away in an old stocking, and can afford to do as you please."

"That is a mistake. I have a good business and this house, and cannot afford to use everything up in the present."

Centend now planted himself on the corner of my comfortable though despised sofa, and discoursed eloquently for two mortal hours about his European tour, his present plans and future intentions.

"Now I am going to work," he said, laughing. "I am educated to a point that will make me a useful person in any capacity, and will undertake any kind of business which will be at the same time very light and very remunerative."

"Remunerative! You, one of the lucky ones, talking of work! What will happen next?"

"Well, Jack, the fact of it is, that a tour in Europe cuts into one's capital in the wofullest style imaginable. I don't know whether I should have gone, had I known how things would really have turned out; but you see, traveling first-class and all that sort of thing is expensive, and of course nothing else is fit for a gentleman."

"Ahem. And I suppose there are many other ways of getting rid of one's money besides traveling first-class."

"Well, you know I never gamble, and don't prefer running in debt, or trouble of any kind, it is so intensely vulgar. But I did give some of the neatest dinners in Paris ever got up by an American. I don't mind telling you that, and it made a dreadful hole in my purse, I assure you."

"I am sorry to hear it. You are one of those who can't afford to be poor; your tastes are too elegant."

"Stop laughing at me, Jack, and give me the best advice as to what I shall do;" and here Paul, relying on my faithful friendship, gave me a long account of his financial difficulties, for, having spent nearly two-thirds of his capital, his means were entirely too limited to suit his ideas as to what was absolutely necessary for a gentleman's decent appearance.

At this turn of proceedings my wife and sister suddenly entered the room. They had been out shopping together, and as they came into the parlor, animated and blooming, I thought I had never seen two more lovely or elegant women.

That the same idea had occurred to Centend struck me immediately as he rose to be formally introduced. A look, which I knew to be one of pleasure and surprise, lit up his fine features, and rendered his fascinating manners more *prononcés* than ever. Centend stayed to dinner that day, and ate his beefsteak off English china with such a relish that "I wondered as I gazed." Perhaps, however, the flavor was rendered tolerable by the presence of the ladies, who, being easy in their manners, lively in their conversation, and, above all, attractive in appearance, made the meal pass, for me at least, like a banquet of the gods. When Paul left us that evening he squeezed my hand long and hard.

"Well, by Jove! my dear Jack," he said, "I believe you have the best of it, after all. I can't say I admire your choice of houses or furniture, but your taste in women is without fault. Your Caroline is handsome enough for a duchess, and that little blue-eyed sister of yours is as lovely as an angel. I wish I were a rich man," he added, with a great sigh, "then I could be happy too, and marry for love."

"No, no, that can't be thought of," said I, laughing. "*You* can't afford to marry for love. Make up to some heiress who wants somebody to help her spend her money. That is the course for you, my dear fellow, and the sooner it is done the better it will be for your pocket."

I went back to the parlor, much pleased with my friend's visit. Caroline and Susie had already taken Paul into their good graces, and the warm interest I had so long felt for my school-mate was soon shared by both these sympathetic women.

But alas! for the blindness of masculine eyes. Paul's visits, which now came on "fast and furious," ostensibly to consult me as to his entrance on a business career, had really another object, and I, foolish bat of a fellow, never saw that it was Susie's blue eyes that attracted him, and not our plain dinners and my still plainer talk. I even laughed at my wife when she mildly insinuated that she

thought Paul's looks were wandering and melancholy when our little charmer was not within visible distance.

"My dear love," said I, with the knowing air of a man who has been down to the very roots of human nature, and knew every fibre of the same, "women who think men like Paul Centend have any hearts to lose are mightily mistaken. He has been all over the world and seen all sorts of beauty, and come back perfectly heart-whole. It is not in our little back parlor, over a girl as unsophisticated as Susie, that this man of fashion is to become spooney. No, no. Besides, he is as poor as a church-mouse."

"Very well, Jack," said Caroline, puckering up her mouth, and looking as wise as an owl, "have it your own way, my dear; but remember, if anything comes of it, I have warned you beforehand. You forget that your friend Centend is a great admirer of elegance, and every one admits that your sister is as graceful as she is handsome; also Mr. Centend never denies himself any luxury that he thinks suited to his position, and as to poverty, he knows nothing of its reality—only the shadow of it haunts him, while he has a penny that he can call his own."

Still these words made but little impression, and Paul came and went, as fancy led him, altogether unquestioned by me.

It was nearly a year after this that Susie walked into my room one morning and told me, laughing and blushing, that Centend had offered himself, and she had accepted him. Had the skies fallen I could not have been more surprised, for Paul, in all his private confidences, had never approached this subject. Neither was I at all gratified, for, fond as I was of Centend, I loved my sister far more dearly, and I dreaded lest the man she had chosen should fail in his duty to protect her. I immediately, of course, when it was too late, did all I could to prevent this marriage, which was in many respects very unsuitable. Paul was one of those who should never have married at all, or at any rate entered into the holy bonds only under the most brilliant auspices.

To deny himself or his elegant tastes, to live for others, and be content to work and suffer for them, was something he had never conceived of, much less put in practice, and to all such marriage is, or ought to be, impossible.

Well, they married, notwithstanding, and I gave my dear Susie away with eyes dimmed with tears, and more sighs in my speech than congratulations; while my wife, ready always to look on the bright side, and make the best of everything, planned the arrangements as pleasantly as our limited means would permit.

And Susie went out into her new life with a man she adored, and who loved her as Isaac in the simple times of old loved the wife whom he had sought so faithfully; but alas! for the simplicity of those happier days; they are gone never to return. Flocks and herds will not suffice the modern requirements of taste, neither in the shape of wholesome provisions or comfortable clothing. Furniture, china, and silver must not only be good, but beautiful, artistically designed, and very costly, otherwise they fail to come up to the standard that fashion has erected, and which few have the courage to rebel against. My views on this subject were original, but it was in vain I endeavored to impress them upon these my best friends. Paul finally obtained an office in the Custom House, given him through the influence of his *quondam* schoolmate Wilson, now a flourishing politician; and with this to furnish an income, and a really beautiful home, which he bought and furnished with all that was left of his patrimony and Susie's five thousand dollars, Centend and his wife began their housekeeping experience.

This was the time before the war, and things were not then as now at gold prices, but it was painful to see Centend struggling under the pressure of wants and tastes which he could not deny or control. Before the first year was out, there was anxiety written on Susie's rosy cheeks, and Paul, who would never deal with any but the best (that is to say, the most fashionable) butchers, bakers, and grocers, was no longer out of the power of trades-people, and trembled at the sight of a bill. Upon comparing accounts it was discovered by Susie, who, like most women, was the first to see the need of retrenchment, that their living and ours

differed much more in expense than comfort, our little establishment being kept by good management on about half what the Centends expended; but Paul's objections to deal in second-class shops, as he called them, for a time checked his wife's efforts to economize. A few years of this sort of thing and a family of young children changed, however, the absolute necessity of the case.

Paul, his love of elegance not a whit abated, but his purse absolutely empty, gave up the reins of power into his wife's hands and allowed her to manage matters in the only way that was possible. Centend never before was given to bursts of ill-temper, indeed his natural disposition was amiable, but as the sweetest wine is said to make the sharpest vinegar, so Paul, cut short in his pleasures, his peculiar fancies, and his critical appetites, was fast becoming morbid, querulous, and fault-finding. Many a morning did Susie come round to our house to "have out" the good cry which she dared not indulge in at home. Many a surreptitious trifle for Paul's dessert, or a present for the children, was conveyed by Caroline from our domicile to theirs.

But all things have an end; Paul's office was taken from him by a change of political rulers, and, beset by duns and difficulties, ill health came upon him (the sure result of over-strained faculties), and typhus fever closed the catalogue of his misfortunes.

When Centend had sufficiently recovered from his long illness to look circumstances in the face, he found himself in a deplorable condition indeed. The war had just broken out, and swept away the hopes of happiness of thousands better anchored than he. What then had destiny to offer him? He had neither the physical strength nor a natural love for the soldier's profession, but he gloried in his country, and possessed that kind of courage which in refined and sensitive temperaments has so often produced great results in times of emergency and danger. He obtained a commission, and leaving his family with me, he traveled, almost from a sick-bed, into the heart of the battle-ground, there to bid a long farewell to elegant leisure and the luxuries of home. During all these years of blood and carnage, Paul was one of those whose places are ever in the "deadliest breach." As if to dispel forever the dream that a gentleman's prerogative is the softest, the sweetest, and the best of what earth can furnish, *his* duty compelled him to the roughest fare, scanty slumbers, and weary and long night-marches. Others had furloughs, he could not obtain them; the delicacies sent by his friends at home never came to hand; to him at last fell the dreadful lot of Andersonville, and a bestial existence to which death would have been Paradise.

I can bear to tell the story now, when it is over, and he who bore himself so bravely is done with it all—for he came back at last, not to live and be happy, but to die and be happier; for he had, while conquering the enemy, learned to conquer himself, his own passions and weaknesses, and left the world a noble soul, one who had fulfilled his mission and was ready to depart.

Self-indulgence had tarnished the brightness of his character, but long months of suffering and privation had brought reflection, and with reflection new views of life, of death, and of the Christian's hope. Nor was he suffered to die in loneliness; those he loved were around him, and the hours that ushered him into the eternal world were peaceful and without regret.

"My dear Jack," he said, but a few days before his tranquil end, "how strangely my destiny has been shaped by Providence. A man who in youth never permitted himself an uncomfortable moment, is killed at last by the effect of the horrors of a southern prison. But for my poverty, I should never have left my home and dear ones, to do battle even in this righteous cause, and but for my expensive tastes I should never have been brought to this necessity. The evil that has happened to me is my own work, while the good I have been able to do has been the one blessing vouchsafed me by an overruling power. Let me entreat you, however, to warn my children against following in my footsteps. This life is not given us for enjoyment, or the cultivation of elegant tastes. The prerogative of a gentleman is the privilege of every human soul to 'do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with his God.'"

CHILDREN WHO WORK.

LOOKING up with one of the sweetest little smiles in her baby-face, a small girl, perhaps seven or eight years of age, replied to my question:

"I work at feathers."

Hers was not the rosy, dimpled, child-face whose type is familiar in all our happy homes. She was thin in flesh, and pale; yet the bright, mirthful eyes, and the peculiarly infantile expression about the mouth, intimated that happiness and love were not altogether strangers to her life.

It was in one of the evening, or "night" schools, as they are more properly called, of New York City, and she was one of the hundred thousand working children in that metropolis, who, after a day of toil, try these uncertain night paths to knowledge.

Do you care to hear her brief story?

She was ten years of age—none are admitted to the evening schools younger than that. Her sister, not yet old enough to come to school, worked with her at stripping feathers in an establishment on Walker Street.

"What kind of feathers are they, and what kind of work is stripping feathers?" we asked.

"Why, like that in your hat," said the bright little creature, looking astonished at my ignorance. "That is what they are like when we have finished them; but we girls work at them before they are dyed. I make about three dollars a week, and my sister—she is only six years old—she does not make as much; sometimes a dollar a week, sometimes more."

Her father was dead, and her sickly mother could earn but a little money by sewing. Such is the pitiful story of thousands in this great Babel of business, pleasure, wealth, poverty, fashion, and suffering.

Soon the invalid mother will pass away, confiding her little ones to the mercy of a heavenly Father. Will He send guardian angels to watch over them, to protect their little steps and strengthen them for a struggle with the destiny which stares them in the face, and that seems inevitable?

Ah! if these little children were ours! But they are not. We can go away and forget them. Our little ones are safely housed and kept. Man is not his brother's keeper, and we are not bound to look after other people's children.

That peculiar expression of the child's mouth! How it carries me home to a face much smaller and younger, belonging to a little sprite who shall never work ten hours a day at "feathers."

But how do I know what she will do? How many or how few unfortunate turns of the inexorable wheel of human events would be necessary to place her there, side by side with those sad little toilers?

Alas! why must we be so selfish that we can feel nothing but that which touches ourselves, *our* hearts, *our* pleasures, or *our* pockets?

And since so many children are born into the world without competent protectors from its evils, why is innocence left in ignorance and poverty, to stumble and fall under temptation? And when is that ever-present enigma to be solved which Carlyle suggests as the great problem of life:—"So many shirts in the world, and so many shirtless backs; how to get the shirtless backs into the shirts?"

So many little unprotected children in the world, and so many rich men and women with warm human hearts; how to get these children into these hearts? How to show people who are anxious to save a suffering and perishing world, that the place to begin is the cradle, just as they would begin with a very young plant in order to fashion the tree in symmetry.

Inquiries by the United States Commissioner of Education, seeking the solution of such problems, have elicited facts respecting the number and condition of the poor children in this city, which, it is believed, will be of interest to every thinking man and woman in the country.

How few residents of Manhattan Island realize, or are even aware of the fact, that within its confines are at least one hundred

thousand children—the adjacent cities contain perhaps as many more—to whom the morning light on six days of the week brings only toil. For these children there are no schools, no nuttings in the woods, no bright walks in Central Park. They are prematurely burdened with the cares of life; dwarfed in stature from the lack of proper nutriment; by confinement in the bad air of workshops; by the bearing of heavy burdens, and the deprivation of such recreations as a normal childhood imperatively demands. They may be seen in the early morning, in all portions of the city, among the laboring throng, hastening with serious mien to the service of the day.

When Briareus-handed industry knocks at the gates of the morning, we are apt to think only of strong men and healthy women. But here, side by side with these, are frail little forms, too often but poorly protected against the wintry blast.

Did you, reader, ever reflect that many children begin the terrible struggle of life for food, shelter, and clothing, at an age when others are scarcely out of their cradles?

Bestow more than a passing glance upon these little ones now, if you never did before. It is much too early for school, yet each child is carrying what appears to be a lunch in basket, paper, or bag. Evidently they belong to this class of working children. The lunch will be needed at noon; for ten hours must pass before the tired feet can take their homeward way.

Where are the children going? What do they find to do?

If you care to know, go with me to the night schools, and afterward to the various factories where these night students toil. The teachers keep upon the school registers a faithful record of the employment of each pupil, and among them, probably, almost every occupation which the wants of man sustain is represented, either by adult students or children.

You will be astonished by the vast number of occupations in which boys and girls under the age of fifteen years are made to earn from fifty cents to five dollars per week. Nearly two hundred different employments are recorded in a single school for boys. They manufacture ink, tassels, tin boxes, whalebones, whips, tobacco, toys, soap, shirts, ropes, picture-frames, paper collars and boxes, mineral waters, fans, feathers, corks, chignons, brushes, brier-wood pipes, bonnet-frames, bottles, bags, beads, artificial flowers, and birdcages. They are apprentice-boys, cash and errand boys; they work at hair-picking and map-coloring; they post bills and tend stands. Two have given their occupation as "Sexton's assistant." Some of these trades are rather high-sounding for boys, such as blacksmithing, carpentering, and architecture; but it would seem that nearly every business pursued by adults admits of the employment of children in some of its more simple details.

In the girls' schools many of these same employments are registered as followed by them. It seems evident that parents of the little workers are not particular what the children do, so that it brings them bread. While boys make ladies' chignons, girls run on errands for the stores. On the register of one night school for girls are recorded the names of fifty as "errands" for a single large dry goods firm.

Frequently items appear upon the registers indicating a little sentiment of pride or ambition in these night students. The hotel chambermaid or cook invariably gives her occupation as "housekeeper." One little girl of eleven years professes to be a "sales lady." Eighty little girls at one school are registered as "nurses." They are employed all day at home "taking care of the baby while mother goes out to wash." Some quite small girls, working in type-foundries, give their occupation as "type-setting;" but their work is merely placing the types in rows upon a "setting-stick."

Having visited as many night schools as possible in our limited time, and learned from the younger children where they or any children they may know work, we are ready to begin our tour of the factories and workshops.

The Commissioner of Education in Washington wishes to ascertain, as nearly as possible, how many children under fifteen years of age are pursuing "avocations" instead of being in school. But we soon find that it will not do



THE LITTLE FEATHER-WORKERS.

to say anything about schools or school ages, if we wish to learn facts. A majority of employers were found to be either afraid or ashamed to acknowledge that they employ children. For instance, we know that children of both sexes are employed in cutting corks; but gentlemen in that business, to whom we apply for information, declare that no children work for them.

"How old are your youngest 'hands?'"

"We have none younger than eleven or twelve."

It seems, then, that workers of this age are not considered as children by many employers, and we only arouse their suspicion and opposition by calling them so. Therefore our inquiries in future will refer only to "young people"—boys and girls. We find a retired cork-cutter who informs us that the number of "young people" employed in the business could not be less than one thousand, which number would be increased fivefold but for the extensive importation of corks ready cut.

Three or four thousand girls work in the various book-binding establishments of the city. A part of the work is simple and suited to little children, such as folding and gathering the material. It is thought that at least half the girls working thus are under fifteen years of age.

Large numbers of children are employed in the manufacture of envelopes, there being about eight thousand, it is said, in the city, fully one-fourth of whom are under fifteen years of age. They gum, separate, and sort the envelopes, being paid three and a half cents per thousand, and earning about three dollars per week. The work seems to be pleasant, clean, and the rooms tolerably well ventilated. In this and some other kinds of work, the chief objection seems to be, that while the children are earning their three dollars per week they cannot be in school, acquiring the education so necessary to arm and prepare them properly for the struggles and competitions of life.

Some children give their occupation as workers in gold-leaf. This work requires the careful exclusion of every breath of air from the room, the leaf is so very light. The one work-room we visited was better ventilated than I expected to find it, and much better than most establishments of the kind, it was stated—some air being admitted by keeping the room door leading to the front office open. Great skill is required in handling the thin, frail leaf, and most of the girls engaged in this work were found to be over thirteen years of age.

Little children are registered as employed in "burnishing" china, silver, and gold ware. The idea that heedless childhood could be trusted to polish our beautiful "sets," our silver tea-pots, pitchers, cups, and similar articles in gold, seemed so interesting that I took some trouble to see them work, and after going to three places where they had not time, or rather did not care to talk about it, found one gentleman who was willing to take the time. Here were girls thirteen years of age and upward, sitting in rows before a

long table, leaning forward, the handles of the burnishers—curious-looking steel instruments—pressed against the breast, and using them very skillfully in polishing a variety of beautiful and costly articles. When I remarked that this labor and the position of the worker must be very injurious, and liable to permanently injure the lungs, I was informed that the girls complain of little inconvenience after the first week or so, although men who sometimes work at burnishing find it necessary to wear breast-plates for protection.

There are, it is thought, about eight thousand girls employed in the manufacture of paper collars, one-fourth of whom are under fifteen years of age. The youngest children bend the collars, and perform many other simple details of the work. The swiftness and skill attained by some of the older girls, in counting and putting up the collars, is truly astonishing. One whom I saw at work counts and boxes twenty thousand in a day of ten hours. Another, whose business is to paste lining on the button holes of the collars, three on each, lined five thousand as a day's work.

The making of paper boxes employs at least ten thousand children. An idea may be formed of the immense number of boxes that must be made, from the numbers and varieties to be seen thrown away every day, from the match-box up. In the class of shelf-boxes alone we are shown two hundred different sizes. The larger boxes are made in factories, but the material for the smaller and cheaper varieties is taken home by children, and there "worked up." Many become very expert in the use of the material. A teacher of a night school exhibited a present she had received from a pupil, of a miniature paste-board house and lot, yard, garden, and out-houses complete.

But in all these hundreds of occupations which busy the skilled fingers of little children, the greatest number, and those of the most tender age, are engaged in the preparation of feathers, flowers, and tobacco—mere luxuries, yet considered so indispensable by a majority of men and women.

Reader, if this fact should seem to you of any special significance, and if it should suggest serious thoughts occasionally, do not drive them away, but entertain them kindly. I do not desire to plant thorns in any of your flowers. Far from it. But may it not be hoped that the fine lady, luxuriating in forms of airy beauty, grace, and harmony will sometimes think pitifully and helpfully of the little children; that the man of ease, contentedly smoking his pipe or cigar, or rolling the sweet morsel under his tongue, may occasionally be carried in imagination to the filthy rooms where young children—almost babes—spend the long day in "stemming" the weed.

Do you think God intended childhood as a season for drudgery? If not, can any of you suggest some good plan by which the "rights" of children may be secured to them? Women who are already awake to some of the great issues of the hour, will you now arouse more fully to the importance of educating the children? Is not the question a fundamental one? And the rights of all children once secured, will not the world then be right?

With the addresses of a dozen or more feather and artificial flower establishments in various portions of the city, nearly three days were passed in the vain attempt to witness and sketch the simple operations of stripping or cutting feathers. The manufacturers in this business are remarkably fearful of the light, and have adopted stringent rules—unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—excluding all visitors from their work-rooms; but some of them refuse us politely and invent the best excuses they can.

One proprietor has no young girls at work, just now, either in the feathers or flowers; another is making repairs; one, whose refusal is expressed beforehand in his forbidding face, informs us that he has "no time to be bothered; the young people are well enough off; never you mind them."

The gentleman in charge of the establishment on Walker Street, where our little friend of the night school works, was polite and willing to give information, but as determined as others not to admit visitors. Another gentleman assured us frankly that no manufacturer of feathers and flowers in the city would allow visitors in his work-room, and the reason given is that each has particular patterns of his own, and fears that they may be copied

by others. Some, it is stated, even send their "hands" to seek work in other establishments, and, after a few days, take them back to enjoy the benefit of what they may have learned.

When quite discouraged we found a very small workshop, one of hundreds carried on in the city, employing about a dozen girls. The proprietor, a Frenchman, who is just commencing business, was not only willing to let us sketch the little girls at work, but desired a picture made of the larger girls curling the colored feathers and preparing the flowers. All seemed pleased with the idea of being "put into a book."

Manufacturers of feathers and flowers say that there are engaged in this work as many as ten thousand girls in New York and Brooklyn, two-thirds of whom are under fifteen years of age, and some as young as six and seven. The work done by the youngest children is simple, and manufacturers insist that it is very easy, consisting merely of stripping or cutting the feathers and stringing them, preparatory to dyeing, or preparing the material for flowers by equally simple operations. It is thought much more pleasant than any other work in which large numbers of children are engaged. The workrooms are not foul with unhealthful odors, but are generally tolerably well ventilated. Yet the children do not thrive upon this "easy" work. Few of them look as children should—fat, rosy, and cheerful.

Many thousands of children, some of them very small, are at work in the tobacco factories of New York City. More than one thousand are employed by a single firm, and there are hundreds of smaller establishments scattered through the city, sometimes consisting of merely the members of a single family. Permits to visit the larger factories are not easily obtained. In this craft, also, proprietors have methods of work which they jealously guard.

"I have expostulated," said the manager of one of the oldest tobacco establishments, as he gave us a permit to visit the factories under his charge, "against the employment of young children; but the overseers say that the children will go elsewhere and get work; that their parents are in want and need their labor, and so it seems impossible to avoid hiring them."

In one of their factories the youngest child employed is four years of age, the oldest person a woman of eighty. They work side by side.

Children so young as four years, we are told, are not regularly hired, but, in cases where their parents or guardians are employed, are brought with them for safe keeping, and as it is quite impossible for them to "keep still" all the time, they are glad to imitate the others in "stemming," and are soon able to add a dollar to the weekly wages of mother, sister, or grandmother. Thus they learn the business, and in the course of a year or two become regular "hands."

I saw a very pretty little baby, certainly not more than four years of age, trying to learn. She looked very demure, sitting upon an inverted basket, and occasionally glancing side-



FOUR AND EIGHTY.

ways at visitors. Every worker in this room, we are told, is Irish; but this nursling, with her prominent forehead, delicate features, blue eyes, and golden hair, looks more like a stray fairy who has lost her way and fallen into the foulest and darkest of prisons.

The entire building steams with the fumes of tobacco, and some of the rooms are positively unbearable to those not accustomed to the odor. The rooms where the women and children work are the least objectionable; but they are dreadful places for young children to grow up in.

The youngest girls are separated from each other in their work by a goodly number of steady old women being placed between them, "otherwise, you know," said our cicerone, "the children would play." They sit upon benches, ranged along in regular rows, quite near together. At the end of every bench hang upon the wall numbers of hoop-skirts, ready for duty upon the street when it is time to go home, but unnecessary and inconvenient about the work.

Ten thousand children, it is said, are working in tobacco, in New York and Brooklyn, for ten hours a day, six days of the week, and fully five thousand of them are believed to be under fifteen years of age. Children in many cases supply the places of more mature hands, and thus offer the employer an opportunity for gain not to be resisted as long as other manufacturers with whom he must compete employ this cheap labor.

Were stringent laws passed, similar to those existing in some of the New England States, regulating the employment of children under a certain age, many of the employers would accept the change, and would co-operate with others in arranging for a voluntary system of half-time schools; while not a few declare that such a system "wouldn't work," they "couldn't be bothered with it."

Tell them of the good results at Indian Orchard, and other places, from half-time schools, they say:—"O, in New England things can be done that can't be done anywhere else. Besides, in New England they work more hours than we do here. Our children can have an extra two hours for evening school."



CHOPPING TOBACCO.

I thought of the weary forms and heavy eyelids I had seen in all the evening schools with a feeling of despair. Could anything be more pitiful than the attempts of children, under such conditions of mind and body, to learn the difference between b and c, or to master the absurdities of our spelling?

In a subterranean apartment a few dozen boys are at work chopping the weed in its rough form, preparing it for the process of softening in brine for the "stemmers." A little light comes in from somewhere, enough for us to distinguish the utter dreariness of the scene. The little stove in the middle of the cellar fails to overcome the dampness of the atmosphere, but the exercise seems to keep the boys warm. Most of them, as might be expected, are chewing tobacco.

Many other details of the work in tobacco, which must be passed over for want of space, are performed by boys and girls. An undersized girl of twelve we saw elevated upon a box feeding a large machine. Her labor, it is stated, is equal in quantity and quality to that of an adult.

Interesting boys of ten or eleven were keeping the knives of a cutting machine clear by using a sponge saturated with rum, thus being brought in contact at once with two brother vices of society—rum and tobacco. They are getting their education. If

they prove apt scholars we may expect them to graduate in a few years.

In addition to the outrage of sacrificing the health and educational interests of children by keeping them at mechanical drudgery nearly all their waking hours, certain kinds of labor they perform are absolutely dangerous to life and limb. At the evening schools we heard of girls who, while working in twine manufactories, had lost one and two joints of their fingers. The principal of one school stated that last winter she had ten girls who had lost the initial finger from the right hand, and therefore could not be taught to write. One child, who learned to write with the left hand, came to school afterwards with the initial finger of that hand also gone. It was taken off in the twisting machinery at a twine factory.

Determined to see this terrible machine, we learned the address of the largest twine establishment in the city, and away up town, nearly to Central Park, we went one bitter cold day, so cold that to keep our courage up it needed the reflection that little girls, thinly clad, struggle through such weather all winter long, plunge into it from hot work-rooms and with vitality consumed by labor in impure air.

We found about three hundred persons at work, two hundred of them being children under fifteen years of age, and nearly all girls, who spin, wind, and twist the flax.

We were shown a very picturesque machine for hackling the flax, tended by ten sturdy little boys of twelve or thirteen years of age, five on each end. They were mounted upon a platform to enable them to reach and change the clamps which held the flax. This monster machine, which supersedes the small hacklers upon which our grandmothers dressed their flax, requires to be fed at either end continuously, and it works with the regularity and remorselessness of fate. Not discovering this peculiarity at first, and observing the boys working for dear life, we remarked to the proprietor: "These boys seem to be trying to show off before you."—"No," he replied, "the machine keeps them at it."

"Is it not better for them than running in the streets?" asked the proprietor.

"Better than that, yes; but how are they to be educated?"

"They nearly all go to evening schools."

Studying in the evening after working like this all day! No wonder they fall asleep over their lessons.

This tread-mill of a machine made me forget for a moment the terrible twisters we came to see. Only for a moment. Descending to the next floor we find a few women at work, and a few boys, but nearly all girls, of various ages, and engaged in many different labors, but all of one complexion—sooty, grimy, dusty, flaxy: all were dressed in a coarse skirt of hemp, often ragged and tattered. They ran from one corner of the room to another, carrying heavy boxes and armfuls of bobbins. You might almost imagine they were having a grand play, with such celerity do they fly from place to place; but the little faces are very sober, some thin and pale, and all appear to have arrived at a "realizing sense" of the burthens of life. There is one wielding a broom almost twice as high as herself, and almost as large around as her legs; the thinness of the latter showing painfully under her short tattered dress. If she could go to the Children's Aid Society's schools for even a part of the day, they would dress her warmly, and give her at least one nourishing meal in the twenty-four hours.

Here are the dreadful twisting machines, very disappointing in appearance, seeming to be only long rows of spindles stretching from one end of the room to the other, with nothing peculiarly dangerous about them. The proprietor is anxious to confirm the impression caused by their harmless appearance.

"A few girls," he says, "have had their fingers *hurt* in these machines; but it was always in cases where they forgot or neglected their work to talk or play. The twisters are not more dangerous than other machines at which children work."

I asked a little girl who had lost the fourth finger of her right hand how it happened, and she replied:—

"It was the rule that we go to help the others, and I went to help a girl, and she kept twisting the twine so," giving her hands a great flourish. "But my little finger always *did* stick

out from the others, and it got caught among the flax, and I knew it would take my hand off, and I jerked it out with all my might, and only lost half the finger. If I had been slow, my hand would have been taken off."

This is the simple story of a girl of twelve years. She was trying to imitate one more skillful than herself. The stories of other fingers lost in twine factories would differ but slightly from this. A moment's forgetfulness of the danger, but one moment of yielding to the universal childish impulse to play, and the mischief is done.

It is expected that penalties must follow violations of the law of mechanics, as of other laws, but children should not be placed in situations where so sad a penalty is the result of a moment's inattention. Their innocence and ignorance appeal for protection against the possibility of such calamities. An engine of 150 horse-power, driving a balance-wheel of 18,000 pounds weight, is an irresistible force when it clashes with the little finger of a child. Should not children's fingers be protected from the destruction threatened by such machinery, in some manner, by law if not otherwise?

But if the situation of children engaged in regular employment is so sad, what can be said of those who are drifting about the streets of the city, without any real homes or steady employment, but supporting a miserable existence by such irregular work as they can obtain—living "by their wits." From fifteen to twenty thousand is considered a moderate estimate of the number of boys and girls situated thus in the midst of this great centre of wealth and refinement. Many of these are orphans — others worse than orphans — children of criminals and poor wretches sunk deep in the degradation of drunkenness. Some are runaways from other cities; some are children of emigrants whose parents die upon the way here; some have fathers in the army and no mothers; others have invalid mothers and no fathers. Their daily portion is hunger, cold, and misery of almost every description. They may be seen almost every day upon the street, bent double, staggering under heavy loads, sweeping the crossings, or begging. Sometimes they go without food until sick with hunger. Often their loathing of the miserable holes they call home is so great that they seek lodging in the station-house, and not unfrequently the beginning is made in crime for the sake of the shelter of even a prison over their heads.

The work of the New York Juvenile Asylum was fully described in the first number of this magazine. The Children's Aid Society is likewise doing a beneficent work for a portion of these outcasts by providing shelter, employment, food, and schools in the city, and permanent homes in the West. Six thousand sent to permanent homes, and twelve thousand aided to employment in some direction, during the period of seventeen years, is a great work in itself, but compared to that which needs to be done it is but a mite. The means of the Society are limited, and in other respects its operations are hampered by obstacles which a mere private enterprise must necessarily encounter.

Why should not the State aid, if not sustain such efforts entirely by liberal appropriations, or by the enactment of wise helping laws?

The magnitude of this evil is not appreciated. When it was proposed by Mr. Brace, the leading spirit in the Children's Aid Society work, to start the Rivington Street lodging-house for boys, many persons, even those who were engaged in the work, doubted the necessity of the step. The president of the society thought there were not homeless boys enough to need it; but very soon it was full, and now applicants for lodging have to be sent away every day.

I asked some bright little newsboys, lodgers at this house, how many such hotels they thought there ought to be for boys in New York? One thought that thirty would do, and another said it would need fifty. I asked another if he thought there were many boys now out of employment in New York? He said,

"The city's full of them. Why, there's men even offering to work for boys' wages."

When this unequal struggle of childhood with hunger, cold, and all the nameless horrors of poverty has produced its natural effect, and the boy or girl has become hardened, the

people, in self-protection, are obliged to support them in reformatories or prisons, while any plan by which all the poor children might be supported and schooled, and thus made useful citizens, would seem to the same people like useless extravagance. It is stated that it now costs the State of New York more than four times as much to support her criminal courts as to educate her children. Is this fact true? And if it is true, what of it?

Horace Mann, the great apostle of the people, as President Sarmiento so justly designates him, saw the truths which underlie this question more clearly, and stated them more forcibly than any other person has ever done. Twenty-five years ago he told the people of this republic that—"No greater calamity can befall us as a nation than that our children should grow up without knowledge and cultivation. If we do not prepare them to become good citizens, develop their capacities, enrich their minds with knowledge, imbue their hearts with a love of truth and duty, and a reverence for all things holy, then our republic must go down to destruction as others have gone before it, and mankind must sweep through another vast cycle of sin and suffering before the dawn of a better era can arise upon the world."

THORWALDSEN'S SACRED MARBLES.

THORWALDSEN was especially the delineator of the antique, and in this field he has greatly enriched the City of Copenhagen with the priceless Museum of Sculpture that bears his name.

When he proposed to adorn the Frauen-Kirche of the same city with the sublimest theme of Christianity, that of Christ and the Apostles, it was a matter of interest to know whether his antique culture would sustain him in the embodiment of the Christian idea. His task was admirably performed; the statues of Christ and the Apostles crowned the column of his fame.

The old church, antique in style, is well adapted to display the figures, which are arranged two and two on each side of the pillars of the nave, whilst the statue of Christ occupies the sombre niche of the altar, extending its arms as if to receive the worshipers. The series of Apostles supporting Christ is opened by Peter and Paul, and the pairs seem to be arranged with reference to contrast in character. Peter has turned his head quickly around, as if in the act of resolutely obeying a command. The left hand is holding up his garment, that it may not impede him in his duty, whilst the right is firmly holding the keys that are the symbol of his office. He is the man of quick, determined action. Paul is the teacher. Thought and clear perception rest on his features, and the whole declares the consciousness of victory, whilst the statue itself is peculiarly dignified. The hand is raised to teach, and the mouth opened to speak; the stern eye is prepared to silence opposition.

The second pair is that of Matthew and John. The former is the careful historian, and is observantly listening to what is being told to him. The mouth is firmly closed, and he seems absorbed in his occupation, which is that of writing. It is his duty to relate the blessed story of salvation, and the angel reclining at his side seems absorbed in the revelation of this mystery. But John, in some respects the masterpiece of the group, is the most perfect contrast of his companion. He is the man of inspiration. His spirit has soared to the eternal world, and is sunk in the contemplation of it, all his powers being absorbed by the announcements from on high. He reports not the deeds of history that are perceived by the senses, but their mysterious nature—the mystery of the Godhead. He is not the historian, but the prophet in history. What he relates comes not to him by tradition, but by inspiration. And while the heads of the other statues are nearly all inclined to the ground, his is turned gently upward. His countenance is that of youth, but not of effeminacy or sentimentality.



THORWALDSEN'S ST. JOHN.

He is the man in the youth, but with less individual expression than the others, for he is wholly lost in the contemplation of the divine mystery. God is revealed in the flesh. The eagle at his feet is a symbol of his soaring nature.

The third pair is that of Philip and James the brother of John. Philip's mouth is opened in sadness, and his head is turned on one side. His gentle nature is affected with grief that the world can be so hostile to the messengers of Christ. Here all vigor seems lost in sorrow. James, on the contrary, is the man of cheerful determination, who journeys through the world without hesitation. His pilgrim's hat is thrown over the shoulder, his

left hand is on his garment, and the right holds his pilgrim's staff. He is in the act of stepping forward with the left foot, and his head is turned sideways to the place that he is leaving: he is casting yet one sad glance toward Jerusalem as he goes out into the world to proclaim to it the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Following these are James the son of Alpheus, and Andrew. This James much resembles Jesus in the gentleness cast over the whole statue, but strength is wanting. James is tired of his pilgrimage; his knees bend a little in weakness, his left hand leans on the strong staff, and the right feebly reclines on the left. In contrast to him is Andrew. Here all is calm firmness—defiance. The external form, broad shoulders, short neck, and broad, firm head, indicate defiance to the world and its power as he leans on his cross, the instrument of his martyrdom and the sign of his victory.

The next are Thomas and Judas. The former is resting the index-finger of his right hand reflectingly on his cheek, and gives us the impression of thoughtful melancholy. Judas seems absorbed in prayer, and is embracing the halberd that is to kill him. His bearing is an answer to the enigmas that torture the soul of Thomas.

The last pair is composed of Bartholomew and Simon Zelotes. The bald head and furrowed brow of Bartholomew indicate age, but it has not broken his strength, and he is calmly regarding in his right hand the knife that is the sign of his martyrdom. Simon is leaning with both hands on the saw that is to deprive him of life, and observing it with a feeling of inexpressible sadness. His soul suffers at the thought that all the love and mercy of God are lost on a world filled only with hatred against his messengers.

And now for the statue of Christ in the central niche of the altar. One must school himself to appreciate it, for it is not possible to represent Christ in statue. It is more easy to do this in painting, for the conception of Christ needs something symbolical. Thorwaldsen has sought to make his statue of Christ the expression of an idea. We see the Apostles in their calling as we imagine them on earth, but the figure of Christ is an ideal one. It is not Jesus, as he walked on earth; it is not the Son, sitting at the right hand of the Father, but it is the embodiment of the Gospel; and therefore he has not the garments as he wore them in life, but has a light envelope thrown around him, as if risen from the dead, and thus his right shoulder and side are bare, showing the wound in the latter. The extended hands and the whole form have something inviting in their character, as if he were exclaiming to poor sinners: "Come hither, ye weak and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The impression left by the entire group is that of marvelous gradation of conception, and great fullness of thought and feeling; but what is common to them all is that seriousness which in individual cases rises to sadness, and that responsibility of calling that rests on them, and creates in them the resolution to live and die for their Lord and Master.

AN APRIL VIOLET.

Under the Larch with its tassels wet,
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the rosy dawn, my love I met.

Under the Larch, when the sun was set,
He came with an April violet:
Forty years—and I have it yet.

Out of Life with its fond regret,
What have Love and Memory yet?
Only an April violet.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUE SILVER.

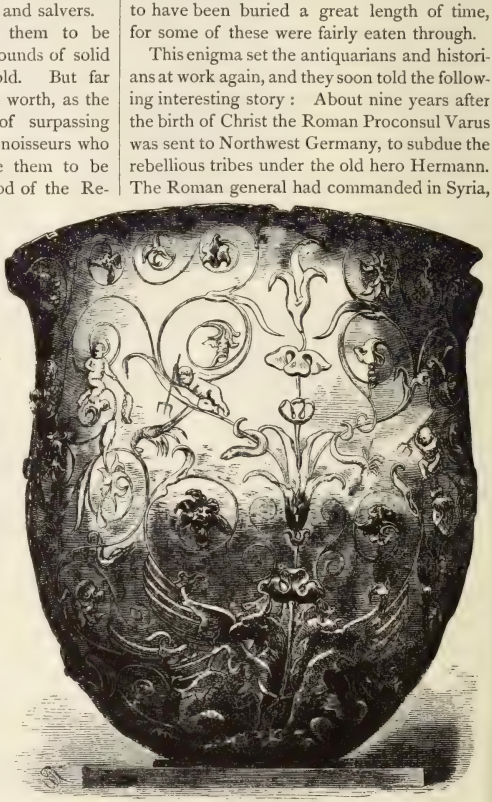
The artistic and learned world of Germany has recently been thrown into quite an excitement about a rare discovery of antique silver vessels, such as never before have been found within its borders. Some Prussian soldiers were making excavations for artillery purposes near Hildesheim, not far from the city of Hanover, in North Germany, when at a depth of ten feet they suddenly came upon three large vases, about two feet in height, containing quite a number of smaller vessels, with beakers, bowls, and salvers.

A close inspection proved them to be of great value, being ninety pounds of solid silver, partly overlaid with gold. But far more than this was their artistic worth, as the workmanship proved to be of surpassing beauty, and induced those connoisseurs who first examined them to declare them to be relics of the flourishing art-period of the Renaissance, when the influence of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Benevenuto was so clearly seen in the rich arabesques and graceful images of that period.

But the later investigations of the professional antiquarians of Germany proved that not half their value had yet been surmised. These gentlemen declared them to be splendid specimens of antique art, originating in the golden age of Augustus or his immediate successors. They were evidently the eating and drinking service of some luxurious old Roman, as the ornaments were all emblematic of the art and mythology of ancient Rome in her highest glory. And finally a critical inspection, after still more careful cleaning, discovered Roman weights, expressed in pounds, ounces, and scruples, and even the Roman names of some of the artists in the old Roman alphabet.

The discovery is therefore evidently antique, and far more extensive and valuable than any ever made north of the Alps, and even superior to the remarkable treasures in this line exhumed in Pompeii in 1835. The interesting question then immediately arose as to how these rare vases, beakers, salvers, candelabras, and all the utensils of a gorgeous table-service, should be found so far north, and in a region of no large Roman colony. The oxydized state of the vases proved them to have been buried a great length of time, for some of these were fairly eaten through.

This enigma set the antiquarians and historians at work again, and they soon told the following interesting story: About nine years after the birth of Christ the Roman Proconsul Varus was sent to Northwest Germany, to subdue the rebellious tribes under the old hero Hermann. The Roman general had commanded in Syria,



ANTIQUE SILVER BELL-SHAPED VASE.



ANTIQUE SILVER BEAKER-VASE, WITH HANDLES.

and found it but soldierly sport to subdue these weak and effeminate people. This led him to over-estimate himself and under-estimate his foes. He consequently undertook this ancient "Holiday Promenade to Berlin," accompanied by everything that could redound to his luxury and splendor, not forgetting his magnificent table-service with which to enjoy his delicacies and his wines. The Great Hermann led him by superior strategy into the pathless wilderness of the Teutoburger Forest, and there, after a three days' battle, totally annihilated the Roman Army. In its flight it doubtless buried these treasures in hope of recovering them, or certain victorious German clans may have thus concealed them from their own foes and never been able to recover them.

But they have at last arrived at Berlin, after a pretty tedious journey, it must be confessed, and are now adding their charms to the many priceless ornaments of the Art Museum of that great capital. And we now propose to give a concise description of some of the principal pieces of that great discovery, accompanied by splendidly-executed illustrations of three of these rarest works of art.

The first and most beautiful one is a bell-shaped vase, whose artistic execution leaves no doubt of its old Roman origin. It seems to have been a massive punch-bowl, though all its accessories are unfortunately wanting. It is very much corroded, but the largest part of it is in a tolerable state of preservation. A delicate plexus of grape-vines springs from the wings of griffins at the base, and twines around it to the summit, forming meshes in which are sportive children catching fish and crabs, beetles and butterflies. The entire execution is of workmanship so exquisitely delicate that none of the modern imitations of the antique fully equal it.

The second figure is a beaker-vase with handles. It is only about four inches in height, but its artistic perfection is quite equal to the preceding larger one. It has fallen into five pieces: the outer shell, the inner body of massive silver, the two handles, and the base. But each of these parts is uninjured, and there is no difficulty at all in attaching the parts together by solder. This beaker is surrounded by the foliage of the vine, and adorned with dramatic masks in very bold relief. These are as exquisite in



ANTIQUE SILVER BOWL, WITH THE INFANT HERCULES.

drawing as they are perfect in expression.

The third figure, which is also very beautiful, is a shallow bowl of about a span in diameter. In the bottom of it simply rests the infant Hercules, for it rises in such lofty relief that only a portion of the head and back touch the base. The boy is throttling serpents, as prophetic of his future strength, and he performs the dangerous task with a smile over his easy victory. The whole execution is of thrilling effect, and clearly indicative of its origin.

In addition to these, the collection contains a larger bowl, with an image of Minerva in the bottom, the whole figure of the goddess being heavily gilded and adorned with shield and helmet and a wreath of olive leaves. In execution it is not quite equal to those we have given in the cuts. Then there is a very beautiful small bowl, containing a bust that has been supposed to be that of Paris, from its delicacy and the absence of a beard. Another bowl contains a medallion with the bust of a goddess, at first supposed to be Helena, but afterwards, from its symbols and surrounding, decided to be that of Cybele. Among the smaller vessels and utensils are many valuable specimens — three shallow bowls, with rich foliage and the heads of men and beasts, and a drinking vessel, ornamented with a simple laurel wreath. There are five beakers worked with enameled leaves, and a large vase, of some twenty inches in height, shaped like a funnel, and adorned with prancing steeds and raging boars.

A very interesting feature regarding the affair, are the learned and critical discussions among the German savans concerning the symbols, and the conclusion to be drawn from these as to epochs and artists. "Did they belong to such an age and to the Proconsul Varus, and are they the handiwork of Roman, Greek, or even of Asiatic goldsmiths?" Was there ever a richer field for the digging, delving, hair-splitting antiquarians of Germany?

THE FLY.

From time immemorial the fly has had an existence upon the earth; a special and important mission to fulfill. It has been written a bore and pronounced a nuisance; declared a pest, and gravely regarded a messenger of evil; made a "Plague" and known as a scavenger; adjudged an assassin and condemned as a malefactor; used as an emblem in proverb and in prophecy; and if not canonized, it is at least placed in the heavens, and we find it taking rank among the stars as a constellation. From the remotest antiquity to the present moment it has been an unchanged representative of its class, and yet it is to-day regarded with as little interest and as much contempt as when Young wrote that the immortal soul, when thrown into tumult by the varied and fitful scenes of earth,

> "Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
> To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

Yet its part in the universe is scarcely less important to-day than when, by reason of its numbers, it "corrupted the land" in order to convey a great moral lesson to Pharaoh's hardened heart, and a convincing argument to his benighted understanding.

The profusion with which flies are distributed over the surface of the globe, causes them to fulfill two important duties in the economy of nature. On the one hand they furnish to insectivorous birds an inexhaustible supply of food, and on the other they contribute to the removal of all decaying animal and vegetable substances, and thus serve to purify the air which we breathe. Their fecundity, the rapidity with which one generation succeeds another, and their great voracity, added to the extraordinary quickness of their reproduction, are such as to warrant Linnæus in saying that three flies, with the generations that spring from them, would eat up a dead horse as quickly as could a lion. Certainly these little insects are worthy of our attention and study, from the part they play in the general economy of nature. Man has no more potent aid in the conservation of health and the mitigation of disease and suffering. By their agency are quickly removed the noxious fluids of decaying plants and animals, which, if left undisturbed, would not only offend the senses, but would scatter broadcast the seeds of disease, and produce speedy and certain destruction of life. Among these the classes Diptera and Coleoptera, of which the fly and the beetle are the representatives, may be said to constitute by far the largest portion to which this office is assigned.

When we consider their relations to ourselves and other animals, they become, also, objects of fear and repulsion. Gnats and mosquitoes suck our blood; the gad-fly and asylus attack our cattle. It is related of one species, that it attacks and ultimately destroys many of the wretched convicts who are sent to the penitentiary of Cayenne, in French Guiana, South America. When one of these degraded beings, who live in a state of sordid filth, goes to sleep, a prey to intoxication, this fly, *Lucilia hominivorax*, sometimes gets into his mouth and nostrils, lays its eggs there, and when they are changed into larvæ the death of the victim usually follows. Instances of a similar character are reported in some of our medical works, showing that the larvæ, under the favoring circumstance of filth, have attacked the living flesh and occasioned an agonized death in a short time. Who would suppose that one of the causes which render it so difficult to explore Central Africa, is a fly not larger than the house-fly? The Tsetse fly (*Glossina morsitans*) is not dangerous to man, to any wild animals, nor to the pig, the mule, the ass, nor the goat; but it stings mortally the ox, the horse, the sheep, and the dog, and renders the countries which it curses uninhabitable for these valuable animals. This sucker of blood secretes, in a gland placed at the base of his trunk, so subtle a poison that three or four flies are sufficient to kill an ox; and yet a most remarkable feature is that man and wild animals, and even calves while they continue to feed upon milk, possess entire immunity from the effects of the poison. The *Glossina morsitans* abounds on the banks of the Zambesi and in other marshy situations. The African cattle recognize its ominous buz-

zing and manifest the greatest fear at this fatal sound. Dr. Livingstone, in crossing these regions, lost more than forty fine oxen in as many minutes by the bite of the Tsetse fly, notwithstanding they were carefully guarded and had been but little bitten.

But the common house-fly (*Musca domestica*) is a representative of the whole class, and being a constant companion in our dwellings, may with propriety be the special object of study. Unlike the butterfly and moth, the fly has but one pair of wings, the second being replaced by two appendages called bal-



FIG. 1.—THE BALANCER.

ancers (technically halteres, Fig. 1), because they serve to regulate the flight. They are little membranaceous threads, placed one at the base of each wing near a spiracle, and terminated by a minute oval button, which seems capable of contraction and dilatation. The animal moves these organs with great vivacity, often when at rest and probably when flying. If either or both of these organs be cut off, the insect can no longer fly nor walk; hence it is supposed the poisers are connected with the feet, and are air-holders, and not improbably connected with respiration, by

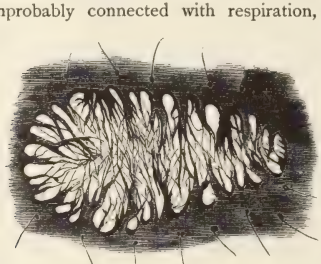


FIG. 2.—SPIRACLE OF HOUSE-FLY.



FIG. 3.—THE TRUNK.

opening and closing the spiracle in their vicinity. The respiratory apparatus of all insects is not by air-tubes communicating with lungs, as in the vertebratæ, nor by gills, as in the mollusks, but by stigmata, spiracles, or breathing-pores, located upon the surface of the body, which communicate with a system of minute air-tubes scattered everywhere throughout the body for the aëration of the blood. These spiracles (Fig. 2), while they open upon the surface, are guarded from the reception of dust, &c., by a net-work of fibres stretching from border to border, and so interlaced as to be efficient protectors.

Flies take their food by suction, either finding it or reducing it to a fluid state by secreting and throwing out a fluid from their trunks for this purpose. The mouth, or trunk (Fig. 3), consists of a sheath, a sucker, and one to four bristle-formed lancets, which at the same time that they pierce the food apply to each other so accurately as to form an air-tight tube;—the last two named parts are retractile, and when withdrawn and hidden in the sheath may be forced out by pressing between the thumb and finger either the two sides or the upper and under part of the thorax, when the fly is forced to show its

trunk to its fullest extent. The lips—the extremity of the proboscis—are capable of closing in the middle, leaving an opening front and back; thus arranged, and acting with great rapidity in a hundred different ways, alternately lengthening and shortening, and becoming successively flat and convex, the mouth becomes a pump and the fluid rises by suction; the fly exhausting the air from the tube of its trunk, and the liquid at the opening going up through the influence of atmospheric pressure.

They feed principally upon fluids that exude from the bodies of other animals; sweat, saliva, and other secretions; they also seek vegetable juices, and may be seen in our houses to feed eagerly upon fruits and sweet substances. It is this passion that causes them to attack and occasion mischief to our books, by scraping off with their liplets the white of egg and sugar varnish used to give polish to the covers, &c., leaving traces of their depredations in the soiled and spotted appearance which it occasions. It is by means of these same organs also that the fly teases us in the heat of summer, when it alights upon the hand or face to sip the perspiration as it exudes and is condensed upon the skin.

The antennæ are of peculiar structure, and are the more interesting to study, not only because they present a great variety of forms, but from the probability that they are the organs of hearing for this class of insects. In our fly they originate in the front of the head, close together, and diverge as they proceed. They are jointed and densely covered with hairs, which decrease regularly in length

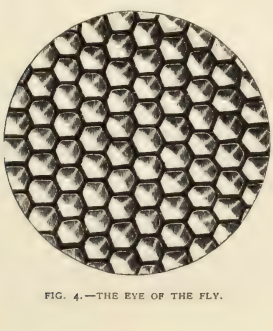


FIG. 4.—THE EYE OF THE FLY.



FIG. 5.—THE FOOT OF THE FLY.

from the base, making a wide and pointed plume.

While examining the proboscis you will not fail to observe two large protuberances upon the head, often covering nearly the whole surface;—these, the eyes, usually compound and consisting of many thousands, are constructed thus: each little hexagon of the eyelets, or ocelli, that compose the compound eye, (Fig. 4), is a perfect instrument of vision, consisting of the horny lens,—a six-sided prism, and an inner conical lens, which last is also compound, composed of two lenses placed together by their flat sides, and having different refracting powers. This arrangement enables all insects possessing mosaic composite eyes to see objects with more distinctness in proportion to the number of cones, since each cone will receive at least one direct ray of light from every object that is presented to the eye from the external world. The law of compensation, which is ever found throughout nature to maintain the balance between necessity and convenience, is nowhere more distinctly and beautifully exemplified than in the composite eyes of insects. The number of ocelli has been estimated at 7,000 in the house-fly, 12,000 in the dragon-fly, and 34,000 in the butterfly.

The principle upon which the fly can with ease, safety, and rapidity traverse the ceiling has long been the subject of thought and theory, and not until the microscope revealed the

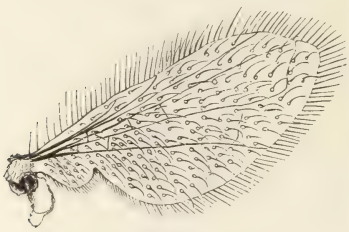


FIG 7.—WING OF HOUSE-FLY.

structure of the foot could these marvelous movements be fully and confidently explained; a minute examination of this organ will unfold the principle as well as the wonderful wisdom and beauty of the arrangement. The foot (pulvillus), (Fig. 5), is a membranous structure, having seated upon its upper surface two claws, which are movable in every direction. Projecting from the lower surface are the organs which have been termed "hairs"—"hair-like appendages," &c.—These are the immediate agents in holding, and may be termed "tenent hairs," in allusion to their office. Fig. 6 shows the under surface of the fore-foot of the flesh-fly with tenent hairs *a* and *b* more magnified. It has been found by experiment that flies cannot walk without slipping upon glass when it is moistened by the breath or steam, or sprinkled with flour; and the frequent rubbing together of the under side of the feet, and backward and forth, along the whole surface of the hairs with which the tarsi are clothed, is not an operation of cleanliness or amusement only, but one of absolute necessity, in order to keep the *pulvilli* in a fit state for climbing smooth, vertical surfaces; the hairs of the tarsi serving as a brush for this particular purpose.

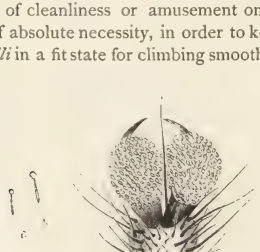


FIG. 6.—UNDER SURFACE OF THE FOOT.

In ordinary flight the house-fly makes about 600 strokes with its wings in a second, and is carried through the air about five feet in that brief time, but if alarmed the velocity can be increased six or seven-fold, so as to carry the insect thirty or thirty-five feet in the second. To accomplish this wonderful movement the wing (Fig. 7), must be adapted to the end; consequently we find it composed of two membranes of exceeding tenuity stretched upon a framework of nervures which have their origin in the trunk of the body and communicate with the air-vessels. The nervures are hollow, horny tubes, which divide and ramify throughout the wing. They contain spiral threads, which appear to be air-vessels, analogous to the air-vessels in the wings of birds, and into which a subtle fluid is introduced at every voluntary expansion of the wings. Those insects that are longest on the wing, the dragon-fly for instance, have their wings most covered with nervures: the upper surface is also studded with hooked spines of the same horny texture.



FIG. 8.—LARVA.



FIG. 9.—COCOON.

Their reproductive power is enormous. A blue meat-fly (*Musca vomitoria*) will deposit in less than half a day, upon a piece of meat, not less than 200 eggs in irregular heaps of various sizes, and has been known to produce 20,000 living larvæ, and in twenty-four hours

each has increased its own weight above 200 times. The eggs are of an iridescent white color, and four or five times as long as they are broad. In less than twenty-four hours after the egg is laid the larva (Fig. 8) is hatched. As soon as it is born it begins to eat, and with the hooks and lancets with which it is provided, buries itself in the meat. These worms discharge no solid excrement, but produce a sticky liquid, which keeps the meat moist and hastens putrefaction. The larvæ eat voraciously and continually, and arrive at full growth in four or five days. They now seek a retreat under ground and take no more nourishment until they are transformed into flies. In this retreat they assume a globular or oval form, disengage themselves from their skin, which becomes reddish-brown, shut themselves up in this box, closing it in every part, and strengthening it so as to secure themselves from the effects of the air and the attacks of other animals. In four or five days after, the cocoon (Fig. 9) is occupied by a white pupa, provided with all the parts of a fly. The fly is inanimate, and is like a mummy enveloped in its cloths, each member having its own special case or sheath. It emerges from the end of the cocoon where the head of the larva was placed. This end is composed of two half cups, placed one against the other, and which can be detached from each other and from the rest of the cocoon. It requires considerable strength to raise these lids, or valves, and disengage itself from the swaddling-clothes in which it is enveloped. It raises the cup by a series of expansions and contractions of its body, and by butting against it with the head, and comes out gray, but in the course of three hours perfects itself, and assumes its ultimate color, at the same time unfolding its wings and other parts. The common flies deposit their eggs upon vegetables, and particularly on fungi in a state of decomposition, and on manure heaps, &c., and are essentially parasites, settling on both man and beast, to suck up the fluid substances that are diffused over the surface of their bodies. These insects are of great service, not only in a general sense, by taking up large masses and visible portions of matter, but their province being as well the consumption of decaying animal matter which is found about in quantities so small as to be imperceptible to most people, and is not removable by ordinary means, even in the best kept apartments during hot weather.

The popular notion is that the presence of large numbers of flies in any locality is a precursor of sickness; this phenomenon, rightly interpreted, would indicate that there is present an undue quantity of decomposing animal matter, which if left undisturbed would form a nidus for some form of disease. The flies, however, being attracted in proportionate numbers, these little scavengers become a saving element in the economy of life.

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Concluded from page 516.)

XI.

MADAM COURT expected Peer to visit her at her house, and he went there.

"Now you shall know my Court," said she, "and you shall make the acquaintance of my chimney-corner. I never dreamed of this when I danced in 'Circe' and 'The Rose Elf in Provence.' Indeed, there are not many now who think of that ballet and of little Frandsen. 'Sic transit gloria in the moon,' as they say in Latin. My Court is a witty fellow, and uses that phrase when I talk about my time of honor. He likes to poke fun at me, but he does it with a good heart."

The "chimney-corner" was an inviting low-studded room, with a carpet on the floor, and an endless lot of portraits for a book-binder to have. There was a picture of Gutenberg, and one of Franklin, of Shakspeare, Cervantes, Molière, and the two blind poets, Homer and Ossian. Lowest down, hung, glazed and in a broad frame, one cut out in

paper of a *danseuse*, with great spangles on a dress of gauze, the right leg lifted toward heaven, and written beneath a verse :—

"Who wins our hearts by her dancing?
Who of her wreath-trophies can sing,*
Mademoiselle Emilie Frandsen!"

It was written by Court, who wrote excellent verse, especially comic verse. He had himself clipped the picture out and pasted and sewed it before he got his first wife. It had lain many years in a drawer, now it flourished here in the poetic picture gallery; "my chimney-corner," as Madam Court called her little room. Here were Peer and Court introduced to each other.

"Is he not a charming man?" said she to Peer. "To me he is just the most charming."

"Ay, on a Sunday, when I am well bound in State clothes," said Herr Court.

"You are charming without any binding," said she, and then she tipped her head down as it came over her that she had spoken a little too childishly for one of her age.

"Old love does not rust," said Herr Court. "An old house a-fire burns down to the ground."

"It is as with the Phœnix," said Madam Court; "one rises up young again. Here is my Paradise. I do not care at all to seek any other place, except an hour at your mother and grandmother's."

"And at your sister's," said Herr Court.

"No, angel Court; it is no longer any Paradise there. I must tell you, Peer, they live in narrow circumstances, but there is a great mingle-mangle about them for all that. No one knows what he dare say there in that house. One dare not mention the word 'darkey,' for the eldest daughter is beloved by one who has negro blood in him. One dare not say 'hunchback,' for that one of the children is. One dare not talk about 'defalcation,'—my brother-in-law has been in that unfortunate way. One dare not even say that he has been driving in the wood: wood is an ugly sound, for it is just the same as Woods, who fought with the youngest son. I don't like to go out and sit and hold my tongue. I don't dare talk, so I just come back to my own house and sit in my chimney-corner. Were it not too emphatic, as they say, I would gladly ask our Lord to let us live as long as my chimney-corner holds out, for there one grows better. Here is my Paradise, and this my Court has given me."

"She has a gold mill in her mouth," said he.

"And thou hast gold grain in thy heart," said she.

"Grind, grind all the bag will hold,
Milly's the grain, Milly's pure gold,"

said he, as he chucked her under the chin.

"That verse was written right on the spot! It ought to be printed!"

"Yes, and handsomely bound!" said he.

So these two old folks rallied each other.

A YEAR passed before Peer began to study a rôle at the theatre. He chose "Joseph," but he changed it for "George Brown," in the opera of "The White Lady." The words and music he quickly made his own, and from Walter Scott's romance, which had furnished the material for the opera, he obtained a clear, full picture of the young, spirited officer who visits his native hills and comes to his ancestral castle without knowing it; an old song wakens recollections of his childhood; fortune attends him, and he wins a castle and his wife.

What he read became as if something which he himself had lived—a chapter of his own life's story. The music, rich in melodies, was entirely in keeping. There was meanwhile a long, very long time before the first rehearsals began. The singing-master did not mean that there should be any hurry about his appearance, and at length he too understood this. He was not merely a singer, he was an actor; and his whole being was thrown into his character. The chorus and the orchestra at the very first applauded him loudly, and the evening of the representation was looked forward to with the greatest expectation.

"One can be a great actor in a night-gown at home," said a good-natured companion; "can be very great by daylight, but only

* It is but fair to say for the enthusiastic Court that he is not responsible for the disgraceful English rhymes. His Danish ones were built on Miss Frandsen's name.—TRANS.

so-so before the lights in a full house. That you will see for yourself."

Peer had no anxiety, but a strong desire for the eventful evening. The singing-master, on the contrary, was quite feverish. Peer's mother had not the courage to go to the theatre; she would be ill with anxiety for her dear boy. Grandmother was sick, and must stay at home, the doctor had said; but the trusty friend Madam Court promised to bring the news the very same evening how it all went off. She should and would be at the theatre, even if she were to be in the last extremity.

How long the evening was! How the three or four hours stretched into eternity! Grandmother sang a psalm, and prayed with mother to the good God for their little Peer, that he might this evening also be Lucky Peer. The hands of the clock moved slowly.

"Now Peer is beginning," they said; "now he is in the middle; now he has passed it."

The mother and grandmother looked at one another, but they said never a word. In the streets there was the rumbling of carriages; people were driving home from the theatre. The two women looked down from the window; the people who were passing talked in loud voices; they were from the theatre, they knew, bringing good news or sorrow up into the garret of the merchant's house.

At last some one came up the stairs. Madam Court burst in, followed by her husband. She flung herself on the necks of the mother and grandmother, but said never a word. She cried and sobbed.

"Lord God!" said mother and grandmother. "How has it gone with Peer?"

"Let me weep!" said Madam Court, so overcome was she. "I cannot bear it. Ah! you dear good people, you cannot bear it either!" and her tears streamed down.

"Have they hissed him off?" cried the mother.

"No, no! not that!" said Madam Court. "They have—oh, that I should live to see it!"

Then both mother and grandmother fell to weeping.

"Be calm, Emilie," said Herr Court. "Peer has been victorious! He has triumphed! The house came near tumbling down, they clapped him so. I can feel it still in my hands. It was one storm of applause from pit to gallery. The entire royal family clapped too. Really, it was what one may call a white day in the annals of the theatre. It was more than talent—it was genius!"

"Ay, genius," said Madam Court, "that is my word. God bless you, Court, that you spoke that word out. You dear good people, never would I have believed that one could so sing and act in comedy, and yet I have lived through a theatre's whole history." She cried again; the mother and grandmother laughed, whilst tears still chased down their cheeks.

"Now sleep well on that," said Herr Court; "and now come, Emilie. Good-night! good-night!"

They left the garret-chamber and two happy people there; but these were not long alone. The door opened, and Peer, who had not promised to come before the next forenoon, stood in the room. He knew well with what thoughts the old people had followed him; how ignorant, too, they still must be of his success, and so, as he was driving past with the singing-master, he stopped outside; there were still lights up in the chamber, and so he must needs go up to them.

"Splendid! glorious! superb! all went off well!" he exclaimed jubilantly, and kissed his mother and grandmother. The singing-master nodded with a bright face and pressed their hands.

"And now he must go home to rest," said he, and the visit was over.

"Our Father in Heaven, how gracious and good Thou art," said these two poor women. They talked long into the night about Peer. Round about in the great town people talked of him,—the young, handsome, wonderful singer. So far had Peer's fame gone.

XII.

THE morning papers mentioned the *début* with a great flourish of trumpets as something more than common, and the dramatic reviewer reserved till another number his

privilege of expressing his opinion. The merchant invited Peer and the singing-master to a grand dinner. It was an attention intended as a testimony of the interest which he and his wife felt in the young man, who was born in the house, and in the same year and on the very same day as their own son.

The merchant proposed the health of the singing-master, the man who had found and polished this "precious stone," a name by which one of the prominent papers had called Peer. Felix sat by his side and was the soul of gayety and affection. After dinner he brought out his own cigars; they were better than the merchant's; "he can afford to get them," said that gentleman; "he has a rich father." Peer did not smoke,—a great fault, but one that could easily be mended.

"We must be friends," said Felix. "You have become the lion of the town! all the young ladies, and the old ones too, for that matter, you have taken by storm. You are a lucky fellow all over. I envy you; especially that you can go in and out over there at the theatre, among all the little girls."

That did not now seem to Peer anything so very worthy of envy.

He had a letter from Madam Gabriel. She was in transports over the extravagant accounts in the papers of his *début*, and all that he was to become as an artist. She had drunk his health with her maids in a bowl of punch. Herr Gabriel also had a share in his honor, and was quite sure that he, beyond most others, spoke foreign words correctly. The apothecary ran about town and reminded everybody that it was at their little theatre they had first seen and been amazed at his talent, which was now for the first time recognized at the capital. "The apothecary's daughter would be quite out of conceit with herself," added Madam, "now that he could be courting Baronesses and Countesses." The apothecary's daughter had been in too much of a hurry and given in too soon; she had been betrothed, a month since, to the fat counsellor. The bans had been published, and they were to be married on the twentieth of the month.

It was just the twentieth of the month when Peer received this letter. He seemed to himself to have been pierced through the heart. At that moment it was clear to him that, during all the vacillation of his soul, she had been his steadfast thought. He thought more of her than of all others in the world. Tears came into his eyes; he crumpled the letter in his hand. It was the first great grief of heart he had known since he heard, with mother and grandmother, that his father had fallen in the war. It seemed to him that all happiness had fled, and his future was dull and sorrowful. The sunlight no longer beamed from his youthful face; the sunshine was put out in his heart.

"He does not seem well," said mother and grandmother. "It is the wear and tear of that theatre life."

He was not the same as formerly, they both perceived, and the singing-master also saw it.

"What is the matter?" said he. "May I not know what troubles thee?"

At that his cheeks turned red, his tears flowed afresh, and he burst out with his sorrow, his loss.

"I loved her so earnestly!" said he. "Now, for the first time, when it is too late, I see it clearly."

"Poor, troubled friend! I understand thee so well. Weep freely before me, and hold fast by the thought, as soon as thou canst, that what happens in the world happens best for us. I too have known and felt what you now are feeling. I too once, like you, loved a girl; she was discreet, she was pretty and fascinating; she was to be my wife. I could offer her good circumstances, but one condition before the marriage her parents required, and she required: I must become a Christian—!"

"And that you would not?"

"I could not. One cannot, with an honest conscience, jump from one religion to another without sinning either against the one he takes leave of or the one he steps into."

"Have you no faith?" said Peer.

"I have the God of my fathers. He is a light for my feet and my understanding."

They sat for an hour silent, both of them, Then their hands glanced over the keys, and the singing-master played an old folk song.

Neither of them sang the words; each made his own thoughts underlie the music. Madam Gabriel's letter was not again read. She little dreamed what sorrow it had carried.

A few days after there came a letter from Herr Gabriel; he also wished to offer his congratulations and "a commission." It was this especially which had given occasion to the letter. He asked Peer to buy a little porcelain thing, namely, Amor and Hymen, Love and Marriage. "It is all sold out here in the town," he wrote, "but easily to be got in the capital. The money goes with this. Send the thing along as quickly as possible: it is a wedding present for the counsellor, at whose marriage I was with my wife." Finally Peer came to—"Young Madsen never will become a student: he has left the house, and has daubed the walls over with stale witticisms against the family. A hard subject that young Madsen. 'Sunt pueri pueri, pueri puerilia tractant!' *i.e.*, 'Boys are boys, and boys do boyish things.' I translate it since you are not a Latinist," and with that Herr Gabriel's letter closed.

XIII.

Sometimes, when Peer sat at the piano, there sounded tones in it which stirred thoughts in his breast and head. The tones rose into melodies that now and then carried words along with them; they could not be separated from song. Thus arose several little poems that were rhythmic and full of feeling. They were sung in a subdued voice. It was as if they were shy and timid in feeling, and moved in loneliness.

Like the wind our days are blown,
No tarrying place is here;
From cheeks the roses have flown:
Perished the smile and the tear.

Wherefore, then, smitten with grief?
Sorrow, too, taketh its flight,
Everything fades like the leaf,
Men and women, and daytime and night.

Vanishing, vanishing all!
Thy youth, thy hope, and thy friend.
Like the wind, they heed not thy call,
They vanish, nor turn back again.

"Where did you get that song and melody?" asked the singing-master, who accidentally found the words and music written down.

"It came of itself, that and all this. They do not fly farther into the world."

"A downcast spirit sets out flowers too," said the singing-master, "but it dare not give counsel. Now we must set sail and steer for your next *début*. What do you say to Hamlet, the melancholy young Prince of Denmark?"

"I know Shakspeare's tragedy," said Peer, "but not yet Thomas's opera."

"The opera should be called Ophelia," said the singing-master. "Shakspeare has, in the tragedy, made the Queen tell us of Ophelia's death, and this is made to be the chief point in the musical rendering. One sees before his eyes, and feels in the tones, what before we could only learn from the narrative of the Queen."

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death."

The opera brings all this before our eyes. We see Ophelia: she comes out playing, dancing, singing the old ballad about the mermaid that entices men down beneath the river, and while she sings and plucks the flowers the same tones are heard from the depths of the stream; they sound in the voices that allure from the deep water; she listens, she laughs, she draws near the brink, she holds fast by the overhanging willow and stoops to pluck the white water-lily; gently she glides on to it, and singing, reclines on its broad leaves; she swings with it, and is carried by the stream out into the deep, where, like the broken flower, she sinks in the moon-

light with the mermaid's melody welling forth about her.

In the entire scene it is as if Hamlet, his mother, his uncle, and the dead, avenging king alone were necessary to make the frame for the picture. We do not get Shakspeare's Hamlet, just as in the opera Faust we do not get Goethe's creation. The speculative is no material for music; it is the passionate element in both these tragedies which permits them to be rendered in a musical production.

The opera of Hamlet was brought on the stage. The actress who had Ophelia's part was admirable; the death scene was most effectively rendered; but Hamlet himself received on this evening a commensurate greatness, a fulness of character which grew with each scene in which he appeared. People were astonished at the compass of the singer's voice, at the freshness shown in the high as well as in the deep tones, and that he could with a like brilliancy of power sing Hamlet and George Brown.

The singing parts in most Italian operas are a patchwork in which the gifted singers, men and women, work in their soul and genius, and then, out of the variegated colors given them, construct shapes as the progress of the poem requires; how much more glorious, then, must they reveal themselves when the music is carried out through thoughts and characters; and this Gounod and Thomas have understood.

This evening at the theatre Hamlet's form was flesh and blood, and he raised himself into the position of the chief personage in the opera. Most memorable was the night scene on the ramparts where Hamlet, for the first time, sees his father's ghost; the scene in the castle, before the stage which has been erected, where he flings out the words that are drops of poison; the terrible meeting with his mother, where the father's ghost stands in avengeful attitude before the son; and finally, what might in the singing, what music at Ophelia's death! She became as a lotus flower upon the deep, dark sea, whose waves rolled with a mighty force into the soul of the spectators. Hamlet this evening became the chief personage. The triumph was complete.

"How came he by it!" said the merchant's rich wife, as she thought on Peer's parents and his grandmother up in the garret. The father had been a warehouse-man, clever and honorable; he had fallen as a soldier on the field of honor; the mother, a washer-woman,—but that does not give the son culture, and he grew up in a charity school,—and how much, in a period of two years, could a provincial schoolmaster instil into him of higher science.

"It is genius!" said the merchant. "Genius!—that is born of God's grace."

"Most certainly!" said his wife, and folded her hands reverently when she talked to Peer. "Do you feel humble in your heart at what you have received?" she asked. "Heaven has been unspeakably gracious to you. Everything has been given. You do not know how overpowering your Hamlet is. You have yourself created the representation. I have heard that many great poets do not themselves know the glory of what they have given; the philosophers must reveal it for them. Where did you get your conception of Hamlet?"

"I have thought over the character, have read a portion of what has been written about Shakspeare's work, and since, on the stage, I have entered into the person and his surroundings. I give my part and our Lord gives the rest."

"Our Lord," said she, with a half-reproving look. "Do not use that name. He gave you power, but you do not believe that he has anything to do with the theatre and opera!"

"Most assuredly I do!" said Peer, courageously. "There also does he have a pulpit for men, and most people hear better there than in church."

She shook her head. "God is with us in all good and beautiful things, but let us be careful how we take his name in vain. It is a gift of grace for one to be a great artist, but it is still better to be a good Christian." Felix, she felt, would never have named the theatre and the church together before her, and she was glad of that.

"Now you have laid yourself out against mamma!" said Felix, laughing.

"That was very far from my thoughts!"

"Don't trouble yourself about that. You will get into her good graces again next Sunday when you go to church. Stand outside her pew, and look up to the right, for there, in the balcony-pew, is a little face which is worth looking at—the widow-baroness's charming daughter. Here is a well-meant piece of advice, and I give it to you:—You cannot live where you are now. Move into larger lodgings, with the stairs in good order; or, if you won't leave the singing-master, then let him live in better style. He has means enough, and you have a pretty good income. You must give a party too, an evening supper. I could give it myself, and will give it, but you can invite a few of the little dancing girls. You're a lucky fellow! but I believe, heaven help me, that you don't yet understand how to be a young man."

Peer did understand it exactly in his own way. With his full, ardent young heart, he was in love with art; she was his bride, she returned his love, and lifted his soul into gladness and sunshine. The depression which had crushed him soon evaporated, gentle eyes looked upon him, and every one met him in a friendly and cordial manner. The amber-heart, which he still wore constantly on his breast, where grandmother once had hung it, was certainly a talisman, as he thought, for he was not quite free from superstition,—a child-like faith one may call it. Every nature that has genius in it has something of this, and looks to and believes in its star. Grandmother had shown him the power that lay in the heart, of drawing things to itself. His dream had shown him how, out from the amber-heart, there grew a tree which burst through garret and roof, and bore a thousand-fold of hearts and silver and gold; that surely betokened that in the heart, in his own warm heart, lay the might of his art, whereby he had won and still should win thousands upon thousands of hearts.

Between him and Felix there was undoubtedly a kind of sympathy, different as they were from each other. Peer assumed that the difference between them lay in this: that Felix, as the rich man's son, had grown up in temptations, and could afford to taste them and take his pleasure thus. He had, on the contrary, been more fortunately placed as a poor man's son.

Both of these two children of the house were meanwhile growing up into eminence. Felix would soon be a Kammerjunker,* and that is the first step to being a Kammerherr,* as long as one has a gold key behind. Peer, always lucky, had already in his hand, though it was invisible, the gold key of genius, which opens all the treasures of the earth, and all hearts too.

XIV.

It was still winter-time. The sleigh-bells jingled, and the clouds carried snow-flakes in them, but when sunbeams burst through them there was a heralding of spring. There was a fragrance and a music in the young heart that flowed out in picturesque music and found expression in words.

A SPRING SONG.

In swath of snow the earth is lying,
Over the sea merry skaters are flying,
The frost-rimmed trees are specked with crows,
But to-morrow, to-morrow the winter-time goes.
The sun bursts through the heavy skies,
Spring comes riding in summer guise,†
And the willow pulls off its woollen glove.
Strike up, musicians, in leafy grove;
Little birds, little birds, sing in the sky,
Winter's gone by! winter's gone by!

O, warm is the kiss of the sun on our cheek,
As violets and stonewort in the woodland we seek:
'Tis as if the old forest were holding its breath,
For now in a night each leaf wakes from death.
The cuckoo sings! (you know its tell-tale song),
So many years your days will be long.‡
The world is young! be thou, too, young;
Let happy heart and merry tongue
With spring-time lift the song on high,
Youth's never gone by! never gone by!

* Titles of court attendants. The latter of these gentlemen wear in their court dress a gold key hanging by a ribbon at the back of the coat.

† It is a custom at Eastertide for the peasants to come riding into the towns and villages, their horses and themselves decked with green boughs, especially of the beech, and so they go in procession and have a merry dance in the evening; it is then said in the people's way,—"Spring is riding summer-wise into town."

‡ It is a Scandinavian superstition that the first cuckoo one hears in the spring will answer the question,—"How many years shall I live?" by a prophetic number of notes. Many other questions are asked, and boys and girls will go out at night that in the early morning they may hear the cuckoo's answers.

Youth's never gone by ! never gone by !
The earth lives a charmed life for aye,
With its sun and its storm, its joy and its pain.
So in our hearts a world has lain,
That will not be gone, like a shooting star,
For man is made like God afar,
And God and Nature keep ever young.
So teach us, Spring, the song thou'st sung,
And pipe in, little birds in the sky,—
" Youth's never gone by ! never gone by !"

" That is a complete musical painting," said the singing-master, " and well adapted for chorus and orchestra. It is the best yet of your pieces which have sprung out of words. You certainly must learn thorough bass, although it is not your vocation to be a composer."

Some young music friends meanwhile quickly brought out the song at a great concert, where it excited remark but led to nothing. Our young friend's career was open before him. His greatness and importance lay not in the sympathetic tones of his voice, but in his remarkable dramatic power. This he had shown as George Brown and as Hamlet. He very much preferred the regular opera to the singing of pieces. It was contrary to his sound and natural sense, this stepping over from song to talking, and back to singing again.

" It is," said he, " as if one came from marble steps on to wooden ones, sometimes even on to mere hen-roosts, and then again to marble. The whole poem should live and breathe in its passage through tones."

The music of the future, which the new movement in opera is called, and of which Wagner is specially standard-bearer, received a response and strong admiration from our young friend. He found here characters so clearly marked, passages so full of thought, the entire handling characterized by forward movement, without any stand-still or recurrence of melodies. " It is surely a most unnatural thing, the introduction of arias."

" Yes, introduction," said the singing-master. " But how they, in the works of most of the great masters, stand prominently forth, a large part of the whole ! So must and should it be. If the lyric has a home in any place, it is in the opera ;" and he mentioned in Don Juan, Don Octavio's aria, " Tears, cease your flowing." " How like is it to a charming lake in the woods, by whose bank one rests and is filled to the brim with the music that streams through the leafy woods ! I pay my respects to the profundity that lies in the new musical movement, but I do not dance with you before that golden calf. Nor is it your heart's real meaning which you express, or else you are not yourself quite clear about it."

" I will appear in one of Wagner's operas," said our young friend. " If I cannot show my meaning by the words, yet I will by my singing and acting."

The choice fell on Lohengrin, the young mysterious knight who, in the boat drawn by swans, glides over the Scheldt to do battle for Elsa of Brabant. Who so well as he ever acted and sang the first song of the meeting, the conversation of two hearts in the bridal chamber, and the song of farewell when the holy Grail's white dove hovers about the young knight, who came, won—and vanished ? This evening was, if possible, another step forward in the artistic greatness and celebrity of our young friend, and to the singing-master it was a step forward in the recognition of the music of the future—

" Under certain conditions," he said.

XV.

At the great yearly exhibition of paintings, Peer and Felix one day met before the portrait of a young and pretty lady, daughter of the widow-baroness, as the mother was generally called, whose salon was the rendezvous for the world of distinction and for every one of eminence in art and science. The young baroness was in her sixteenth year, an innocent, charming child. The picture was a good likeness and given with artistic skill.

" Step into the saloon here close by," said Felix. " There stands the young beauty with her mother."

They stood engaged in looking at a characteristic picture. It represented a field where two young married people came riding on the same horse, holding fast to one another. The chief figure meanwhile was a young monk who was looking at the two happy travelers. There was a sorrowful dreamy look in the young

man's countenance; one could read in it his thought, the story of his life; an aim missed, great happiness lost! human happiness in human love he had not won.

The elder baroness saw Felix, who respectfully greeted her and the beautiful daughter. Peer showed the same customary politeness. The widow-baroness knew him immediately from having seen him on the stage, and after speaking to Felix she said some friendly, obliging words to Peer as she pressed his hand.

"I and my daughter belong to your admirers."

What perfect beauty seemed to possess the young girl at this moment! She looked with her gentle, clear eyes almost gratefully upon him.

"I see in my house," continued the widow-baroness, "very many of the most distinguished artists. We common people stand in need of a spiritual airing. You will be heartily welcome. Our young diplomat," she pointed to Felix, "will show you the way the first time, and afterward I hope that you will find the way yourself."

She smiled on him. The young girl reached out her hand naturally and cordially, as if they had long known each other.

Later in the autumn, one cold, sleety evening, the two young men went as they had been invited. It was weather for driving and not walking in for the rich man's son, and for the first singer on the stage. Nevertheless they walked, well wrapped up, with galoshes on their feet and rough caps on their heads.

It was like a complete fairy scene to come out from the raw air into the apartment displaying such luxury and good taste. In the vestibule, before the carpeted stairs, there was a great display of flowers among bushes and fan-palms. A little fountain plashed in the basin, which was surrounded by tall callas.

The great salon was beautifully lighted, and a great part of the company had already gathered. Soon there was almost a crowd. People trod on silk trains and laces; there was a hum round about of conversation's sonorous mosaic, which, on the whole, was the least worth while of all the splendor there.

Had Peer been a vain fellow, which he was not, he could have imagined that it was a feast made for him, so cordial was the reception which he met from the mistress of the house and the beaming daughter. Young ladies and old, yes, and gentlemen with them, said most agreeable things to him.

There was music. A young author read a well-written poem. There was singing, and true delicacy was shown in that no one urged our young and honored singer to make the whole affair most complete. The lady of the house was the observing hostess, full of spirits and full of hospitality in that elegant salon.

It was his introduction into the great world, and our young friend was soon here also one of the select ones in the choice family circle. The singing-master shook his head and smiled.

"How young thou art, dear friend," said he, "that thou canst enjoy going among these people. They can be good enough in and for themselves; but they look down on us plain citizens. For some of them it is only a piece of vanity, an amusement, and for others a sort of mark of exclusive culture when they receive into their circle artists and the lions of the day. These belong in the salon much as the flowers in a vase, they wither and then they are thrown away."

"How harsh and unjust," said Peer. "You do not know these people, and will not know them."

"No," answered the singing-master. "I am not at home with them, nor are you either, and this they all remember and know. They caress you and look at you just as they pat and look at a race-horse that is to win a wager. You belong to another race than they. They will let you go when you are no longer in the fashion. Do you not understand that? You are not proud enough. You are vain, and you show that by seeking these people."

"How very differently you would talk and judge," said Peer, "if you knew the widow-baroness and a few of my friends there."

"I shall not get to knowing them," said the singing-master.

"When is the engagement to come out?" asked Felix one day. "Is it the mother or

the daughter?" and he laughed. "Don't take the daughter, for then you'll have all the young nobility against you, and I too shall be your enemy, and the fiercest one."

"What do you mean?" asked Peer.

"You are the most favored one. You can go out and in at all hours. You'll get the cash along with the mother, and belong to a good family."

"Stop your joking," said Peer. "There is nothing amusing to me in what you say."

"No indeed, there is no fun at all in it," said Felix. "It is a most serious matter, for you'll not let her grace sit and weep and be a double widow."

"Leave the baroness out of your talk," said Peer. "Make yourself merry over me if you want to, but over me alone, and I will answer you."

"No one will believe that it is a love match on your side," continued Felix. "She is a little outside of the line of beauty—one does not live on spirit alone!"

"I gave you credit for more refinement and good sense," said Peer, "than would let you talk thus of a lady you ought to esteem, and whose house you visit, and I won't talk of this longer."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Felix. "Will you fight?"

"I know that you have learned that, and I have not, but I can learn," and he left Felix.

A day or two afterward the two children of the house met again, the son from the first floor and the son from the garret. Felix talked to Peer as if no quarrel had risen between them. He answered courteously, but curtly too.

"What is the matter now!" said Felix. "We two were a little irritable lately, but one may have his joke without being flayed for it; so let us forget and forgive."

"Can you forgive yourself the manner in which you spoke of a lady to whom we both owe great respect?"

"I spoke very frankly!" said Felix. "In fine society one may talk with a razor-edge, but that is not thought an ill thing. It is the salt for the tasteless every-day fish dinner, as the poet calls it. We are all just a little wicked. You can also let a drop fall, my friend; a little drop of innocence which makes one smart."

So they were soon seen arm in arm. Felix well knew that more than one pretty young lady who would otherwise have passed him by without seeing him, now noticed him since he was walking with the "Ideal of the Stage." Lamp-light always casts a glamour over the theatre's hero and lover. It still shines about him when he shows himself on the street, in day-light, but is generally rather extinguished then. Most of the artists of the stage are like swans; one should see them in their element, not on the paving stones or the public promenade. There are exceptions, however, and to these belonged our young friend. His appearance apart from the stage never disturbed the conception one had of him as George Brown, or Hamlet, or Lohengrin. It was the form associated thus with poetry or music that many a young heart made to be the same with the man himself, and exalted into the ideal. He knew that it was thus, and found a kind of pleasure in it. He was happy in his art, and in the means he possessed of exercising it, yet there would come a shadow over the joyous young face, and from the piano sounded the melody with the words:—

> Vanishing—vanishing all!
> Thy youth, thy hope, and thy friend.
> Like the wind, they heed not thy call,
> They vanish, nor turn back again.

"How mournful!" said the widow-baroness. "You have happiness in full measure. I know no one who is so happy as you."

"Call no one happy before he is in his grave, the wise Solon said," replied he, and smiled through his seriousness; "it were a wrong, a sin, if I were not thankful and glad of heart. I am thus. I am thankful for what is intrusted to me, but I myself set a different value on this from what others do. It is a beautiful piece of fireworks which shoots off and then is all out. The actor's work thus vanishes out of knowledge. The everlasting shining stars may be forgotten for the meteors of a moment, but when these are extinguished, there is no living trace of them except by the old signs. A new generation does not know and cannot picture to itself those

who delighted their fathers from the stage; youth, perhaps, applauds splendor and brass as delightedly and as loudly as the old folks once did splendor and true gold. Far more fortunately placed than the scenic artist are the poet, the sculptor, the painter and the composer. They may in the struggle of life experience hard fortune and miss the merited appreciation, while those who exhibit their works, as the actor and the musician, live in luxury and proud state. Let the many stand and gaze at the bright-colored cloud and forget the sun, yet the cloud vanishes, the sun shines and beams for new generations."

He sat at the piano and improvised with a richness of thought and a power such as he never before had shown.

"Wonderfully beautiful!" broke in the widow-baroness. "'Twas as if I heard the story of a whole life-time. You gave your heart's canticle in the music."

"I thought of the Thousand and one Nights," said the young girl, "of the lamp of fortune, of Aladdin," and she looked with pure, dewy eyes upon him.

"Aladdin!" he repeated.

This evening was the turning-point in his life. A new section surely began.

What was befalling him this flitting year? His fresh color forsook his cheeks; his eyes shone far more clearly than before. He passed sleepless nights, but not in wild orgies, in revels and rioting, as so many great artists. He became less talkative, but more cheerful.

"What is it that fills you so?" said his friend the singing master. "You do not confide all to me!"

"I think how fortunate I am!" he replied —"I think of the poor boy! I think of— Aladdin."

XVI.

MEASURED by the expectations of a poor-born child, Peer now led a prosperous, agreeable life. He was so well to do that, as Felix once said, he could give a good party to his friends. He thought of it, and thought of his two earliest friends, his mother and grandmother. For them and himself he provided a festival.

It was charming spring weather; the two old people must drive with him out of town and see a little country place which the singing master had lately bought. As he was about seating himself in the carriage, there came a woman, humbly clad, about thirty years old; she had a begging paper recommending her signed by Madam Court.

"Don't you know me?" said she. "Little Curly-head, they used to call me. The curls are gone, there is so much that is gone, but there are still good people left. We two have appeared together in the ballet. You have become better off than I. You have become a great man. I am now separated from two husbands and no longer at the theatre."

Her "paper" begged that she might come to own a sewing-machine.

"In what ballet have we two performed together?" asked Peer.

"In the 'Tyrant of Padua,'" she replied. "We were two pages, in blue velvet and feathered cap. Do you not remember little Malle Knallerup? I walked just behind you in the procession."

"And stepped on the side of my foot!" said Peer, laughing.

"Did I?" said she. "Then I took too long a step. But you have gone far ahead of me. You have understood how to use your legs in your head," and she looked with her melancholy face coquettishly and with a simper at him, quite sure she had passed quite a witty compliment. Peer was a generous fellow. She should have the sewing-machine, he promised. Little Malle had indeed been one of those who especially drove him out of the ballet into a more fortunate career.

He stopped soon outside the merchant's house, and stepped up-stairs to his mother and grandmother. They were in their best clothes, and had accidentally a visit from Madam Court, who was at once invited to join them, whereupon she had a sore struggle with herself, which ended in her sending a messenger to Herr Court to inform him that she had accepted the invitation.

"Peer gets all the fine salutations," said she.

"How stylishly we are driving!" said mother; "And in such a roomy, great carriage," said grandmother. Near the town,

close by the royal park, stood a little cozy house, surrounded by vines and roses, hazels and fruit-trees. Here the carriage stopped. This was the country-seat. They were received by an old woman, well known to mother and grandmother; she had often helped them in their washing and ironing.

The garden was visited, and they went over the house. There was one specially charming thing—a little glass house, with beautiful flowers in it. It was connected with the sitting-room. There was a sliding door in the wall.

"That is just like a *coulisse*," said Madam Court. "It moves by hand; and one can sit here just as in a bird-cage, with chickweed all about. It is called a winter-garden."

The sleeping-chamber was also very delightful after its kind. Long, close curtains at the windows, soft carpets, and two arm-chairs, so commodious that mother and grandmother must needs try them.

"One would get very lazy sitting in them," said mother.

"One loses his weight," said Madam Court. "Ah! here you two music people can swim easily enough through the seas of theatrical labor. I have known what they are. Ay, believe me, I can still dream of making *battements*, and Court makes *battements* at my side. Is it not charming—'two souls and one thought.'"

"There is fresher air here, and more room, than in the two small rooms up in the garret," said Peer with beaming eyes.

"That there is," said mother. "Still home is so good. There did I bear thee, my sweet boy, and lived with thy father."

"It is better here," said grandmother. "Here there are all the conveniences of a rich man's place. I do not grudge you and that noble man the singing-master this home of peace."

"Then I do not grudge it to you, grandmother, and you, dear blessed mother. You two shall always live here, and not, as in town, go up so many steps, and be in such narrow and close quarters. You shall have a servant to help you, and see me as often as in town. Are you glad at this? Are you content with it?"

"What is all this the boy stands here and says!" said mother.

"The house, the garden, all are thine, mother, and thine, grandmother. It is for this I have labored to lay up money. My friend the singing-master has faithfully helped me by getting it ready."

"What is all this you are saying, child?" burst forth the mother. "Will you give us a gentleman's seat? My dearest boy, thou wouldst do it if thou couldst."

"It is all true," said he. "The house is thine and grandmother's." He kissed them both; they burst into tears, and Madam Court shed quite as many.

"It is the happiest moment of my life!" exclaimed Peer, as he embraced them all.

And now they had to see everything all over again, since it was their own. In place of their row of five or six plants in pots out on their roof, they now had this beautiful little conservatory. Instead of a little closet they had here a great roomy pantry, and the kitchen itself was a complete little warm chamber. The chimney had an oven and cooking-stove; it looked like a great shining box iron, said mother.

"Now you two have at last a chimney corner just like me!" said Madam Court. "It is royal here. You have got all that man can get on this earth, and you too, my own courted friend."

"Not all!" said Peer.

"To be sure the little wife comes!" said Madam Court. "I have her already for you. I have her in my feeling! but I shall keep my mouth shut. Thou noble man! Is it not like a ballet, all this?" She laughed with tears in her eyes, and so did mother and grandmother.

XVII.

To write the text and music for an opera, and be himself the interpreter of his own work on the stage, this was his great aim. Our young friend had a talent in common with Wagner, in that he could himself construct the dramatic poem; but had he, like him, the fulness of musical power so that he could fashion a musical work of any significance?

Courage and doubt alternated in him. He could not dismiss this constant thought from his mind. A year and a day since had it shone

forth as a picture of fancy; now it was a possibility, an end in his life. Many free fancies were welcomed at the piano as birds of passage from that country of Perhaps. The little romances, the characteristic spring song gave promise of the still undiscovered land of *tone*. The widow-baroness saw in them the sign of promise, as Columbus saw it in the fresh green weed which the currents of the sea bore toward him before he saw the land itself on the horizon.

Land was there! The child of fortune should reach it. A word thrown out was the seed of thought. She, the young, pretty, innocent girl spoke the word—Aladdin.

A fortune-child like Aladdin was our young friend. This was the light that broke into him. With this light he read and re-read the beautiful oriental story; soon it took dramatic form: scene after scene grew into words and music, and the more it grew the richer came the music thoughts; at the close of the work it was as if the well of *tone* were now for the first time pierced, and all the abundant fresh water gushed forth. He composed his work anew, and in stronger form, months afterward, arose the opera Aladdin.

No one knew of this work; no one had heard any measures at all of it, not even the most sympathetic of all his friends, the singing-master. No one at the theatre, when of an evening the young singer with his voice and his remarkable playing entranced the public, had a thought that the young man who seemed so to live and breathe in his rôle, lived far more intensely, ay, for hours afterward, lost himself in a mighty work of music that flowed forth from his own soul.

The singing-master had not heard a bar of the opera Aladdin before it was laid upon his table for examination, complete in notes and text. What judgment would be passed? Assuredly a strong and just one. The young composer passed from highest hope to the thought that the whole thing was only a self-delusion.

Two days passed by, and not a word was interchanged about this important matter. At length the singing-master stood before him with the score in his hands, that now he knew. There was a peculiar seriousness spread over his face that would not let his mind be guessed.

"I had not expected this," said he. "I had not believed it of you. Indeed, I am not yet sure of my judgment: I dare not express it. Here and there there are faults in the instrumentation, faults that can easily be corrected. There are single things, bold and novel, that one must hear under fair conditions. As there is with Wagner a working over of Carl Maria Weber, so there is noticeable in you a breath of Haydn. That which is new in what you have given is still somewhat far off from me, and you yourself are too near for me to give an exact judgment. I would rather not judge. I would embrace you!" he burst out with a rush of gladness. "How came you to do this!" and he pressed him in his arms. "Happy man!"

There was soon a rumor through the town, in the newspapers and in society gossip, of the new opera by the young singer, whom all the town was flattering.

"He's a poor tailor who could not put together a child's trousers out of the scraps left over on his board," said one and another.

"Write the text, compose it, and sing it himself!" was also said. "That is a three-storied genius. But he really was born still higher—in a garret."

"There are two at it, he and the singing-master," they said. "Now they'll begin to beat the signal-trumpet of the mutual admiration society."

The opera was given out for study. Those who took part would not give any opinion. "It shall not be said that it is judged from the theatre," said they; and almost all put on a serious face that did not let any expectation of good show itself.

"There are a good many horns in the piece," said a young man who played that instrument, and also composed. "Well if he doesn't run a horn into himself!"*

"It has genius, it is sparkling, full of melody and character"—that also was said.

"To-morrow at this time," said Peer, "the scaffold will be raised. The judgment is, perhaps, already passed."

* Alluding to a Danish popular phrase, in which a man is supposed to gore himself.

"Some say that it is a masterpiece," said the singing-master; "others, that it is a mere patchwork."

"And wherein lies truth?"

"Truth!" said the singing-master. "Pray show me. Look at that star yonder. Tell me exactly where its place is. Shut one eye. Do you see it? Now look at it with the other only. The star has shifted its place. When each eye in the same person sees so differently, how variously must the great multitude see!"

"Happen what may," said our young friend, "I must know my place in the world, understand what I can and must put forth, or give up."

The evening came,—the evening of the representation. A popular artist was to be exalted to a higher place, or plunged down in his gigantic, proud effort. A shot or a drop! The matter concerned the whole city. People stood all night in the street before the ticket-office to secure places. The house was crammed full; the ladies came with great bouquets. Would they carry them home again, or cast them at the victor's feet?

The widow-baroness and the young, beautiful daughter sat in a box above the orchestra. There was a stir in the audience, a murmuring, a movement that stopped at once as the leader of the orchestra took his place and the overture began.

Who does not remember Henselt's piece—"Si l'oiseau j'étais," that is like a twittering of birds? This was something akin; merry playing children, happy child-voices; the cuckoo gave its note with them, the thrush struck in. It was the play and carol of innocent childhood, the mind of Aladdin. Then there rolled in upon it a thunderstorm; Noureddin displayed his power; a flash of lightning rent the rocks; gentle beckoning tones followed, a sound from the enchanted grotto where the lamp shone in the petrified cavern, while the wings of mighty spirits brooded over it. Now there sounded forth, in the notes of a bugle, a psalm so gentle and soft as if it came from the mouth of a child; a single horn was heard and then another, more and more were blended in the same tones, and rose in fullness and power as if they were the trumpets of the judgment day. The lamp was in Aladdin's hand, and there swelled forth a sea of melody and majesty as if the ruler of spirits and master of music held sway.

The curtain rolled up in a storm of applause which sounded like a *fanfare* under the conductor's baton. A grown-up boy played there, so big and yet so simple,—it was Aladdin who frolicked among the other boys. Grandmother would at once have said:—

"That is Peer, as he played and jumped about between the stove and the chest of drawers at home in the garret. He is not a year older in his soul!"

With what faith and earnest prayer he sang the prayer Noureddin bade him offer before he stepped down into the crevice to obtain the lamp. Was it the pure religious melody, or the innocence with which he sung, that drew all hearts after him? The applause was unbounded.

It would have been a profane thing to have repeated the song. It was called for, but it was not given. The curtain fell,—the first act was ended.

Every critic was speechless; people were overcome with gladness—they could only speak out their gratitude.

A few chords from the orchestra, and the curtain rose. The strains of music, as in Gluck's "Armida," and Mozart's "Magic Flute," arrested the attention of each; as the scene was disclosed where Aladdin stood in the wonderful garden, a soft subdued music sounded from flowers and stones, from springs and deep caverns, different melodies blending in one great harmony. A *susurrus* of spirits was heard in the chorus; it was now far off, now near, swelling in might and then dying away. Borne upon this unison was the monologue of Aladdin; what one indeed calls a great aria, but so entirely in keeping with character and situation that it was a necessary dramatic part of the whole. The resonant, sympathetic voice, the intense music of the heart subdued all listeners, and seized them with a rapture that could not rise higher, when he reached forth for the lamp that was fanned by the song of the spirits.

Bouquets rained down from all sides, a carpet of living flowers was spread out before his feet.

What a moment of life for the young artist,—the highest, the greatest! A mightier one could never again be granted him, he felt. A wreath of laurel glanced upon his breast and fell down before him. He had seen from whose hand it came. He saw the young girl in the box nearest the stage, the young baroness, rising like a Genius of Beauty, singing a pæan over his triumph.

A fire rushed through him, his heart swelled as never before, he bowed, took the wreath, pressed it against his heart, and at the same moment fell backward.—Fainted? dead?—What was it?—— The curtain fell.

. . . . . .

"Dead!" ran the word through the house. Dead in the moment of triumph, like Sophocles at the Olympian Games, like Thorwaldsen in the theatre during Beethoven's symphony. An artery in his heart had burst, and as by a flash of lightning his day here was ended, ended without pain, ended in an earthly jubilee, in the fulfilment of his mission on earth. Lucky Peer! More fortunate than millions!

THE END.

THE MARTYR CHURCH OF MADAGASCAR.*

During the past two or three years Christendom has been thrilled by accounts of the marvellous successes of Christianity in Madagascar; and yet, until quite recently, no reliable sources of information in regard to that remarkable work have been open to the public. The newspapers, both religious and secular, have abounded in allusions to that work; but in regard to the history of the island, the circumstances connected with the introduction of Christianity there, the rise and progress of the latter, its long night of trial, and particularly its more recent remarkable progress, the means of popular information have hitherto been most tantalizingly meager.

Mr. Ellis has fully met this great need. No man, indeed, could well be better qualified than he to render this important service. Himself a veteran missionary, and having, in the course of his long and laborious life, paid three protracted visits to this island, he may be said truly to have been, not only an eye-witness, but also himself a part of what he so well describes. This, his latest contribution to our missionary literature, will prove most welcome, not only on the score of the merits of his story, which must be regarded as one of the brightest and most romantic passages in the history of Christian progress, but on account of its intrinsic literary excellencies. It will, of course, soon find its way to the shelves of every man whose heart beats in sympathy with the cause of Christian missions.

The existence of the large African island known as Madagascar, washed on all sides by the waters of the Indian Ocean, was first made known to Europe towards the close of the thirteenth century, by Marco Polo. It is some nine hundred miles long from north to south, by three hundred broad in its widest part, containing thus an area larger than that of England, Ireland, and France combined. The central portions of the island are 6,000 feet above the sea, while some of the single mountains rise to double that elevation. The lower ranges of the country are fertile, richly wooded and well watered, the mountain streams occasionally forming extensive lakes, and the pent-up waters near the coast frequently spreading out into marshy levels, which render the surrounding country, at certain seasons of the year, highly insalubrious, particularly to foreigners.

The population of Madagascar is supposed to be about four millions. The predominant race at the present time is the Hora, evidently of Malayo-Polynesian extraction, and occupying the more central and elevated parts of the island. Though native traditions describe the country as formerly inhabited by a single homogeneous people, called Vazimba, the present population is evidently composed of a variety of races, the chief and dominat-

* *The Martyr Church.* By Rev. Wm. Ellis. Boston, 1869.

ing one being generally known as Malagasys, and notably superior to the tribes occupying the adjacent coast of the African continent.

The government of this island seems never in former times to have formed a single kingdom,—the territory having been occupied, and, in a qualified sense, governed by several independent tribes. Quite recently, however, and especially since their alliance with the English, the Horas have effectually subjugated the other races, established their military posts in every province, and now receive acknowledgment and homage, if not tribute, as rulers over the entire country.

Until within the present century the Malagasy were regarded by Europeans as but little better than untamed savages, while their country was valued chiefly as a vast hunting-ground for slaves. Though by no means so debauched or cruel as the aboriginal inhabitants of most of the South Sea islands, yet idolatry in religion, and polygamy and infanticide in domestic life, are said formerly to have been universal.

The earliest embassy of friendship to the central regions of Madagascar was sent by the English in 1816. The first Radama, ruler of the Horas, then in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and unquestionably, in many respects, by far the most enlightened ruler ever known in Madagascar, joyfully welcomed the peaceful and friendly envoy, and treated him with most assiduous and gentle kindness. A treaty of amity and good-will was soon ratified, one of the earliest and most important results of which was the abolition of the slave-trade in the island in 1817.

Two years later a still more important commission visited this island. At the instance of Sir Robert Farquhar, then Governor of Mauritius, a mission, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, an unsectarian yet evangelical body, supported by the Dissenting churches of England, was sent out to Madagascar in 1820. This first mission consisted of Messrs. Jones and Bevan, with their respective families, and was received with certain flattering demonstrations of favor. Reaching their destination, however, in the rainy season, the sultriest and most fatal portion of the year, the whole party, Mr. Jones excepted, were swept off in a few days by fever. Two years passed away before Mr. Jones, assisted by Mr. Griffiths, was enabled, in 1820, to recommence the mission. Established now with the express sanction of Radama, and fixing its seat of operations at Sananarivo, the capital, and withal the healthiest and most populous part of the island, the mission entered upon its arduous task under the most auspicious circumstances. Schools were formed in the capital, and in various towns throughout the island, in which not only the English language, but the principles of the Christian religion were carefully inculcated.

For fifteen years the mission proceeded almost altogether without molestation or interruption. In this time the Bible had been translated into the native tongue, which, at the outset, was without even an alphabet. Tracts and catechisms by the thousands had been printed and scattered. One hundred schools had been established, with four thousand scholars, and at least fifteen thousand persons in all had received instruction at the hands of the missionaries; while multitudes, enlightened by the preaching of the Gospel, were beginning to throw off the bondage of superstition, and to turn their faces towards the rising day.

The first converts to Christ in Madagascar were baptized on the 29th of May, 1831. On that day twenty, who for some time had been earnest seekers after truth, had received special attention and instruction by the missionaries, and who now seemed to give good evidence that they understood the nature, extent, and claims of the Gospel, and had experienced its transforming power upon their own hearts by receiving this ordinance of baptism, publicly and forever renounced their paganism, and avowed themselves Christians. Two were husband and wife, and afterwards became very distinguished among the Madagascar saints. The former had been celebrated among his countrymen as a diviner. He publicly destroyed all his emblems of superstition and instruments of divination, and taking not only a Christian, but an apostolic name, became known thenceforth not as a diviner, but as "Paul, the divine."

The example of these baptisms stimulated inquiry among others, and now much of the time of the missionaries was occupied in the welcome and delightful employment of answering questions, and giving religious instruction to those who were becoming personally interested in the new religion. Congregations were multiplying; conversions were becoming every day more frequent. The more barbarous customs of the country, moreover, were beginning to yield to the influence of Christian teaching. Infanticide was disappearing. The ordinance of Tangena—the compulsory drinking of water poisoned by a plant of that name as a test of guilt or innocence—began to be abolished, while some four thousand officers employed by the government were now transacting their business in writing, although at the time of the arrival of the missionaries in the country such things as pen and ink were unknown. In short, everything indicated a rapid change from barbarism, with its cruel superstitions and dark idolatries, to Christianity and civilization.

In the mean time, however, King Radama, who, though never professing to have become a Christian, proved himself an earnest and faithful friend of Christianity, died; and an entirely different policy was adopted by his successor. Treacherous, unscrupulous, and cruel to the last degree, and effecting her succession to the throne only by means of violence, fraud, and wholesale murder, "Queen" Ranavalona—one of the inferior wives of the late King—soon inaugurated a bitter and relentless crusade against the Christians. The latter were required to close their schools, shut up their houses of worship, to labor upon the Sabbath, and finally to abandon their Christian profession altogether; and all this upon the utterly groundless charge that the missionaries and all those associated with them were hostile to and were endeavoring to destroy her government.

In consequence of repeated orders from the government, four of the missionaries left the island in June, 1835. One year later, the remainder, consisting of Messrs. Johns and Baker, with great sorrow, also took leave of the island. From this time until 1861 the cause of missions in Madagascar was, so far as European aid was concerned, abandoned to its fate.

Notwithstanding all these sore and unaccustomed trials, however, and the prospect of yet severer ones, the young converts continued in secret to worship God. In the forest and on the mountains, under the cover of night and with bated breath, they held their meetings for prayer and mutual consolation. Unable any longer with safety to use their Testaments and hymn-books, they dug a large hole in the mountain side, lined it with long dry grass and leaves, and there buried all the books they had.

Although, throughout the twenty-six years during which the missionaries were absent from the island, this persecution reigned with unbroken power, so that seldom, if ever, did one year pass without some of the Christians suffering, yet there were seasons when this malignant spirit raged with especial violence.

The first real storm burst forth just as the missionaries were leaving, in 1836. The first person seriously to suffer in consequence was a woman belonging to a family of rank and position, that had been remarkable for its zealous devotion to the idols and the superstitions of the country. Her name was Rafaravavy. Awakened to a sense of concern for her soul's salvation, and fully committed to the Christian religion previous to the latter having been proscribed by the government, she had lavishly devoted time, strength, and means to the support of the infant and now persecuted cause. A person of such earnestness, and especially of such social distinction, could not, of course, long escape the attention or vengeance of this strangely infuriated queen. She was accused, arrested, put in irons, and finally sentenced to death. Through the influence of powerful friends her sentence was commuted to perpetual slavery. Effecting her escape at length from this, she subsequently spent several years in England, where, by her intelligence, urbanity, gentleness of demeanor, benevolence, and manifest sincerity of character, she deeply interested all who met her, and particularly her own sex, on behalf of that cause, for the sake of which she was an exile from her native land. Early in 1842 this noble woman—this beautiful earnest of the

future triumphs of the Gospel in Madagascar—returned to Mauritius, where, if we mistake not, in self-denying Christian toil she spent the remainder of her days.

The first actual martyr in Madagascar was Rasalama. When informed that her death had been determined upon, she said that she rejoiced that she had been accounted worthy to suffer for believing in Jesus, adding: "I have hope of life in heaven." On the day previous to her death, besides being most cruelly beaten, she was put in heavy irons, which were so fastened as to confine the body in a position of excruciating pain. In the early morning, as she was borne along to the place of execution, she sang hymns by the way; and on reaching the spot—a broad, dry, shallow fosse, or ditch, strewn with the bones of previous criminals—she calmly knelt on the earth, committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and fell pierced with the spears of the executioners.

From this time forth for many years the fires of persecution raged with more or less violence. Many were sold into irredeemable slavery. Many suffered from drinking the Tangena. Many were slain with spears. Not a few were plunged head downwards into a deep pit, when boiling water was poured upon them till they died. A favorite method of despatching the nobles—for it was esteemed a sacrilege to shed the blood of persons of rank—was by burning alive. At one place a man and his wife and child, of noble descent, were placed upon a high pile of wood; then additional sticks were thrown over them till they were covered entirely from sight. They were then called to and exhorted to recant; but they shouted back: "We cannot deny the Saviour." The torch was then applied, and all were soon consumed.

Another punishment laid upon some, particularly those Christians who had been officers in the army, was the necessity of hard labor, as convicts, under heathen task-masters, and upon government works—quarrying, dressing, and carrying upon their slender shoulders heavy granite stones, and constructing massive government buildings—supplied in the mean time with insufficient clothing, and with only the most indifferent and unwholesome food. For years after, large scars of deeply cut wounds, produced by these heavy stones, were still plainly visible. Some, again, were sentenced to draw heavy logs of timber from the forest—said to be the severest labor known in Madagascar.

Quite a number of these Christians suffered martyrdom by being thrown from a granite precipice near the city,—Ampamarinana, as it is called,—the Tarpeian rock of Madagascar. Taken from their place of confinement, wrapped in old, torn, or dirty mats,—their mouths, it may be, stuffed with mouldy or filthy rags,—tied sometimes by the heels, and then slung, head downwards, to a pole, and thus carried by two men to the place of execution; or otherwise hustled along the public thoroughfares through the agitated crowds of the city, the victims, on their arrival at the summit of the rock, were stripped, pinioned, bound, and then one by one taken to the edge of the precipice, and there either pushed or laid down and rolled or kicked over the fearful brink—falling one hundred and fifty feet upon the jagged and broken fragments of rock at the base of the mountain.

In the mean time, as indeed we have already seen, the manner in which these Christians endured their trials and met the terrors of martyrdom were worthy of apostolic times.

Not one, we are told, when brought to the final test, ever renounced the Saviour's name. One distinguished Christian, when about to be hurled over the precipice, is said to have asked permission to stand and once more view the scene before him. After surveying each familiar object, he remained a moment in silence, as if in prayer; then forced over the precipice, he was heard singing a Christian hymn as his body descended to be broken and crushed in death. Ranivo, a young woman of rare personal attractions, and belonging to the tribe or clan from which the reigning family trace their origin, was among the condemned. The Queen, anxious to save this young woman, had ordered that she be placed where she might see the other Christians thrown from the fearful height. After this she was led by the executioner to the edge of the rock, and directed to look down upon the mangled bodies of her friends. Her relatives

in the mean time were most earnestly entreating her to recant and so save her life. A member of her own family importunately expostulated with her; but nothing availed to shake her purpose. "I beg of you," said she, "that I be permitted to follow my friends."—"She is insane," said the executioner, smiting her on the mouth; "take her home."

The second great persecution occurred in 1840. In the month of June, this year, sixteen persons left the capital by night, determined, if possible, to seek under British protection, at Mauritius, the liberty of conscience denied them in their own land. For several days they proceeded on their way with safety; but just as they came in sight of the coast, and saw the waters they had hoped were to bear them away to a haven of rest, they were encompassed by an armed marauding band in the employ of the Queen, and ordered to retrace their steps. They returned—some to hopeless slavery, some to death.

In the year 1841 about three thousand Christians suffered death, mainly by the Tangena and scalding.

Among the number who in 1842 were added to the glorious company of martyrs was a poor cripple. The officer appointed to administer the poison-water assured him that if he would stop praying to Jehovah he should not only live, but have a home with a family who would maintain him free of all expense. The temptation was a strong one; but, turning to the officer, he tearfully exclaimed: "How can I cease praying to One who has done everything for me?" The deadly draught was swallowed, and the poor fellow died in great agony soon after.

Another severe persecution followed in 1845. In February, 1849, nearly two thousand persons were accused. Four nobles were burned alive, thirteen were hurled down the precipice, and two or three thousand were severely punished in various ways.

In July, 1857, through the treachery of a professed convert, the names of seventy Christians were carried to the government. Of these, thirteen were stoned to death, and more than fifty fastened together in heavy fetters, under which half the number died.

Only one other attempt at persecution was made, and that proved disastrous to its author alone. In June, 1860, two high officers and thirty soldiers had been accused of meeting unlawfully for purposes of worship. An appeal having been made to the test of the Tangena, and the result of the ordeal having declared the innocence of the accused, according to a custom among that people the accuser was sentenced to receive the punishment that, had they been found guilty, would have been visited upon the accused.

These were the several persecutions that had fallen upon the Church in Madagascar during the reign of Ranavalona. Ten thousand persons had during that time been sentenced to different kinds of penalties. Death had been threatened in the name of all that was powerful and dreaded in heaven and earth to every one who should avow the hated faith. The country had been scoured by troops, and the gods of the land had been invoked against the outlawed and defenceless Christians; and now with what result? Though destitute of all human guidance and all human aid; though no European teacher or preacher had, during all these dreary twenty-six years of oppression and suffering, gone out and in before them, the Christians in the island had increased from one to seven thousand. Indeed it would seem that by her fierce and unrelaxed persecution, pursued through the greater part of her protracted reign, Ranavalona had served simply as "the instrument of testing, purifying, and strengthening in her country that divinely implanted faith which the chief energies of her life had been given to destroy."

But a great change for the better is now at hand. On the 16th of July, 1861, Ranavalona died, and the Prince Royal, her son, with the title of Radama II., quietly, though not altogether without opposition, succeeded to the throne. This prince from an early day had sympathized deeply with the Christians, and had assisted and favored them in various ways. Repeatedly he had interposed on their behalf, and thwarted the purposes of the bloodthirsty Prime Minister. On one occasion he was the means of saving the lives of twenty-one Christians. Under the circumstances it was not unnaturally expected that whenever

he should ascend the throne, persecution, on account of religion in Madagascar would cease, and the spread of Christianity there be as a triumphal march. Nor were his friends, or the friends of Christian civilization in Madagascar, altogether disappointed. The most absolute religious freedom was at once proclaimed. Schools were reorganized; scattered congregations were regathered; religious exiles were recalled; prison doors were opened, and the missionaries were invited at once to return and to resume their labors. No longer in the heart of forests, or on the tops of lonely mountains, or concealed by the darkness of unfrequented caves, did the Christian people of Madagascar assemble to worship God. And not more welcome, we may readily believe, to the weary and suffering watchers through the night, is the breaking up of darkness and the dawn of day, than was the advent of this Gospel day to these long-persecuted saints.

The reign of Radama II. was comparatively brief. Having become very dissipated in his habits, and accordingly, in the minds of many, unfit for his position, a conspiracy against him was organized, which finally culminated in his assassination. Suddenly, about daybreak on the 12th of May, 1863, two officers, with a number of men, invaded his apartments, and disregarding alike the efforts and entreaties of his wife on his behalf, removed her from the room, seized the King, cast a mantle over his head, and then tightened the sash about his neck until he sank a lifeless corpse upon the floor. Thus perished one whose soul, in spite of his antecedents, God had filled with generous impulses, a horror against the destruction of human life in any form, and a sincere and disinterested sympathy towards all suffering from injustice and cruelty. Raised up at a most critical period in the early history of the martyr church of Madagascar, and exercising over the mind of his cruel mother an influence exerted by no other mortal, Radama II. had the honor of lightening the heavy yoke under which the Christians in that land were so long bowed down, of inspiring in the bosoms of those Christians hopes of a better future, and subsequently of actually inaugurating that blessed day.

Within a few hours after the death of her husband, Rabodo, Queen of the late King, was offered the then vacant throne, which she accepted. Though never altogether abandoning her faith in idols, Rasoherina—the title under which she was proclaimed Queen—continued to the Christians the same religious privileges bestowed by her late husband.

It was during this reign that (1867) the most important and joyous event occurred which had as yet marked the progress of the Madagascar Mission—the opening at Ambatonakanga of the first Memorial Church—occupying the very spot which, thirty years before, had been baptized with the blood of the first martyr, Rasalama; and whose cap-stone was literally brought with shoutings of "Grace, grace be unto it." When the top-stone, with the vane, had been fixed on the pinnacle of the spire, at the instance of the chief mason—a native Christian—and the minister, who, together with the workmen, were sitting on the scaffolding around the top of the spire, all removed their hats, and then unitedly offered thanksgiving unto God, who had thus far so signally blessed the work of their hands.

Rasoherina died in April, 1868. On the following morning her younger sister, Romomo, was proclaimed sovereign. This woman had first heard of Christ from a man afterward burned for his faith. A brother of hers, Prince Ramonja, an officer of high rank in the army, had not only been reduced to the ranks because of his Christian profession, but subjected meantime to such cruel hardships that an almost helpless invalidism was entailed upon him for life. The Prince, nevertheless, remained to the very last the faithful friend, the wise counsellor, the eloquent and fearless champion of the Christians. And now his sister, by the grace of God, ascends the throne—the first Christian sovereign of Madagascar. Upon the occasion of her formal coronation she took her seat beneath a gorgeous canopy, on the front of which were inscribed, in shining letters, the Malagasy words signifying, "*Glory be to God;*" on the other sides, "*Good-will among men;*" "*On earth peace;*" and "*God shall be with us.*" On one hand of Her Majesty stood a small table bearing a magnificent copy of the Bible; while in her coro-

nation speech there was a clear, distinct proclamation of religious liberty. Neither idols nor priests were present, as upon former occasions—nothing inconsistent with a devout Christian ceremony.

From this time, naturally, the movement in favor of Christianity became still more general and strongly marked. Respectable families came in company to church. Officers came attended by their subordinates. The most influential portions of society, as well as the most servile, flocked on the Lord's day to the house of God. Though their places of worship were being constantly enlarged and multiplied, these were still all filled by crowds apparently eager to hear and learn.

On the 21st of February, 1869, on the invitation of the Queen, all the high officers, the nobles, the head men of the people, and the preachers from all the churches of the city assembled in the court in the front of the palace. After singing, prayer, and preaching, Audriambelo—one of the first native preachers—proceeded, in accordance with a previous arrangement, publicly to baptize both the Queen and her prime minister. No wonder the people, who were present as spectators on this occasion, saw the Queen, the prime minister, and all the Christians greatly moved and weeping. From that very palace, but a few years before, had gone forth many an edict sentencing to death all who called on the name of Jesus. Now the high officials of the land—possibly the very officers that aforetime had led these martyrs out to execution—are called upon to behold, in the broad light of day, another Ranavalona on the throne of Madagascar, publicly and forever renouncing the idols and every form of heathenism, explicitly avowing her faith in Jesus Christ, and henceforth associating herself with his disciples. It was natural enough, surely, that those Christians, under the circumstances, should have wept from sympathy, thankfulness, and joy.

Not long after this (September, 1869) an order was issued by the Queen utterly to destroy all the national idols in the realm. The keepers of these idols, as was natural, affected to be frantic with terror. Their occupation was gone. A few of the natives were slightly exercised with misgivings, and confidently looked for a failure of the rice crop in consequence of this act. But the great body of the people sincerely rejoiced when these national idols were thus sentenced and committed irrevocably to the flames.

The influence of this imperial example may easily be imagined. "Almost all the higher officers of the government," writes one of the missionaries from there, winter before last, "are coming forward as candidates for baptism. I have now, at one place, over one hundred persons under weekly instruction, among whom are the chief of the idol-keepers, the late Queen's astrologer, several of the present Queen's household, the head of the civilians, and other members of the government." Multitudes of all classes are now following their Queen and accepting Christ. Twenty thousand persons are reported to have joined the Christian congregation last year. Pagan influence and power over the people would seem to be broken, and already that nation may be said to be fairly started on a race of civilization.

Madagascar is not yet, it is true, altogether a Christian country; but with her people eagerly seeking instruction by thousands, can we doubt that the 20,000 lately added to her worshiping congregations is but a small fraction of those who, in the years to come, will there seek and find a nobler and a purer faith?

From these results of the operations of Christianity in Madagascar, philanthropists and students of social science can readily estimate the practical value and power of the Gospel as a means of civilization. Have they any reason to believe that they can successfully get on without it? Has any other instrumentality ever proved so effectual—so mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of wickedness, and for the moral recovery of our fallen race?

Latitudinarians, who are trying to persuade themselves that we have outgrown the Gospel, and that a new religion is imperatively demanded for this our "happy and progressive age," would do well, we think, to ponder the lessons of "the Martyr Church" of Madagascar. Strange that people do not always see that it

is one thing to *talk*, and quite another to *do*, and that what the world wants is *doing;* that it is one thing to theorize and speculate and criticise and utter smart sneers at Revelation, and quite another to do the hard work of reforming and civilizing ignorant and besotted men.

And finally, Christians, and not most assuredly without reason, will recognize, in these most remarkable and modern triumphs of their cause, an additional evidence of the undiminished efficacy of their religion, and accordingly a fresh and glorious confirmation of their faith and hope respecting the ultimate and universal triumphs of the Cross in the earth.

FLORIDA ROSES.

NOT Sharon's Roses were more fair
Than these, which Southern gardens bear—
These, pure as snows of Northern air—
White Roses!

Or these, alive with Nature's flush,
Tinted as by a maiden's blush;
They make life's current in me gush—
Pink Roses!

Or these, like drops from Nature's heart;
Only her life-blood could impart
Such vital hues as shame poor Art—
Red Roses!

Or these, so yellow, that they seem
From golden walks of which we dream,
Or born of some celestial beam—
Gold Roses!

Or these, which nothing else can mate—
Such form, such coloring delicate,
As only Rainbows could create—
Cloud Roses!

Or these, embosomed in green moss,
Dainty and soft as fairy floss;
I kiss these, as some kiss the Cross—
Moss Roses!

Or these, of faintest scent refined,
As borne from distance on the wind
Bringing some long-lost joy to mind—
Weird Roses!

I gaze on all till sight grows dim;
I scent them till my senses swim;
I think who made them, and bless HIM—
GOD'S Roses!

THE ANTHRACITE PROBLEM.

In the six counties of Luzerne, Carbon, Northumberland, Dauphin, Columbia, and Schuylkill, in the State of Pennsylvania, are about 400 mines, producing last year 15,000,000 tons of anthracite coal, which is the entire yield of the Western continent. The middle Atlantic slope obtains fuel almost exclusively from these mines, and upon them, and the carrying trade they create, nearly 200,000 men solely depend for employment. This brief statement of the leading facts shows that there is no one branch of American industry in which so many millions of people are directly interested, and it is not strange, therefore, that every rumor of trouble in any one of those six counties, by which coal production is, or threatens to be, suspended, not only disturbs the immediate locality, but stirs metropolitan journals to vigorous comment, and agitates remote hamlets which newspapers seldom reach.

Suspension of mining, more or less general and protracted, has become an annual event. There has rarely been, of late years, a time when all the mines were worked, and there has scarcely been a moment when any one of them was worked to the full extent of the capacity of the labor employed. Yet the average price of coal to the consumer, during this period, has been unreasonably high, and occasionally exorbitant rates have been demanded. At the same time the labor of the coal-fields has been so meagrely remunerated that it has sought to better its condition by the formation of one of the most extensive and powerful Labor Unions in the world. And, although the mining of anthracite requires large capital, it is admitted that there are few business enterprises that should pay a larger interest upon the investment. It is evident from this statement of the secondary facts of the case that there is something awry in the coal-fields, and it is the purpose of this article to bring that something into the foreground, where it can be recognized without the risk of a mistake.

Nature's choicest gifts are so grudgingly bestowed that the best fuel ever used by man was found in a region isolated by physical obstacles from the markets of the world. There was no navigable stream flowing from the rugged highlands, which concealed the black treasure, to any centre of population, and the first problem of the coal-fields was that of transportation. The Susquehanna River, rising in North-western New York, and stretching on its sinuous course through the beautiful Wyoming Valley, washed the bases of a hundred hills containing coal deposits. But nature was never more wasteful than with this enticing and useless stream. A volume of water that, properly confined, would be sufficient at nearly all seasons for barge navigation, is so spread over a vast bed that no serious attempt has ever been made to utilize the river. The only other water-courses found near the anthracite fields were the Lehigh and Schuylkill rivers, which only skirted the edges, and were there nothing but unmanageable mountain torrents in the wet season, and exasperating rivulets in dry weather. But, such as they were, after vast labor and expenditure they became, by means of a canal and slack water navigation, the first extensive coal-carriers. Their capacity, however, was inadequate to the demands of even the mere specks of coal territory which they drained. The problem of transportation remained unsolved, after the completion of several canals transporting 864,384 tons in 1840, and there is little doubt the necessity for its solution hastened by many years the development of the railway on this continent.

It is claimed that the first railway of America, except one of three miles at Quincy, Mass., was the Gravity road, nine miles in length, from Mauch Chunk to Summit Mines; but whatever may be the facts as to the beginning, it is certain that railroads improved and multiplied faster in the coal regions than anywhere else in the first years following their introduction. There was a necessity for them more imperative than existed elsewhere, and no sooner had the feasibility of the new means of inter-communication been demonstrated than capital and enterprise rushed in to

operate where both were so sure to meet with a rich reward. The natural obstacles to railroad construction to be overcome were great, for the face of the country was rugged in the extreme. But these obstacles were surmounted, and all other difficulties overcome, until the Schuylkill region had been tapped by the Reading Railroad; the great middle or Lehigh basin reached by the Lehigh Valley and Lehigh and Susquehanna roads, running side by side for more than a hundred miles; and the vast northern fields of Luzerne cut in twain by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western road, which opened outlets east to New York, and westward via Binghamton and the Erie Railway. But these trunk lines were supplemented by numerous branch tracks, threading the fields in all directions, and leading up under the breakers of hundreds of mines, including among them the famous Switch-Back or Gravity Railroad, back of Mauch Chunk, which has been for years the wonder of tourists. With these achievements it might be supposed that the great problem of the coal-fields had been successfully worked out. In fact, only the first steps in its solution had been taken.

It so happened that the southern fields were first developed, and the natural consequence was that the business of mining was scattered in many hands. Men of enterprise and limited capital flocked to the new industry in such numbers that very few succeeded in obtaining more than one mine, and in many cases a single mine was the property of an association of individuals. The mine, with perhaps the exception of a small amount of rolling stock, in a few instances, was the sole property of these men, who were therefore coal producers only, and from these facts they came to be known in the parlance of the trade as "small operators," and under that title became one of the three antagonistic forces which have operated to the disturbance of the coal-fields.

The rich and accessible anthracite deposits of the northern basin, contained almost entirely in Luzerne county, remaining comparatively untouched long after the southern and middle basins had been developed, as naturally became the spoil of capital associated on a gigantic scale as the others had been left to individual effort; every new enterprise enlisting first the men of small means and great faith. So in this case the small operators, working against many obstacles, had shown that these were mines of wealth as well as coal, before combined capital came to profit by the road personal daring had opened. But when it did come it went to work with a will. Restricted by the prior occupation of the other regions to the northern basin, it built railroads, canals, hamlets, cities. It honeycombed the hills overhanging the Lackawanna valley, or, fringing that other valley embalmed in song and story as the Wyoming, it gave an impetus to this most tardily developed of the fields that soon shot it far ahead of its competitors. All this was done by the power of associated capital, working through what are known as the great coal corporations, which are now, as they have been from the first, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company. Owning now more than half of the 130 mines in the northern basin, and either owning or having favorable contracts with the trunk lines of transportation, these three companies are the Titans of the coal trade, as well as the second of its disturbing forces.

Labor went first of all to the new fields. Mining of coal ranking more from usage than fact as a skilled industry, the anthracite mines, by reason of the great thickness of the veins and their comparative freedom from fire-damp, attracted the experienced miners of England, Ireland, and Wales. Few in numbers at first, immigration has kept pace with the demand for such industry until now the miners and mine laborers number over 40,000. The great majority being of the nationalities named, and bred from their cradles to toil, are men of little culture, perhaps, but they are men of strong sense, who thoroughly understand the specialty in which they are engaged. And no class of laboring men, skilled or unskilled, ever had more decided views of the rights of labor or were more resolute in demanding them. Living for years on the edge of starvation, because of the vicissitudes of the trade upon

which they depended, they began to assume the cares of capital, and search for a remedy for the ills that the coal trade is heir to. There is not space, nor is it necessary, to trace step by step the increasing dissatisfaction resulting from meagre and uncertain pay, which finally culminated in the formation of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, and the great strike of 1869 for the basis. Both events had apparent and real causes, and the latter were fully developed as the contest progressed. The miners, with the wrongs of years of poorly-requited toil to be righted, and acting with the tremendous power of combination, are the third of the contending forces in the anthracite fields.

In the spring of 1869 coal was unusually low in the great markets, and the small operators of the southern fields, having to pay heavy charges for transportation, were crushed by the great corporations which owned their avenues to market, and thus combined the profits of producers and carriers. Schuylkill, with 105 firms, owning 146 mines, could not compete with two companies owning forty-five mines, besides the railroads and canal which connected them with the points of delivery to consumers. Upon such a state of facts came the strike of 1869, beginning in Schuylkill and spreading northward until the whole anthracite region was paralyzed, but not simultaneously, as suspension did not reach the upper fields for some time after it was general in the lower, where, on the other hand, resumption occurred some weeks before it did in the upper. In Schuylkill and the adjacent region the strike, although ostensibly in the interest of the miners, was so plainly for the benefit of the operators that it was openly charged and by many believed that it had been instigated and fostered by the latter. There was never any more positive proof of this than the fact that general suspension had the effect, as always before, to greatly advance prices, by which the Schuylkill operators were the first to profit. Their case was too simple to need more than a brief statement. Depending almost entirely upon the Reading Railroad for transportation to market, that line charged rates which were not perhaps exorbitant in themselves, but its capacity being always overtaxed, it could not be expected to lower them in response to a decline in prices of coal, and the Schuylkill operators therefore went upon a falling market with all their profits absorbed by the transit from the mines. It was inevitable that the operators, being unable to dispute with the railroad, should economize in all possible directions. First of all they cut down the wages of miners, and this expedient proving as futile as it was desperate, it was natural that they should be compelled to suspend operations, at last, without having succeeded in anything, but adding to their perplexities by increasing the disaffection of the labor upon which they were dependent. It thus happened that when coal fell naturally to a reasonable rate, a majority of the operators in the lower fields were immediately forced to work at a loss, and were vitally interested in raising prices by such artificial means as the stoppage of production. For these reasons, and in consideration of the fact that by resumption in the lower fields, long before it became general, these operators were temporarily extricated from an awkward dilemma, it was alleged that the suspension was really a strike of southern operators against low prices.

But the miners always claimed that the strike was begun and maintained by themselves, in their own interests, and without suggestions or aid from any operators in Schuylkill or elsewhere. This claim was substantiated by the face of the record, for the strike was undoubtedly decreed by the General Council of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, in behalf of a measure that seemingly originated with the miners, and purported to be devised as the only certain remedy for the hardships of inadequate and precarious wages under which they labored. That measure was popularly known as "the basis," because it contemplated the basing of wages upon the price of coal. An arbitrary minimum was to be established each year, and a specified portion of that being paid for mining, a named per cent. of all advances upon that price was to accrue to the miner. This arrangement not only made the miner a sharer in the profits without incurring any of the risks of an enterprise in which he had not a dollar in-

vested, but made him a power above natural laws by clothing him with the high prerogative of naming the minimum price of coal for a year in advance. But this programme was accepted by nearly all the miners and most of the operators in the lower fields, as the only possible solution of the evils of coal production; and while it would, in any event, have resulted in increased hardships to the miners, it might have lightened the burdens of the small operators and consumers if it had been adopted, as had been designed, throughout the coal regions. It was the chief purpose, although unavowed, of the basis to stop production when prices fell below the arbitrary minimum, and as it would have had that effect, if it had been everywhere observed, the advantages enjoyed by the great corporations from a normal market would have been destroyed.

Partial failure, however, waited upon the new expedient from its birth. Accepted in the lower fields as the universal panacea, it was rejected in the upper as the device of the charlatans of industry. The miners in the employ of the great corporations, numbering more than one-seventh of all in the anthracite fields, were not only not members of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, but greatly weakened that organization by resolutely refusing to join in the strike for "the basis" when it was begun in Schuylkill. The leaders in the movement knew perfectly well that so long as they stood aloof the strike was a failure, and the Association a farce. It is not surprising, therefore, that extraordinary exertions were made to secure their adhesion.

The history of labor agitations has no more exciting scenes than were witnessed in Scranton in the early spring of '69, when the emissaries of the strikers pleaded with their brethren, who were yet at work, to join in the movement. Expostulations and threats naturally followed hard upon unavailing argument, and a state of feeling was created that needed only some untoward incident to explode into actual violence. The large mining town of Hyde Park, which is part of the city of Scranton, and inhabited exclusively by the miners and *employés* of the great corporations, seethed with the agitation for many days; but finally, on the 23d of May, the miners resolved, by a vote of 408 to 369, not to suspend, and the question was considered settled. But on the morning of the 25th, when the men there employed gathered to go down the great Oxford Shaft, they found a notice posted at its mouth, which declared, in the most labored of false syntax and orthography, that the men of the southern fields were determined to enforce suspension, and the proclamation ended with these words: "Any Man goes Down this Shaft let him have his Coffin made." This vague, illiterate, anonymous scrawl achieved in a moment what weeks of argument and entreaty had failed to accomplish. Not a man went down the shaft, and the panic spreading with marvelous rapidity, before sunset of that day not a worker was left in any mine in all the anthracite regions. By these questionable means universal suspension became, for the first time, an accomplished fact.

At this moment the Miners' Union—which name is more suggestive and convenient than the official title of Workingmen's Benevolent Association—seemed to have gained a complete victory. Organized only in the previous autumn out of the dissensions engendered by the partial strike of 1868, for the enforcement of the eight-hour law, it was born of discord, and had been nurtured by disturbance. Yet it proclaimed itself the apostle of peace, humanity, and law, and declared by its leaders that it sought nothing for the miner but his just due, and did not desire even that at the expense of consumers. It asserted that it would so establish mining industry upon a secure and satisfactory basis as to make the local strikes, which had been so prolific of misfortune in past years, entirely impossible. It proclaimed that it never acted in the interests of any operators, large or small, but in its every deed had the benefit of its members in view. It courted the closest scrutiny of its acts, and dared its enemies to produce proof that it was other than it seemed. It repudiated the device by which suspension had been at last secured in the Scranton district, and claimed that it had employed and intended to use none but moral forces. It was fortunate in its president, John Parker, a

man of strong sense, equable temper, and undoubted honesty, eminently fitted by experience and character to secure public confidence for the Union, of which he was the controlling spirit. Yet the first fruit of the supremacy of the Union was desolation to the miner, and its second result benefit to the small operators. By the middle of June the "basis" was satisfactorily arranged with the wholesale price of coal at New York fixed at $5, and in a few days the mines of Schuylkill were being worked to their utmost capacity. The general suspension of a month had so inflated prices that the poor of the great cities were unable to buy fuel, but they had also reached a point where there was something left after satiating the railroad cormorant, and the trade was prosperous again. The miners had indeed eaten the bread of idleness to the last crumb, and the poor in hundreds of cities had suffered sorely; but the Union had pulled the chestnuts of the small operators out of the big corporation fire, and there was great rejoicing because of "the triumph of labor over capital."

Many weeks were yet to elapse before it could be generally understood how barren was the victory the miners had obtained. Although stampeded into suspension, the Hyde Park men did not join or make common cause with the Union, but sullenly maintained a separate struggle of their own with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company. That great corporation frankly met the issue with the unequivocal declaration that it would have no partners, and would never accede to the "basis" arrangement. When the men stopped work they were getting eighty-six cents per car for mining, and the Company persistently said they could receive the same wages, or more, whenever they desired to work. The miners declined these terms; insisted upon the "basis," but yet declined all overtures for adhesion to the Union. The Company, being confronted in a few weeks with resumption in the lower fields, was still more determined not to yield, and the men, seeing in the same event the success of the strike, were encouraged to hold out. From these causes the strike in the Scranton district, which dominates the upper fields, continued until the beginning of September, when it ended with the surrender of the principle for which the miners had so sturdily contended. Resumption was accompanied by the Avondale disaster, and the miners had the shadow of that horror to embitter their defeat. They did indeed get a very great advance in wages, for they had accepted the offer of the Company of $1.31 per car, but they did not get the least recognition of any one of the claims which they had set up, and which had been granted in the lower fields. The long strike of 1869, therefore, ended, with the power of the corporations unbroken, with the miners impoverished by months of idleness, with the Union unrecognized where it most needed allegiance, and with the Schuylkill operators for the time as the sole beneficiaries of the struggle.

Fifteen months of delusive peace followed the protracted and bitter contest of 1869. It was a period of unprecedented prosperity to the Luzerne miners, who were receiving two-thirds more wages than they had obtained prior to the strike, and were rapidly getting forehanded with the world. The miners in the other counties, who were working under the basis, were receiving much less pay than this, and their condition had been in no way improved by the suffering they had endured. And the small operators soon relapsed into their former condition, for while transportation tolls were not reduced, the uninterrupted production inevitably depressed the market. The great corporations worked with such vigor that, during the year 1870, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western mined 2,350,341 tons, the Delaware and Hudson 2,269,948 tons, and the Pennsylvania Coal Co., 1,086,008, and, combined, they put upon the market more than one-third of the entire annual production. The two first owning their lines of transportation, these facts show that the coal trade was again thrown back into its chronic condition, by reason of the small operators being unable to compete with corporations mining and transporting these great quantities, without paying tribute thereon to the Reading Railroad. Schuylkill paying these heavy tolls on its 3,138,429 tons, while in Luzerne the same parties took the

profits of producers and carriers on 5,706,297 tons, places the whole case beyond argument. The Schuylkill operators, who had a short season of prosperity in the previous summer, while suspension continued in the northern districts, were again between the upper and nether mill-stones of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and Reading Railroads, and many of them were crushed. As coal went down many collieries suspended for want of orders, which were not sought, and the general condition of both miners and operators in the southern fields was deplorable. Nor did the corporations fare much better, for they were paying inordinately high rates for mining; and despite their advantages, their profits were difficult to discover as the market receded.

At last the November auction sale in New York, for coal to be delivered in December, yielded only an average of $3.99½, and the fact was seized as the occasion, if not excuse, for a stroke of policy which produced events unparalleled in the coal regions. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company suddenly reduced wages to the rates before the strike of 1869, and the Luzerne miners, who had never before inaugurated suspension, began a strike which yet continues, and has already become one of the most general and disastrous in its effects with which this unfortunate region has been afflicted.

The Company claims that it did not desire or expect suspension as the result of reducing wages at once and without warning from $1.31 to 86 cts.; but it came so swiftly and naturally that nobody was astonished. To avoid recognition of the "basis," and irritated by four months of idleness, the Company in the previous year had unwisely advanced wages thirty per cent. beyond a fair amount, so that this new trouble had the same germ as its predecessors, in the warring interests of small operators, miners, and corporations. The arrangement which had concluded the strike of 1869 had brought disaster to each of the contending forces at last. Schuylkill could withstand the transportation pressure no better than before, and the corporations had neutralized their advantages in that respect by advancing mining wages far beyond what the business would warrant, with no other apparent purpose than to add to Schuylkill's miseries and to cripple the Union by keeping their *employés* out of it. This policy bore its natural fruit; and everybody finding himself in the condition of the sheep that came home shorn, nobody could think of any remedy for the new phase of an old evil but the stale device of a general suspension. This time the Luzerne miners were the apostles of idleness as the road to wealth, and spread their emissaries abroad preaching the gospel to which they were such late converts. For the first time they became eager advocates of the Union, and formally offered unquestioning adherence if the General Council would order and enforce general suspension. In no other way could they hope to maintain their struggle with the corporations for any length of time, and they became almost abject in their supplications to a body they had spurned in the previous year. The leaders of the Union remembered and spoke bitterly of the past; but in the end common interest triumphed over pique, and the Council meeting at Tamaqua decreed a general suspension, to begin January 11, 1871. The order was obeyed with a few trivial exceptions, and the stupor of paralysis again fell upon the whole anthracite region, to last many weeks. There was scarcely a pretence upon the part of the miners of denying that the purpose of suspension was to bull the market to abnormal rates; and the operators and corporations, seeing the wisdom of silence, have been chary of explanations.

At the time this article is written the strike yet continues, with unpleasant symptoms that it may produce acts of lawless violence, which have hitherto been rare accompaniments of these troubles. As the present results of the strike, more than 100,000 men have dragged dependent families to starvation, and the poor in the great Atlantic cities are freezing for want of fuel, which has advanced beyond their reach—while neither small operators nor corporations will in the end reap any substantial reward from a disruption as senseless as it is needless. In the end resumption must come very much as it has before, and be followed in its turn by other suspensions. So long as the present causes are in operation, it is inevitable that there will be periodical dis-

turbances of coal production, with most disastrous results to producers and consumers.

The anthracite coal trade has increased from 365 tons in 1822, to about 15,000,000 tons in 1870. While railroads carried only 850 tons in 1841, the bulk of last year's production was taken to market by rail. The capital invested in coal production and transportation approximates $250,000,000, of which $45,000,000 are represented by opened and working mines, $75,000,000 by railroads, $40,000,000 by canals, and the remainder by the value of the coal lands. That this great trade has increased with such marvelous rapidity, and this vast capital yielded a fair annual interest, is due wholly to the fact of the creation of these artificial avenues to market. The cure of present evils lies in the cause of past success. The cry of over-production means only that enough money has not been invested in railroads. Nothing is more certain than that the earnings of the existing coal railroads must be diminished before coal production can be uninterrupted and satisfactory to all parties. There must be additional rail outlets from the lower fields eastward sufficiently capacious to give the Schuylkill operators the benefit of competition in transportation.

It makes little difference whether these roads lead to New York or Philadelphia, so that they are kept independent of existing lines. When they are built, and the means of transportation in the lower fields equal or surpass their productive capacity, the corporation Sampsons of Luzerne will be shorn of the locks which give them strength to crush rivals staggering to market under heavy tolls. When these roads are completed, and additional outlets south and west from the lower and middle fields are opened, the problem of the anthracite fields will be solved. But only the display elsewhere of the energy, pluck, and ability which has developed the Scranton district beyond all competitors, although it was only opened in 1855, can bring lasting peace to the coal-fields and reasonable fuel to the consumer. Only by the equalization of advantages can miners, small operators, and great corporations, strive together in harmony. Every year the production and consumption of anthracite increases, and as both must increase faster in the future than in the past, it is only by the multiplication of trunk lines of railroads from the mines in the southern fields that this equalization can be secured.

The suspension which is just ending has been more disastrous in its effects upon consumers and producers than any of its predecessors. The wretchedly poor in the city of New York paid, in the last days of February, at the rate of $28 per ton for fuel, and the miners were at the same time suffering as they never did before, for want of the necessaries of life. At this moment of extreme disaster, when the needs of all classes made resumption imminent, the railroads tapping the Southern and Middle fields showed how vast is their power, and how little the public interest is consulted in their use of it, by suddenly advancing tolls to $7.10 per ton, and thereby made resumption an impossibility. When this had been done, on the 23d day of February, all the operators gathered in council at Philadelphia, thus presenting the singular spectacle of the Lackawanna lions lying down with the Schuylkill lambs to roar and bleat that stale device of a "basis" which had been first promulgated by the Miners' Union, and had, by the experience of a year, been found to be a basis of nothing but ruin. Having, in four resolutions, taken precisely the ground, as to Schuylkill and Lehigh, occupied by the Union in the previous year, this meeting declared that the operators were united in opposing any interference, by workmen or their association, with the management of their works. The Miners' Union is justly chargeable with many crimes against consumers, and with many follies closely akin to crimes against producers,—but it never did anything so senseless or so mean as this. The precarious truce between the great Lackawanna companies and their staggering rivals seemed concluded only to insult the general intelligence by resolutions which perpetuate present evils; and by leaving all parties to the contest precisely where they were before, seemed cunningly devised to keep the door open for future suspensions when the interests of either of the contracting parties may demand it. Nothing was said or done concerning the outrage committed by the coal-carriers in advan-

cing tolls to an exorbitant rate, for which sin of omission these operators are entitled to the public thanks. In no other way could they have so clearly shown that the real anthracite problem is one of transportation. The majority at this meeting, controlling all the coal-carrying railroads, finding nothing better to do at a moment of panic and widespread disaster resulting from their previous acts, than to declare against outside interference with their management, afforded an irrefutable argument against their exclusive control of a great industry.

Let the public keep in mind that coal is reasonable in price only so long as production is uninterrupted, and that suspension has been always forced by exorbitant tolls on the avenues to market.

A HOROSCOPE.

I SIT and sigh, but not with idle pain;
I have outlived the callow heats of youth;
The time of buds that go to come again
Is past with me, and I desire the truth.

The deep, deep truth of long, long love I need;
I have no heart to waste in fruitless bloom,
But all my heart I have for love indeed,
And all my heart goes forth to meet my doom.

What can I do, but sit and fold my hands?
I hear no footfalls of the one to come—
Else I would rise and run through many lands
To meet her coming, and to lead her home.

What do I long for?—since I know not whom;
I long for peace from longing, and for rest;
Whether that I grow old—I find in room
Of venturous pinions, now a homesick breast:

Homesick, though not with retrospective pain,
Hollow with hunger for a home to be,
Breaking for longing toward a sweet refrain
Forever borne o'er an enchanted sea.

This wind and wave has worn my youth away;
'Tis long to anchor by the Blessed Isles;—
Yet there I dreamed for me a future lay
Securely glad in one sweet woman's smiles.

Oh, inaccessible lady charmed from me!
I see thee sit at evening by my fire,
A light of wifely welcome circling thee,
As home I draw to close with thy desire.

I see thee there, my queen of feast and grace,
Throned at my board, dispense the Attic cheer;
I look across and watch thee in thy place,
Mine, and so fair—so queenly, and so dear.

I hear thee sing clear carols of the hearth,
  Pensive and sweet, in tender twilight glooms
My children love the music more than mirth,
  And gather in from all the darkening rooms.

Steals on a holier household hour than all:
  Thy children grouped about their mother's chair,
Upon thy knees with them I see thee fall—
  Most beautiful among thy children there!

I talk with thee alone—I stroke thy hair—
  I read thy eyes—I fold thee to my breast;
We mix our mutual dreams, and purely share
  Love lapsing on through all our raptured rest.

The days go onward ever, sun and rain;
  The nights between them follow, cloud or star;
The same to us, no matter loss or gain,—
  Each unto each what naught could make, can mar.

And we grow old together, in my dream,
  Like blended rivers placid toward the sea—
Alas, but now my lone divided stream
  Still hither, thither roves in quest of thee!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

"AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 556.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

I TOLD them my story. Even Clara looked grave when I came to the incident of finding myself on the verge of the precipice.

"Thank God, my boy!" said Mr. Coningham, kindly. "You have had a narrow escape. I lost myself once in the Cumberland hills, and hardly got off with my life. Here it is a chance you were ever seen again, alive or dead. I wonder you're not knocked up."

I was, however, more so than I knew.

"How are you going to get home?" he asked.

"I don't know any way but walking," I answered.

"Are you far from home?"

"I don't know. I daresay the people here will be able to tell me. But I think you said you were going down into the Grindelwald. I shall know where I am there. Perhaps you will let me walk with you. Horses can't go very fast along these roads."

"You shall have my horse, my boy."

"No. I couldn't think of that."

"You must. I haven't been wandering all day like you. You can ride, I suppose?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"Then you shall ride with Clara, and I'll walk with the guide. I shall go and see after the horses presently."

It was indeed a delightful close to a dreadful day. We sat and chatted a while, and then Clara and I went out to look at the Jungfrau. She told me they had left her mother at Interlaken, and had been wander-



WILFRID ON THE MOUNTAINS.

ing about the Bernese Alps for nearly a week.

"I can't think what should have put it in papa's head," she added; "for he does not care much for scenery. I fancy he wants to make the most of poor me, and so takes me the grand tour. He wanted to come without mamma, but she said we were not to be trusted alone. She had to give in when we took to horseback, though."

It was getting late, and Mr. Coningham came out to find us.

"It is quite time we were going," he said. "In fact we are too late now. The horses are ready, and your clothes are dry, Mr. Cumbermede. I have felt them all over."

"How kind of you, sir!" I said.

"Nonsense. Why should any one want another to get his death of cold? If you are to keep alive, it's better to keep well as long as ever you can. Make haste, though, and change your clothes."

I hurried away, followed by Clara's merry laugh at my clumsy gait. In a few moments I was ready. Mr. Coningham had settled my bill for me. Mother and daughter gave me a kind farewell, and I exhausted my German in vain attempts to let them know how grateful I was for their goodness. There was not much time, however, to spend even on gratitude. The sun was nearly down, and I could see Clara mounted and waiting for me before the window. I found Mr. Coningham rather impatient.

"Come along, Mr. Cumbermede; we must be off," he said. "Get up there."

"You *have* grown, though, after all," said Clara. "I thought it might be only the petticoats that made you look so tall."

I got on the horse which the guide, a half-witted fellow from the next valley, was holding for me, and we set out. The guide walked beside my horse, and Mr. Coningham beside Clara's. The road was level for a little way, but it soon turned up on the hill where I had been wandering, and went along the steep side of it.

"Will this do for a precipice, Clara?" said her father.

"Oh dear! no," she answered; "it's not worth the name. It actually slopes outward."

Before we got down to the next level stretch it began again to rain. A mist came on, and we could see but a little way before us. Through the mist came the sound of the bells of the cattle upon the hill. Our guide trudged carefully but boldly on. He seemed to know every step of the way. Clara was very cool, her father a little anxious, and very attentive to his daughter, who received his help with a never-failing merry gratitude, making light of all annoyances. At length we came down upon the better road, and traveled on with more comfort.

"Look, Clara!" I said—"will that do?"

"What is it?" she asked, turning her head in the direction in which I pointed.

On our right, through the veil, half of rain, half of gauzy mist, which filled the air, arose a precipice indeed—the whole bulk it was of the Eiger mountain, which the mist brought so near that it seemed literally to overhang the road. Clara looked up for a moment, but betrayed no sign of awe.

"Yes, I think that will do," she said.

"Though you are only at the foot of it?" I suggested.

"Yes; though I am only at the foot of it," she repeated.

"What does it remind you of?" I asked.

"Nothing. I never saw anything it could remind me of," she answered.

"Nor read anything?"

"Not that I remember."

"It reminds me of Mount Sinai in the Pilgrim's Progress. You remember Christian was afraid because the side of it which was next the wayside did hang so much over that he thought it would fall on his head."

"I never read the Pilgrim's Progress," she returned, in a careless if not contemptuous tone.

"Didn't you? Oh, you would like it so much!"

"I don't think I should. I don't like religious books."

"But that is such a good story!"

"Oh! it's all a trap—sugar on the outside of a pill! The sting's in the tail of it. They're all like that. *I* know them."

This silenced me, and for a while we went on without speaking.

The rain ceased; the mist cleared a little; and I began to think I saw some landmarks I knew. A moment more, and I perfectly understood where we were.

"I'm all right now, sir," I said to Mr. Coningham. "I can find my way from here."

As I spoke I pulled up and proceeded to dismount.

"Sit still," he said. "We cannot do better than ride on to Mr. Forest's. I don't know him much, but I have met him, and in a strange country all are friends. I daresay he will take us in for the night. Do you think he could house us?"

"I have no doubt of it. For that matter, the boys could crowd a little."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not above two miles, I think."

"Are you sure you know the way?"

"Quite sure."

"Then you take the lead."

I did so. He spoke to the guide, and Clara and I rode on in front.

"You and I seem destined to have adventures together, Clara," I said.

"It seems so. But this is not so much of an adventure as that night on the leads," she answered.

"You would not have thought so if you had been with me in the morning."

"Were you very much frightened?"

"I was. And then to think of finding you!"

"It was funny, certainly."

When we reached the house there was great jubilation over me, but Mr. Forest himself was very serious. He had not been back more than half an hour, and was just getting ready to set out again, accompanied by men from the village below. Most of the boys were quite knocked up, for they had been looking for me ever since they missed me. Charley was in a dreadful way. When he saw me he burst into tears, and declared he would never let me out of his sight again. But if he had been with me it would have

been death to both of us: I could never have got him over the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest received their visitors with the greatest cordiality, and invited them to spend a day or two with them, to which, after some deliberation, Mr. Coningham agreed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGAIN THE ICE CAVE.

THE next morning he begged a holiday for me and Charley, of whose family he knew something, although he was not acquainted with them. I was a little disappointed at Charley's being included in the request, not in the least from jealousy, but because I had set my heart on taking Clara to the cave in the ice, which I knew Charley would not like. But I thought we could easily arrange to leave him somewhere near until we returned. I spoke to Mr. Coningham about it, who entered into my small scheme with the greatest kindness. Charley confided to me afterwards that he did not take to him—he was too like an ape, he said. But the impression of his ugliness had with me quite worn off; and for his part, if I had been a favorite nephew he could not have been more complaisant and hearty.

I felt very stiff when we set out, and altogether not quite myself; but the discomfort wore off as we went. Charley had Mr. Coningham's horse, and I walked by the side of Clara's, eager after any occasion, if but a pretence, of being useful to her. She was quite familiar with me, but seemed shy of Charley. He looked much more of a man than I; for not only, as I have said, had he grown much during his illness, but there was an air of troubled thoughtfulness about him which made him look considerably older than he really was; while his delicate complexion and large blue eyes had a kind of mystery about them that must have been very attractive.

When we reached the village, I told Charley that we wanted to go on foot to the cave, and hoped he would not mind waiting our return. But he refused to be left, declaring he should not mind going in the least; that he was quite well now, and ashamed of his behavior on the former occasion; that, in fact, it must have been his approaching illness that caused it. I could not insist, and we set out. The footpath led us through fields of corn, with a bright sun overhead, and a sweet wind blowing. It was a glorious day of golden corn, gentle wind, and blue sky, with great masses of white snow, whiter than any cloud, held up in it.

We descended the steep bank; we crossed the wooden bridge over the little river; we crunched under our feet the hail-like crystals lying rough on the surface of the glacier; we reached the cave and entered the blue abyss. I went first into the delicious, yet dangerous-looking blue. The cave had several sharp angles in it. When I reached the farthest corner I turned to look behind me. I was alone. I walked back and peeped round the last corner. Between that and the one beyond it stood Clara and Charley, staring at each other with faces of ghastly horror.

Clara's look certainly could not have been the result of any excess of imagination. But many women respond easily to influences they could not have originated. My conjecture is, that the same horror had again seized upon Charley when he saw Clara; that it made his face, already deathlike, tenfold more fearful; that Clara took fright at his fear, her imagination opening like a crystal to the polarized light of reflected feeling; and thus they stood in the paralysis of a dismay which ever multiplied itself in the opposed mirrors of their countenances.

I too was in terror—for Charley, and certainly wasted no time in speculation. I went forward instantly, and put an arm round each. They woke up, as it were, and tried to laugh. But the laugh was worse than the stare. I hurried them out of the place.

We came upon Mr. Coningham round the next corner, amusing himself with the talk of the half-silly guide.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Out again," I answered. "The air is oppressive."

"Nonsense," he said merrily. "The air is as pure as it is cold. Come, Clara; I want to explore the penetralia of this temple of Isis."

I believe he intended a pun.

Clara turned with him; Charley and I went out into the sunshine.

"You should not have gone, Charley. You have caught a chill again," I said.

"No, nothing of the sort," he answered. "Only it was too dreadful. That lovely face! To see it like that—and know that is what it is coming to!"

"You looked as horrid yourself," I returned.

"I don't doubt it. We all did. But why?"

"Why, just because of the blueness," I answered.

"Yes—the blueness, no doubt. That was all. But there it was, you know."

Clara came out smiling. All her horror had vanished. I was looking into the hole as she turned the last corner. When she first appeared, her face was "like one that hath been seven days drowned;" but as she advanced, the decay thinned, and the life grew, until at last she stepped from the mouth of the sepulchre in all the glow of her merry youth. It was a dumb show of the resurrection.

As we went back to the inn, Clara, who was walking in front with her father, turned her head and addressed me suddenly.

"You see it was all a sham, Wilfrid!" she said.

"What was a sham? I don't know what you mean," I rejoined.

"Why that," she returned, pointing with her hand. Then addressing her father, "Isn't that the Eiger," she asked—"the same we rode under yesterday?"

"To be sure it is," he answered.

She turned again to me.

"You see it is all a sham! Last night it pretended to be on the very edge of the road and hanging over our heads at an awful height. Now it has gone a long way back, is not so very high, and certainly does not hang over. I ought not to have been satisfied with that precipice. It took me in."

I did not reply at once. Clara's words appeared to me quite irreverent, and I recoiled from the very thought that there could be any sham in nature; but what to answer her I did not know. I almost began to dislike her; for it is often incapacity for defending the faith they love which turns men into persecutors.

Seeing me foiled, Charley advanced with the doubtful aid of a sophism to help me.

"Which is the sham, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"That Eiger mountain there."

"Ah! so I thought."

"Then you are of my opinion, Mr. Osborne?"

"You mean the mountain is shamming, don't you—looking far off when really it is near?"

"Not at all. When it looked last night as if it hung right over our heads, it was shamming. See it now—far away there!"

"But which then is the sham, and which is the true? It *looked* near yesterday and now it *looks* far away. Which is which?"

"It must have been a sham yesterday; for although it looked near, it was very dull and dim, and you could only see the sharp outline of it."

"Just so I argue on the other side: The mountain must be shamming now, for although it looks so far off, it yet shows a most contradictory clearness—not only of outline but of surface."

"Aha!" thought I, "Miss Clara has found her match. They both know he is talking nonsense, yet she can't answer him. What she was saying was nonsense too, but I can't answer it either—not yet."

I felt proud of both of them, but of Charley in especial, for I had had no idea he could be so quick.

"What ever put such an answer in your head, Charley?" I exclaimed.

"Oh! it's not quite original," he returned. "I believe it was suggested by two or three lines I read in a review just before we left home. They took a hold of me rather."

He repeated half of the now well-known little poem of Shelley, headed *Passage of the Apennines*. He had forgotten the name of the writer, and it was many years before I fell in with them myself:—

"The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm."

In the middle of it I saw Clara begin to titter, but she did not interrupt him. When he had finished, she said with a grave face, too grave for seriousness :—

"Will you repeat the third line—I think it was, Mr. Osborne?"

He did so.

"What kind of eggs did the Apennine lay, Mr. Osborne?" she asked, still perfectly serious.

Charley was abashed to find she could take advantage of probably a provincialism to turn into ridicule such fine verses. Before he could recover himself, she had planted another blow or two.

"And where is its nest? Between the earth and the sky is vague. But then to be sure it must want a good deal of room. And after all, a mountain is a strange fowl, and who knows where it might lay? Between earth and sky is quite definite enough. Besides, the bird-nesting boys might be dangerous if they knew where it was. It would be such a find for them!"

My champion was defeated. Without attempting a word in reply, he hung back and dropped behind. Mr. Coningham must have heard the whole, but he offered no remark. I saw that Charley's sensitive nature was hurt, and my heart was sore for him.

"That's too bad of you, Clara," I said.

"What's too bad of me, Wilfrid?" she returned.

I hesitated a moment, then answered :

"To make game of such verses. Any one with half a soul must see they were fine."

"Very wrong of you, indeed, my dear," said Mr. Coningham from behind, in a voice that sounded as if he were smothering a laugh; but when I looked round, his face was grave.

"Then I suppose that half soul I haven't got," returned Clara.

"Oh! I didn't mean that," I said, lamely enough. "But there's no logic in that kind of thing, you know."

"You see, papa," said Clara, "what you are accountable for. Why didn't you make them teach me logic?"

Her father smiled a pleased smile. His daughter's naïveté would in his eyes make up for any lack of logic.

"Mr. Osborne," continued Clara, turning back, "I beg your pardon. I am a woman, and you men don't allow us to learn logic. But at the same time you must confess you were making a bad use of yours. You know it was all nonsense you were trying to pass off on me for wisdom."

He was by her side the instant she spoke to him. A smile grew upon his face: I could see it growing, just as you see the sun growing behind a cloud. In a moment it broke out in radiance.

"I confess," he said. "I thought you were too hard on Wilfrid; and he hadn't anything at hand to say for himself."

"And you were too hard upon me, weren't you? Two to one is not fair play—is it now?"

"No; certainly not."

"And that justified a little false play on my part?"

"No, it did *not*," said Charley, almost fiercely. "Nothing justifies false play."

"Not even yours, Mr. Osborne?" replied Clara, with a stately coldness quite marvellous in one so young; and leaving him, she came again to my side. I peeped at Mr. Coningham, curious to see how he regarded all this wrangling with his daughter. He appeared at once amused and satisfied. Clara's face was in a glow, clearly of anger, at the discourteous manner in which Charley had spoken.

"You mustn't be angry with Charley, Clara," I said.

"He is very rude," she replied indignantly.

"What he said was rude, I allow, but Charley himself is anything but rude. I haven't looked at him, but I am certain he is miserable about it already."

"So he ought to be. To speak like that to a lady, when her very friendliness put her off her guard! I never was treated so in all my life."

She spoke so loud that she must have meant Charley to hear her. But when I looked back, I saw that he had fallen a long way behind, and was coming on very slowly, with dejected look and his eyes on the ground. Mr. Coningham did not interfere by word or sign.

When we reached the inn he ordered some

refreshment, and behaved to us both as if we were grown men. Just a touch of familiarity was the sole indication that we were not grown men. Boys are especially grateful for respect from their superiors, for it helps them to respect themselves; but Charley sat silent and gloomy. As he would not ride back, and Mr. Coningham preferred walking too, I got into the saddle and rode by Clara's side.

As we approached the house, Charley crept up to the other side of Clara's horse, and laid his hand on his mane. When he spoke Clara started, for she was looking the other way and had not observed his approach.

"Miss Clara," he said, "I am very sorry I was so rude. Will you forgive me?"

Instead of being hard to reconcile, as I had feared from her outburst of indignation, she leaned forward and laid her hand on his. He looked up in her face, his own suffused with a color I had never seen in it before. His great blue eyes lightened with thankfulness, and began to fill with tears. How she looked, I could not see. She withdrew her hand, and Charley dropped behind again. In a little while he came up to my side, and began talking. He soon got quite merry, but Clara in her turn was silent.

I doubt if anything would be worth telling but for what comes after. History itself would be worthless but for what it cannot tell, namely, its own future. Upon this ground my reader must excuse the apparent triviality of the things I am now relating.

When we were alone in our room that night —for ever since Charley's illness we two had had a room to ourselves—Charley said,

"I behaved like a brute this morning, Wilfrid."

"No, Charley; you were only a little rude from being over eager. If she had been seriously advocating dishonesty, you would have been quite right to take it up so; and you thought she was."

"Yes; but it was very silly of me. I dare say it was because I had been so dishonest myself just before. How dreadful it is that I am always taking my own side, even when I do what I am ashamed of in another. I suppose I think I have got my horse by the head, and the other has not."

"I don't know. That may be it," I answered. "I'm afraid I can't think about it to-night, for I don't feel well. What if it should be your turn to nurse me now, Charley?"

He turned quite pale, his eyes opened wide, and he looked at me anxiously.

Before morning I was aching all over: I had rheumatic fever.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLEY NURSES ME.

I saw no more of Clara. Mr. Coningham came to bid me good-bye, and spoke very kindly. Mr. Forest would have got a nurse for me, but Charley begged so earnestly to be allowed to return the service I had done for him, that he yielded.

I was in great pain for more than a week. Charley's attentions were unremitting. In fact he nursed me more like a woman than a boy; and made me think with some contrition how poor my ministrations had been. Even after the worst was over, if I but moved, he was at my bedside in a moment. Certainly no nurse could have surpassed him. I could bear no one to touch me but him: from any one else I dreaded torture; and my medicine was administered to the very moment by my own old watch, which had been brought to do its duty at least respectably.

One afternoon, finding me tolerably comfortable, he said,

"Shall I read something to you, Wilfrid?"

He never called me Willie, as most of my friends did.

"I should like it," I answered.

"What shall I read?" he asked.

"Hadn't you something in your head," I rejoined, "when you proposed it?"

"Well, I had; but I don't know if you would like it."

"What did you think of then?"

"I thought of a chapter in the New Testament."

"How could you think I should not like that?"

"Because I never saw you say your prayers."

"That is quite true. But you don't think I never say my prayers although you never see me do it?"

The fact was, my uncle, amongst his other peculiarities, did not approve of teaching children to say their prayers. But he did not therefore leave me without instruction in the matter of praying—either the idlest or the most availing of human actions. He would say, "When you want anything, ask for it, Willie; and if it is worth your having, you will have it. But don't fancy you are doing God any service by praying to him. He likes you to pray to him because he loves you, and wants you to love him. And whatever you do, don't go saying a lot of words you don't mean. If you think you ought to pray, say your Lord's Prayer, and have done with it." I had no theory myself on the matter; but when I was in misery on the wild mountains, I had indeed prayed to God; and had even gone so far as to hope, when I got what I prayed for, that he had heard my prayer.

Charley made no reply.

"It seems to me better that sort of thing should not be seen, Charley," I persisted.

"Perhaps, Wilfrid; but I was taught to say my prayers regularly."

"I don't think much of that either," I answered. "But I've said a good many prayers since I've been here, Charley. I can't say I'm sure it's of any use, but I can't help trying after something—I don't know what—something I want, and don't know how to get."

"But it's only the prayer of faith that's heard. Do you believe, Wilfrid?"

"I don't know. I daren't say I don't. I wish I could say I do. But I daresay things will be considered."

"Wouldn't it be grand if it was true, Wilfrid?"

"What, Charley?"

"That God actually let his creatures see him—and—all that came of it, you know."

"It would be grand indeed! But supposing it true, how could we be expected to believe it like them that saw him with their own eyes? *I* couldn't be required to believe just as if I could have no doubt about it. It wouldn't be fair. Only—perhaps we haven't got the clew by the right end."

"Perhaps not. But sometimes I hate the whole thing. And then again I feel as if I *must* read all about it; not that I care for it exactly, but because a body must do something—because—I don't know how to say it—because of the misery, you know."

"I don't know that I do know—quite. But now you have started the subject, I thought that was great nonsense Mr. Forest was talking about the authority of the church the other day."

"Well, *I* thought so, too. I don't see what right they have to say so and so, if they didn't hear him speak. As to what he meant, they may be right or they may be wrong. If they *have* the gift of the Spirit, as they say—how am I to tell they have? All impostors claim it as well as the true men. If I had ever so little of the same gift myself, I suppose I could tell; but they say no one has till he believes—so they may be all humbugs for anything I can possibly tell; or they may be all true men and yet I may fancy them all humbugs, and can't help it."

I was quite as much astonished to hear Charley talk in this style, as some readers will be doubtful whether a boy could have talked such good sense. I said nothing, and a silence followed.

"Would you like me to read to you then?" he asked.

"Yes, I should; for, do you know, after all, I don't think there's anything like the New Testament."

"Anything like it!" he repeated. "I should think not! Only I wish I did know what it all meant. I wish I could talk to my father as I would to Jesus Christ if I saw *him*. But if I could talk to my father, he wouldn't understand me. He would speak to me as if I were the very scum of the universe for daring to have a doubt of what *he* told me."

"But he doesn't mean *himself*," I said.

"Well, who told him?"

"The Bible."

"And who told the Bible?"

"God, of course."

"But how am I to know that? I only know that they say so. Do you know, Wilfrid—I *don't* believe my father is quite sure himself, and that is what makes him in such a rage with anybody who doesn't think as he does. He's afraid it mayn't be true after all."

I had never had a father to talk to, but I thought something must be wrong when a boy *couldn't* talk to his father. My uncle was a better father than that came to.

Another pause followed, during which Charley searched for a chapter to fit the mood. I will not say what chapter he found, for, after all, I doubt if we had any real notion of what it meant. I know, however, that there were words in it which found their way to my conscience; and, let men of science or philosophy say what they will, the rousing of a man's conscience is the greatest event in his existence. In such a matter, the consciousness of the man himself is the sole witness. A Chinese can expose many of the absurdities and inconsistencies of the English: it is their own Shakspeare who must bear witness to their sins and faults, as well as their truths and characteristics.

After this we had many conversations about such things, one of which I shall attempt to report bye and bye. Of course in any such attempt, all that can be done is to put the effect into fresh conversational form. What I have just written must at least be more orderly than what passed between us; but the spirit is much the same; and mere fact is of consequence only as it affects truth.

CHAPTER XX.

A DREAM.

THE best immediate result of my illness was, that I learned to love Charley Osborne more dearly. We renewed an affection resembling from afar that of Shakspeare for his nameless friend; we anticipated that informing *In Memoriam*. Lest I be accused of infinite arrogance, let me remind my reader that the sun is reflected in a dewdrop as in the ocean.

One night I had a strange dream, which is perhaps worth telling for the involution of its consciousness.

I thought I was awake in my bed, and Charley asleep in his. I lay looking into the room. It began to waver and change. The night-light enlarged and receded; and the walls trembled and waved about. The light had got behind them, and shone through them

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; for I was frightened

I heard him move; but before he reached me I was lying on a lawn, surrounded by trees, with the moon shining through them from behind. The next moment Charley was by my side.

"Isn't it prime?" he said. "It's all over!"

"What do you mean, Charley?" I asked.

"I mean that we're both dead now. It's not so very bad—is it?"

"Nonsense, Charley!" I returned; "*I*'m not dead. I'm as wide alive as ever I was. Look here."

So saying, I sprang to my feet, and drew myself up before him.

"Where's your worst pain?" said Charley, with a curious expression in his tone.

"Here," I answered. "No; it's not; it's in my back. No, it isn't. It's nowhere. I haven't got any pain."

Charley laughed a low laugh, which sounded as sweet as strange. It was to the laughter of the world "as moonlight is to sunlight," but not "as water is to wine," for what it had lost in sound it had gained in smile.

"Tell me now you're not dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But," I insisted, "don't you see I'm alive? *You* may be dead, for anything I know, but *I am not*—I know that."

"You're just as dead as I am," he said. "Look here."

A little way off, in an open plot by itself, stood a little white rose-tree, half mingled with the moonlight. Charley went up to it, stepped on the topmost twig, and stood: the bush did not even bend under him.

"Very well," I answered. "You are dead, I confess. But now, look you here."

I went to a red rose-bush which stood at some distance, blanched in the moon, set my foot on the top of it, and made as if I would ascend, expecting to crush it, roses and all, to the ground. But behold! I was standing on my red rose opposite Charley on his white.

"I told you so," he cried, across the moonlight, and his voice sounded as if it came from the moon far away.

"Oh, Charley!" I cried, "I'm so frightened!"

"What are you frightened at?"

"At you. You're dead, you know."

"It is a good thing, Wilfrid," he rejoined, in a tone of some reproach, "that I am not frightened at you for the same reason; for what would happen then?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would go away and leave me alone in this ghostly light."

"If I were frightened at you as you are at me, we should not be able to see each other at all. If you take courage, the light will grow."

"Don't leave me, Charley," I cried, and flung myself from my tree towards his. I found myself floating, half reclined on the air. We met midway each in the other's arms.

"I don't know where I am, Charley."

"That is my father's rectory."

He pointed to the house, which I had not yet observed. It lay quite dark in the moonlight, for not a window shone from within.

"Don't leave me, Charley."

"Leave you! I should think not, Wilfrid. I have been long enough without you already."

"Have you been long dead, then, Charley?"

"Not very long. Yes, a long time. But indeed I don't know. We don't count time as we used to count it.—I want to go and see my father. It is long since I saw *him*, anyhow. Will you come?"

"If you think I might—if you wish it," I said, for I had no great desire to see Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps he won't care to see me."

"Perhaps not," said Charley, with another low silvery laugh. "Come along."

We glided over the grass. A window stood a little open on the second floor. We floated up, entered, and stood by the bedside of Charley's father. He lay in a sound sleep.

"Father! father!" said Charley, whispering in his ear as he lay—"it's all right. You need not be troubled about me any more."

Mr. Osborne turned on his pillow.

"He's dreaming about us now," said Charley. "He sees us both standing by his bed."

But the next moment, Mr. Osborne sat up, stretched out his arms towards us with the open palms outwards, as if pushing us away from him, and cried:

"Depart from me, all evil-doers. O Lord! do I not hate them that hate thee?"

He followed with other yet more awful words which I never could recall. I only remember the feeling of horror and amazement they left behind. I turned to Charley. He had disappeared, and I found myself lying in the bed beside Mr. Osborne. I gave a great cry of dismay—when there was Charley again beside me, saying:

"What's the matter, Wilfrid? Wake up. My father's not here."

I did wake, but until I had felt in the bed could not satisfy myself that Mr. Osborne was indeed not there.

"You've been talking in your sleep. I could hardly get you waked," said Charley, who stood there in his shirt.

"Oh Charley!" I cried, "I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, Wilfrid?"

"Oh! I can't talk about it yet," I answered.

I never did tell him that dream; for even then I was often uneasy about him—he was so sensitive. The affections of my friend were as hoops of steel; his feelings a breath would ripple. Oh my Charley! if ever we meet in that land so vaguely shadowed in my dream, will you not know that I loved you heartily well? Shall I not hasten to lay bare my heart before you—the priest of its confessional? Oh Charley! when the truth is known, the false will fly asunder as the autumn leaves in the wind; but the true, whatever their faults, will only draw together the more tenderly that they have sinned against each other.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FROZEN STREAM.

BEFORE the winter arrived I was well, and Charley had recovered the fatigue of watching me. One holiday he and I set out alone to accomplish a scheme we had cherished from the first appearance of the frost. How it arose I hardly remember; I think it came of some remark Mr. Forest had made concerning the difference between the streams of Switzerland and England—those in the former country being emptiest, those in the latter fullest in the winter. It was—when the frost

should have bound up the sources of the beck which ran almost by our door, and it was no longer a stream but a rope of ice—to take that rope for our guide, and follow it as far as we could towards the secret recesses of its summer birth.

Along the banks of the stream, we followed it up and up, meeting a varied loveliness which it would take the soul of a Wordsworth or a Ruskin to comprehend and express. To my poor faculty the splendor of the ice-crystals remains the one memorable thing. In those lonely water-courses the sun was gloriously busy, with none to praise him except Charley and me.

Where the banks were difficult we went down into the frozen bed, and there had story above story of piled-up loveliness, with opal and diamond cellars below. Spikes and stars crystalline radiated and refracted and reflected marvelously. But we did not reach the primary source of the stream by miles; we were stopped by a precipitous rock, down the face of which one half of the stream fell, while the other crept out of its foot, from a little cavernous opening about four feet high. Charley was a few yards ahead of me, and ran stooping into the cavern. I followed. But when I had gone as far as I dared for the darkness and the down-sloping roof, and saw nothing of him, I grew dismayed, and called him. There was no answer. With a thrill of horror, my dream returned upon me. I got on my hands and knees and crept forward. A short way farther the floor sank—only a little, I believe, but from the darkness I took the descent for an abyss into which Charley had fallen. I gave a shriek of despair, and scrambled out of the cave howling. In a moment he was by my side. He had only crept behind a projection for a trick. His remorse was extreme. He begged my pardon in the most agonized manner.

"Never mind, Charley," I said, "you didn't mean it."

"Yes, I did mean it," he returned. "The temptation came, and I yielded; only I did not know how dreadful it would be to you."

"Of course not. You wouldn't have done it if you had."

"How am I to know that, Wilfrid? I might have done it. Isn't it frightful that a body may go on and on till a thing is done, and then wish he hadn't done it. I am a despicable creature. Do you know, Wilfrid, I once shot a little bird—for no good, but just to shoot at something. It wasn't that I didn't think of it—don't say that. I did think of it. I knew it was wrong. When I had leveled my gun I thought of it quite plainly, and yet drew the trigger. It dropped, a heap of ruffled feathers. I shall never get that little bird out of my head. And the worst of it is, that to all eternity I can never make any atonement."

"But God will forgive you, Charley."

"What do I care for that," he rejoined, almost fiercely, "when the little bird cannot forgive me? I would go on my knees to the little bird if I could, to beg its pardon, and tell it what a brute I was, and it might shoot me if it would, and I should say 'Thank you.'"

He laughed almost hysterically, and the tears ran down his face.

I have said little about my uncle's teaching lest I should bore my readers. But there it came in, and therefore here it must come in. My uncle had, by no positive instruction, but by occasional observations, not one of which I can recall, generated in me a strong hope that the life of the lower animals was terminated at their death no more than our own. The man who believes that thought is the result of brain, and not the growth of an unknown seed whose soil is the brain, may well sneer at this, for he is to himself but a peck of dust that has to be eaten by the devouring jaws of Time; but I cannot see how the man who believes in soul at all can say that the spirit of a man lives, and the spirit of his horse dies. I do not profess to believe anything *for certain sure* myself, but I do think that he who, if from merely philosophical considerations, believes the one, ought to believe the other as well. Much more must the theosophist believe it. But I had never felt the need of the doctrine until I beheld the misery of Charley over the memory of the dead sparrow. Surely that sparrow fell not to the ground without the Father's knowledge.

"Charley! how do you know," I said,

"that you can never beg the bird's pardon? If God made the bird, do you fancy with your gun you could destroy the making of his hand? If he said, 'Let there be,' do you suppose you could say 'There shall not be?'" (Mr. Forest had read that chapter of first things at morning prayers.) "I fancy myself that for God to put a bird all in the power of a silly, thoughtless boy——"

"Not thoughtless! not thoughtless! There is the misery!" said Charley.

But I went on—

"—would be worse than for you to shoot it."

A great glow of something I dare not attempt to define grew upon Charley's face. It was like what I saw on it when Clara laid her hand on his. But presently it died out again, and he sighed—

"If there *were* a God—that is, if I were sure there was a God, Wilfrid!"

I could not answer. How could I? *I* had never seen God, as the old story says Moses did on the clouded mountain. All I could return was,—

"Suppose there should be a God, Charley? Mightn't there be a God?"

"I don't know," he returned. "How should *I* know whether there *might* be a God?"

"But *may* there not be a *might be?*" I rejoined.

"There may be. How should I say the other thing?" said Charley.

I do not mean this was exactly what he or I said. Unable to recall the words themselves, I put the sense of the thing in as clear a shape as I can.

We were seated upon a stone in the bed of the stream, off which the sun had melted the ice. The bank rose above us, but not far. I thought I heard a footstep. I jumped up, but saw no one. I ran a good way up the stream to a place where I could climb the bank; but then saw no one. The footstep, real or imagined, broke our conversation at that point, and we did not resume it. All that followed was—

"If I were the sparrow, Charley, I would not only forgive you, but haunt you for ever out of gratitude that you were sorry you had killed me."

"Then you *do* forgive me for frightening you?" he said eagerly.

Very likely Charley and I resembled each other too much to be the best possible companions for each other. There was, however, this difference between us—that he had been bored with religion and I had not. In other words, food had been forced upon him, which had only been laid before me.

We rose and went home. A few minutes after our entrance Mr. Forest came in—looking strange, I thought. The conviction crossed my mind that it was his footstep we had heard over our heads as we sat in the channel of the frozen stream. I have reason to think that he followed us for a chance of listening. Something had set him on the watch—most likely the fact that we were so much together and did not care for the society of the rest of our schoolfellows. From that time, certainly, he regarded Charley and myself with a suspicious gloom. We felt it, but beyond talking to each other about it, and conjecturing its cause, we could do nothing. It made Charley very unhappy at times, deepening the shadow which brooded over his mind; for his moral skin was as sensitive to changes in the moral atmosphere as the most sensitive of plants to those in the physical. But unhealthy conditions in the smallest communities cannot last long without generating vapors which result in some kind of outburst.

The other boys, naturally enough, were displeased with us for holding so much together. They attributed it to some fancy of superiority, whereas there was nothing in it beyond the simplest preference for each other's society. We were alike enough to understand each other, and unlike enough to interest and aid each other. Besides, we did not care much for the sports in which boys usually explode their superfluous energy. I preferred a walk and a talk with Charley to anything else.

I may here mention that these talks had nearly cured me of castle-building. To spin yarns for Charley's delectation would have been absurd. He cared for nothing but the truth. And yet he could never assure himself that anything was true. The more likely a thing looked to be true, the more anxious was he

that it should be unassailable ; and his fertile mind would in as many moments throw a score of objections at it, looking after each with eager eyes as if pleading for a refutation. It was the very love of what was good that generated in him doubt and anxiety.

When our schoolfellows perceived that Mr. Forest also was dissatisfied with us, their displeasure grew to indignation ; and we did not endure its manifestations without a feeling of reflex defiance.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EXPLOSION.

One spring morning we had got up early and sauntered out together. I remember perfectly what our talk was about. Charley had started the question : "How could it be just to harden Pharaoh's heart and then punish him for what came of it?" I, who had been brought up without any superstitious reverence for the Bible, suggested that the narrator of the story might be accountable for the contradiction, and simply that it was not true that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Strange to say, Charley was rather shocked at this. He had as yet received the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible without thinking enough about it to question it. Nor did it now occur to him what a small affair it was to find a book fallible, compared with finding the God of whom the book spoke, fallible upon its testimony—for such was surely the dilemma. Men have been able to exist without a Bible : if there be a God it must be in and through Him that all men live ; only if he be not true, then in Him, and not in the first Adam, all men die.

We were talking away about this, no doubt after a sufficiently crude manner, as we approached the house, unaware that we had lingered too long. The boys were coming out from breakfast for a game before school.

Amongst them was one of the name of Home, who considered himself superior from his connection with the Scotch Homes. He was a big, strong, pale-faced, handsome boy, with the least bit of a sneer always hovering upon his upper lip. Charley was half a head shorter than he, and I was half a head shorter than Charley. As we passed him, he said aloud, addressing the boy next him—

"There they go—a pair of sneaks!"

Charley turned upon him at once, his face in a glow.

"Home," he said, "no gentleman would say so."

"And why not?" said Home, turning and striding up to Charley in a magnificent manner.

"Because there is no ground for the assertion," said Charley.

"Then you mean to say I am a liar."

"I mean to say," returned Charley, with more promptitude than I could have expected of him, "that if you are a gentleman you will be sorry for it."

"There is my apology then!" said Home, and struck Charley a blow on the head which laid him on the ground. I believe he repented it the moment he had done it.

I caught one glimpse of the blood pouring over the transparent blue-veined skin, and rushed at Home in a transport of fury.

I never was brave one step beyond being able to do what must be done and bear what must be borne ; and now it was not courage that inspired me, but a righteous wrath.

I did my best, got a good many hard blows, and planted not one in return, for I had never fought in my life. I do believe Home spared me, conscious of wrong. Meantime some of them had lifted Charley and carried him into the house.

Before I was thoroughly mauled, which must have been the final result, for I would not give in, the master appeared, and in a voice such as I had never heard from him before, ordered us all into the schoolroom.

"Fighting like bullies!" he said. "I thought my pupils were gentlemen at least!"

Perhaps dimly aware that he had himself given some occasion to this outbreak, and imagining in his heart a show of justice, he seized Home by the collar, and gave him a terrible cut with the riding-whip which he had caught up in his anger. Home cried out, and the same moment Charley appeared, pale as death.

"Oh, sir!" he said, laying his hand on the

master's arm, appealingly, "I was to blame too."

"I don't doubt it," returned Mr. Forest. "I shall settle with *you* presently. Get away."

"Now, sir!" he continued, turning to me—and held the whip suspended, as if waiting a word from me to goad him on. He looked something else than a gentleman himself just then. It was a sudden outbreak of the beast in him.

"Will you tell me why you punish me, sir, if you please? What have I done?" I said.

His answer was such a stinging blow that for a moment I was bewildered, and everything reeled about me. But I did not cry out—I know that, for I asked two of the fellows after.

"You prate about justice!" he said. "I will let you know what justice means—to *you* at least."

And down came a second cut as bad as the first. My blood was up.

"If this is justice, then there *is* no God," I said.

He stood aghast. I went on.

"If there be a God——"

"*If* there be a God!" he shrieked, and sprang towards me.

I did not move a step.

"I hope there is," I said, as he seized me again; "for you are unjust."

I remember only a fierce succession of blows. With Voltaire and the French revolution present to his mind in all their horror, he had been nourishing in his house a toad of the same spawn! He had been remiss, but would now compel those whom his neglect had injured to pay off his arrears! A most orthodox conclusion! but it did me little harm: it did not make me think that God was unjust, for my uncle, not Mr. Forest, was my type of Christian. The harm it did was of another sort—and to Charley, not to me.

Of course, while under the hands of the executioner, I could not observe what was going on around me. When I began to awake from the absorption of my pain and indignation, I found myself in my room. I had been ordered thither, and had mechanically obeyed. I was on my bed, staring at the door, at which I had become aware of a gentle tapping.

"Come in," I said; and Charley—who, although it was his room as much as mine, never entered when he thought I was there without knocking at the door—appeared, with the face of a dead man. Sore as I was, I jumped up.

"The brute has not been thrashing *you*, Charley!" I cried, in a wrath that gave me the strength of a giant. With that terrible bruise above his temple from Home's fist, none but a devil could have dared to lay hands upon him!

"No, Wilfrid," he answered; "no such honor for me! I am disgraced for ever!"

He hid his wan face in his thin hands.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said. "You cannot have told a lie!"

"No, Wilfrid. But it doesn't matter now. I don't care for myself any more."

"Then, Charley, what *have* you done?"

"You are always so kind, Wilfrid!" he returned with a hopelessness which seemed almost coldness.

"Charley," I said, "if you don't tell me what has happened——"

"Happened!" he cried. "Hasn't that man been lashing at you like a dog, and I *didn't* rush at him, and if I couldn't fight, being a milksop, then bite and kick and scratch, and take my share of it? O God!" he cried in agony, "if I had but a chance again! But nobody ever has more than one chance in this world. He may damn me now when he likes: I don't care."

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; "you're as bad as Mr. Forest. Are you to say such things about God, when you know nothing of him? He may be as good a God, after all, as even we should like him to be."

"But Mr. Forest is a clergyman."

"And God was the God of Abraham before ever there was a clergyman to take his name in vain," I cried; for I was half mad with the man who had thus wounded my Charley. "*I* am content with you, Charley. You are my best and only friend. That is all nonsense about attacking Forest. What could you have done, you know?—Don't talk such rubbish."

"I might have taken my share with you," said Charley, and again buried his face in his hands.

"Come, Charley," I said, and at the moment a fresh wave of manhood swept through my soul; "you and I will take our share together a hundred times yet. I have done my part now; yours will come next."

"But to think of not sharing your disgrace, Wilfrid!"

"Disgrace!" I said, drawing myself up, "where was that?"

"You have been beaten," he said.

"Every stripe was a badge of honor," I said, "for I neither deserved it nor cried out against it. I feel no disgrace."

"Well, I've missed the honor," said Charley; "but that's nothing, so you have it. But not to share your disgrace would have been mean. And it's all one; for I thought it was disgrace and I did not share it. I am a coward for ever, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense! He never gave you a chance. *I* never thought of striking back; how should *you?*"

"I will be your slave, Wilfrid! You are *so* good, and I am *so* unworthy."

He put his arms around me, laid his head on my shoulder, and sobbed. I did what more I could to comfort him, and gradually he grew calm. At length he whispered in my ear—

"After all, Wilfrid, I do believe I was horror-struck, and it *wasn't* cowardice pure and simple."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I said. "I love you more than ever."

"Oh Wilfrid! I should have gone mad by this time but for you. Will you be my friend whatever happens?—Even if I should be a coward after all?"

"Indeed I will, Charley.—What do you think Forest will do next?"

We resolved not to go down until we were sent for; and then to be perfectly quiet, not speaking to any one unless we were spoken to; and at dinner we carried out our resolution.

When bedtime came, we went as usual to make our bow to Mr. Forest.

"Cumbermede," he said sternly, "you sleep in No. 5 until further orders."

"Very well, sir," I said, and went, but lingered long enough to hear the fate of Charley.

"Home," said Mr. Forest, "you go to No. 3."

That was our room.

"Home," I said, having lingered on the stairs until he appeared, "you don't bear me a grudge, do you?"

"It was my fault," said Home. "I had no right to pitch into you. Only you're such a cool beggar! But by Jove I didn't think Forest would have been so unfair. If you forgive me, I'll forgive you."

"If I hadn't stood up to you, I couldn't," I returned. "I knew I hadn't a chance. Besides, I hadn't any breakfast."

"I was a brute," said Home.

"Oh I don't mind for myself; but there's Osborne! I wonder you could hit *him*."

"He shouldn't have jawed me," said Home.

"But you did first."

We had reached the door of the room which had been Home's and was now to be mine, and went in together.

"Didn't you now?" I insisted.

"Well I did; I confess I did. And it was very plucky of him."

"Tell him that, Home," I said. "For God's sake tell him that. It will comfort him. You must be kind to him, Home. We're not so bad as Forest takes us for."

"I will," said Home.

And he kept his word.

We were never allowed to share the same room again, and school was not what it had been to either of us.

Within a few weeks, Charley's father, to our common dismay, suddenly appeared, and the next morning took him away. What he said to Charley I do not know. He did not take the least notice of me, and I believe would have prevented Charley from saying good-bye to me. But just as they were going, Charley left his father's side, and came up to me with a flush on his face and a flash in his eye that made him look more manly and handsome than I had ever seen him, and shook hands with me, saying—

"It's all right—isn't it, Wilfrid?"

"It *is* all right, Charley, come what will," I answered.

"Good-bye then, Wilfrid."

"Good-bye, Charley."

And so we parted.

I do not care to say one word more about the school. I continued there for another year and a half. Partly in misery, partly in growing eagerness after knowledge, I gave myself to my studies with more diligence. Mr. Forest began to be pleased with me, and I have no doubt plumed himself on the vigorous measures by which he had nipped the bud of my infidelity. For my part I drew no nearer to him, for I could not respect or trust him after his injustice. I did my work for its own sake, uninfluenced by any desire to please him. There was in fact no true relation between us any more.

I communicated nothing of what had happened to my uncle, because Mr. Forest's custom was to read every letter before it left the house. But I longed for the day when I could tell the whole story to the great, simple-hearted man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONLY A LINK.

BEFORE my return to England, I found that familiarity with the sights and sounds of a more magnificent nature had removed my past life to a great distance. What had interested my childhood had strangely dwindled, yet gathered a new interest from its far-off and forsaken look. So much did my past wear to me now the look of something read in a story, that I am haunted with a doubt whether I may not have communicated too much of this appearance to my description of it, although I have kept as true as my recollections would enable me. The outlines must be correct; if the coloring be unreal, it is because of the haze which hangs about the memories of the time.

The revisiting of old scenes is like walking into a mausoleum. Everything is a monument of something dead and gone. For we die daily. Happy those who daily come to life as well!

I returned with a clear conscience, for not only had I as yet escaped corruption, but for the greater part of the time at least I had worked well. If Mr. Forest's letter, which I carried to my uncle, contained any hint intended to my disadvantage, it certainly fell dead on his mind; for he treated me with a consideration and respect which at once charmed and humbled me.

I fully expected that now at least he would tell me the history of the watch and the sword; but even yet I was disappointed. But I doubt whether, indeed, he could have given me any particulars. One day, as we were walking together over the fields, I told him the whole story of the loss of the weapon at Moldwarp Hall. Up to the time of my leaving for Switzerland I had shrunk from any reference to the subject, so painful was it to me, and so convinced was I that his sympathy would be confined to a compassionate smile and a few words of condolence. But glancing at his face now and then as I told the tale, I discovered more of interest in the play of his features than I had expected; and when he learned that it was absolutely gone from me, his face flushed with what seemed anger. For some moments after I had finished, he was silent. At length he said,

"It is a strange story, Wilfrid, my boy. There must be some explanation of it, however."

He then questioned me about Mr. Close, for suspicion pointed in his direction. I was in great hopes he would follow my narrative with what he knew of the sword, but he was still silent, and I could not question him, for I had long suspected that its history had to do with the secret which he wanted me to keep from myself.

The very day of my arrival, I went up to my grandmother's room, which I found just as she had left it. There stood her easy-chair, there her bed, there the old bureau. The room looked far less mysterious now that she was not there; but it looked painfully deserted. One thing alone was still as it were enveloped in its ancient atmosphere—the bureau. I tried to open it—with some trembling, I confess; but only the drawers below were unlocked, and in them I found nothing but garments of old-fashioned stuffs, which I dared not touch.

But the day of childish romance was over,

and life itself was too strong and fresh to allow me to brood on the past for more than an occasional half-hour. My thoughts were full of Oxford, whither my uncle had resolved I should go; and I worked hard in preparation.

"I have not much money to spare, my boy," he said, "but I have insured my life for a sum sufficient to provide for your aunt, if she should survive me; and after her death it will come to you. Of course, the old house and the park, which have been in the family for more years than I can tell, will be yours at my death. A good part of the farm was once ours too, but not for these many years. I could not recommend you to keep on the farm; but I confess I should be sorry if you were to part with our own little place, although I do not doubt you might get a good sum for it from Sir Giles, to whose park it would be a desirable addition. I believe, at one time, the refusal to part with our poor little vineyard of Naboth was cause of great offence, even of open feud between the great family at the Hall and the yeomen who were your ancestors; but poor men may be as unwilling as rich to break one strand of the cord that binds them to the past. But, of course, when you come into the property, you will do as you see fit with your own."

"You don't think, uncle, I would sell this house, or the field it stands in, for all the Moldwarp estate? I, too, have my share of pride in the family, although as yet I know nothing of its history."

"Surely, Wilfrid, the feeling for one's own people who have gone before, is not necessarily pride!"

"It doesn't much matter what you call it, uncle."

"Yes, it does, my boy. Either you call it by the right name or by the wrong name. If your feeling *is* pride, then I am not objecting to the name, but the thing. If your feeling is not pride, why call a good thing by a bad name? But to return to our subject: my hope is, that if I give you a good education, you will make your own way. You might, you know, let the park, as we call it, for a term of years."

"I shouldn't mind letting the park," I answered, "for a little while; but nothing should ever make me let the dear old house. What should I do, if I wanted it to die in?"

The old man smiled, evidently not ill-pleased. "What do you say to the bar?" he asked.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"Would you prefer the church?" he asked, eying me a little doubtfully.

"No, certainly, uncle," I answered. "I should want to be surer of a good many things before I dared teach them to other people."

"I am glad of that, my boy. The fear did cross my mind for a moment, that you might be inclined to take to the church as a profession, which seems to me the worst kind of infidelity. A thousand times rather would I have you doubtful about what is to me the highest truth, than regarding it with the indifference of those who see in it only the prospect of a social position and livelihood. Have you any plan of your own?"

"I have heard," I answered, circuitously, "that many barristers have to support themselves by literary work for years before their own profession begin to show them favor. I should prefer going in for the writing at once."

"It must be a hard struggle either way," he replied; "but I should not leave you without something to fall back upon. Tell me what makes you think you could be an author."

"I am afraid it is presumptuous," I answered, "but as often as I think of what I am to do, that is the first thing that occurs to me. I suppose," I added, laughing, "that the favor with which my schoolfellows at Mr. Elder's used to receive my stories, is to blame for it. I used to tell them by the hour together."

"Well," said my uncle, "that proves at least that if you had anything to say, you might be able to say it; but I am afraid it proves nothing more."

"Nothing more, I admit. I only mentioned it to account for the notion."

"I quite understand you, my boy. Meantime, the best thing in any case will be Oxford. I will do what I can to make it an easier life for you than I found it."

Having heard nothing of Charley Osborne since he left Mr. Forest's, I went one day, very soon after my return, to call on Mr. Elder, partly in the hope of learning something about him. I found Mrs. Elder unchanged, but could not help fancying a difference in Mr. Elder's behavior, which, after finding I could draw nothing from him concerning Charley, I attributed to Mr. Osborne's evil report, and returned foiled and vexed. I told my uncle, with some circumstance, the whole story; explaining how, although unable to combat the doubts which occasioned Charley's unhappiness, I had yet always hung to the side of believing.

"You did right to do no more, my boy," said my uncle; "and it is clear you have been misunderstood—and ill-used besides. But every wrong will be set right some day."

My aunt showed me now far more consideration—I do not say—than she had *felt* before. A curious kind of respect mingled with her kindness, which seemed a slighter form of the observance with which she constantly regarded my uncle.

My study was pretty hard and continuous. I had no tutor to direct me or take any of the responsibility off me.

I walked to the Hall one morning, to see Mrs. Wilson. She was kind, but more stiff even than before. From her I learned two things of interest. The first, which beyond measure delighted me, was, that Charley was at Oxford—had been there for a year. The second was that Clara was at school in London. Mrs. Wilson shut her mouth very primly after answering my question concerning her; and I went no further in that direction. I took no trouble to ask her concerning the relationship of which Mr. Coningham had spoken. I knew already from my uncle that it was a fact, but Mrs. Wilson did not behave in such a manner as to render me inclined to broach the subject. If she wished it to remain a secret from me, she should be allowed to imagine it such.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

PROFESSIONAL MORALS.

No man has a right to practice his profession in such a way as to encourage personal vice in those whom he serves, or wrong-doing towards individuals and the community. This is a very simple proposition, to which no respectable man in any profession will presume to make objection. If there ever lived a professional villain of whom a professional vilifier could say: "This is he who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal," he could only be saved from universal execration by a natural doubt of the justice of the sarcasm and the candor of its author. Theoretically, there are no differences among decent men on this subject, when it is placed before the mind in this way. It is one of those simple, self-evident propositions, about which no man would think of arguing for an instant. Up to the bar of this proposition one can bring every act of his professional life, and decide for himself whether it be legitimate and morally good. We repeat it,—*No man has a right to practice his profession in such a way as to encourage personal vice in those whom he serves, or wrong-doing towards individuals and the community.*

The great cities are full of men who have achieved remarkable skill in the treatment of a certain class of diseases, and other dangerous or inconvenient consequences of a bestial social vice. No matter how often their patients may approach them, or how vile they may be, or how successfully they may scheme against the peace and purity of society, or what form the consequences of their sin may assume, these professional men take their fee, and do what they can to shield the sinners from the effect of their crimes. Whatever they may be able to do professionally to make it safe for men and women to trample upon the laws of social purity, they do and constantly stand ready to do. Yet these men have a defense of themselves which enables them to hold their heads up. They are physicians. It is their business to treat disease in whatever form it may present itself. It would be impertinent in them to inquire into the life of those who come to them for advice. They are not the keepers of other men's consciences. They are men of science and not of morals. It is their business to cure disease by the speediest and best methods they know, and not to inquire into character, or be curious about the indirect results of their skill. Such would be their defense, or the line of their defense; yet, if it can be seen or shown that their professional life encourages vice in the community, by the constant shield which it offers against the consequences of vice, the defence amounts to nothing. If a debauchee or a sensualist of any sort finds impunity for his excesses in the professional skill of his physician, and relies upon that skill to shield him from the consequences of his

sin, be they what they may, his physician becomes the partner of his guilt for gold, and a professional pander to his appetites. He may find professional brethren to defend him, but before the unsophisticated moral sense of the world he will be a degraded man, and stand condemned.

There are such men in the world as professional pardoners of sin. There are men in priestly robes who, on the confession of a penitent, or one who assumes the position of a penitent, release him professionally from the consequences of his misdeeds. Unless history has lied, there have been men among these to whom the vicious have gone for shrift and pardon for a consideration, and received what they went for, on every occasion of overt crime when the voice of conscience in their superstitious souls would not be still, and who have retired from the confessional ready for more crimes, from whose spiritual consequences they have intended and expected to find relief in the same way. It is not necessary to charge such desecration of the priestly office upon any one. We have no reason to believe that in this country such things are common; but we know that priests are human, and that there have been bad and mercenary men among them. It is only necessary to suppose cases like this, to see that a priest may, in the exercise of his professional functions, become the partner of the criminal in his crimes, a friend and protector of vice, and a foe to the purity and good order of society. He can set up his professional defense, and find professional defenders, perhaps; but any child, capable of comprehending the question, will decide that he is degraded and disgraced.

What is true, or may be true, of these professions, is true of any profession. Nothing is more notorious than that there are lawyers who are public nuisances—who encourage litigation, who are universally relied upon by criminals for the defense of crime, and whose reputation and money have indeed been won by their ability to clear the guilty from the consequences of their wrong-doing. Between these low extremes of professional prostitution and the high ground occupied by the great mass of legal men, there are many points where self-interest, united with incomplete knowledge, is powerful to lead the best minds into doubtful ways, and engage them in the support of doubtful causes or the defense of doubtful men. It is freely admitted that the best lawyer may find questions of personal morality and professional propriety in his practice that are hard to settle, and that may conscientiously be settled incorrectly; but no lawyer needs to question whether it is right for him to strengthen the position of a notorious scamp, especially if that scamp is known to be a corrupter of the law by all the means in his power, and a wholesale plunderer of the people.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION AND THE PRESS.

A VERY significant movement relating to the temperance question has been inaugurated in Massachusetts, recently. Its special suggestiveness resides in the fact that it originates with the friends of the Maine law, and is a tacit acknowledgment of the incompetency of that law to fulfill the purpose for which it was designed. It is now determined to bring to the aid of that law the old temperance machinery, so long thrown into disuse by the expectation that the law would take its place, and perfect the reform it had begun. We greet the restoration of this machinery as a good movement; but, while we give it our hearty approval, we cannot fail to remember that it was found incompetent of itself to achieve the result at which it aimed. Whether it will succeed better as an auxiliary to the law, remains to be seen. That it will help somewhat, we cannot doubt; but the truth is that all these spasmodic and semi-professional efforts at reform—these bands, and brotherhoods, and pledges, and organizations, and appeals—have proved themselves to be of very little permanent usefulness. After the people had been educated by them, or had been under their influence for many years, they relapsed fearfully the moment these means were dropped, and it was undertaken to enforce a law whose efficiency would depend upon the public sentiment which they had developed. After those who had taken the reform into their hands had conscientiously and thoroughly worked their scheme for many years, they found, to their dismay, that not enough of temperance sentiment had been developed to sustain for a day, in efficient practical operation, the law which was to render all further moral efforts unnecessary.

In our judgment, we must have in this country something more and better than Maine laws, and something more and better than temperance organizations and the stereotyped machinery of temperance movements. Neither this law nor this machinery, separately or in combination, has proved itself sufficient to effect the desired reform. We believe, however, that the reform is possible, that the agent to effect it exists, and that that agent has already a foothold in every intelligent house in the land. We have no question that the press of America, fully discharging its duty as a censor, enlightener, and educator of the people, can do more to make the nation temperate in five years than all the temperance laws, lectures, and organizations have been able to effect in twenty-five years. Is it not true, to-day, that not one newspaper in twenty-five, the country through, manifests a positive interest in the temperance question and persistently casts its influence against the use of intoxicating drinks? Is it not true that there is no question of public morals toward which the general American press is so uniformly indifferent, and in regard to which it assumes so little responsibility as this?

There is a good reason for this fact somewhere—a sufficient one, at least, or it would not exist. It is not because the editorial fraternity are without convictions on the subject, that they say nothing about it. It is not because they are tipplers themselves, or because they lack opportunity of acquaintance with the sad results of intemperance. It is mainly because they have

consented to regard the question as practically taken out of their hands. Unless they have manifested entire willingness to become the organs and tools of the temperance organizations of the country,—to say their words, push their schemes, and advocate their measures,—without question or discrimination, those organizations have chosen to regard them as enemies of the temperance cause. It would be impossible for any set of men to manifest greater bigotry and intolerance towards all who have seen fit to differ with them on moral and legal measures than have characterized those zealous and thoroughly well-meaning reformers who, through various organizations, have assumed the custody and management of this question. Editors who have undertaken to discuss the question independently—as they are in the habit of discussing all public questions —have been snubbed and maligned until they have dropped it in disgust, and turned the whole matter over to those who have doubted or denounced them. Editors have not been alone in this surrender. It is notorious that more than one legislature, in more than one State, has passed laws for the suppression of intemperance that it had no faith in whatever, because the self-appointed champions of the temperance reform demanded them, and would have nothing else. It has not been safe for legislators to oppose the schemes of these men—safe for their reputation for sobriety. It has been assumed and declared that all men who were not with them, in whatever movement they chose to institute, were friends of free rum and the upholders of vice and crime. So legislators have given them their own imperious way, and washed their hands of responsibility by the consideration that temperance men had "got what they wanted."

The time for a new departure is come. It is punctuated by the shifting and uncertain movements of those who have "had their own way" for many years, and who find themselves as far from the goal at which they aimed as they were when they started. The press, independently, must take this question in hand, and educate the people to temperance. The truth is that there is not a country on the face of the earth where stimulants are needed so little, and where they are capable of producing so much mischief, as in our own. Our sparkling, sunny atmosphere, and the myriad incentives to hope and enterprise in our circumstances, are stimulants of God's own appointment for the American people. This pouring down of intoxicating liquors is ten thousand times worse than waste—it is essential sacrilege. This straining of the nerves, this heating of the blood, this stimulation or stupefaction of the mind, this imposition of cruel burdens upon the digestive organs, is a foul wrong upon Nature. Tens of thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year to this Moloch of strong drink. The crime, the beggary, the disgrace, the sorrow, the disappointment, the disaster, the sickness, the death that have flowed in one uninterrupted stream from the bottle and the barrel, throughout the length of the land, are enough to make all thinking and manly men curse their source and swear eternal enmity to it. The American people need to have it proved to them that under no circumstances are the various forms of intoxicating drink good for them. They are not yet convinced of this, although they know, of course, that the abuse of drink brings all the evils that can be imagined. Every juvenile periodical, every newspaper, every magazine, every review, owes it to the country to teach this fact persistently. There has been something in the way in which the temperance reform has been pursued which has brought upon it the stigma of fanaticism. That stigma ought to be obliterated—so thoroughly obliterated, that the man who weakly yields to a degrading appetite, or wantonly courts such an appetite, and the danger and disgrace it brings, shall feel that he bears a stigma which marks his degradation among a generation of clean and healthy men. In short, temperance must be made not only respectable, but fashionable. The wine-bibber and the beer-drinker, as well as those of stronger stomachs and coarser tastes, must be made to feel that they are socially disgraced by their habits. In the family, in the school, everywhere, by all the ordinary means of approach to young and plastic minds, the virtue of temperance should be inculcated. It is fashionable for the young to drink wine to-day. It must not be to-morrow; and in order that it may not be, the accepted leaders of public opinion must tell the people the truth, and enforce upon the people the obligations of duty. That world of high life which sends down its powerful influence upon all the life beneath it never was influenced by professional temperance reformers, or by temperance organizations, and is not likely to be. The clergymen it listens to, the papers, and magazines, and books it reads, and the social authorities it respects, must inculcate temperance until it shall be a shame to place a wine-bottle before a friend.

O Heaven! for one generation of clean and unpolluted men!—men whose veins are not fed with fire; men fit to be the companions of pure women; men worthy to be the fathers of children; men who do not stumble upon the rock of apoplexy at mid-age, or go blindly groping and staggering down into a drunkard's grave, but who can sit and look upon the faces of their grandchildren with eyes undimmed, and hearts uncankered. Such a generation as this is possible in America; and to produce such a generation as this, the persistent, conscientious work of the public press is entirely competent, as an instrumentality. *The press can do what it will;* and if it will faithfully do its duty, Maine laws will come to be things unthought of, and temperance reformers and temperance organizations will become extinct.

THE SAN DOMINGO QUESTION.

We suppose that the readers of newspapers have already perceived that an immense amount of personal and political feeling is involved in the discussion of the project for the annexation of San Domingo. It is a pity that such feeling should exist; for the question is

too large and too important to be trifled with—too momentous in its bearings and results to permit any but pure and patriotic motives to guide us in its settlement. Notwithstanding the savage onslaught made upon the President's project in Congress, and by portions of the press, we have seen no reason for revising our expressed opinions; and we still believe, not only that San Domingo will be annexed, but that the wisdom and patriotic purity of the President, in all his relations to the subject, will be thoroughly vindicated. The first installments of news from the interviews of the Commission with Baez and the people tend to confirm us in our belief.

There are in San Domingo one hundred and fifty thousand people in occupation of territory capable of supporting many millions. They are poorly organized, poorly governed, constantly harassed. They seem to be good-natured and easily controlled. They want peace, protection, and the prosperity which they plainly perceive peace and protection only can give them. They seek our protection for their country, and the absorption of themselves into our higher civilization. Now the questions growing out of the attitude of this little people concern the settlement and civilization of a great realm. The grand question which statesmanship and philanthropy will see among them all, is, whether there shall be in occupation of San Domingo, in half a century from this time, only the poor descendants of the present inhabitants in diminished numbers, or whether the island shall be teeming with an enterprising and intelligent people, with railroads and telegraphs, churches and schools, and all the appointments of an advanced Christian civilization. Gen. Grant and Mr. Sumner will soon pass away. Their opinions and feelings are not of the slightest importance in this question any further than they may assist in settling it correctly. Happily the American people are in the habit of looking into public questions for themselves, and, without taking sides upon this one, they are waiting for the report of the Commissioners before making up their minds. Upon the report of these Commissioners—in whose competency and candor they have entire faith—they will rely for facts; and if these facts sustain the President's assertions and views, there is no politician with will strong enough or influence great enough to prevent the absorption of the beautiful island by the Great Republic.

THE OLD CABINET.

And so you read that "first letter of the new year," written at the Old Cabinet, and you do not think it is altogether fair or generous to assume that old friendships lose their force because, forsooth, *we* have been lifted above the level of our first loves, because "we have grown and they have not?"

Did we say that this was the only good reason for estrangements? Nay, verily. It is not the only; but it is one. And when we consider the average stuff of which youthful friendships are fashioned, when we consider how much chance and circumstance have to do with it, perhaps it is safe to say that, as a rule, it is an unfavorable sign for us if the original circle is not narrowed down by the process indicated, as we come to years of maturity and to a better understanding of ourselves. We all know what it is—the melancholy, the vague regret as one friend after another passes forever beyond the portal of the intimate heart sanctum. It is one of the saddest things in life—sad when it comes to us slowly in a sense of insufficiency, sadder still when some act of theirs suddenly tears aside the veil, showing them other than we dreamed.

Nevertheless, it is true that friends may find themselves separate from the very necessities of their growth. They have come, to be sure, to the dividing of ways; but the sundered paths both lead toward the mountain-top. Poor Clough felt this when he wrote those mournful, resonant verses ("Qua Cursum Ventus"), which have been a solace to so many.

Let us be sure of another thing also, that for every bereavement there is a recompense. Do not new friends enter in with royal welcome?

"I think when I behold
Full Heaven, I shall not say, 'Why was this never told?'
But, 'Ah! this is not new. From first I saw this bliss.'"

But chiefest recompense of all is the friend found long ago. The friendship that began in the morning of our lives, and waxes brighter and brighter unto the perfect day,—the friendship that breaks upon us with constant new revelations of beauty and perfect grace,—wherein there is no disappointment or regret, or anything that can mar,—that deepens and widens with our deepening, widening lives, is full of comfort and inspiration, and crowned with all heavenly benedictions. There is no language that can tell it. We can only bow our heads and thank the Father.

It was at our quiet country supper-table—after a busy day in the city:

"Theodosia!"

"Well."

"I have an idea."

"Indeed!" (with surprise),—"present it."

"I am going to abandon this literary drudgery. I am going to become distinguished and wealthy. I am going to throw down the Pen, and take up the Rostrum!"

"The Rostrum! Explain yourself."

"I mean that I have made up my mind to go into the lecture field."

"You! Why you never made a speech in your life; you are quite insignificant as a Reformer; you are on the unpopular side of the Goose question; can't walk more than five miles a day without getting weak

in the legs, nor lift a barrel of flour with your teeth; you never wrote a poem or killed anybody in all your born days. What nonsense!"

"Theodosia," we replied, with that ease of manner which accompanies the consciousness of superior wisdom, "I don't like to call you an ignoramus, but it is painfully evident that you haven't the first idea of the present requirements of the lyceum platform, nor of the modern modes and appliances for winning success as a lecturer. Just let me read you the advertisement of the lecture to be given in the Town Hall this very night:—

"'*The Most Fascinating Lecturess of the Times.*'

THE SIXTH LECTURE

In the course of the Demosthenian Phalanx, will take place at the Town Hall, on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 32d inst.

SUBJECT.—*Where, O where has my little dog gone?*

The Committee of the D. P. have the pleasure of announcing that they have succeeded in securing the services of the gifted

MISS K. BELLONA BELLADONNA,

for the sixth lecture in their very popular course, this being the ONLY appearance of Miss B. in our midst during the present winter. Miss Belladonna has deservedly won for herself the proud title of the

PET OF THE PROSCENIUM,

and her appearance has everywhere been hailed with the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm. We present below a few of the many flattering

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.

"Miss B. was tastefully and modestly attired in a gorgeous lavender-colored silk, trimmed with point d'Alençon, green silk over-skirt, with primrose satin demi-train, caught up at the sides with pink rose-buds, simulating the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Her coiffure was simple and appropriate, consisting merely of puffs à la Pompadour, mignon braids, and curls à l'Impératrice. The lecture was a great success.—*Little Peddlington Gazette.*

"Her eyes are of a delicate hazel; her nose has something of the dreamy languor of Southern Italy; while her lips, curved and coral-colored, give a grace to the current matter of the evening. Her chin is delicately moulded—firm without being masculine; reminding one of the finer chiselings of Phydias. This lady has improved marvelously since her début four years ago. Her eyebrows are darker and her tresses more luxuriant. We wish her a long and brilliant career.—*Petersboro Puddler.*

"Miss B. is the tallest lady lecturer we have. But so exquisitely proportioned is she that the audience, in its moments of coldest criticism, would not suspect her of being over five feet three. If we have any fault to find, it is that her shoulders are too drooping to suit the austere requirements of our intelligent Bricksburgh audiences.—*Bricksburgh Banner.*"

"There," said we triumphantly to Theodosia, "Miss B. is to-day one of the most popular lecturers in the United States. As I passed Jingle's, on my way up from the cars, I saw a cue of ticket-buyers stretching from his counter out across the sidewalk and twice around the lamp-post. The Town Hall will be crowded.

"Now, Theodosia, don't misunderstand me. You know I am not what you would call a vain man; I understand my limitations (Mrs. Howe's word, you know); but I don't profess to be blind to the fact that with a little help from the tailor and barber (not to mention penciling or the Bloom of Youth) and a judicious arrangement of stage-lights, I would be what almost any unprejudiced observer would call rather a presentable fellow. At any rate, I'm going to try it. It's easy enough, you know, to write the 'Notices of the Press' yourself, and 'credit' them with discrimination. It strikes me that something like this would draw:—

"Mr. Q., in appearance, is all that could be desired. Fine, flashing blue eyes; complexion a delirious compound of olive and vermilion; an eagle nose; a *tout ensemble* at once gracious and dignified.—*Jericho Jewsharp.*

"Mr. Q. was faultlessly attired in a perfect-fitting blue swallowtail coat, pearl-color pants, and low-cut vest. His snowy shirt was adorned with embroidery and fastened with pink coral studs. His delicate foot was encased in patent leather, while his pale lemon kids came in with splendid effect in the eloquent peroration.—*Skinnyattilus Skimmer.*

"We had heard much of Mr. Q.'s moustache—but were not prepared to be so entirely carried away. For elegant atmosphere of rigidity and repose, tint of tasseled corn, and singular depth and *insouciance*, we are free to say this feature has never been equaled on the Frogswallow platform.—*Frogswallow Frying-pan.*

"Mr. Q. possesses the advantage of uniting in his own person the best points of all the prominent lecturers of the day. A forehead like Beecher, a nose like Bayard Taylor, an eye like Emerson, a chin like Phillips, and a hand like Greeley—added to the twinkle of a Twain and the dander of a Dickenson; these altogether present a combination of charms calculated to secure the breathless attention of our most cultivated audiences.—*The Brooklyn Boomerang.*"

SERIOUSLY, and sadly—who is to blame for the manner in which some of our women lecturers are brought before the public? In the town where Miss K. Bellona Belladonna is holding forth to-night—the sin, we are assured, is to be laid at the door of the Lecture Committee of the Demosthenian Phalanx. We are well acquainted with the chairman of that com-

mittee. He is a Christian and a gentleman—at least he would take it very hard if any one should deny him the attributes of either. He is known as the most successful chairman of the most successful lecture committee the Phalanx ever had. He has won not a little local celebrity in the rôle of "course manager;" and he is, moreover, an exceedingly clever fellow. We know that in his annual reports he has alluded, with entire sincerity and becoming modesty, to the good work which is being done by the public lectures of the Phalanx, "in disseminating the truths of science, cultivating the taste, and uplifting the moral standard of the community."

And yet—and yet, if we were a woman, and a sister of the chairman of the Phalanx lecture committee—we would hide the scarlet of our cheeks in the china-cupboard there.

How well we remember that morning of the Dickens' Reading! We suppose we must have been wild—in a subdued sort of way—with enthusiastic expectation. Nearly every one else had seen and heard "Boz"—our friend F. had been the very night before—and now it was to be our turn. If we had been as young as once we were, we should have gone around turning chairs upside down, and by similar idiotic proceedings given evidence of the tumult within. As it was, we were merely a little nervous.

The morning was half over when F. dropped in. 'Yes, he had seen Dickens;—the whole thing was a humbug—had to knock his feet against the legs of the chair to keep awake—there was a sigh of relief all over the house when he stopped reading—and if every one were as honest as he they would tell the same story." We cannot even now recall without a shudder the feeling of chilliness, the melancholy depression of spirits that came over us upon this announcement. An unexpected shower-bath would have been nothing in comparison. It need not be told how, at the touch of the magician, our spirits came again; nor how forever memorable is that wonderful night with the real David Copperfield, and Peggotty, and the Micawbers,—that night of the storm and the wreck, when we saw Steerforth's body lying there with his head upon his arm, as he used to lie at school.

A fudge for the doubters! We wouldn't give a fig for a man who has no enthusiasms.

Blessed, too, be hobbies! They are among the best educators any soul can have.

The sooner a boy mounts a hobby, the better it is for him. No matter if it kick up its heels some day, and land him in the mud. He will be more careful in selecting his animal next time. A boy is no boy who hasn't his hero. Let him make mistakes. Let his heroes "turn to clay"—as some of them will—he can find others of better stuff. It is like falling in love two or three times at an early age,—there is no discipline like it.

THE falling snow filled "the upper and lower air," and rested on house and tree and street like a great white pall. Now and then a bit of sky flitted overhead; but it was only a duller white—cold, and leaden, and severe. A strange silence fell upon the city. Yet with all the unutterable sadness of it, there was a grace, and a tenderness, a sense of benediction, a consciousness of protection,—a sombre gleam everywhere which told of the warm, serene sun burning steadfast far above.

We think that none who came that week-day morning out of the church on Mercer street and watched the hearse with its precious freight moving away through the storm, but felt that of all the days in the year this day was the fittest in which to bear Alice Cary to her rest: this day so strangely like one of her own poems—and chiefly like that noblest one of all, the poem of her life—with its doubt, and shadow of suffering; its gentle grace, its charity and helpfulness, its inmost heart of hope.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

LACE.

As an adjunct to the toilette, lace ranks next after gems in beauty and costliness. More perishable, but hardly less precious, its delicate webs, though laid aside now and then in favor of some momentary novelty, preserve their value from age to age, and are handed down from grandam to great-granddaughter, priceless heirlooms, to be treasured, watched, and guarded.

Never out of fashion, lace has its times of being *the* fashion, of which to-day we are witnessing an example. Whether by reason of menaced lace-shops and conscripted workmen in late luxurious France, we cannot tell; certain it is, society has taken alarm, and with outstretched hands is demanding lace—for trimming, for head-dresses, to flounce, to drape, to frill. Bright eyes are peering into and fair fingers carefully opening long-locked drawers, wherein, embalmed in old-time scents, sandal-wood, lavender, or *pot pourri*, repose the treasures of a past generation. The Mechlin square that topped the powdered rolls of some beauty of the Revolution, surmounts with equal grace the *chignon crêpé* of 1871. Veils, turbans, what not, are brought into play. "Lace is lace," according to the dictum of Mrs. Grundy; applicable almost anyhow and anywhere, and bearing with it through all circumstances an air of elegance and high-breeding.

The costliest laces are the preferred. Point d'Alençon, whose every mesh is worth a golden coin; Chantilly, Brussels, Mechlin, Valenciennes, mock the longing gaze in shop-windows with unattainable beauty. Cluny and Honiton, on the contrary, are in eclipse, and we pass the counters where their dainty

frostwork lies regardless and untempted. One of these days a royal hand will again be stretched out, as was Queen Victoria's of yore, and Devonshire valleys be filled anew with happy industry. Meantime the tide of fashion has ebbed to burst in splendor on further shores.

We have less disposition to quarrel with the pretty extravagance, for the poetry and the refinement which belong to it. Rare and delicate laces are works of art, nor breathes there the woman with soul so dead as not to sigh for them. And as to costliness, the permanence of its value makes it on the whole a less expensive trimming than others whose price at the outset is not a tithe so much. Improvident souls, failing to recognize this, go on season after season spending small fortunes on satin, gimp, velvet, and *passementerie*, which perish with the using; and season after season find themselves bereft and shabby, at the mercy of some newer and more popular fancy. But she who, with far-sighted prudence, has hoarded a valuable trimming of lace, is mistress of the situation. Good for a lifetime if carefully worn, appropriate and transferable to twenty different dresses, never out of fashion, always esteemed; it is an investment for a century, and, handed down to children's children, remains for evermore a glory to the Smiths who possess it, and the despairing envy of the Browns, whose remote and misguided ancestress decried its price and spent her money on bugles and quilled satin.

PARLOR GAMES.

ALTHOUGH the calendar tells of spring, and the days are perceptibly longer, the beating snow on our window-panes speaks loudly of winter, and furs and crackling fires are as much in order as ever. Still night follows hastily on the heels of day, blinding the world with his dusky cloak; still the boys and girls, driven in early by the darkness, cluster about the hearth with lesson and needle, or, weary of both, yawn loudly and demand to be amused.

"What shall we do, mother, what shall we play?" perplexing question oftimes to poor mother, who has no frisk left in her, and wonders why the children can't be content to sit still as older people do. Dear madam, they can't! You might as well ask your cider-barrel to stop working. Their legs and arms are all a-twitch with the insatiable fermentation of their age; their brains are electric with growth. Let them have their fun now at the proper season, and they won't be half so likely to take it bye and bye at the wrong.

Let them act charades, get up tableaux, dance about, "dress up." Never mind if it does pull the room to pieces; or, if the comfort of an invalid or busy person is invaded by the noise, let them play games, of which there are plenty neither boisterous nor difficult. They will enjoy them all the more if you will lay down your work for a while and take a part with them.

There is "piano kaleidoscope," for instance, which will keep a group of little ones enchanted and happy for a whole evening. The lid of the piano is raised and folded over so as to form, with the help of the piano cover, a long, triangular passage. The children stand at one end of this peeping in; the other is brightly lit by a gas branch or a couple of candles, and Mother holds up at the opening a series of gay objects, such as flowers, lamp-mats, bead-baskets, which, triply reflected in the polished wood, make a series of beautiful effects, like those of a kaleidoscope.

Or there is the "Game of Statues." Everybody is a statue, excepting two who enact a showman and a would-be purchaser. The showman must be the "funny one" of the family. He describes the statues, turns them round, gives the prices, indicates their best points, regrets that this one's nose was a little injured in packing, and that one got dirty on the voyage and hasn't had its face washed yet; the statues meantime standing perfectly still, with immovable faces. Any one who moves or laughs is punished by a forfeit.

"Menagerie" is another nice game, especially if there happens to be a family gathering or a little party. The older people arrange themselves as audience, one person acts showman, the rest are put out of the room and enter one by one. The showman states that he has the finest collection of beasts ever seen; brought together at vast expense from every quarter of the globe; and including every animal that went into Noah's ark. What would the gentleman (or lady) like to see? The visitor is pretty sure to choose some out-of-the-way creature like a crocodile or gorilla in hopes of posing the showman, who prolongs the conversation a little, and manages to extract a sketch of the animal and his ways. After which he draws aside the curtain, behind which a looking-glass is hidden, and Tom, who has demanded the "chimpanzee—a troublesome creature, always in mischief, a dreadful glutton; nails—of course they're dirty—*he* never cleans them," —sees his own face! And Flora, who has asked for the porcupine, as a "cross, sulky creature, good for nothing but to make pincushions," is scandalized by a similar reflection! Well managed, this game can be made very amusing.

"Musical fright" is noisier. A row of chairs—one less in number than the persons playing—is ranged down the middle of the room. Some one plays the piano, while the children dance in a circle. Suddenly the music stops and the players run for the chairs. One person of course fails to secure any, and is counted out of the game. After each turn a chair is withdrawn till only one chair and two players are left; the one who gets that is declared winner.

"Russian scandal" is played in this wise: One person takes another out of the room and tells him a story. Player No. 2 calls out No. 3 and repeats the same story. No. 3 tells No. 4, and so on till all have heard it, when the last told rehearses the story aloud to all the others, the version being generally widely different from the original, each person having unconsciously added and left out something.

In "Black Art" there must always be two confederates who know the secret. One goes out of the room while the rest choose some object to be guessed. The person out then re-enters and is asked: "Is it this?" "Is it that?" till finally the right article is named, and immediately to the surprise of all he answers "yes." The apparent witchcraft lies in the fact that confederate No. 2 names first some *black* object and then the thing chosen.

"Charade."—Three or four persons in the secret go into a room by themselves. The rest of the company enter one by one. The word of the charade is "Mimic." No one speaks, but everything done by the new-comer the rest imitate exactly till he guesses the word; after which he takes his place among the actors, and the next comes in.

"The Reviewers."—This is a game for older boys and girls. Each is furnished with pencil and paper, and begins by writing the name of an imaginary book on the top line, folding it once, and passing it to the next player, who adds a second name and an "or," and hands it on. Each then write the author's name, a motto, an "opinion of the press," and a second "opinion of the press." The papers are then opened and read—the contents running something in this wise:—

Dilly Ducker;
or,
The Fiend of the Hills.
By
Penelope Perry.
Motto:
"I heard a little lamb cry, 'Baa!'"

"Sweet—soothing—satisfactory."—*Home Register.*

"A book calklated to make the American eagle screech proudly and flap his wings."—*Kennebunk Argus.*

"Word and question" is also played with pencil and paper. Each player writes a word and a question on two different slips of paper, folds them, and lays them in two baskets provided for the purpose. They are then distributed hap-hazard, and every person writes a rhyming answer to the question he draws, in which the word is introduced. This game gives great opportunity for clever young people to show their cleverness. We conclude with a list of amusing forfeits:—

The forfeit-payer asks everybody in the room to do her a favor.
She must answer three questions without smiling.
His eyes are bandaged, and he guesses who feeds him with spoonfuls of water.
To put your sister or friend "through the key-hole." (This is done by writing the names on paper and passing them through.)
Answer "no" to twenty questions.
Walk round the room and kiss your own shadow without laughing.
Two persons from opposite sides of the room are to meet and shake hands blindfold.
To imitate a donkey to the best of your powers.
To be put up to auction and bid for. When the forfeit-holder thinks the price sufficient, he restores the forfeit.
Answer five questions without saying "yes" or "no."

STRIKING SEEDS IN THE HOUSE.

COLD as it is, true garden-lovers, impatient as lovers always are, will begin about this time to anticipate spring weather by sowing seeds in pots and boxes for early planting. Pansies, zinnias, asters, balsams, phlox, started thus come into bloom a fortnight or three weeks sooner than they otherwise would, and it is a far safer method of treating rare and delicate seeds than sowing in the open air.

The earth for this indoor culture must be light and friable. Sprinkle the seeds over the surface and smooth them in with the palm of your hand. Water moderately and set in a warm, sunny place, laying over the top of the flower-pot or box a pane of glass. The moisture thus confined (after the principle of the fern-case) coaxes the little germs rapidly forward, and the plants will have reached their second leaf and be ready for out-doors by the time that May has warmed her brown beds and begun to twinkle with beckoning fingers for all green things to come and make merry.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE heavy pall that for the past few months the war in Europe has cast over everything, has at last been partially raised, and the Germans, at least, seem about to resume their usual literary activity. The Christmas holidays exerted a fair share of influence in this regard, as a Christmas in the Fatherland is nothing without a flood of books for old and young.

The mania for profusely illustrated and gorgeously bound volumes had proceeded, indeed, so far, that candid people were beginning to be alarmed as to the utter worthlessness of the matter contained in many of these magnificent exteriors, in which the printer and the binder had performed well their tasks, but wherein the author had given little else than the most tedious and inappropriate, if not actually silly or pernicious matter, depending entirely on the external garb to allure the buyers, too many of whom were inclined to look at little else. But the most beautiful festival of the year came upon the Germans, this time, under peculiarly serious circumstances; millions of hearts and thousands of homes were too sad for anything frivolous, even in the form of Christmas gifts, and this was most clearly demonstrated in the character of the books adorning the publishers' counters and the Christmas tables. These, for all classes, were of a more serious and thoughtful character than they had been for many a festival past. An unusual number were devotional, and the widely-known *Hours of Devotion*, by Zschocke,

was issued in many and various editions, at an unusually low price.

In naming a few of the most important issues, we would allude especially to the cheap editions of all the classic or standard authors. Within a few years the publication of all of these, up to a certain date, has been thrown open to competition, and the result is a great rivalry among the publishing houses to supply the public with cheap or beautiful editions. Some of these are famous for their explanatory notes and critical introductions, as those of the Bibliographical Institute in Hildburghausen. Grote, in Berlin, is most celebrated for illustrated editions at a reasonable price; while Brockhaus, of Leipsic, is taking in the whole range of national German literature in the 18th and 19th centuries. All of these may be said to be marvels of accuracy, beauty, and cheapness, and they are virtually being scattered broadcast over the country during the last few years, and more than ever just now, under the impulse of the new birth of the Empire.

A charming work just published is *Rossmässler's Forest;* it is full of the warmest poetry and the deepest appreciation of Nature, and seems almost to enter the domain of the devotional. The charms of the forest, and the countless secrets of its marvelous life, are unveiled rather than depicted, and the wonderful results of modern investigation are given in a tone and spirit calculated to lead the reader to a consecrated study of Nature, as a relief from the stormy and cruel conflicts of man.

Another work of a most practical character for the wants of daily life, and intended to cheer and embellish it, bears the title of *Housekeepers' Lexicon*, and is dedicated to the women of Germany and their special duties and interests in the household. One volume gives "Philosophical Glances into Daily Life," another is "Counsellor in the Market," and there are three volumes devoted to treatises on the thousands of articles that ladies need to buy, giving in a most attractive style and instructive manner such a wealth of illustration and advice, and such a mass of information regarding the whole field of intelligent housekeeping in all its bearings, that one wonders where the author collected all his matter and experience. It is just the gift for the period to patient and economical housewives, and doubtless now more acceptable to them in their sorrow than the fashion journals of the day.

But we are also reminded of the wide influence that the principal one of these publications is hereafter to exert in Germany, by the New Year's address of the *Berlin Bazar* to its patrons. This great fashion journal of the world claims a circulation of a half-million of copies, and is issued in twelve different languages. It is emphatically a friend of all classes, as it consults the interests of all, rich and poor, high and low. It is no longer considered a luxury, but rather a necessity in German households, and represents all the interests of women in the line of beauty and economy of dress, endeavoring always to subject this latter to the demands of comfort and womanly propriety. For sixteen years it has gone on increasing in usefulness and popularity, and has now become, without dispute, the fashion journal of the world, speaking to its patrons in all the languages of civilization, and moulding European taste in the interest of utility and sound common sense. It has for years been the source whence journals in the same sphere, in nearly all the capitals of the world, have drawn material and suggestions, and it now bids fair to receive the credit that it deserves. Its great effort in future will be to prove that it is far superior to any of its rivals that in Paris have so long attracted the eyes of the world to a great extent on capital borrowed from its pages.

BEETHOVEN'S CENTENNIAL engaged, for a few weeks, the attention of a large part of Germany, though the brilliancy and perfection of the grand musical demonstrations were largely interfered with by the war. It was proposed, indeed, for a while to postpone them until a more fitting season, as was the case with the festal ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the Schiller statue in Berlin. But Beethoven, in his musical career, was mainly an Austrian, and the Viennese took too little interest in the Prussian war to let it interfere with their devotion to the Shakespeare of music, who had done so much to glorify their land. But even the Viennese were not so successful as they hoped to be in the great object of their monster demonstration. They desired to secure sufficient funds to obtain a monumental statue of the great Maestro, as an ornament to their capital, and a test of their appreciation of his unrivaled powers. They scarcely received half the sum required, and some new means must now be devised to obtain the rest, or Beethoven's favorite home will be in disgrace. The result of the excitement has been a renewed study of the great musician's creations, and a close investigation of all the events of his life. His living disciples love to relate all the anecdotes that are told about his strange career and incomprehensible eccentricities, and in this way his daily walk and talk have been laid open to the world with an almost cruel minuteness. One of the most noted events connected with the celebration is the publication of a beautiful full-length engraving and portrait of the inimitable composer, by Bruckmann, of Munich and Berlin. It is said to be admirable as a likeness, and represents the "tone-master" in the midst of the landscape of Döbling, a village near Vienna, where he usually spent his summers, and where he is said to have composed his famous Pastoral Symphony. He is wrapped in his traditional mantle, and holds in his hands a roll of notes, while his eyes are directed earnestly and thoughtfully into the distance.

"BEAUTIFUL STRASBURG" is fast becoming a national device with the German people, far and near. They are killing the fatted calf, and receiving the lost and alienated one back to their bosom with every demonstration of joy and interest. Gifts of every kind are flowing into Strasburg from all quarters, and the Germans are determined to conquer it with kindness. A national interest is taken in the restoration or rather in

the replacement of the lost library, which the director seemed maliciously to devote to destruction during the days of the siege. All the great libraries of Germany are preparing to send what duplicates they can spare, and especially whatever they possess that has marked interest in Strasburg in connection with the history of Printing, and of German art in Alsace. Königsberg has just sent 40,000 volumes, and other great centres are forwarding rare books and manuscripts in abundance. Even England is appealed to to join in the movement, and the Deans of Universities and the owners of private libraries are called on to assist in the restitution of a library worthy of one of the oldest university cities of Europe. If matters keep on as well as they promise, Strasburg will soon have again one of the most valuable libraries of the Continent.

THE RUSSIAN DIPLOMATISTS seem to be turning against their old friends in France. Alexander Balche, who was three years in the Russian Embassy at Paris, has just published at Odessa a critical essay on the national malady of "Glory." In this he declares that the vanity of the French character always keeps them in the condition of mediocrity, for they are ever granting the highest prizes to men who are most successful in generous doses of phrases concerning the "glory" of France and her revolutions. How, he asks, can Rouher as statesman, Cousin as philosopher, Thiers as historian, Victor Hugo as poet, be considered other than mediocrities? But they have all met with brilliant success because they have understood, directly or indirectly, how to talk to France about her "glory," and for this appeal France never has deaf ears. This "glory" is the malady of the nation, and one that threatens to become chronic, for those who are called to heal it think only how they may use it to their advantage. That nation must indeed have a fever of glory that will ever cherish it at the expense of its own repose; this evil genius, that rules the nation and paralyzes all its good qualities and noble deeds, must be the demon of illusion and unrest. Read the proclamations of Favre, Gambetta, Victor Hugo, and Quinet; what are they but phrases about the imperishable glory of the nation? what but self-worship and empty words about their natural and sacred supremacy over all the nations of the earth? And even in the most humiliating defeats, Victor Hugo declares that the "barbarous hordes" may have the victories, but that the cultured French have all the "glory."

FINLAND is out of the world, in the opinion of most people; but, distant as it is from the great centres of civilization, it lives with the world and takes an active interest in the stirring events of the times. Finland has its "Monthly," published at Helsingfors, and in a recent number it thus discusses the great duel between France and Germany: "In the struggle between these nations, Protestantism and Catholicism are measuring their *moral* strength. Prussia and Germany are essentially Protestant, for, although a large portion of the population are of the Catholic faith, the spirit of the Reformation has penetrated the marrow of the people, and has perceptibly affected the views of the Catholics. The influence of Protestantism is visible in the entire population. Scientific investigation is more free, the culture of all classes is more thorough, and the elements of civilization are stronger than in most nations of our day." And thus through the pages of quite a lengthy magazine article, so that we feel compelled to confess a fellow-sympathy with our worthy and thoughtful colleague, the *Finland Monthly* of Helsingfors.

ITALIAN ART-HISTORY has recently received a valuable accession to its pages, in the treatise of Riegel on the Tuscan school, in its representation of the Lord's Supper. The master-piece of Leonardo has ever been considered a model of perfection in this line, and there is no doubt that all the more important monuments of Christ surrounded by His disciples at His last meal with them, are of Tuscan origin. Leonardo was a Tuscan, although his immortal conception was executed on the walls of a monastery of Milan. In Florence there are whole series of worthy representations of the Last Supper, and although other cities, as Sienna, Padua, and Rome, possess many treasures of this kind, they almost all originate with Tuscan artists who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Riegel attributes this fact to the greater liberty of thought in Tuscany during this era, and to its intellectual advantages and political liberty, that shed their quickening influence on the church of that period, and produced mighty talents in poetry, philosophy, and art. The whole discussion of the author is a very broad and instructive one, and leaves the reader impressed with the conviction that our Saviour's last interview with His disciples collectively has been more fully conceived and sublimely illustrated by the Tuscan artists, than those of any other school in or out of Italy.

SPAIN is now having its Dante revival, in common with so many other nationalities. The immortal Florentine poet seems to revisit the earth in spirit whenever the essence of civil and religious liberty receives new strength by the struggles of the nations. The Dante literature is among the richest in bibliographical curiosities, and the greatest of these rarities is an old Spanish translation of the Divina Commedia. It is remarkable as being the first printed translation of this sublime poem in any modern language. To Spain belongs the glory of being foremost in making the poem accessible to the people; but the efforts of the early translators remained without much fruit, for, with three different translations in close succession, the poem had but little success, on account of the intense opposition of the Church and the threats of the Inquisition. For nearly four hundred years, therefore, the early promises were of little avail, and Dante in his Spanish garb lay smothered by the Spanish monks. But scarcely had Spain broken the chains of her recent dissolute dynasty, when Dante came forth to greet the new life of the nation, and in the short space of a year two editions of the poem have been published. The first is a reprint of the early translation of Villegas, which had be-

come extremely rare, and the Italian text is given beside the Spanish. The work is gotten up in gorgeous and very expensive style, and is illustrated with Scaramuzza's highly artistic conceptions of the Inferno. But the beauty of the outfit has made it too expensive for hosts of the friends of Dante, who have called for another cheap edition for the intelligent masses. This has just appeared, but it does not seem to give satisfaction to the lovers of the divine poet; it is a modern translation by an author of no great fame, who seems not to have had the sagacity to use effectively the generous means at his command to give to his countrymen the poem with the light of modern investigation and criticism. The Spanish people are therefore still calling for some literary magnate who shall give them this poet in a popular and attractive form, and we shall perhaps soon have another edition of Dante in that land where his writings were once so bitterly proscribed. Verily, the world moves.

THE VENERABLE GUIZOT, notwithstanding his more than fourscore years, is still actively engaged with his pen. Having finished his *Religious Meditations*, which many thought that he intended as the fitting close of his remarkable literary career, he is now devoting himself to a history of France for its rising generation. If his life is spared he may yet make this labor the most worthy monument of his career, and perform a great service for the France of the future. The youth of France, more than of any other land, seem to need a history written specially for them, in which not only their progress and their victories, but their trials and defeats, are vividly depicted to them as lessons from which to profit. The history of the last few months might be a most prolific theme for good in the hands of an experienced sage like Guizot. What has mainly been related to the youth of France hitherto as history, has much of it been intellectual poison; it has acted on the politico-moral code of the nation like the fiery absinthe on the nervous system of the young Parisians. With but few noble exceptions, modern French historians, romancers, dramatists and poets, have rivaled in impressing on the French youth the most baneful views of civic virtues, and have thrown over all the actions of France a fatal and deceptive gloss. They may have differed most widely from each other on the platforms of politics and religion, but they seem to be in the most perfect harmony in demoralizing their youth in regard to the State.

GERMAN TOURISTS IN AMERICA have not seldom made themselves obnoxious to their countrymen in the Fatherland by their wholesale endorsement of every extravagance that they meet here, and their laudations of every occurrence that comes within their observation. The bowie-knife of the Southwestern ruffian, or the explosion of a steamer on the Mississippi, were capital themes for marvelous stories of adventures in America; and the backwoods scenes have been told over and over in terms as thrilling and romantic as if located among the wilds of Africa. Some few men have made it the profession of their lives to tell these hobgoblin and wonder stories of America, but they have fairly surfeited their readers on the other side, and disgusted their countrymen on this. The result is that a too general impression prevails among the Germans of the Continent that their fellow-countrymen on this side of the ocean have degenerated into a species of lawlessness and vagabondage, and have forgotten the virtues of their homes and their love for them. But the sympathy of the Germans in this country for their brethren engaged in conflict with their deadly enemy has been so wide-spread and deep as to give rise to a totally different impression, and a much better appreciation of them. A few weeks ago, in Berlin, the Parent Association for the relief fund for the sufferers by the war held a meeting to compare accounts. When it was announced that they had received over two million and a half of dollars, and that more than one-fifth of this had been contributed by the Germans of the United States, there was a grand shout of gratitude for their brothers over the sea, and a resolve to speak hereafter much more respectfully of those who forget not their lares and penates in a foreign land.

OUR "HEATHEN CHINEE" have been fairly outdone by heathen of another stamp, in a very recent occurrence in Florence. All visitors to that beautiful city well remember the delightful promenade known as the "*Cascine*," so crowded on fair afternoons with the elegant world of the Tuscan capital. In the dead hour of the night a solemn procession was seen approaching this ordinarily festive spot; the principal vehicle was an omnibus containing the body of an Oriental Prince—His Royal Highness Radschah Muharadschah, of Kolapore. The young Prince had just arrived in Florence and was taken suddenly sick, but he refused to take the remedies of the Italian physicians, preferring to dissolve costly pearls and drink the liquor.

He died in a few days, only twenty years old. His servants arrayed the body in his costliest garments, placed a necklace of pearls worth 50,000 francs around his neck, golden bracelets on his arms, and a red turban on his head. Eight of them then took his body into the omnibus, and this was followed by close carriages conveying the officers of his household, the Brahmin priest and the princely physician. His retinue had determined to burn the body, according to the national custom. The funeral pile of wood, about four feet in height, had already been prepared, and the attendants in their gala robes lifted the body from the vehicle and bore it thither. Fragrant essences were sprinkled over the wood, the body laid upon it, and several feet more of wood piled on this. The attendants then formed a circle around the pyre, crossed their arms on their breasts, and engaged in earnest prayer while the mass was being lighted. As soon as the flames burst forth the Hindoos melted into floods of tears while gazing at the solemn conflagration, and continued their oriental ceremonies until 10 o'clock the next morning. They then collected the charred bones into an urn, which the Brahmin took in his arms, and the mourners entered their carriages and returned to

their hotel. The closing ceremonies of the spectacle were witnessed by a large crowd, for the Florentines flocked to the spot as soon as they learned of the mysterious heathen ceremonies in their midst.

GOUNOD, the famous French composer, whose opera of "*Margaret*" has been the delight of the musical world, owns a modest little villa not far from the Park of St. Cloud—a region that has been fearfully exposed to the ravages of shot and shell. Fearing that his cherished home would be swept away, the brilliant composer wrote in great dejection to the Crown Prince, representing himself as an artist who was not at all responsible for the political and military strife of the day, and as one whose life had been devoted to an art the results of which had, with hard labor, secured to him the darling object of his heart—a modest rural retreat. He begged, if possible, that this might be spared to him for future comfort and labor in his sphere. The Crown Prince immediately gave orders to have the villa protected—no easy task amongst the flying shells. It was placed under the special care of the officers of that outpost, who had everything put in order and sealed under government seal, whilst on the house was placed a large placard giving the name of its owner and the princely command for its protection.

QUEEN VICTORIA is likely to get into a little trouble just now regarding the woman-question, as presented in the famous contest over the admission of women to the medical lectures of the University of Edinburgh. The rival professors on both sides of the question claim that they have her sympathy; but Professor Christenson has just publicly declared that the Queen is opposed to the measure. This is contrary to general report and belief, and an effort is being made to induce the Queen to hold up her royal hand, which has generally been shown on the side of all the reasonable demands of her sex. She has at least brought up her daughters to be very active in all that regards woman's welfare. Her eldest, the Crown Princess of Prussia, seems to spend nearly all her time in Berlin in "patronizing" the institutions for alleviating women's ills, and, during the war, she has led the van in bringing women into the Sanitary Commission, and she herself wears the "Red Cross" during her duties, for hours daily. And the same, indeed, may be said of the Princess Alice, of Hesse, who is much loved by her German subjects.

IT is yet too early for us to know just how much the eclipse of Dec. 22d has taught us as to the nature of the sun. It takes the astronomers some time to compare notes and observations. The best abstract is that given in *Nature* by J. Norman Lockyer. Our unscientific readers will understand that the brilliant portion of the sun is called its *photosphere*, outside of which is a less luminous envelope called the *chromosphere*, and visible only in the case of an eclipse, when the sun's photosphere is hidden by the moon. Just what this chromosphere consists of, and how extensive it is, was the problem which the observers in Sicily and Spain tried to solve. In the case of an eclipse the eclipsing moon is seen surrounded by what is called the corona, a kind of "glory" radiating in all directions and extending to a great distance. Mr. Lockyer thinks it probable from the indications that the inner part of this corona is simply the bright chromosphere, which must have a thickness of nearly 150,000 miles. In the lower part are iron, barium, sodium, etc., in a state of vapor, while in the upper part is incandescent hydrogen, and probably a new element, even lighter than hydrogen, and which gives a peculiar green line to the spectrum of the terrestrial aurora. The part of the corona outside of the chromosphere consists of apparent radiations variously seen by observers, and due to reflections within the earth's atmosphere. Much more satisfactory results would have been obtained if the weather had not everywhere been unfavorable.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

BOOKS.

IF John Bunyan had dropped theology and had studied Lewis Carroll's *Adventures of Alice in Wonder Land* he might have written such a book as George MacDonald's *Phantastes* (*Phantastes; a Faerie Romance, for Men and Women:* Loring, Boston). MacDonald's artistic standard of execution is not equal to his conception; if it were, it would be in his power to produce works such as the world has seldom seen. To the conception he brings rare poetic fancy; large-hearted, wholesome, out-door, every-day charity; tender, subtile, spiritual insight; marvelous knowledge of the workings of human hearts, and inexhaustible love of nature. But to the execution he brings a hand which is often either impatient or careless—we do not know which—we suspect it is carelessness rather than impatience, for impatience seems incompatible with such tenderness as he shows: but only impatience, carelessness, or lack of culture, can account for his so often failing in finish, in artistic shape. To one who has learned to love and comprehend his real greatness,—for that he is one of the great writers of the day there can be no question,—this failure is a frequent distress, and an increasing surprise. So many exquisite pictures are marred by one uncouth word, one awkward phrase, that at last one grows sore under the annoyance, as one does under the inexplicable persistence of some intimate friend in a disagreeable personal habit. But as, in even that case, grace and beauty and lovableness of character can finally make us forget the clumsy trick into which the flesh has fallen, so finally, in reading and loving George MacDonald, one comes to forget that it is often in a clumsy sentence that he sets his wise and tender sayings.

Phantastes is indeed a "faerie romance." Adding to the license of the romance, the limitless scope of the fairy story, it takes us on, we know not, and we wonder not, where, until the whole is as real to us as if we had dreamed it in our own beds. The fancies are not simply fancies, however. There is underlying all the subtlest suggestion of allegory; so subtle that it can never weary, so subtle in fact that there would probably be as many interpretations as readers. Perhaps the most exquisite thing in the story is the conception of the flower-fairies, as described in the first two chapters; the flower being a sort of outer body to the fairy which it can put on or off as it likes. "Whether all the flowers have fairies," he says, "I cannot determine, any more than I can be sure whether all men and women have souls;" and, "Especially do I desire that they should see the fairy of the daisy,—a little, chubby, round-eyed child with such innocent trust in his look. Even the most mischievous of the fairies would not tease him, although he did not belong to their set at all, but was quite a little country bumpkin. He wandered about alone, and looked at everything with his hands in his little pockets, and a white nightcap on,—the darling. He was not so beautiful as many other wild flowers I saw afterwards, but so dear and loving in his looks, and little confident ways." The story of "Cosmo Von Wehrstahl" is perhaps an irrelevant episode in the narrative. The device of making it part of a book read by Anodos in fairy land, does not quite cover its introduction; but the story itself is as weird and uncanny in its atmosphere, and as perfect in execution, as any of Zschokke's. It is perhaps, in its way, one of the most artistic things which MacDonald has done. In fact the whole "faerie romance" itself is on a higher plane, artistically, than any other story of his which we know. It is not, of course, a book of such worth as *Alec Forbes*, or *Robert Falconer;* but it is a purely poetical conception, and in parts most exquisitely worked out.

There seem to be so many pilgrims in one, and such a shifting succession of shrines, in *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* (or Passages from the Life and Correspondence of Herbert Ainslie, B.A.; London: Chapman & Hall; New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons), that reading the book reminds one of trying to look into a kaleidoscope which somebody else holds and always turns just before the figure is distinctly seen. A young English theologue, seized with misgivings as to the truth of the Church of England doctrines—setting sail for California to avoid taking orders—roughing it in the "mines" of the Sierra Nevada and of Australia,— with a Herman Melville episode between of love-making in the Navigator's Islands—bringing up at last as a justice of the peace in Sydney, and marrying an Australian heiress who had such a "redundancy of nature that all the books of the poets seemed to be written upon her," "with the addition that she seems also capable of having written the poems herself;"—all this would seem a tolerably fair stock of material for five hundred small pages, without any great help from theology and metaphysics. But when we add that there is no vexed question in either of those domains with which this metamorphic pilgrim is not grappling during his journey, it is plain that it cannot be easy to adjust one's self to the gait necessary to keep pace with him. The difficulty is also much enhanced by the constant change of person and tense in the narrative, so that we make abrupt transition from the modest autobiographical to the minute historical, then to the still more confiding journalistic, and all by turns, and no one long. For these reasons the book seems to us artistically bad, in spite of much brilliancy of thought and really acute analytic treatment of the puzzling problems of religious belief.

The History of Greece, by Professor Ernst Curtius, of the University of Göttingen (Charles Scribner & Co.), is the crowning work of a long and laborious life devoted almost entirely to Grecian antiquity and its kindred studies. The learned author made several scientific journeys through the country whose story he now tells, and before publishing the present volumes he gave to the world a number of valuable works on the architectural remains, the inscriptions, the legends, and the history of the Hellenic people. These were rather for the student than the general reader. In the present work he has attempted to summarize, in a connected and readable narrative, the results of many years of research, incorporating the discoveries of modern scholarship, without encumbering the page with elaborate discussions and superfluous references. In compass, his history is similar to Mommsen's *History of Rome;* but it is rather more popular in its aims than that excellent work; equal in weight as an authority, but more attractive to those who read for the interest of the narrative rather than with the purpose of following the historian step by step in his researches. Yet Professor Curtius is a philosophical writer. He is not satisfied with rehearsing salient facts and incidents; he pushes generalization to its furthest legitimate limits, and traces back to their source the causes which rendered Greece great and glorious, and gave her such an extraordinary influence upon the whole civilized world. His style is graphic and animated, and the translation, by Prof. Ward, of Manchester, retains much of the elegance and freedom of the original. The first volume, which has just appeared, is devoted to the natural features of the country, the prehistoric age, the migrations of the tribes, and the history of Peloponnesus, Attica, and the Hellenes beyond the Archipelago, down to the time of the Persian wars. Four volumes will probably complete the work. Prof. Curtius, it may be interesting to know, was the tutor of the present Crown Prince of Prussia.

In the prosecution of his excellent plan of giving to the world occasionally a few fragmentary literary and scientific essays in the intervals of more serious labor, Prof. Max Müller has published a third volume of *Chips from a German Workshop* (Charles Scribner & Co.), consisting of critical and biographical papers

of a somewhat lighter and more popular character than the contents of the first and second volumes. They comprise some entertaining studies of old German literature, essays on Schiller, Bacon, Bunsen, and the Sieur de Joinville, some curious antiquarian and philological inquiries, and one or two miscellaneous pieces; and at the end of the book are given a great many letters from Bunsen to the author, which have never before been published. It will be seen, therefore, that the table of contents is agreeably diversified, and likely to attract a great variety of readers. Of the style of the book it is unnecessary to say much. Müller's reputation as an interesting writer is almost as general as his fame for scholarship. It is not enough to say that he uses the English language like a native; he has a rare faculty of making the darkest matters clear and the driest subjects interesting; he writes with singular force and directness, and with a literary dexterity which almost any author might envy.

The fourth and concluding part of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* has been issued from the press of Roberts Brothers, of Boston, and the work is now complete. Considered as a single connected composition, it is the longest poem in the English language; but while a certain unity of design runs through the whole, the rhymed stories may be read separately, without any diminution of their interest. The part just published embraces the six stories from classical, mediæval, and Scandinavian lore, that are supposed to be told in the months of winter. The finest of them is "The Fostering of Aslang," a nurse-tale of weird attractiveness, which is narrated with singular pathos and effect. But all six, like the previous stories of *The Earthly Paradise*, are full of sensuous beauty, and are purpled over with a rich poetic glory that cheats the charmed reader into forgetfulness of faults. Faults there are of construction, frequent false rhymes, and lines that would be bald prose but for the "*idem sonans*" of the end of the couplet, inversions of style and discords in the music; but these are as nothing in the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of thirty thousand lines of exquisite description. The general melody is so delicious, the theme goes on so smoothly, the soft vision imparts such pleasure to the raptured sense, that we are content to enjoy without caring to analyze our feelings that we may ascertain the secret of the enjoyment. But we cannot help giving expression to the very painful regret inspired by all the poems Mr. Morris has given us, that they breathe a spirit of undeniable skepticism. "The idle singer of an empty day," as he styles himself, he writes too evidently from a conviction that there is nothing beyond the grave; and the roses that bloom so sweetly in his Earthly Paradise, seem, in this regard, like the flowers with which the dying Mirabeau wished to be crowned as he entered upon what he affected to believe "an eternal sleep." Everywhere in the volume, in the Icelandic legends, in the mediæval myths, in the Grecian fables, the pagan idea interposes that death is the end of all things, and the whole meaning of the poet resolves itself into a dithyrambic utterance of *carpe diem*—let us make the most of earthly joys, for there are none other. This consideration induces the belief that the poems of Mr. Morris, beautifully wrought as they are, cannot long retain a hold upon the human heart. They lack the vitalizing principle of faith, and, despite the fascination of their fluent rhymes, will probably fail of lasting fame.

From the same press with the volumes of William Morris comes *The Monitions of the Unseen, and Poems of Love and Childhood*, the latest offering of Jean Ingelow to her admirers. The work will excite, we think, a general feeling of disappointment, as indicating no advance upon her previous efforts in song. There is a great deal of tenderness in these recollections of early life, but the sadness that pervades them becomes a monotone. In the longer poem with which the book opens, the teaching is set forth in charming cadences and with befitting dignity of expression; the lyrics, upon which more careful workmanship has been expended, have a finish that seems to have been purchased, in some instances, at a loss of strength, and there is an excess of repose in them—of dreamful quiet, of folding of the hands to sleep, as if they had been inspired of poppy rather than of Hippocrene. But if they suggest no elevation of her wonderful powers, they are such poems as no other woman in England than Jean Ingelow might have written, and we recognize in her here, as in her previous volumes, a poet always tender and true, whose writings are calculated to make us better and purer, to enlarge our sympathies and exalt our aims.

A journal of the philosophy of speculation, as "speculation" is commonly understood, devoted to an elucidation of the mysteries of Erie and kindred topics, might with some safety be predicted a prosperous life. It would seem to have a "field," as the saying is. But a journal of speculative philosophy! Why, who cares for such things in this country? What attraction could it possess for busy Americans? Those who do not think (and there are a few such) would not want it; while most of those who think they do think, would most likely imagine that sort of philosophy to bear about the same relation to hard sense as stock-gambling bears to legitimate business, and shun it accordingly. Yet just such an anomaly exists, and, let us hope, prospers. It is an able, and, for the English language, unique publication. May it live long, if for no other reason than to give certain of our spiritual guardians a chance to read a little of the German philosophy they are so ignorantly conscientious in denouncing. The volume before us (*Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Vol. III. St. Louis: Wm. T. Harris, Editor) is devoted chiefly to the systems of Fichte and Hegel.

KELLOGG.

WHILE music is depressed in New York, it is some satisfaction to know that our best artists are not altogether silent, but, like missionaries of culture, are carrying the song and the symphony in triumph through the provinces. Three unusually good com-

panies have been all the season employed, to their own profit and the pleasure of the public, in making the grand musical tour of the United States. Theodore Thomas has taken his splendid orchestra to all the principal cities; Nilsson has captivated the Great West; and Miss Kellogg, with a nice little party of artists, has been cheered from Canada to Carolina. It is always pleasant to hear of the prosperity of Miss Kellogg; first, because she is our countrywoman, and secondly, because she has reached her present eminence by sheer hard work and Yankee pluck. The genius of song came to her, not as a good fairy smoothing away difficulties and filling life with pleasures and sunshine, but as a stern mistress, exacting severe labor and liberal of sharp rebukes. The young girl's first attempt was a failure; her second was little better; the result of her third would have discouraged any singer not freely endowed with enthusiasm and courage. Good judges, indeed, were prompt to appreciate the purity and sweetness of her voice, and to predict for her a bright future; but the majority of Academy audiences are not good judges, and Miss Kellogg was never fairly valued by the public until she was seen as the *Margherita* of Gounod's "Faust." There was a delicate grace, a poetic feeling, a sweet, appropriate simplicity in that personation, which fairly enchanted us all. That was seven years ago. Since then many good singers and some few great ones have passed across our stage, but Miss Kellogg still remains our favorite *Margherita*, the accepted standard by which we measure all other representatives of this dearest of lyric heroines. It is not only that in form, and face, and action, and intellectual comprehension of the character, she fulfilled our ideal, but there was an indescribable quality in her voice that accorded perfectly with the deep, mysterious tenderness of the poem and the dreamy spirit of the music. There is nationality in voices. The French is elegant, weak, unsubstantial, over-refined; the German, strong and hard; the Italian, rich, sensuous, and passionate. The American has more of the bird-like quality, more purity and freshness than any of these. It is equal to any in flexibility; it rather surpasses the Italian in sweetness, though it lacks both richness and strength. It is the voice in which youth should carol its joys, and maiden modesty sing its love; not the voice of tragedy, of spiritual exaltation, or of fiery passions. Adelina Patti is not rightly an American, but she has an American voice, warmed with a little Italian heat. Parepa combines some of the best qualities of three sorts of voice—American purity, Italian fire, and German force. Nilsson's organ is entirely phenomenal. It is like an American voice greatly strengthened, but chilled and rarefied. The best example we have ever had of the pure American soprano—clear, fresh, true, and sympathetic, is found in Miss Kellogg. We feel that it must have been in just such tones that Goethe's *Gretchen* sang simple ballads at her spinning-wheel, and whispered her love at the garden window, and prayed God's pardon in the prison-cell.

Our young countrywoman has not only been liberally favored by Nature, but she has been a conscientious student of Art; and if she rarely attempts those brilliant feats of vocalization in which musical jugglers of the school of Carlotta Patti delight, she has at any rate learned to make the best and most pleasing use of her voice; she has no vices of style, she is always correct, and she never sings a false note. The danger against which she now ought to guard is an excess of courage. When she went to London she challenged comparison with Nilsson's *Margherita*, and (if we may judge from the specimens of that part which Nilsson has given in concerts) her boldness was amply justified. While Nilsson was in the flush of her success in New York, Miss Kellogg gave a concert at the Academy of Music, singing Nilsson's songs, and again winning a triumph. She attempted the grand rôle of *Leonora* in the "Trovatore," and if her success was not complete, it at any rate exceeded the expectations of her friends. Her latest essay was in the oratorio. She sings in the "Messiah," with sweetness, simplicity, and feeling; but the broad style, the grand declamation, the sustained power and spiritual dignity which are demanded of Handel's true interpreter—these are not hers, and her most ardent admirers must have felt that in striving to supply their place with graceful and conscientious vocalism, she was attempting a task for which Nature had not fitted her. And yet we are glad that she has made this venture, and shall be glad to see her repeat it. The inevitable imperfections of the performance do not blind us to its very decided merits. Miss Kellogg cannot make us forget Parepa, but in this style of art she certainly surpasses Nilsson.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE Water-Color Exhibition at the National Academy of Design, while in some of its details it is both interesting and satisfactory, as a whole disappoints the expectations we had formed in regard to the development and popularity of a branch of Art which, for many reasons, we desire to see widely cultivated and appreciated. Compared with previous exhibitions, this is only of average merit; there is no marked increase in the number of artists, nor, in but few cases, any remarkable progress as to individual skill and taste. Still we must remember how very lately the experiment commenced; how long it was before the water-color artists attained their due rank in public estimation in England, and we must note the signs of promise here apparent. While Colman holds his own in the rendering of his favorite Spanish subjects, William Hart and A. F. Bellows have made decided progress. We are not surprised to learn that several of the latter's pictures have been sold since the exhibition opened; there is a fresh, free feeling for nature in them which is very charming and very true; the study of the "Old Mill at Shagford" is full of this genuine and genial character. "Feeding the Pets," by Darley, is a farm-yard scene drawn vigorously and faithfully from nature. We are glad to meet our old friend George Harvey,

who, a quarter of a century ago, was famous for his American Sketches: his manner now seems hard and formal, but it is correct and careful. William Magrath has made a decided advance; there are very clever traits in his "Out of the Gloom" and "Pensées d'Amour." We are pleased that Falconer continues to give us faithful representations of our memorable buildings; his picture of the shop where Fulton served his apprenticeship is a quaint and pleasing relic. J. Henry Hill and Charlotte Deming, Mary Duffield and Harry Fenn, exhibit some good things. J. Simmons has two vivid and well-defined female heads. The "Christening Party," by Bellows, two or three landscapes by Geo. H. Smillie, and a view of Lake George, by William Hart, are very good. T. C. Farrer has several characteristic pictures; Mrs. Carson paints flowers with much grace and skill,—a crucifix entwined with passion-flowers from her hand is beautiful; Romako gives us some excellent Italian subjects, and Rivoire clusters of delicate wild flowers. Mr. Blodgett has sent two remarkable French specimens of animal painting. Of the two hundred and seventy-three water-color pictures, there are a score or two of choice and charming works.

AMERICAN GLACIERS.

STAY-AT-HOME travelers have hitherto had one disadvantage compared with those who cross the ocean, in their search for the grand or strange in Nature. They could find in our own country every variety of scenery that exists in Europe,—rivers, lakes, mountains, skies, worthy of Italy or Switzerland,—everything but glaciers. They have found here new sensations for the *blasé* European traveler,—cataracts beyond compare, geysers scarcely equaled in Iceland, marvelous Yo-Semite gorges, and great *Sequoia* forests that have somehow escaped the catastrophes that separate us from the Tertiary Period, and in which, no doubt, have sported mastodons and all their kindred; all these, but no glaciers, unless they be in the unexplored regions of Alaska. The ranges near the Pacific coast seem high enough for them, but Professor Whitney has lamented their entire absence. The Sierra Nevadas show traces everywhere of glaciers so recent that they appear to have been melted away only last season; but all that remains of them is here and there a little rudimentary mass of ice, or fields of perpetual *néve* snow, which are remarkable for depth and area, but not sufficiently extended to start a glacier movement. The heights of Colorado are less snowy than the Nevadas, and the *néve* masses are less; and the Wind River, Wahsatch, and Uintah ranges, though possessing a very great extent of lofty peaks, are even less snowy than the Laramie range of Colorado. But Clarence King, connected with Major-General Humphrey's *U. S. Geological Exploration of the 40th Parallel*, has been fortunate enough to find three fine glaciers on the northern side of Mount Shasta, the famous volcano of Northern California. As the ascent had previously been made always from the southern side, they had escaped observation. One of these glaciers is about five miles long and half as wide. They are broken by "cascades," and show all the characteristic features, even to the streams of water flowing from them, milky with suspended sediment, and promising to the future faculty of the State a fine field of investigation on the peculiar diseases that follow from drinking such water. The United States can depend on its centers of goitre and cretinism, as well as of glacial movement. Also on Mt. Tachoma, or Rainier, as it is generally called, a still larger system of glaciers has been discovered, with their tributary glacial streams. The main White River glacier pours straight down from the rim of the crater, and is ten miles long and reaches a width of five miles, and is probably some thousands of feet thick. It has also been just discovered that Mt. Hood, of the Cascade Range of Oregon, boasts three other glaciers with ice caves, crevasses, and torrents, terminal and lateral moraines, quite worthy of the Swiss Alps, and adding to ordinary glacial attractions the further attraction of volcanic craters.

PRESIDENT MCCOSH'S LECTURES.

DR. MCCOSH, President of Princeton College, is at present delivering in New York a course of Lectures to the Times, on *Natural Theology and the Evidences of the Christian Religion*. They are on the Ely Foundation, and are addressed to the students of the Union Theological Seminary; but they are thrown open to the public, which is attending on them in large numbers. They are directed against the prevailing errors of the day, and have a special reference, at least the earlier portion of them, to the speculations of Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndal, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, and will go on to discuss Positivism, Materialism, and the historical questions raised by M. Renan. The lectures consist of three series. *First Series*—The Relation of Physical Science to Religion, in which it is shown that the Argument from Design is not done away by modern science, and such subjects as the Conservation of Physical Force, Star Dust, Protoplasm, and the Origin of Species are discussed, while it is shown that there is a plan in the structure and the history of the world, and this in entire conformity with revealed truth. *Second Series*—The Relation of Mental Philosophy to Religion, in which it is shown that mind exists and can rise to the knowledge of God, and the mental principles involved in the theistic argument are unfolded; while there is an examination of the theories of Nescience and Relativity of Positivism and Materialism. *Third Series*—The Relation of History to Religion, in which M. Renan's theories are criticised, and the arguments derived from the life and character of Jesus and the progress of the early church are explained and defended. Until the publication of the lectures in book form, extended criticism would be premature, owing to the unsatisfactory character of the reports which have appeared in the daily papers.

ETCHINGS.

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

"Oh! a wedding ring's pretty to wear,
And a bride of all women is fair,
But then,
There's no trusting in men,
And, if I were a girl, I'd of lovers beware.
They may court you to-day,
Sweet as birds in the May,
But to-morrow, look out! they'll be all flown away!"
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head—
Lovers were now the last thing she need dread.
But you never can tell
Who has once been a belle;
"Sweethearts! I've had 'em; I know 'em!" she said.



"Just as long as your company's new,
There is no one that's equal to you;
You then
Can have choice of the men;
'Tis the black eyes to-day, and to-morrow the blue.
I had once a brocade
For my marriage-gown made;
On the shelf of the store-room my wedding-cake laid;
Never that cake on the table was set.
Here I am, Dorothy Sullivan yet!
Let it go! let it go!
I am glad it was so;
Hardly earned lessons you're slow to forget.

"Could I keep all to-day that I know,
With the face that I had long ago,
Ah, then,
I would pay back the men!
They should get a small part of the debt that I owe!
For 'tis little care they,
Spite the fine things they say,
How a woman's heart aches if they have their own way



Promises! little they keep men in awe!
Trust 'em! I'd sooner trust snow in a thaw!
They are easy to make,
And more easy to break;
Keeping 'em's something that never I saw!

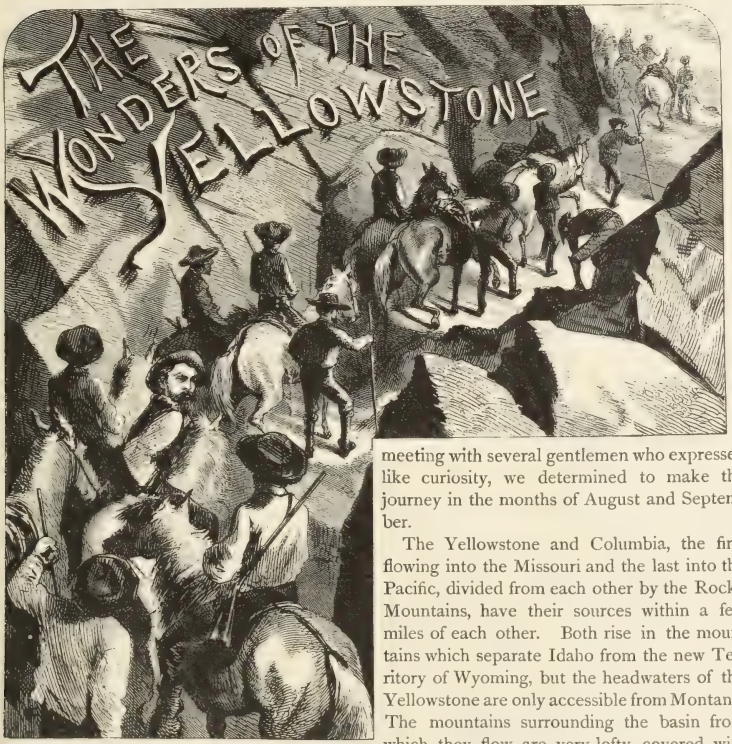
"When you come to your own wedding-morn,
Just to find you're a maid left forlorn,
Ah, then,
Where's your faith in the men,
When your wedding-gown's on and your bridegroom is gone?
You must take off that gown,
And sit quietly down,
Cast aside, thrown away, to be talk for the town."
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head;—
"Children once burnt of the fire have a dread;
Let your love-stories be,



When you're talking to me;
Sweethearts! I've had 'em! I know 'em!" she said.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II. MAY, 1871. No. 1.



I HAD indulged, for several years, a great curiosity to see the wonders of the upper valley of the Yellowstone. The stories told by trappers and mountaineers of the natural phenomena of that region were so strange and marvelous that, as long ago as 1866, I first contemplated the possibility of organizing an expedition for the express purpose of exploring it. During the past year, meeting with several gentlemen who expressed like curiosity, we determined to make the journey in the months of August and September.

The Yellowstone and Columbia, the first flowing into the Missouri and the last into the Pacific, divided from each other by the Rocky Mountains, have their sources within a few miles of each other. Both rise in the mountains which separate Idaho from the new Territory of Wyoming, but the headwaters of the Yellowstone are only accessible from Montana. The mountains surrounding the basin from which they flow are very lofty, covered with pines, and on the southeastern side present to the traveler a precipitous wall of rock, several thousand feet in height. This barrier prevented Captain Reynolds from visiting the headwaters of the Yellowstone while prosecuting an expedition planned by the Government and placed under his command, for the purpose of exploring that river, in 1859.

The source of the Yellowstone is in a

magnificent lake, nearly 9,000 feet above the level of the ocean. In its course of 1,300 miles to the Missouri, it falls about 7,200 feet. Its upper waters flow through deep cañons and gorges, and are broken by immense cataracts and fearful rapids, presenting at various points some of the grandest scenery on the continent. This country is entirely volcanic, and abounds in boiling springs, mud volcanoes, huge mountains of sulphur, and geysers more extensive and numerous than those of Iceland.

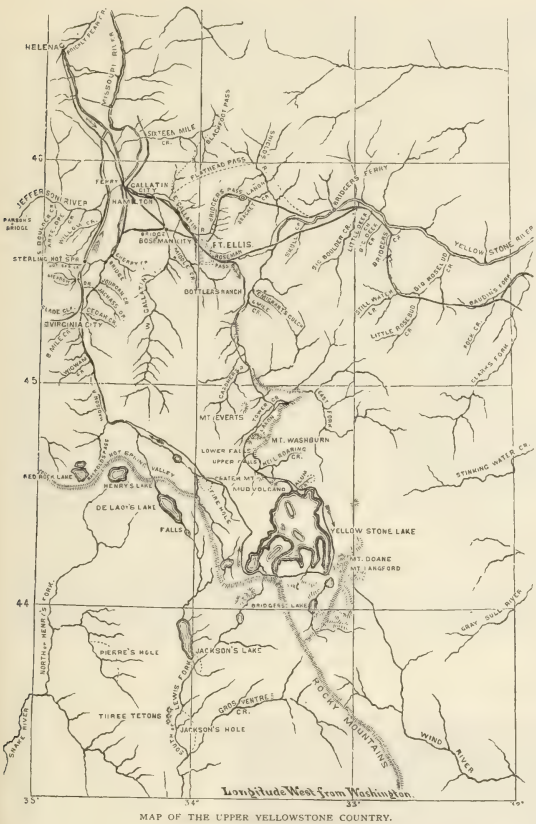
Old mountaineers and trappers are great romancers. I have met with many, but never one who was not fond of practicing upon the credulity of those who listened to his adventures. Bridger, than whom perhaps no man has experienced more of wild mountain life, has been so much in the habit of embellishing his Indian adventures, that they are received by all who know him with many grains of allowance. This want of faith will account for the skepticism with which the oft-repeated stories of the wonders of the Upper Yellowstone were received by people who had lived within one hundred and twenty miles of them, and who at any time could have established their verity by ten days' travel.

Our company, composed of some of the officials and leading citizens of Montana, felt that if the half was true, they would be amply compensated for all the troubles and hazards of the expedition. It was, nevertheless, a serious undertaking, and as the time drew near for our departure, several who had been foremost to join us, upon the receipt of intelligence that a large party of Indians had come into the Upper Yellowstone valley, found excuse for their withdrawal in various emergent occupations, so that when the day for our departure arrived, our company was reduced in numbers to nine, and consisted of the following-named gentlemen: General H. D. Washburn, who served with distinction during the war of the rebellion, and subsequently represented the Clinton District of Indiana in the Congress of the United States; Samuel T. Hauser, President of the First National Bank of Helena; Cornelius Hedges, a leading member of the bar of Montana; Hon. Truman C. Everts, late United States Assessor for Montana; Walter Trumbull, son of Senator Trumbull; Ben. Stickney, Jr.; Warren C. Gillette; Jacob Smith, and the writer.

The preparation was simple. Each man was supplied with a strong horse, well equipped with California saddle, bridle, and cantinas. A needle-gun, a belt filled with cartridges, a pair of revolvers, a hunting-knife, added to the usual costume of the mountains, completed the personal outfit of each member of the expedition. When mounted and ready to start, we resembled more a band of brigands than sober men in search of natural wonders. Our provisions, consisting of bacon, dried fruit, flour, &c., were securely lashed to the backs of twelve bronchos, which were placed in charge of a couple of packers. We also employed two colored boys as cooks.

Major-General Hancock, in favorable response to our application for a military escort, had given orders for a company of cavalry to accompany us, which we expected to join at Fort Ellis, in the Gallatin Valley—a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Helena. We were none the less obliged to Gen. Hancock for his prompt compliance with our application for an escort, because of his own desire, previously expressed, to learn something of the country we explored which would be of service to him in the disposition of the troops under his command, for frontier defense; and if the result of our explorations in the least contributed to that end, we still remain the debtor of that officer for his courtesy and kindness, without which we might have failed altogether in our undertaking.

Our ride to Fort Ellis, through a well-settled portion of the Territory, was accomplished in four days. That portion of the valleys of the Missouri and Gallatin through which we passed, dotted with numerous ranches, presented large fields of wheat, oats, potatoes, and other evidences of thrift common in agricultural districts. Large droves of cattle were feeding upon the bunch grass which carpeted the valleys and foot-hills. Even the mountains, so wild, solemn, and unsocial a few years ago, seemed to be domesticated as they reared their familiar summits in long and continuous succession along the bordering uplands. At the



MAP OF THE UPPER YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

three forks, where the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin unite and form the Missouri, a thriving agricultural community has sprung up, which must eventually grow into a town of considerable importance. Entering the magnificent valley of the Gallatin at this point, our course up the river lay through one of the finest agricultural regions on the continent. The soil is remarkably fertile, and the valley stretches away on either side, a distance of twenty miles, to immense mountain ranges, which traverse its entire length, enclosing a territory as large as one of the larger New England States, every foot of which is susceptible of the highest cultivation.

Bozeman, a picturesque village of seven hundred inhabitants, situated at the foot of the Belt Range of mountains, is considered one of the most important prospective business locations in Montana. It is near the mouth of one of the few mountain passes of the Territory deemed practicable for railroad improvement. Its inhabitants are patiently awaiting the time when the cars of the "Northern Pacific" shall descend into their streets. The village is neatly built of wood and brick. Its surroundings are magnificent. The eye can distinctly trace the mountains by which it is encircled, a distance of four hundred miles.

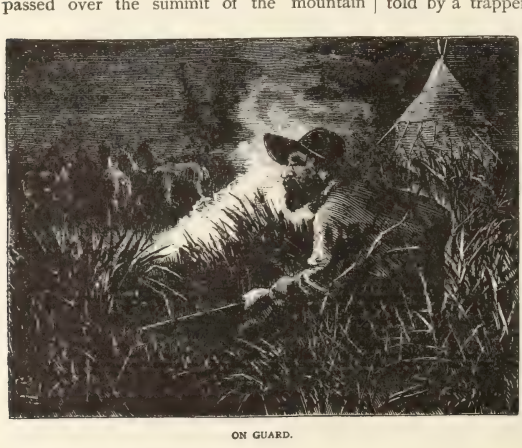
Fort Ellis, three miles distant, is built upon a table of land elevated above the valley, and which overlooks it for a great distance. Our party was welcomed by Colonel Baker, the commandant, and we pitched our tent near the post.

On the morning succeeding our arrival we were informed that, owing to the absence on duty of most of the soldiers, a fraction of a company—five cavalrymen and a lieutenant in command—were all that could be afforded for our escort; but, realizing that a small body of white men can more easily elude a band of Indians than can a large party, and without hesitating to consider the possible defense which we could make against a war party of hostile Sioux with this limited number, we declared ourselves satisfied, and took our departure for the *terra incognita* as fully

assured of a successful journey as if our number had been multiplied by hundreds.

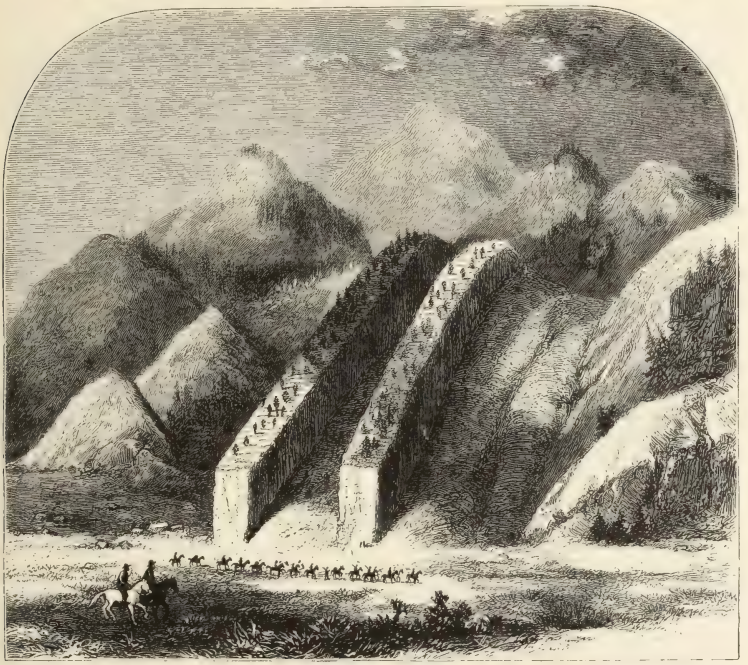
Our pack-horses were brought up and their loads fastened to them with that incredible rapidity and skill which is the result only of life-long practice. The dexterity with which a skillful packer will load and unload his horses is remarkable. The rope is thrown around the body of the animal and securely fastened in less time than it takes to tell it. No matter what the character of the beast, wild or tame, it is under the perfect control of its master. The broncho is, however, a refractory customer. He has many tricks, unknown to his well-trained brother of the East. Bucking is a frequent vice, for which there is small remedy; but, as was proved in a single instance on the morning we left the fort, that horse must be more expert than was any in our train who can foil an experienced packer. Every leap of the enraged brute only increased the tension of the cord which bound and finally subdued him, and rendered him tractable.

Once under way, our little company, now increased to nineteen, presented quite a formidable appearance, as by dint of whip and spur our steeds gayly wheeled across the plain towards the mountains. After a tedious ride of several hours up steep acclivities, over rocks, and through dark defiles, we at length passed over the summit of the mountain range, took a last look of the beautiful valley of the Gallatin, and descended into a ravine coursed by the waters of Trail Creek. Following this two days, we came to the Yellowstone, up which we rode to the solitary ranch of the brothers Boteler—the last abode of civilized man in the direction of our travels. These hardy mountaineers received and entertained us in hearty mountain style—giving us the best of everything their ranch afforded, together with a great deal of information and advice about the country, which we afterwards found to be invaluable. The Botelers belong to that class of pioneers, of which there are many in the new Territories, who are only satisfied when their location and field of operations are a little in advance of civilization — exposed to privation and danger—and yet unite with these discomforts some advantages of hunting, trapping, and fishing not enjoyed by men contented to dwell in safety. Free-hearted, jolly and brave, living upon such means as the country afforded, accustomed to roam for days and weeks in the mountains in pursuit of game and furs, their experience renewed our courage, and the descriptions which they gave us of the wonders they had seen increased our curiosity. It was not pleasant, however, to learn that twenty-five lodges of Crows had gone up the valley a few days before our arrival, or to be told by a trapper whom we met that he had been robbed by them, and, in common parlance, "been set on foot," by having his horse and provisions stolen.



ON GUARD.

In anticipation of possible trouble from this source, we organized our company, and elected Gen. H. D. Washburn, Surveyor-General of Montana, commander. It was understood that we should make but one march each day—starting at 8 A.M., and camping at 3 P.M. This obviated the necessity of unpacking and cooking a dinner. At night the horses were to be carefully picketed, a fire built

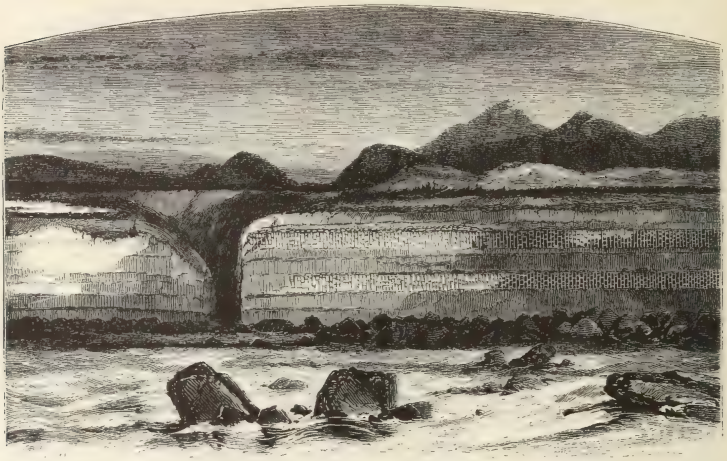


THE DEVIL'S SLIDE, MONTANA.

beyond them, and two of the company to keep guard until one o'clock; then to be relieved by two others, who were to watch until daylight. This divided the labor among fourteen, who were to serve as picket-men twice each week.

These precautionary measures being fully understood, we left Boteler's, plunging at once into the vast unknown which lay before us. Following the slight Indian trail, we traveled near the bank of the river, amid the wildest imaginable scenery of river, rock, and mountain. The foot-hills were covered with verdure, which an autumnal sun had sprinkled with maroon-colored tints, very delicate and beautiful. The path was narrow, rocky, and uneven, frequently leading over high hills, in ascent and descent more or less abrupt and difficult. The increasing altitude of the route was more perceptible than any over which we had ever traveled, and the river, whenever visible, was a perfect mountain torrent.

While descending a hill into one of the broad openings of the valley, our attention was suddenly arrested by half a dozen or more mounted Indians, who were riding down the foot-hills on the opposite side of the river. Two of our company, who had lingered behind, came up with the information that they had seen several more making observations from behind a small butte, from which they fled in great haste on being discovered. They soon rode down on the plateau to a point where their horses were hobbled, and for a long time watched our party as it continued its course of travel up the river. Our camp was guarded that night with more than ordinary vigilance. A hard rain-storm, which set in early in the afternoon and continued



COLUMN ROCK.

through the night, may have saved us from an attack by these prowlers.

When we started the next morning, Gen. Washburn detailed four of our company to guard the pack train, while he, with four others, rode in advance to make the most practicable selection of routes. Six miles above our camp we ascended the spur of a mountain, which came down boldly to the river's edge. From its summit we had a beautiful view of the valley stretched out before us—the river fringed with cottonwood trees—the foot-hills covered with luxuriant, many-tinted herbage, and over all the snow-crowned summits of the mountains, many miles away, but seemingly rising from the midst of the plateau at our feet. Looking up the river, the valley opened widely, and from the rock on which we stood was visible the train of pack-horses, slowly winding their way along the sinuous trail, which followed the inequalities of the mountain-side. The whole formed a scene of great interest. Pursuing our course a few miles farther, we camped just below the lower cañon of the river. Our hunters provided us with a sumptuous meal of antelope, rabbit, duck, grouse, and trout.

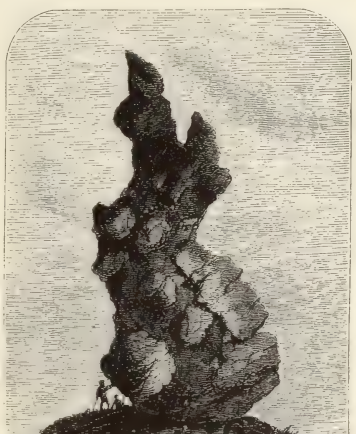
The night was very cold, the mercury standing at 40° when we broke camp, at eight o'clock the next morning. We remained some time at the lower cañon of the Yellowstone, which, as a single isolated piece of scenery, is very beautiful. It is less than a mile in length, and perhaps does not exceed 1,000 feet in depth. Its walls are vertical, and, seen from the summit of the precipice, the river seems forced through a narrow gorge, and is surging and boiling at a fearful rate—the water breaking into millions of prismatic drops against every projecting rock.

After traveling six miles over the mountains above the cañon, we again descended into a broad and open valley, skirted by a level upland for several miles. Here an object met our attention which deserves more than a casual notice. It was two parallel vertical walls of rock, projecting from the side of a mountain to the height of 125 feet, traversing the mountain from base to summit, a distance of 1,500 feet. These walls were not to exceed thirty feet in width, and their tops for the whole length were crowned with a growth of pines. The sides were as even as if they had been worked by line and plumb—the whole space between, and on either side of them, having been completely eroded and washed

away. We had seen many of the capricious works wrought by erosion upon the friable rocks of Montana, but never before upon so majestic a scale. Here an entire mountain-side, by wind and water, had been removed, leaving as the evidences of their protracted toil these vertical projections, which, but for their immensity, might as readily be mistaken for works of art as of nature. Their smooth sides, uniform width and height, and great length, considered in connection with the causes which had wrought their insulation, excited our wonder and admiration. They were all the more curious because of their dissimilarity to any other striking objects in natural scenery that we had ever seen or heard of. In future years, when the wonders of the Yellowstone are incorporated into the family of fashionable resorts, there will be few of its attractions surpassing in interest this marvelous freak of the elements. For some reason, best understood by himself, one of our companions gave to these rocks the name of the "Devil's Slide." The suggestion was unfortunate, as, with more reason perhaps, but with no better taste, we frequently had occasion to appropriate other portions of the person of his Satanic Majesty, or of his dominion, in signification of the varied marvels we met with. Some little excuse may be found for this in the fact that the old mountaineers and trappers who preceded us had been peculiarly lavish in the use of the infernal vocabulary. Every river and glen and mountain had suggested to their imaginations some fancied resemblance to portions of a region which their pious grandmothers had warned them to avoid. It is common for them, when speaking of this region, to designate portions of its physical features, as "Fire Hole Prairie,"—the "Devil's Glen,"—"Hell Roaring River," &c. —and these names, from a remarkable fitness of things, are not likely to be speedily superseded by others less impressive. We camped at the close of this day's travel near the southwestern corner of Montana, at the mouth of Gardiner's River.

Crossing this stream the next morning, we passed over several rocky ridges into a valley which, for a long distance, was crowded with the spires of protruding rocks, which gave it such a dismal aspect that we named it "The Valley of Desolation." The trail was so rough and mountainous that we were able to travel but six miles before the usual hour for camping. Much of the distance was through fallen timber, almost impassable by the pack train. A mile before camping we discovered on the trail the fresh tracks of unshod ponies, indicating that a party of Indians had recently passed over it. Lieutenant Doane, with one of our company, had left us in the morning, and did not come into camp this evening. One of our horses broke his lariat during the night and galloped through the camp, rousing the sleepers, who grasped their guns, supposing the Indians were really upon them.

We started early the next morning and soon struck the trail which had been traveled the preceding day by Lieutenant Doane. It led over a more practicable route than the one we left. The marks made in the soil by the *travais* (lodge-poles) on the side of the trail showed that it had been recently traveled by a number of lodges of Indians,—and a little colt, which we overtook soon after making the discovery, convinced us that we were in their immediate vicinity. Our party was separated, and if we had been attacked, our pack-train,



THE DEVIL'S HOOF.



THE GREAT CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

horses, and stores would have been an easy conquest. Fortunately we were unmolested, and, when again united, made a fresh resolusion to travel as much in company as possible. All precautionary measures, however, unless enforced by the sternest discipline, are soon forgotten—and danger, until actually impending, is seldom borne in mind. A day had scarcely passed when we were as reckless as ever.

From the summit of a commanding range, which separated the waters of Antelope and Tower Creeks, we descended through a picturesque gorge, leading our horses to a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone. Four miles of travel, a great part of it down the precipitous slopes of the mountain, brought us to the banks of Tower Creek, and within the volcanic region, where the wonders were supposed to commence. On the right of the trail our attention was first attracted by a small hot sulphur spring, a little below the boiling point in temperature. Leaving the spring we ascended a high ridge, from which the most noticeable feature, in a landscape of great extent and beauty, was Column Rock, stretching for two miles along the eastern bank of the Yellowstone. At the distance from which we saw it, we could compare it in appearance to nothing but a section of the Giant's Causeway. It was composed of successive pillars of basalt overlying and underlying a thick stratum of cement and gravel resembling pudding-stone. In both rows, the pillars, standing in close proximity, were each about thirty feet high and from three to five feet in diameter. This interesting object, more from the novelty of its formation and its beautiful surroundings of mountain and river scenery than anything grand or impressive in its appearance, excited our attention, until the gathering shades of evening reminded us of the necessity of selecting a suitable camp. We descended the declivity to the banks of Tower Creek, and camped on a rocky terrace one mile distant from, and four hundred feet above the Yellowstone.

Tower Creek is a mountain torrent flowing through a gorge about forty yards wide. Just below our camp it falls perpendicularly over an even ledge 112 feet, forming one of the most beautiful cataracts in the world. For some dis-



ROCK PINNACLES ABOVE TOWER FALLS.

tance above the fall the stream is broken into a great number of channels, each of which has worked a tortuous course through a compact body of shale to the verge of the precipice, where they re-unite and form the fall. The countless shapes into which the shale has been wrought by the action of the angry waters, add a feature of great interest to the scene. Spires of solid shale, capped with slate, beautifully rounded and polished, faultless in symmetry, raise their tapering forms to the height of from 80 to 150 feet, all over the plateau above the cataract. Some resemble towers, others the spires of churches, and others still shoot up as lithe and slender as the minarets of a mosque. Some of the loftiest of these formations, standing like sentinels upon the very brink of the fall, are accessible to an expert and adventurous climber. The position attained on one of their narrow summits, amid the uproar of waters and at a height of 250 feet above the boiling chasm, as the writer can affirm, requires a steady head and strong nerves; yet the view which rewards the temerity of the exploit is full of compensations. Below the fall the stream descends in numerous rapids, with frightful velocity, through a gloomy gorge, to its union with the Yellowstone. Its bed is filled with enormous boulders, against which the rushing waters break with great fury.

Many of the capricious formations wrought from the shale excite merriment as well as wonder. Of this kind especially was a huge mass sixty feet in height, which, from its supposed resemblance to the proverbial foot of his Satanic Majesty, we called the "Devil's Hoof." The scenery of mountain, rock, and forest surrounding the falls is very beautiful. Here, too, the hunter and fisherman can indulge their tastes with the certainty of ample reward. As a half-way resort to the greater wonders still farther up the marvelous river, the visitor of future years will find no more delightful resting-place. No account of this beautiful fall has ever been given by any of the former visitors to this region. The name of "Tower Falls," which we gave it, was suggested by some of the most conspicuous features of the scenery.



TOWER FALLS, ON TOWER CREEK, WYOMING.

Early the next morning several of our company left in advance, to explore a passage for our pack-train over the mountains, which were very steep and lofty. We had been following a bend in the river,—but as no sign of a change in its course was apparent, our object was, by finding a shorter route across the country, to avoid several days of toilsome travel. The advance party ascended a lofty peak,—by barometrical measurement, 10,580 feet above ocean level,—which, in honor of our commander, was called Mount Washburn. From its summit, 400 feet above the line of perpetual snow, we were able to trace the course of the river to its source in Yellowstone Lake. At the point where we crossed the line of vegetation the snow covered the side of the apex of the mountain to the depth of twenty feet, and seemed to be as solid as the rocks upon which it rested. Descending the mountain, we came upon the trail made by the pack-train at its base, which we followed into camp at the head of a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone. Following the stream in the direction of its mouth, at the distance of a mile below our camp, we crossed an immense bed of volcanic ashes, thirty feet deep, extending one hundred yards along both sides of the creek. Less than a mile beyond, we suddenly came upon a hideous-looking glen filled with the sulphurous vapor emitted from six or eight boiling springs of great size and activity. One of our company aptly compared it to the entrance to the infernal regions. It looked like nothing earthly we had ever seen, and the pungent fumes which filled the atmosphere were not unaccompanied by a disagreeable sense of possible suffocation. Entering the basin cautiously, we found the entire surface of the earth covered with the incrusted sinter thrown from the springs. Jets of hot vapor were expelled through a hundred natural orifices with which it was pierced, and through every fracture made by passing over it. The springs themselves were as diabolical in appearance as the witches' caldron in Macbeth, and needed but the presence of Hecate and her weird band to realize that horrible creation of poetic fancy. They were all in a state of violent ebullition, throwing their liquid contents to the height of three or four feet. The largest had a basin twenty by forty feet in diameter. Its greenish-yellow water was covered with bubbles, which were constantly rising, bursting, and emitting sulphurous gas from various parts of its surface. The central spring seethed and bubbled like a boiling caldron. Fearful

volumes of vapor were constantly escaping it. Near it was another, not so large, but more infernal in appearance. Its contents, of the consistency of paint, were in constant, noisy ebullition. A stick thrust into it, on being withdrawn, was coated with lead-colored slime a quarter of an inch in thickness. Nothing flows from this spring. Seemingly, it is boiling down. A fourth spring, which exhibited the same physical features, was partly covered by an overhanging ledge of rock. We tried to fathom it, but the bottom was beyond the reach of the longest pole we could find. Rocks cast into it increased the agitation of its waters. There were several other springs in the group, smaller in size, but presenting the same characteristics.

The approach to them was unsafe, the incrustation surrounding them bending in many places beneath our weight,—and from the fractures thus created would ooze a sulphury slime of the consistency of mucilage. It was with great difficulty that we obtained specimens from the natural apertures with which the crust is filled,—a feat which was accomplished by one only of our party, who extended himself at full length upon that portion of the incrustation which yielded the least, but which was not sufficiently strong to bear his weight while in an upright position, and at imminent risk of sinking into the infernal mixture, rolled over and over to the edge of the opening, and with the crust slowly bending and sinking beneath him, hurriedly secured the coveted prize.

There was something so revolting in the general appearance of the springs and their surroundings—the foulness of the vapors, the infernal contents, the treacherous incrustation, the noisy ebullition, the general appearance of desolation, and the seclusion and wildness of the location—that, though awe-struck, we were not unreluctant to continue our journey without making them a second visit. They were probably never before seen by white man. The name of "Hell Broth Springs," which we gave them, fully expressed our appreciation of their character.

Our journey the next day still continued through a country until then untraveled. Owing to the high lateral mountain spurs, the numerous ravines, and the interminable patches of fallen timber, we made very slow progress; but when the hour for camping arrived we were greatly surprised to find ourselves descending the mountain along the banks of a beautiful stream in the immediate vicinity of the Great Falls of the Yellowstone. This stream, which we called Cascade Creek, is very rapid. Just before its union with the river it passes through a gloomy gorge, of abrupt descent, which on either side is filled with continuous masses of obsidian that have been worn by the water into many fantastic shapes and cavernous recesses. This we named "The Devil's Den." Near the foot of the gorge the creek breaks from fearful rapids into a cascade of great beauty. The first fall of five feet is immediately succeeded by another of fifteen, into a pool as clear as amber, nestled beneath overarching rocks. Here it lingers as if half reluctant to continue its course, and then gracefully emerges from the grotto, and, veiling the rocks down an abrupt descent of eighty-four feet, passes rapidly on to the



GETTING A SPECIMEN.

Yellowstone. It received the name of "Crystal."

The Great Falls are at the head of one of the most remarkable cañons in the world—a gorge through volcanic rocks fifty miles long, and varying from one thousand to nearly five thousand feet in depth. In its descent through this wonderful chasm the river falls almost three thousand feet. At one point, where the passage has been worn through a mountain range, our hunters assured us it was more than a vertical mile in depth, and the river, broken into rapids and cascades, appeared no wider than a ribbon. The brain reels as we gaze into this profound and solemn solitude. We shrink from the dizzy verge appalled, glad to feel the solid earth under our feet, and venture no more, except with forms extended, and faces barely protruding over the edge of the precipice. The stillness is horrible. Down, down, down, we see the river attenuated to a thread, tossing its miniature waves, and dashing, with puny strength, the massive walls which imprison it. All access to its margin is denied, and the dark gray rocks hold it in dismal shadow.



LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING: (350 FEET IN HEIGHT.)

Even the voice of its waters in their convulsive agony cannot be heard. Uncheered by plant or shrub, obstructed with massive boulders and by jutting points, it rushes madly on its solitary course, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the rocky firmament. The solemn grandeur of the scene surpasses description. It must be seen to be felt. The sense of danger with which it impresses you is harrowing in the extreme. You feel the absence of sound, the oppression of absolute silence. If you could only hear that gurgling river, if you could see a living tree in the depth beneath you, if a bird would fly past, if the wind would move any object in the awful chasm, to break for a moment the solemn silence that reigns there, it would relieve that tension of the nerves which the scene has excited, and you would rise from your prostrate condition and thank God that he had permitted you to gaze, unharmed, upon this majestic display of natural architecture. As it is, sympathizing in spirit with the deep gloom of the scene, you crawl from the dreadful verge, scared lest the firm rock give way beneath and precipitate you into the horrid gulf.

We had been told by trappers and mountaineers that there were cataracts in this vicinity a thousand feet high; but, if so, they must be lower down the cañon, in that portion of it which, by our journey across the bend in the river, we failed to see. We regretted, when too late, that we had not made a fuller exploration—for by no other theory than that there was a stupendous fall below us,

or that the river was broken by a continued succession of cascades, could we account for a difference of nearly 3,000 feet in altitude between the head and the mouth of the cañon. In that part of the cañon which we saw, the inclination of the river was marked by frequent falls fifteen and twenty feet in height, sufficient, if continuous through it, to accomplish the entire descent.

The fearful descent into this terrific cañon was accomplished with great difficulty by Messrs. Hauser and Stickney, at a point about two miles below the falls. By trigonometrical measurement they found the chasm at that point to be 1,190 feet deep. Their ascent from it was perilous, and it was only by making good use of hands and feet, and keeping the nerves braced to the utmost tension, that they were enabled to clamber up the precipitous rocks to a safe landing-place. The effort was successfully made, but none others of the company were disposed to venture.

From a first view of the cañon we followed the river to the falls. A grander scene than the lower cataract of the Yellowstone was never witnessed by mortal eyes. The volume seemed to be adapted to all the harmonies of the surrounding scenery. Had it been greater or smaller it would have been less impressive. The river, from a width of two hundred feet above the fall, is compressed by converging rocks to one hundred and fifty feet, where it takes the plunge. The shelf over which it falls is as level and even as a work of art. The height, by actual line measurement, is a few inches more than 350 feet. It is a sheer, compact, solid, perpendicular sheet, faultless in all the elements of grandeur and picturesque beauties. The cañon which commences at the upper fall, half a mile above this cataract, is here a thousand feet in depth. Its vertical sides rise gray and dark above the fall to shelving summits, from which one can look down into the boiling, spray-filled chasm, enlivened with rainbows, and glittering like a shower of diamonds. From a shelf protruding over the stream, 500 feet below the top of the cañon, and 180 above the verge of the cataract, a member of our company, lying prone upon the rock, let down a cord with a stone attached into the gulf, and measured its profoundest depths. The life and sound of the cataract, with its sparkling spray and fleecy foam, contrasts strangely with the sombre stillness of the cañon a mile below. There all was darkness, gloom, and shadow; here all was vivacity, gayety, and delight. One was the most unsocial, the other the most social scene in nature. We could talk, and sing, and whoop, waking the echoes with our mirth and laughter in presence of the falls, but we could not thus profane the silence of the cañon. Seen through the cañon below the falls, the river for a mile or more is broken by rapids and cascades of great variety and beauty.

Between the lower and upper falls the cañon is two hundred to nearly four hundred feet deep. The river runs over a level bed of rock, and is undisturbed by rapids until near the verge of the lower fall. The upper fall is entirely unlike the other, but in its peculiar character equally interesting. For some distance above it the river breaks into frightful rapids. The stream is narrowed between the rocks as it approaches the brink, and bounds with impatient struggles for release, leaping through the stony jaws, in a sheet of snow-white foam, over a precipice nearly perpendicular, 115 feet high. Midway in its descent the entire volume of water is carried, by the sloping surface of an intervening ledge, twelve or fifteen feet beyond the vertical base of the precipice, gaining therefrom a novel and interesting feature. The churning of the water upon the rocks reduces it to a mass of foam and spray, through which all the colors of the solar spectrum are reproduced in astonishing profusion. What this cataract lacks in sublimity is more than compensated by picturesqueness. The rocks which overshadow it do not veil it from the open light. It is up amid the pine foliage which crowns the adjacent hills, the grand feature of a landscape unrivaled for beauties of vegetation as well as of rock and glen. The two confronting rocks, overhanging the verge at the height of a hundred feet or more, could be readily united by a bridge, from which some of the grandest views of natural scenery in the world could be obtained—while just in front of, and within reaching distance of the arrowy water, from



UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING.

a table one-third of the way below the brink of the fall, all its nearest beauties and terrors may be caught at a glance.

We rambled around the falls and cañon two days, and left them with the unpleasant conviction that the greatest wonder of our journey had been seen.

We indulged in a last and lingering glance at the falls on the morning of the first day of Autumn. The sun shone brightly, and the laughing waters of the upper fall were filled with the glitter of rainbows and diamonds. Nature, in the excess of her prodigality, had seemingly determined that this last look should be the brightest, for there was everything in the landscape, illuminated by the rising sun, to invite a longer stay. Even the dismal cañon, so dark and gray and still, reflected here and there on its vertical surface patches of sunshine, as much as to say, "See what I can do when I try." Everything had "put a jocund humor on." Long vistas of light broke through the pines which crowned the contiguous mountains, and the snow-crowned peaks in the distance glistened like crystal. Catching the spirit of the scene, we laughed and sung, and whooped as we rambled hurriedly from point to point, lingering only when

the final moment came to receive the very last impression.

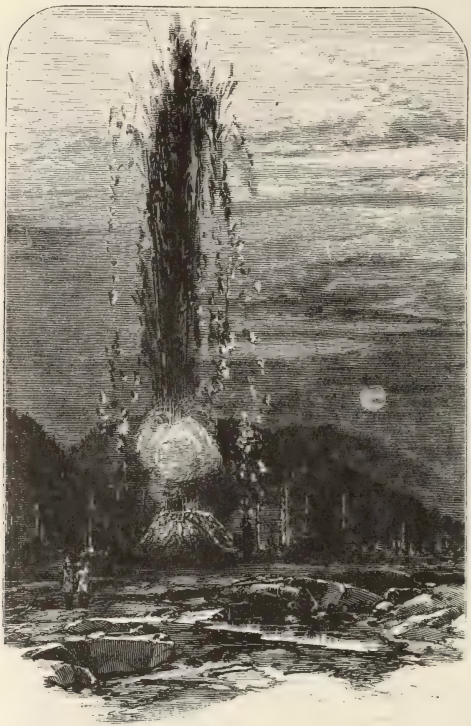
At length we turned our backs upon the scene, and wended our way slowly up the river-bank along a beaten trail. The last vestige of the rapids disappeared at the distance of half a mile above the Upper Fall. The river, expanded to the width of 400 feet, rolled peacefully between low verdant banks. The water for some distance was of that emerald hue which is so distinguishing a feature of Niagara. The bottom was pebbly, and but for the treacherous quicksands and crevices, of which it was full, we could easily have forded the stream at any point between the falls and our camping-place. We crossed a little creek strongly impregnated with alum,—and three miles beyond found ourselves in the midst of volcanic wonders of great variety and profusion. The region was filled with boiling springs and craters. Two hills, each 300 feet high, and from a quarter to half a mile across, had been formed wholly of the sinter thrown from adjacent springs—lava, sulphur, and reddish-brown clay. Hot streams of vapor were pouring from crevices scattered over them. Their surfaces answered in hollow intonations to every footstep, and in several places yielded to the weight of our horses. Steaming vapor rushed hissingly from the fractures, and all around the natural vents large quantities of sulphur in crystallized form, perfectly pure, had been deposited. This could be readily gathered with pick and shovel. A great many exhausted craters dotted the hillside. One near the summit, still alive, changed its hues like steel under the process of tempering, to every kiss of the passing breeze. The hottest vapors were active beneath the incrusted surface everywhere. A thick leathern glove was no protection to the hand exposed to them. Around these immense thermal deposits, the country, for a great distance in all directions, is filled with boiling springs, all exhibiting separate characteristics.

The most conspicuous of the cluster is a sulphur spring twelve by twenty feet in diameter, encircled by a beautifully scolloped sedimentary border, in which the water is thrown to a height of from three to seven feet. The regular formation of this border, and the perfect shading of the scollops forming it, are among the most delicate and wonderful freaks of nature's handiwork. They look like an elaborate work of art. This spring is located at the western base of Crater Hill, above described, and the gentle slope around it for a distance of 300 feet is covered to considerable depth with a mixture of sulphur and brown lava. The moistened bed of a small channel, leading from the spring down the slope, indicated that it had recently overflowed.

A few rods north of this spring, at the base of the hill, is a cavern whose mouth is about seven feet in diameter, from which a dense jet of sulphurous vapor explodes with a regular report like a high-pressure engine. A little farther along we came upon another boiling spring, seventy feet long by forty wide, the water of which is dark and muddy, and in unceasing agitation.

About a hundred yards distant we discovered a boiling alum spring, surrounded with beautiful crystals, from the border of which we gathered a quantity of alum, nearly pure, but slightly impregnated with iron. The violent ebullition of the water had undermined the surrounding surface in many places, and for the distance of several feet from the margin had so thoroughly saturated the incrustation with its liquid contents, that it was unsafe to approach the edge. As one of our company was unconcernedly passing near the brink, the incrustation suddenly sloughed off beneath his feet. A shout of alarm from his comrades aroused him to a sense of his peril, and he only avoided being plunged into the boiling mixture by falling suddenly backward at full length upon the firm portion of the crust, and rolling over to a place of safety. His escape from a horrible death was most marvellous, and in another instant he would have been beyond all human aid. Our efforts to sound the depths of this spring with a pole thirty-five feet in length were fruitless.

Beyond this we entered a basin covered with the ancient deposit of some extinct crater, which contained about thirty springs of boiling clay. These unsightly caldrons varied in size from two to ten feet in diameter, their surfaces being from three to eight feet below the level of the plain. The contents of most of them were



THE MUD VOLCANO.

of the consistency of thick paint, which they greatly resembled, some being yellow, others pink, and others dark brown. This semi-fluid was boiling at a fearful rate, much after the fashion of a hasty-pudding in the last stages of completion. The bubbles, often two feet in height, would explode with a puff, emitting at each time a villainous smell of sulphuretted vapor. Springs six and eight feet in diameter, but four feet asunder, presented distinct phenomenal characteristics. There was no connection between them, above or below. The sediment varied in color, and not unfrequently there would be an inequality of five feet in their surfaces. Each, seemingly, was supplied with a separate force. They were embraced within a radius of 1,200 feet, which was covered with a strong incrustation, the various vents in which emitted streams of heated vapor. Our silver watches, and other metallic articles, assumed a dark leaden hue. The atmosphere was filled with sulphurous gases, and the river opposite our camp was impregnated with the mineral bases of adjacent springs. The valley through which we had made our day's journey was level and beautiful, spreading away to grassy foot-hills, which terminated in a horizon of mountains.

We spent the next day in examining the wonders surrounding us. At the base of adjacent foot-hills we found three springs of boiling mud, the largest of which, forty feet in diameter, encircled by an elevated rim of solid tufa, resembles an immense caldron. The seething, bubbling contents, covered with steam, are five feet below the rim. The disgusting appearance of this spring is scarcely atoned for by the wonder with which it fills the beholder. The other two springs, much smaller, but presenting the same general features, are located near a large sulphur spring of milder temperature, but too hot for bathing. On the brow of an adjacent hillock, amid the green pines, heated vapor issues in scorching jets from several craters and fissures. Passing over the hill, we struck a small stream of perfectly transparent water flowing from a cavern, the roof of which tapers back to the water, which is boiling furiously, at a distance of twenty feet from the mouth, and is ejected through it in uniform jets of great force. The sides and entrance of the cavern are covered with soft green sediment, which renders the rock on which it is deposited as soft and pliable as putty.

About two hundred yards from this cave is a most singular phenomenon, which we called the Muddy Geyser. It presents a funnel-shaped orifice, in the midst of a basin one

hundred and fifty feet in diameter, with sloping sides of clay and sand. The crater or orifice, at the surface, is thirty by fifty feet in diameter. It tapers quite uniformly to the depth of about thirty feet, where the water may be seen, when the geyser is in repose, presenting a surface of six or seven feet in breadth. The flow of this geyser is regular every six hours. The water rises gradually, commencing to boil when about half way to the surface, and occasionally breaking forth in great violence. When the crater is filled, it is expelled from it in a splashing, scattered mass, ten or fifteen feet in thickness, to the height of forty feet. The water is of a dark lead color, and deposits the substance it holds in solution in the form of miniature stalagmites upon the sides and top of the crater. As this was the first object which approached a geyser, we, naturally enough, regarded it with intense curiosity. The deposit contained in the water of this geyser comprises about one-fifteenth of its bulk, and an analysis of it, made by Prof. Augustus Steitz, of Montana, gives the following result:—Silica, 36.7; alumina, 52.4; oxide of iron, 1.8; oxide of calcium, 3.2; oxide of magnesia, 1.8; soda and potassa, 4.1 = 100.

While returning by a new route to our camp, dull, thundering sounds, which General Washburn likened to frequent discharges of a distant mortar, broke upon our ears. We followed their direction, and found them to proceed from a mud volcano, which occupied the slope of a small hill, embowered in a grove of pines. Dense volumes of steam shot into the air with each report, through a crater thirty feet in diameter. The reports, though irregular, occurred as often as every five seconds, and could be distinctly heard half a mile. Each alternate report shook the ground a distance of two hundred yards or more, and the massive jets of vapor which accompanied them burst forth like the smoke of burning gunpowder. It was impossible to stand on the edge of that side of the crater opposite the wind, and one of our party, Mr. Hedges, was rewarded for his temerity in venturing too near the rim, by being thrown by the force of the volume of steam violently down the outer side of the crater. From hasty views, afforded by occasional gusts of wind, we could see at a depth of sixty feet the regurgitating contents.

This volcano, as is evident from the freshness of the vegetation and the particles of dried clay adhering to the topmost branches of the trees surrounding it, is of very recent formation. Probably it burst forth but a few months ago. Its first explosion must have been terrible. We saw limbs of trees 125 feet high encased in clay, and found its scattered contents two hundred feet from it. We closed this day's labor by a visit to several other springs, so like those already described that they require no special notice.

(To be continued.)

UNRECONCILED.

At morn he stood before her,
With heart and tongue aflame,
To her entreating glances
No kiss replying came.

At night he leaned above her—
White embers lacking flame,—
To his belated kisses
No answering kisses came.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

To the Editor: You with much urgency beg me to give you some reminiscences of the Brontë family.

The life of Charlotte Brontë, viewed apart from her high gifts and genius as an authoress, was a very unsensational life; for the most part it was a life of domestic duty, self-sacrifice, fidelity to whatever she believed to be right, fortitude in suffering, and patient resignation under all inevitable trials; and these are not elements of attraction to readers who care for excitement. What is said of Charlotte may, with almost equal truth, be said of Emily and Anne; though they differed greatly in many points of character and disposition, they were each and all on common ground if a *principle* had to be maintained or a *sham* to be detected. They were all jealous of anything hollow or unreal. All were resolutely single-minded, eminently courageous, eminently simple in their habits, and eminently tender-hearted.

For many years past I have from time to time received urgent requests from your countrymen (who have at all times evinced the highest appreciation of Charlotte Brontë's writings) for a further publication of her letters.

In 1867 some communication arose on the subject with your now lamented countryman, Henry J. Raymond. He wrote to intimate he should possibly see me on this subject in England, while on his way to join some members of his family in Europe. He advised a further publication of C. B.'s letters, said "they would in any case be a considerable success," and begged to assure me that "he should be glad to aid in the enterprise as far as it might be in his power." I had entertained strong doubts as to the desirability of adding (at least for some time to come) to the letters already given in the Memoir (which were many more than were at first anticipated), when close upon Mr. Raymond's advice another kind of urgency rose up, which has often been very active among some of C. B.'s warmest admirers.

With painful frequency it has been said to me, "Why do not you defend your friend's memory from the oft-made charge of irreligion?" Every chord of affection vibrated in response to such an appeal, soothed however, for the time, by the promise to one's self that, on some future day, her own letters should be her defence, *after* (as I thought) my own web of life had run its course. But a series of events (which I need not specify) seemed to call, and to call so repeatedly, I could no longer refuse or delay to set about giving, as a tribute of justice to herself, a few more of her own words, the words of her *heart* and *feelings*, as they were elicited by the common accidents and incidents of daily life. The doing of this involves some sacrifice; but to shrink from possible annoyance or discomfort when duly called upon in defence of one we have loved, is indeed to be cowardly and craven-hearted, and unworthy of Charlotte Brontë's faithful love and friendship.

It is hoped the few more letters now given* will not fail to show with deep truth that her religion, though it did not manifest itself in phraseology and shibboleth, yet existed in a higher and better sense, finding its expression in the thought and action which springs from trustful, obedient faith. Why should she be condemned on points of doctrine which she had no call to pronounce? Why question her faith in our Saviour when her whole life was a practical illustration of His teachings,—her constant attendance at celebrations of the Holy Eucharist, a declaration of her faith in His atonement,—her self-sacrifice to duty, offered so freely and entirely without one thought of merit or of praise to be won, and this, too, when tempted by a combination of circumstance and affection which none of less religious principle could have resisted;—when she never shirked a duty because it was irksome, or advised another to do what she herself did not fully count the cost of doing,—above all, when her goodness was not of the stand-still order,—when there was new beauty, when there were new developments and growths of goodness to admire and attract in every succeeding renewal of intercourse,—when daily she was a Christian heroine, who bore her cross with the firmness of a martyr saint!

E.

SCHOOL DAYS AT ROE HEAD.

Arriving at school about a week after the general assembling of the pupils, I was not expected to accompany them when the time came for their daily exercise, but while they were out, I was led into the school-room, and quietly left to make my observations. I had come to the conclusion it was very nice and comfortable for a school-room, though I had little knowledge of school-rooms in general, when, turning to the window to observe the look-out I became aware for the first time that I was not alone; there was a silent, weeping, dark little figure in the large bay-window; she must, I thought, have risen from the floor. As soon as I had recovered from my surprise, I went from the far end of the room, where the book-shelves were, the contents of which I must have contemplated with a little awe in anticipation of coming studies. A crimson cloth covered the long table down the center of the room, which helped, no doubt, to hide the shrinking little

* [The letters referred to appeared in the last volume of Hours at Home, although many of great interest still remain unpublished.—Ed.]



THE ROE HEAD SCHOOL.

figure from my view. I was touched and troubled at once to see her so sad and so tearful.

I said *shrinking*, because her attitude, when I saw her, was that of one who wished to hide both herself and her grief. She did not shrink, however, when spoken to, but in very few words confessed she was "homesick." After a little of such comfort as could be offered, it was suggested to her that there was a possibility of her too having to comfort the speaker by and by for the same cause. A faint quivering smile then lighted her face; the tear-drops fell; we silently took each other's hands, and at once we felt that genuine sympathy which always consoles, even though it be unexpressed. We did not talk or stir till we heard the approaching footsteps of other pupils coming in from their play; it had been a game called "French and English," which was always very vigorously played, but in which Charlotte Brontë never could be induced to join. Perhaps the merry voices contesting for victory, which reached our ears in the school-room, jarred upon her then sensitive misery, and caused her ever after to dislike the game; but she was physically unequal to that exercise of muscle, which was keen enjoyment to strong, healthy girls, both older and younger than herself. Miss Wooler's system of education required that a good deal of her pupils' work should be done in classes, and to effect this, new pupils had generally a season of solitary study; but Charlotte's fervent application made this period a very short one to her,—she was quickly up to the needful standard, and ready for the daily routine and arrangement of studies, and as quickly did she outstrip her companions, rising from the bottom of the classes to the top, a position which, when she had once gained, she never had to regain. She was first in everything but play, yet never was a word heard of envy or jealousy from her companions; every one felt she had won her laurels by an amount of diligence and hard labor of which they were incapable. She never exulted in her successes or seemed conscious of them; her mind was so wholly set on attaining knowledge that she apparently forgot all else.

Charlotte's appearance did not strike me at first as it did others. I saw her grief, not herself particularly, till afterwards. She never seemed to me the unattractive little person others designated her, but certainly she was at this time anything but *pretty;* even her good points were lost. Her naturally beautiful hair of soft silky brown being then dry and frizzy-looking, screwed up in tight little curls, showing features that were all the plainer from her exceeding thinness and want of complexion, she looked "dried in." A dark, rusty green stuff dress of old-fashioned make detracted still more from her appearance; but let her wear what she might, or do what she would, she

had ever the demeanor of a born gentlewoman; vulgarity was an element that never won the slightest affinity with her nature. Some of the elder girls, who had been years at school, thought her ignorant. This was true in one sense; ignorant she was indeed in the elementary education which is given in schools, but she far surpassed her most advanced school-fellows in knowledge of what was passing in the world at large, and in the literature of her country. She knew a thousand things in these matters unknown to them.

She had taught herself a little French before she came to school; this little knowledge of the language was very useful to her when afterwards she was engaged in translation or dictation. She soon began to make a good figure in French lessons. Music she wished to acquire, for which she had both ear and taste, but her nearsightedness caused her to stoop so dreadfully in order to see her notes, she was dissuaded from persevering in the acquirement, especially as she had at this time an invincible objection to wearing glasses. Her very taper fingers, tipped with the most circular nails, did not seem very suited for instrumental execution; but when wielding the pen or the pencil, they appeared in the very office they were created for.

Her appetite was of the smallest; for years she had not tasted animal food; she had the greatest dislike to it; she always had something specially provided for her at our midday repast. Towards the close of the first half-year she was induced to take, by little and little, meat gravy with vegetable, and in the second half-year she commenced taking a very small portion of animal food daily. She then grew a little bit plumper, looked younger and more animated, though she was never what is called lively at this period. She always seemed to feel that a deep responsibility rested upon her; that she was an object of expense to those at home, and that she must use every moment to attain the purpose for which she was sent to school, *i.e.*, to fit herself for governess life. She had almost too much opportunity for her conscientious diligence; we were so little restricted in our doings, the industrious might accomplish the appointed tasks of the day and enjoy a little leisure, but she chose in many things to do *double* lessons when not prevented by class arrangement or a companion. In two of her studies she was associated with her friend, and great was her distress if her companion failed to be ready, when she was, with the lesson of the day. She liked the stated task to be over, that she might be free to pursue her self-appointed ones. Such, however, was her conscientiousness that she never did what some girls think it generous to do; generous and unselfish though she was, she never whispered help to a companion in class (as she might have done), to rid herself of the trouble of having to appear again. All her school-fel lows regarded her, I believe, as a model of high rectitude, close application, and great abilities. She did not play or amuse herself when others did. When her companions were merry round the fire, or otherwise enjoying themselves during the twilight, which was always a precious time of relaxation, she would be kneeling close to the window busy with her studies, and this would last so long that she was accused of seeing in the dark; yet though she did not play, as girls style play, she was ever ready to help with suggestions in those plays which required taste or arrangement.

When her companions formed the idea of having a coronation performance on a half-holiday, it was Charlotte Brontë who drew up the programme, arranged the titles to be adopted by her companions for the occasion, wrote the invitations to those who were to grace the ceremony, and selected for each a title, either for sound that pleased the ear or for historical association. The preparations for these extra half-holidays (which were very rare occurrences) sometimes occupied spare moments for weeks before the event. On this occasion Charlotte prepared a very elegant little speech for the one who was selected to present the crown. Miss W.'s younger sister consented after much entreaty to be crowned as our queen (a very noble, stately queen she made), and did her pupils all the honor she could by adapting herself to the rôle of the moment. The following exquisite little speech shows Charlotte's aptitude, even

then, at giving fitting expression to her throughts :—

"Powerful Queen ! accept this Crown, the symbol of dominion, from the hands of your faithful and affectionate subjects ! And if their earnest and united wishes have any efficacy, you will long be permitted to reign over this peaceful, though circumscribed, empire. [Signed, &c., &c.]

"Your loyal subjects."

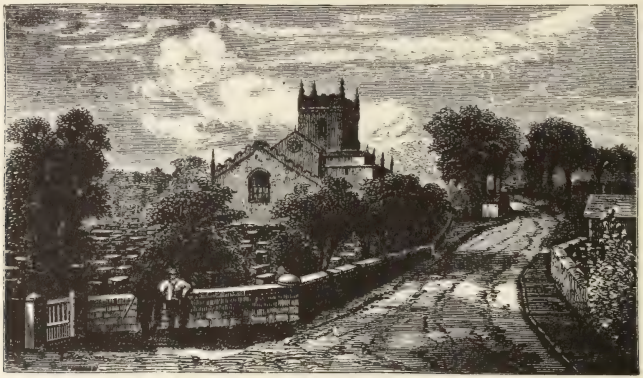
The little fête finished off with what was called a ball ; but for lack of numbers we had to content ourselves with one quadrille and two Scotch reels. Last of all there was a supper, which was considered very *recherché*, most of it having been coaxed out of yielding mammas and elder sisters, in addition to some wise expenditure of pocket-money. The grand feature, however, of the supper was the attendance of a mulatto servant. We descended for a moment from our assumed dignities to improvise this distinguishing appanage. The liveliest of our party, "Jessie York," volunteered this office, and surpassed our expectations. Charlotte evidently enjoyed the fun, in her own quiet way, as much as any one, and ever after with great zest helped, when with old school-fellows, to recall the performances of the exceptional half-holidays.

About a month after the assembling of the school, one of the pupils had an illness. There was great competition among the girls for permission to sit with the invalid, but Charlotte was never of the number, though she was as assiduous in kindness and attention as the rest in spare moments ; but to sit with the patient was indulgence and leisure, and these she would not permit herself.

It was shortly after this illness that Charlotte caused such a panic of terror by her thrilling relations of the wanderings of a somnambulist. She brought together all the horrors her imagination could create, from surging seas, raging breakers, towering castle walls, high precipices, invisible chasms and dangers. Having wrought these materials to the highest pitch of effect, she brought out, in almost cloud-height, her somnambulist, walking on shaking turrets,—all told in a voice that conveyed more than words alone can express. A shivering terror seized the recovered invalid ; a pause ensued ; then a subdued cry of pain came from Charlotte herself, with a terrified command to others to call for help. She was in bitter distress. Something like remorse seemed to linger in her mind after this incident ; for weeks there was no prevailing upon her to resume her tales, and she never again created terrors for her listeners. Tales, however, were made again in time, till Miss W. discovered there was "late talking." That was forbidden ; but under-



THE "FIELD HEAD" OF SHIRLEY.



THE "BRIARFIELD" CHURCH, OF SHIRLEY.

standing it was "late talk" only which was prohibited, we talked and listened to tales again, not expecting to hear Miss C. H. W. say, one morning, "All the ladies who talked last night must pay fines. I am sure Miss Brontë and Miss —— were not of the number." Miss Brontë and Miss —— were, however, transgressors like the rest, and rather enjoyed the fact of having to pay like them, till they saw Miss W.'s grieved and disappointed look. It was then a distress that they had failed where they were reckoned upon, though unintentionally. This was the only school-fine Charlotte ever incurred.

At the close of the first half-year, Charlotte bore off three prizes. For one she had to draw lots with her friend—a moment of painful suspense to both; for neither wished to deprive the other of her reward. Happily, Charlotte won it, and so had the gratifying pleasure of carrying home three tangible proofs of her goodness and industry. Miss W. had two badges of conduct for her pupils which were wonderfully effective, except with the most careless. A black ribbon, worn in the style of the Order of the Garter, which the pupils passed from one to another for any breach of rules, unlady-like manners, or incorrect grammar. Charlotte might, in her very earliest school-days, have worn "the mark," as we styled it, but I never remember her having it. The silver medal, which was the badge for the fulfillment of duties, she won the right to in her first half-year. This she never afterwards forfeited, and it was presented to her on leaving school. She was only three half-years at school. In this time she went through all the elementary teaching contained in our school-books. She was in the habit of committing long pieces of poetry to memory, and seemed to do so with real enjoyment and hardly any effort.

In these early days, whenever she was certain of being quite alone with her friend, she would talk much of her two dead sisters, Maria and Elizabeth. Her love for them was most intense; a kind of adoration dwelt in her feelings which, as she conversed, almost imparted itself to her listener.

She described Maria as a little mother among the rest, superhuman in goodness and cleverness. But the most touching of all were the revelations of her sufferings,—how she suffered with the sensibility of a grown-up person, and endured with a patience and fortitude that were Christ-like. Charlotte would still weep and suffer when thinking of her. She talked of Elizabeth also, but never with the anguish of expression which accompanied her recollections of Maria. When surprise was expressed that she should know so much about her sisters when they were so young, and she herself still younger, she said she began to analyze character when she was five years

old, and instanced two guests who were at her home for a day or two, and of whom she had taken stock, and of whom after-knowledge confirmed first impressions.

The following lines, though not regarded of sufficient merit for publication in the volume of poems, yet have an interest as they depict her then desolated heart :—

MEMORY.

When the dead in their cold graves are lying
Asleep, to wake never again !
When past are their smiles and their sighing,
Oh, why should their memories remain ?
Though sunshine and spring may have lightened
The wild flowers that blow on their graves,
Though summer their tombstones have brightened,
And autumn have palled them with leaves,
And winter have wildly bewailed them
With his dirge-wind as sad as a knell,
And the shroud of his snow-wreath have veiled them,
Still—how deep in our bosoms they dwell !

The shadow and sun-sparkle vanish,
The cloud and the light fleet away,
But man from his heart may not banish
Even thoughts that are torment to stay.
When quenched is the glow of the ember,
When the life-fire ceases to burn,
Oh ! why should the spirit remember ?
Oh ! why should the parted return ?

During one of our brief holidays Charlotte was guest in a family who had known her father when he was curate in their parish. They were naturally inclined to show kindness to his daughter, but the kindness here took a form which was little agreeable. They had had no opportunity of knowing her abilities or disposition, and they took her shyness and smallness as indications of extreme youth. She was slow, very slow, to express anything that bordered on ingratitude, but here she was mortified and hurt. "They took me for a child, and treated me just like one," she said. I can now recall the expression of that ever honest face as she added, "one tall lady *would* nurse me."

The tradition of a lady ghost who moved about in rustling silk in the upper stories of Roe Head had a great charm for Charlotte. She was a ready listener to any girl who could relate stories of others having seen her ; but on Miss W. hearing us talk of our ghost, she adopted an effective measure for putting our belief in such an existence to the test, by selecting one or other from among us to ascend the stairs after the dimness of evening hours had set in, to bring something down which could easily be found. No ghost made herself visible even to the frightened imaginations of the foolish and the timid ; the whitened face of apprehension soon disappeared, nerves were braced, and a general laugh soon set us all right again.

It was while Charlotte was at school that she imbibed the germ of many of those characters which she afterwards produced in *Shirley ;* but no one could have imagined that, in the unceasing industry of her daily applications, she was receiving any kind of impress external to her school-life.

She was particularly impressed with the goodness and saintliness of one of Miss W.'s guests,—the Miss Ainley of *Shirley*, long since gone to her rest. The character is not of course a literal portrait, for the very reasons Charlotte herself gave. She said, "You are not to suppose any of the characters in *Shirley* intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art nor of my own feelings to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired, are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting." I may remark here that nothing angered Charlotte more, than for any one to suppose they could not be in her society without incurring the risk of "being put in her books." She always stoutly maintained she never thought of persons in this light when she was with them.

In the seldom recurring holidays Charlotte made sometimes short visits with those of her companions whose homes were within reach of school. Here she made acquaintance with the scenes and prominent characters of the Luddite period ; her father materially helped to fix her impressions, for he had held more than one curacy in the very neighborhood which she describes in *Shirley*. He was present in some of the scenes, an active participator as far as his position permitted. Sometimes on the defensive, sometimes aiding the sufferers, uniting his strength and influence

with the Mr. Helstone of *Shirley*. Between these two men there seems to have been in some respects a striking affinity of character which Charlotte was not slow to perceive, and she blended the two into one, though she never personally beheld the original of Mr. Helstone, except once when she was ten years old. He was a man of remarkable vigor and energy, both of mind and will. An absolute disciplinarian, he was sometimes called "Duke Ecclesiastic," a very Wellington in the Church.

Mr. Brontë used to delight in recalling the days he spent in the vicinity of this man. Many a breakfast hour he enlivened by his animated relations of his friend's unflinching courage and dauntless self-reliance,—and how the ignorant and prejudiced population around misunderstood and misrepresented his worthiest deeds. In depicting the Luddite period Charlotte had the power of giving an almost literal description of the scenes then enacted, for, in addition to her father's personal acquaintance with what occurred, she had likewise the aid of authentic records of the eventful time, courteously lent to her by the editors of the *Leeds Mercury*.

I must not forget to state that no girl in the school was equal to Charlotte in Sunday lessons. Her acquaintance with Holy Writ surpassed others in this as in everything else. She was very familiar with all the sublimest passages, especially those in Isaiah, in which she took great delight. Her confirmation took place while she was at school, and in her preparation for that, as in all other studies, she distinguished herself by application and proficiency.



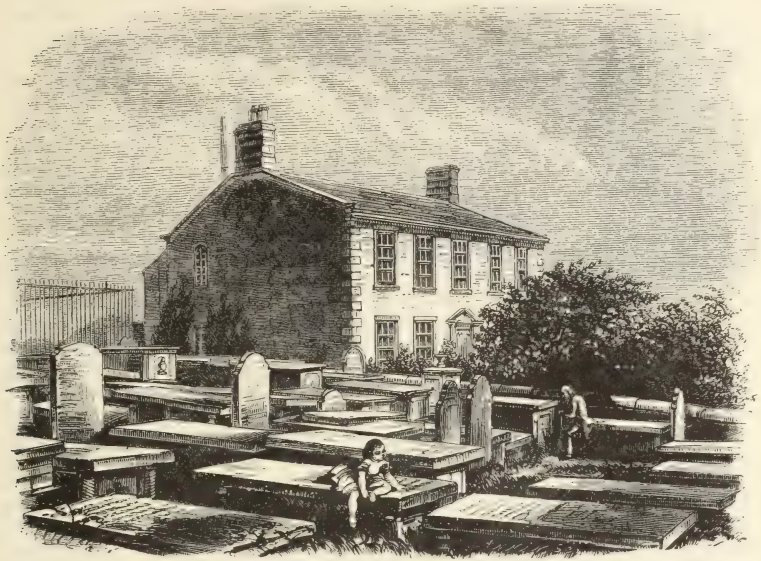
THE HOUSE THAT CHARLOTTE VISITED.

At school she acquired that habit which she and her sisters kept up to the very last, that of pacing to and fro in the room. In days when out-of-door exercise was impracticable, Miss Wooler would join us in our evening hour of relaxation and converse (for which she had rare talent); her pupils used to hang about her as she walked up and down the room, delighted to listen to her, or have a chance of being nearest in the walk. The last day Charlotte was at school she seemed to realize what a sedate, hard-working season it had been to her. She said, "I should for once like to feel *out and out* a school-girl; I wish something would happen! Let us run round the fruit garden [running was what she never did]; perhaps we shall meet some one, or we may have a fine for trespass." She evidently was longing for some never-to-be-forgotten incident. Nothing, however, arose from her little enterprise. She had to leave school as calmly and quietly as she had there lived.

CHARLOTTE'S EARLY LIFE AT HAWORTH.

Charlotte's first visit from Haworth was made about three months after she left school. She traveled in a two-wheeled gig, the only conveyance to be had in Haworth except the covered cart which brought her to school. Mr. Brontë sent Branwell as an escort; he was *then* a very dear brother, as dear to Charlotte as her own soul; they were in perfect accord of taste and feeling, and it was mutual delight to be together.

Branwell probably had never been far from home before; he was in wild ecstasy with everything. He walked about in unrestrained boyish enjoyment, taking views in every direction of the old turret-roofed house, the fine chestnut trees on the lawn (one tree especially interested him because it was "iron-garthed," having been split by storms, but still flourishing in great majesty), and a large rookery, which gave to the house a good background—all these he noted and commented upon with perfect enthusiasm. He told his sister he "was leaving her in Paradise, and if she were not intensely happy she never would be!" Happy, indeed, she then was, *in himself*, for



HAWORTH PARSONAGE AND GRAVEYARD.

she, with her own enthusiasms, looked forward to what her brother's great promise and talent might effect. He would at this time be between fifteen and sixteen years of age.

The visit passed without much to mark it (at this distance of time) except that we crept away together from household life as much as we could. Charlotte liked to pace the plantations or seek seclusion in the fruit-garden; she was safe from visitors in these retreats. She was so painfully shy she could not bear any special notice. One day, on being led in to dinner by a stranger, she trembled and nearly burst into tears; but notwithstanding her excessive shyness, which was often painful to others as well as herself, she won the respect and affection of all who had opportunity enough to become acquainted with her.

Charlotte's shyness did not arise, I am sure, either from vanity or self-consciousness, as some suppose shyness to arise; its source was (as Mr. Arthur Helps says very truly in one of his recent essays) in her "not being understood." She felt herself apart from others; they did not *understand* her, and she keenly felt the distance.

My first visit to Haworth was full of novelty and freshness. The scenery for some miles before we reached Haworth was wild and uncultivated, with hardly any population; at last we came to what seemed a terrific hill, such a steep declivity no one thought of riding down it; the horse had to be carefully led. We no sooner reached the foot of this hill than we had to begin to mount again, over a narrow, rough, stone-paved road; the horses' feet seemed to catch at boulders, as if climbing. When we reached the top of the village there was apparently no outlet, but we were directed to drive into an entry which just admitted the gig; we wound round in this entry and then saw the church close at hand, and we entered on the short lane which led to the parsonage gate-way. Here Charlotte was waiting, having caught the sound of the approaching gig. When greetings and introductions were over, Miss Branwell (the aunt of the Brontës) took possession of their guest and



REV. PATRICK BRONTË.

treated her with the care and solicitude due to a weary traveler. Mr. Brontë, also, was stirred out of his usual retirement by his own kind consideration, for not only the guest but the man-servant and the horse were to be made comfortable. He made inquiries about the man, of his length of service, &c., with the kind purpose of making a few moments of conversation agreeable to him.

Even at this time, Mr. Brontë struck me as looking very venerable, with his snow-white hair and powdered coat-collar. His manner and mode of speech always had the tone of high-bred courtesy. He was considered somewhat of an invalid, and always lived in the most abstemious and simple manner. His white cravat was not then so remarkable as it grew to be afterwards. He was in the habit of covering this cravat himself. We never saw the operation, but we always had to wind for him the white sewing-silk which he used. Charlotte said it was her father's one extravagance—he cut up yards and yards of white lutestring (silk) in covering his cravat; and, like Dr. Joseph Woolffe (the renowned and learned traveler), who, when on a visit and in a long fit of absence, "went into a clean shirt every day for a week, without taking one off," so Mr. Brontë's cravat went into new silk and new size without taking any off, till at length nearly half his head was enveloped in cravat. His liability to bronchial attacks, no doubt, attached him to this increasing growth of cravat.

Miss Branwell was a very small, antiquated little lady. She wore caps large enough for half a dozen of the present fashion, and a front of light auburn curls over her forehead. She always dressed in silk. She had a horror of the climate so far north, and of the stone floors in the parsonage. She amused us by clicking about in pattens whenever she had to go into the kitchen or look after household operations.

She talked a great deal of her younger days; the gayeties of her dear native town, Penzance, in Cornwall; the soft, warm climate, etc. The social life of her younger days she used to recall with regret; she gave one the idea that she had been a belle among her own home acquaintances. She took snuff out of a very pretty gold snuff-box, which she sometimes presented to you with a little laugh, as if she enjoyed the slight shock and astonishment visible in your countenance. In summer she spent part of the afternoon in reading aloud to Mr. Brontë. In the winter evenings she must have enjoyed this; for she and Mr. Brontë had often to finish their discussions on what she had read when we all met for tea. She would be very lively and intelligent, and tilt arguments against Mr. Brontë without fear.

"Tabby," the faithful, trustworthy old servant, was very quaint in appearance—very active, and, in these days, the general servant and factotum. We were all "childer" and "bairns," in her estimation. She still kept to her duty of walking out with the "childer," if they went any distance from home, unless Branwell were sent by his father as a protector. Poor "Tabby," in later days, after she had been attacked with paralysis, would most anxiously look out for such duties as she was still capable of. The post-man was her special point of attention. She did not approve of the inspection which the younger eyes of her fellow-servant bestowed on his deliveries. She jealously seized them when she could, and carried them off with hobbling step, and shaking head and hand, to the safe custody of Charlotte.

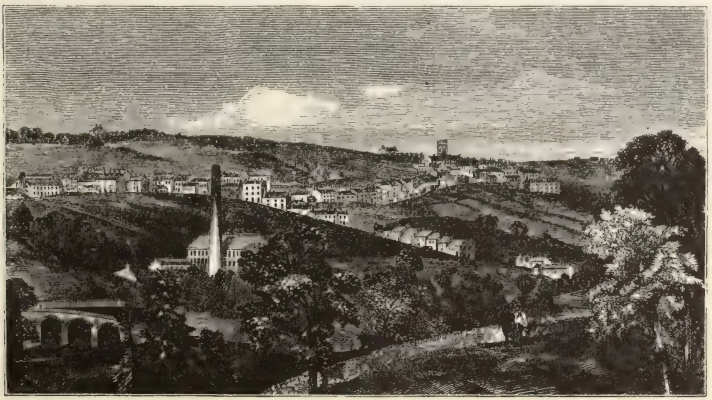
Emily Brontë had by this time acquired a lithesome, graceful figure. She was the tallest person in the house, except her father. Her hair, which was naturally as beautiful as

Charlotte's, was in the same unbecoming tight curl and frizz, and there was the same want of complexion. She had very beautiful eyes—kind, kindling, liquid eyes ; but she did not often look at you : she was too reserved. Their color might be said to be dark gray, at other times dark blue, they varied so. She talked very little. She and Anne were like twins—inseparable companions, and in the very closest sympathy, which never had any interruption.

Anne—dear, gentle Anne—was quite different in appearance from the others. She was her aunt's favorite. Her hair was a very pretty light brown, and fell on her neck in graceful curls. She had lovely violet-blue eyes, fine penciled eyebrows, and clear, almost transparent complexion. She still pursued her studies, and especially her sewing, under the surveillance of her aunt. Emily had now begun to have the disposal of her own time.

Branwell studied regularly with his father, and used to paint in oils, which was regarded as study for what might be eventually his profession. All the household entertained the idea of his becoming an artist, and hoped he would be a distinguished one.

In fine and suitable weather delightful rambles were made over the moors, and down into the glens and ravines that here and there broke the monotony of the moorland. The rugged bank and rippling brook were treasures of delight. Emily, Anne, and Branwell used to ford the streams, and sometimes placed stepping-stones for the other two ; there was always a lingering delight in these spots,—every moss, every flower, every tint and form, were noted and enjoyed. Emily especially had a gleesome delight in these nooks of beauty,—her reserve for the time vanished. One long ramble made in these early days was far away over the moors, to a spot familiar to Emily and Anne, which they called "The Meeting of the Waters." It was a small oasis of emerald green turf, broken here and there by small clear springs ; a few large stones served as resting-places ; seated here, we were hidden from all the world, nothing appearing in view but miles and miles of heather, a glorious blue sky, and brightening sun. A fresh breeze wafted on us its exhilarating influence ; we laughed and made mirth of each other, and settled we would call ourselves the quartette. Emily, half reclining on a slab of stone, played like a young child with the tadpoles in the water, making them swim about, and then fell to moralizing on the strong and the weak, the brave and the cowardly, as she chased them with her hand. No serious care or sorrow had so far cast its gloom on nature's youth and buoyancy, and nature's simplest offerings were fountains of pleasure and enjoyment.



HAWORTH VILLAGE.



HAWORTH CHURCH.

The interior of the now far-famed parsonage lacked drapery of all kinds. Mr. Brontë's horror of fire forbade curtains to the windows; they never had these accessories to comfort and appearance till long after Charlotte was the only inmate of the family sitting-room,—she then ventured on the innovation when her friend was with her; it did not please her father, but it was not forbidden.

There was not much carpet anywhere except in the sitting-room, and on the study floor. The hall floor and stairs were done with sand-stone, always beautifully clean, as everything was about the house; the walls were not papered, but stained in a pretty dove-colored tint; hair-seated chairs and mahogany tables, book-shelves in the study, but not many of these elsewhere. Scant and bare indeed, many will say, yet it was not a scantness that made itself felt. Mind and thought, I had almost said elegance, but certainly refinement, diffused themselves over all, and made nothing really wanting.

A little later on, there was the addition of a piano. Emily, after some application, played with precision and brilliancy. Anne played also, but she preferred soft harmonies and vocal music. She sang a little; her voice was weak, but very sweet in tone.

Mr. Brontë's health caused him to retire early. He assembled his household for family worship at eight o'clock; at nine he locked and barred the front door, always giving, as he passed the sitting-room door, a kindly admonition to the "children" not to be late; half way up the stairs he stayed his steps to wind up the clock, the clock that in after days seemed to click like a dirge in the refrain of Longfellow's poem, "The old Clock on the Stairs:"—

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

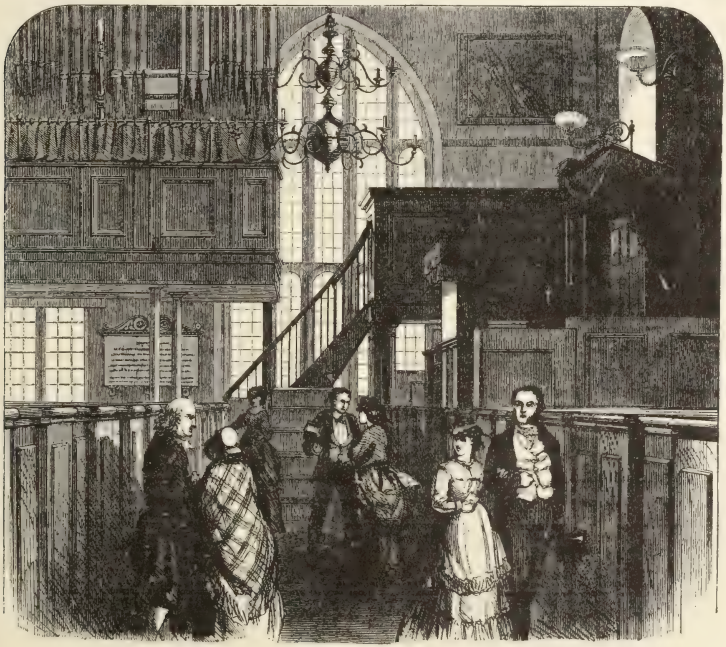
Every morning was heard the firing of a pistol from Mr. Brontë's room window,—it was the discharging of the loading which was made every night. Mr. Brontë's tastes led him to delight in the perusal of battle-scenes, and in following the artifice of war; had he entered on military service instead of ecclesiastical, he would probably have had a very distinguished career. The self-denials and privations of camp-life would have agreed entirely with his nature, for he was remarkably independent of the luxuries and comforts of life. The only dread he had was of *fire*, and this dread was so intense it caused him to

prohibit all but silk or woollen dresses for his daughters; indeed, for any one to wear any other kind of fabric was almost to forfeit his respect.

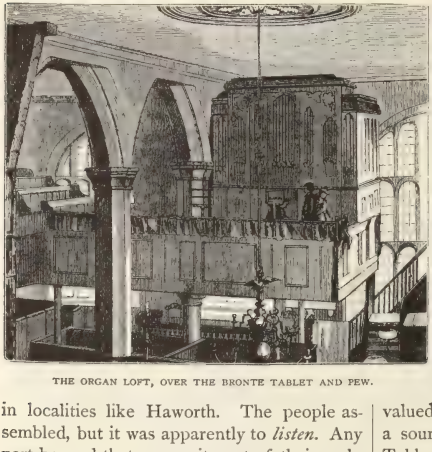
Mr. Brontë at times would relate strange stories, which had been told to him by some of the oldest inhabitants of the parish, of the extraordinary lives and doings of people who had resided in far-off, out-of-the-way places, but in contiguity with Haworth, — stories which made one shiver and shrink from hearing; but they were full of grim humor and interest to Mr. Brontë and his children, as revealing the characteristics of a class in the human race, and as such Emily Brontë has stereotyped them in her *Wuthering Heights*.

During Miss Branwell's reign at the parsonage, the love of animals had to be kept in due subjection. There was then but one dog, which was admitted to the parlor at stated times. Emily and Anne always gave him a portion of their breakfast, which was, by their own choice, the old north country diet of oatmeal porridge. Later on, there were three household pets — the tawny, strong-limbed "Keeper," Emily's favorite: he was so completely under her control, she could quite easily make him spring and roar like a lion. She taught him this kind of occasional play without any coercion. "Flossy"—long, silky-haired, black and white "Flossy"—was Anne's favorite; and black "Tom," the tabby, was everybody's favorite. It received such gentle treatment it seemed to have lost cat's nature, and subsided into luxurious amiability and contentment. The Brontës' love of dumb creatures made them very sensitive of the treatment bestowed upon them. For any one to offend in this respect was with them an infallible bad sign, and a blot on the disposition.

The services in church in these days were such as can only be seen (if ever seen again)



INTERIOR OF HAWORTH CHURCH.

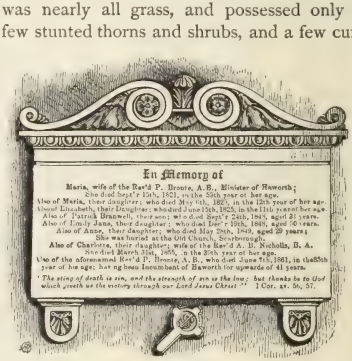


THE ORGAN LOFT, OVER THE BRONTE TABLET AND PEW.

in localities like Haworth. The people assembled, but it was apparently to *listen*. Any part beyond that was quite out of their reckoning. All through the prayers, a stolid look of apathy was fixed on the generality of their faces. There they sat, or leaned, in their pews; some few, perhaps, were resting, after a long walk over the moors. The children, many of them in clogs (or sabots), pattered in from the school after service had commenced, and pattered out again before the sermon. The sexton, with a long staff, continually walked round in the aisles, "knobbing" sleepers when he dare, shaking his head at and threatening unruly children; but when the sermon began there was a change. Attitudes took the listening forms, eyes were turned on the preacher. It was curious, now, to note the expression. A rustic, untaught intelligence, gleamed in their faces; in some, a daring, doubting, questioning look, as if they would like to offer some defiant objection. Mr. Brontë always addressed his hearers in extempore style. Very often he selected a parable from one of the Gospels, which he explained in the simplest manner—sometimes going over his own words and explaining them also, so as to be perfectly intelligible to the lowest comprehension.

The parishioners respected Mr. Brontë because, as one of them said, "he's a grand man; he lets other folks' business alone." No doubt Mr. Brontë's knowledge of human nature made him aware that this was the best course to pursue, till their independence had acquired a more civilized standard. There were exceptions, however, among them. Two or three individuals deserve particular note—they were men remarkable for self-culture and intelligence. One, it was said, vied with Mr. Brontë himself in his knowledge of the dead languages. He and another had, in addition to their mental stamina, such stalwart frames and stature they looked capable of doing duty as guards to the whole village. The third individual was an ailing, suffering man; but he wrote such a critique on Charlotte's writings, when they became known, that it was valued more than any other coming from such a source. The villagers would have liked Tabby to talk to them about the family in the parsonage; but Tabby was invincible and impenetrable. When they asked her "if they were not fearfully larn'd," she left them in a "huff;" but she did not deny her "childer" the laugh she knew they would have if she told them the village query.

Haworth of the present day, like many other secluded places, has made a step onwards, in that it has now its railway station, and its institutions for the easy acquirement of learning, politics, and literature. The parsonage is quite another habitation from the parsonage of former days. The garden, which was nearly all grass, and possessed only a few stunted thorns and shrubs, and a few cur-



THE NEW BRONTË TABLET.

rant bushes which Emily and Anne treasured as their own bit of fruit-garden, is now a perfect Arcadia of floral culture and beauty. At first the alteration, in spite of its improvement, strikes one with heart-ache and regret; for it is quite impossible, even in imagination, to people those rooms with their former inhabitants. But after-thought shows one the folly of such regret; for what the Brontës cared for and *lived* in most were the surroundings of nature, the free expanse of hill and mountain, the purple heather, the dells, and glens, and brooks, the broad sky view, the whistling winds, the snowy expanse, the starry heavens, and the charm of that solitude and seclusion which sees things from a distance without the disturbing atmosphere which lesser minds are apt to create. For it was not the seclusion of a *solitary* person, such as Charlotte endured in after days, and which in time becomes awfully oppressive and injurious. It was solitude and seclusion shared and enjoyed with intelligent companionship, and intense family affection.

THE MOABITE STONE.

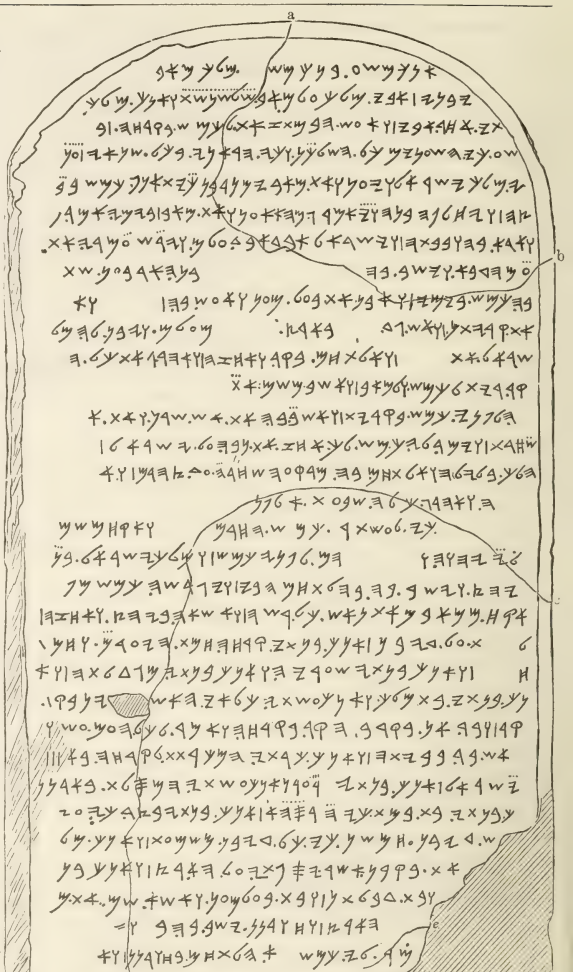
As long ago as the summer of 1868, Rev. Mr. Klein, a missionary, was traveling through the old country of Moab, east of the Dead Sea, and while investigating the ruins of the ancient city of Dibon, still bearing the old name, the *o* being merely changed into *a*, he discovered a large, thick, black slab of basalt, on one side of which was an inscription in Semitic characters. From the measurements of Captain Warren, an English engineer, the stone was about three feet five inches high, and one foot nine inches wide. Mr. Klein duly reported the discovery, but no notice was taken of it for about a year, when Mr. Ganneau, *attaché* of the French Consulate at Jerusalem, sent an Arab to take a "squeeze" of the stone. This was successfully done, but before the paper was dry a scuffle arose, and the impression was torn to tatters, which were fortunately preserved. Subsequently an effort was made to buy the stone of the nation, but this excited the suspicion of the Turkish authorities, who caused a fire to be made under it, and water to be poured upon it when hot, so that the slab was reduced to fragments. Still those pieces large enough to allow subsequent impressions to be taken in squeeze paper, even those which were so small as to contain a single letter, were faithfully copied, and from them all a restored text was gained, tolerably full, and doubtless accurate as far as it goes. We present it on our pages in about one-tenth of the original size. The lines a, b, and c, d, e indicate the two chief fractures. The points over certain letters show what remains more or less illegible. The English, under the lead of Captain Warren of the Royal Engineers, and the French authorities vied with each other in securing all the results which a discovery like this would bring to light. The learned world have greeted this as one of the most remarkable events of our time, and nearly all the journals of the chief literary societies have devoted pages to the Moabite Stone.

To the great multitude of general readers this discovery is profoundly interesting; first, because it throws light on and confirms the Bible; and second, because it is the oldest alphabetical writing in existence. It differs from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the cuneiform letters of Assyria, in being alphabetical language. It dates from an epoch about nine hundred years before Christ, and of course is earlier than the Babylonish captivity. It is the record of the doings of Mesha, a King of Moab, and the contemporary of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat. You may find his history, so far as it was connected with the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, in 2 Kings iii., a most interesting passage in itself, and one which acquires new attractions when we think that Elisha, the prophet of Israel, stood over against the hosts of this same Mesha, and inspired with courage the combination which was made for the overthrow of the Moabite king. And aside from its biblical interest, the passage is instructive from the fact that in it are found many of the letters of our own language, P, M, N, E, O, and Q, for in-

stance. They have come to us through the channel of the Greek, whose alphabet was directly derived from this old Semitic tongue.

The following is a translation of the inscription. The words within the brackets correspond with the italics in our Bibles, and are used to elucidate the sense :—

I, Mesha, son of Kemoshgad, King of Moab, the Dibonite—my father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father. And I made this high place for Kemosh in Korchoh, a place of deliverance, because he delivered me from all enemies and let me look [with pleasure] upon [the destruction of] all my haters. Then arose Omri, King of Israel, and he oppressed Moab many days, because Kemosh was angry with his land. And his son [Ahab] succeeded him, and he too said, "I will oppress Moab." In my days he said this, but I looked upon [the ruin of] him and his house, and Israel perished forever. And Omri had taken possession of the plain of Medeba and dwelt in it, and they oppressed Moab, he and his son, forty years, but looked upon him [i. e. Moab] Kemosh in my days. And I built [i. e. restored or fortified] Baal-Meon, and constructed in it the moat; and I built Kirjathaim. And the men of Gad were dwelling in the land of Ataroth from of old, and the King of Israel had built for himself the city; and I fought against the city, and took it, and slew all the inhabitants of the city, [as] a [pleasing] sight to Kemosh and to Moab; and I carried off thence the . . . of Jehovah, and dragged it [or them] before Kemosh at Kerioth. And I made dwell in it [viz. Ataroth] the people of Shiran and the people of M-ch-rath. And Kemosh said to me, "Go, take Nebo from Israel;" and I went by night, and fought against it from the dawning of the morning until midday, and I took it, and



THE MOABITE STONE.

slew the whole [population] of it, seven thousand, . . . for to Ashtor-Kemosh I had devoted it; and I took away thence the vessels of Jehovah, and dragged them before Kemosh. And the King of Israel [Ahaziah] built Johaz, and abode in it while he was fighting against me; but Kemosh drove him out before me; and I took of Moab two hundred men, all his headmen, and I led them up to Johaz and took it, in addition to Dibon. I built Korchoh, the wall of the woods and the wall of the mound; and I built its gates, and I built its towers; and I built the palace; and I made the reservoirs for rain-water in the midst of the city. And there was not a cistern in the midst of the city, in Korchoh; and I said to the whole people, "Make for yourselves each a cistern in his house." And I cut the moat for Korchoh with [the labor of] the captives of Israel. I built Aroer, and I made the road over the Arnon. I [&c.] built Beth-Bomoth, for it had been pulled down. I built Bezer, for . . . men of Dibon, fifty [in number], for all Dibon was submission [submissive to me]. And I . . . in the cities which I added to the land. And I built . . . and Beth-Diblaim, and Beth-Baal-Meon; and I took up thither the . . . the land. And Horonaim there dwelt in it. B . . . And Kemosh said to me, "Go down, fight against Horonaim." And I . . . Kemosh in my days. And . . . year . . .

The reader will not fail to notice the familiar names of Jehovah, Chemosh or Kemosh, Omri, Ahab, Aroer, Dibon, Arnon, and others: all found in our Scriptures. Our limits prevent our making any commentary on this ancient and most interesting account: dry indeed, if not taken in connection with our Bible narrative, but suggestive and precious when viewed as the transcript of a stone manuscript nine hundred years older than Christ. To find a record dating back to the time of Omri, Jehoshaphat, and Elisha, is an event which startles not alone the world of scholars, but whose echoes penetrate every home of the least cultivation.

"AYE-AYE!"



FIG 1.—The AYE-AYE hunting for grubs by tapping upon the bark with its middle finger.

So exclaimed the natives of the east coast of Madagascar, when first shown the little animal figured above. But the exclamation was not of affirmation, but astonishment; for they had never seen it before, and indeed there are reasons for thinking it is confined to the other side of that great continental island, which is so little known, yet in which Christianity has long numbered its devotees, its martyrs, and its apostates.

"But," says some reader, whose tastes lead him to politics, poetry, or fiction, rather than

to Nature, and whose acquaintance with the latter is limited to the creatures which he may eat or be eaten by—"even if I did care to know anything at all about this little beast, with the head of a cat, the tail of a squirrel, the hands of a miser, and the feet of a monkey, all I have to do is to glance at my 'Webster's Unabridged,' and find in a nutshell all about the aye-aye."

We pray that reader to listen for a single moment to the following statement, which is made with great regret, since we too once had equal faith in the magnificent work above mentioned. The figure named aye-aye, upon page 99, would answer equally well for at least a dozen other mammiferous vertebrates, and no one who has ever seen a correct picture of the aye-aye would recognize this as meant for one; the description of its appearance and habits, though equal in length to that of the elephant, is incorrect in several important points, and neither the figure nor the description afford any information respecting the real peculiarities which distinguish the aye-aye from all known animals. It is true that similar defects exist in the account given in Wood's *Illustrated Natural History of Mammalia;* and there is some excuse for this as for the dictionary, since both were issued before the appearance of Prof. Owen's splendid *Monograph of the Aye-aye*, in 1866; but neither this nor any other excuse can be urged for the deficiencies and misstatements of certain late text-books of zoölogy.

We trust this is sufficient reason for offering now some further account of the aye-aye.

One word as to the name. Its origin is as stated above, and not from any sound made by the creature itself; for, although one observer states that it sometimes utters a low grunt, another, the Superintendent of the Zoölogical Gardens in London, says he has never heard it make any sound whatever. Now it could not be expected that scientific naturalists would rest content with so brief a title as aye-aye for so wonderful an animal. It must have two names at the least—the first to designate its genus, the second to signify the species, just as we say sugar (genus), white or brown, etc. (species); so in 1790 the aye-aye was called Sciurus (squirrel) Madagascariensis (native of Madagascar). In 1800 it was rechristened as Lemur (ghost) psilodactylus (long-fingered). But it is now generally known by the title bestowed by Cuvier—Chiromys Madagascariensis—which signifies "a rat-like animal with hands, and living in Madagascar."



FIG. 2.—Right hand of the AYE-AYE, with the skin dissected off the palm to show the tendons.



FIG. 3.—Bones of the left hand of the AYE-AYE.

The scientific title of the aye-aye, then, fully atones for the brevity of its common name; and it must be further remembered that the technical names of animals and plants bear no definite relation to their own size or importance; for example, the elephant is simply Elephas Indicus or Africanus, according to the species, while the little changeable mole of the Cape of Good Hope is called Chrysochloris holosericea, and a microscopic rhizopod shell rejoices in the high-sounding title of Quinquenoculina meridionalis. Even this, however, would not be so bad if each species bore but a single name instead of a dozen, as often happens, and if, on the other hand, the same names were not sometimes by mistake applied to totally distinct species. It has been well said that the zeal of zoölogists to give names to species and groups is the greatest bane of Natural History, a constant hindrance to our own progress, and a subject of well-deserved reproach from the public; if we would all make it a rule not to publish the name of a supposed new species for a year after its discovery, and until a thorough search had been made for previous records, our own glory might be less appar-

ent, but we should be more considerate of our fellows, and more surely, though more slowly, advance the knowledge of natural objects.

The aye-aye is about the size of a cat, but the head is rather larger, the ears are wider and less pointed, the limbs project more freely from the trunk, and the bushy tail forms rather more than half the total length of three feet. This tail, moreover, has a gentle downward curve, instead of an upward tendency, as with the cat and the dog. The trunk is clothed with a silky coat of short grayish hair; but the color is given by the longer hairs, which are dark brown or nearly black, although along the spine some of them are tipped with white.

So far the aye-aye has presented nothing very wonderful; but a glance at figures 2 and 3 will detect its most striking feature. The aye-aye's hand is unlike that of every other known animal. Its medius or middle digit is about as long as the annularis or ring-finger, but *only half as thick*. It is skinny and bony, as if stricken with palsy, and has been aptly compared to a crooked nail. As may be seen in Fig. 3, its knuckle-joint is projected beyond those of the other digits; its first phalanx is longer than that of any excepting the annularis, and its terminal phalanges very slender. But in Fig. 2 we see that the tendon of the medius is quite as large as those of the other digits; and we are told that the tendons and muscles are so arranged that great power may be exerted upon this one slender digit, for a purpose we shall presently describe. The pollex, or thumb, is the shortest and thickest of all—has one less phalanx, as is usual among the mammalia, and is armed with a claw like the others. The acute angle which it forms with the palm does not indicate any great degree of opposability.

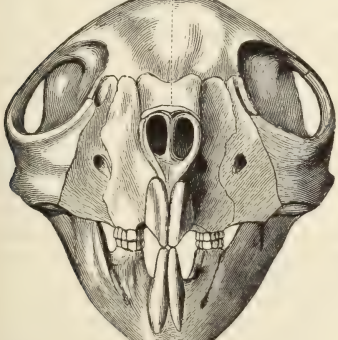


FIG. 4.—Skull of AYE-AYE seen from in front, and showing the two great gnawing teeth in each jaw.

The hinder foot (pes) reminds us at once of that of a monkey; for the primus, or great toe, stands out boldly from the side of the foot, and is evidently opposed in grasping to the other four dactyls, as is our thumb. It bears a small nail, whereas the four smaller dactyls are armed with curved and pointed claws. Both digits and dactyls, moreover, are a little thickened at the tip, so as to form fleshy pads. That of the primus is most apparent.

The aye-aye has strange teeth, too; for some of them suggest the squirrel, and others the monkey. In the first place, it has only two front or incisor teeth, above and below, and these are narrow, but deep, and bevelled off to a cutting edge, like the incisor teeth of the beaver, the squirrel, the rabbit, and other "rodentia" or gnawing animals, which have a hard case of enamel upon the front surface, the rest of the tooth being softer and more easily worn away by use. These teeth are like chisels in this respect; but they have two very decided advantages over the best steel instrument of human contrivance. The first is, that their very use keeps them sharp and in perfect order, since the edge of the lower tooth strikes just behind the edge of the upper, and both are continually worn away behind by the attrition of the hard wood which they attack. The second peculiarity is, that this constant loss of substance at the free end of the tooth is constantly *repaired by new growth at the opposite extremity*. The tooth grows during the life of the animal; and as the crown is worn away, the addition of fresh material to the root pushes the whole tooth slowly forward in its long socket, and it is thus ever ready for use. These ever-growing teeth are organic chisels which are forever in use, yet never in need of the grindstone—forever wearing away, yet never worn out.

But while the scalpriform incisors so nearly resemble those of the real rodent mammals, and while this resemblance is further increased by the absence of any canine or eye-teeth, and by the provision for a sliding forward and backward movement of the lower jaw, yet the molar or grinding teeth differ from those of the typical rodents; their crowns are rounded and slightly tuberculous, like those of the pigs, the monkeys, and man, and do not seem adapted to a strictly vegetable diet; add to this the peculiar character of the ears, which are large and naked, like a bat's, and are inclined forward as if for offensive purposes, rather than backward like the hare's, in order to warn it of pursuit, and we must evidently be cautious in drawing conclusion as to the manner of life and the zoölogical affinities of this singular animal. The limbs show that it climbs trees like a monkey, the eyes that it is active at dusk like the owl and the cat, the teeth that it gnaws wood like the squirrel, while the internal organs of digestion would lead us to suppose that it feeds upon insects; and the extraordinary middle digit is so utterly unlike anything that we have seen before, that conjecture as to its purpose seems to be in vain.

Deferring a discussion of the aye-aye's place in a system of animals, and confining ourselves to what we have learned of its structure, let us see how nearly correct the reader has been in any surmises as to its mode of existence by consulting the statements of those who have observed the aye-aye in life.

The first of these was the traveler Sonnerat,

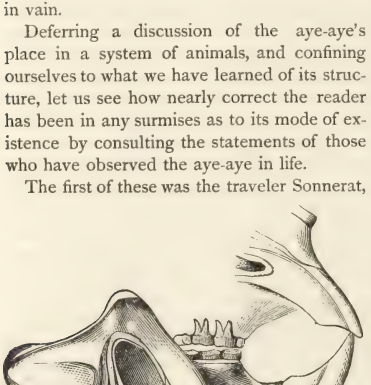


FIG. 5.—Right side of the lower jaw of the AYE-AYE, with part of the upper jaw: the bone is cut away so as to show the long and curved gnawing teeth and their hollow ever-growing roots.

whose *Voyage aux Indes Orientales et à la Chine, depuis* 1774 *jusqu'en* 1781, was published at Paris in 1782. He appears to have been the first civilized discoverer of the aye-aye, and states, either from his own observation or from the reports of the natives, that "it makes use of the long, slender and naked middle digit to draw out of holes in trees the worms which form its food." Sonnerat had a male and a female aye-aye which lived for two months on board ship, being fed with rice.

The next recorded observation upon the habits of the aye-aye was communicated to the French Academy of Sciences in 1855, by M. Liénard, of the Mauritius. He states that when a mango-fruit was offered, the aye-aye first made a hole in the rind with his strong front teeth, inserted therein his slender middle digit, and then, lowering his mouth to the hole, put into it the pulp which the finger had scooped out of the fruit. A third observer, M. A. Vinson, states that in the same year an aye-aye drank "Café au lait" or "eau sucrée" by passing its long and slender digit from the vessel to its mouth with incredible rapidity.

But in 1859 Dr. H. Sandwith, the Colonial Secretary from England to the Mauritius, wrote to Professor Owen that he had secured a fine, healthy, adult male aye-aye from Madagascar, which, after having once escaped and been recaptured, was put into spirit and sent to England. This specimen formed the subject of a most complete and suggestive work of the learned Professor, which is contained in the fifth volume of the Transactions of the Zoölogical Society of London, and has supplied most of the material for the present paper. But a long communication from Dr. Sandwith himself is printed in the Society's Proceedings for 1859, and some observations upon the habits of a female aye-aye which reached the Society's collection in August, 1862, are printed in the Society's Proceedings for that year, and in the *Annals of Natural History*, Vol. xii.

From these various sources we learn the following as to the aye-aye's mode of life:—

During the day the aye-aye sleeps; it then lies upon one side, with the body curved and nearly covered by the great bushy tail. It



FIG. 6.—AYE-AYE making its toilet whilst suspended from a branch.

is sensitive to cold, and sometimes covers itself with a piece of flannel, even in warm weather.

At dusk it awakes and climbs about, securely grasping the branches with its prehensile feet, and often hanging suspended by them, and using its fingers as a comb for its long tail (Fig. 6). In this operation the middle digit is especially serviceable, and it is also used in clearing dust from its face and other parts, the other digits being then often partially closed. It was found that the captive aye-aye in the Zoölogical Gardens used only the *left* hand in feeding from a dish, although the right seemed equally at its command.

The fourth digit (annularis), which is the longest and largest, is thrust forward into the food, the slender medius raised upward and backward above the rest, while the pollex is lowered so as to be seen below and behind the chin. In this position (an almost impossible one, by the way, for men or monkeys) the hand is drawn backward and forward rapidly, the inner side of the finger passing between the lips, the head of the animal being held sideways, thus depositing the food in the mouth at each movement; the tongue, jaws, and lips are kept in full motion all the time. Sometimes the animal will lap from the dish like a cat, but this is unusual. During all the hours in which the Superintendent of the gardens watched it, no sound was made, nor was there any manifestation of anger or shyness.

This specimen seemed to care nothing for insects, but fed freely upon a mixture of milk, honey, eggs, and such sweet and glutinous things, and the observer concluded, therefore, that its natural food is rather fruit than insects; but this only indicated that the aye-aye did not like British meal-worms, grasshoppers, wasp-larvæ, and the like, and no more proved that it was not insectivorous than a man's refusal to eat turnips would show that he cared nothing for potatoes. And surely nothing can be more conclusive than the following account which Dr. Sandwith gives of the proceedings of his specimen:—

"I found he would eat bananas and dates; and he drank by dipping a finger into the water and drawing it through his mouth so rapidly that the water seemed to flow in a stream; after a while he lapped like a cat, but the former was the more usual method and seemed to be his way of reaching water in the clefts of the trees."



FIG. 7.—AYE-AYE preparing to devour a grub which it has picked out of the hole made in the wood by its teeth.

"I happened to put into his cage some thick sticks, which were bored in all directions by a large and destructive grub called the 'Moutouk.' Just at sunset the aye-aye crept from under his blanket, yawned, stretched, and betook himself to his tree, where his movements are lively and graceful, though by no means so quick as those of a squirrel. Presently he came to one of the worm-eaten branches, which he began to examine most attentively; and, bending forward his ears and applying his nose close to the bark, he rapidly tapped the surface with the (Fig. 1) curious middle digit, as a woodpecker taps a tree, though with much less noise, from time to time inserting the end of the slender finger into the worm-holes, as a surgeon would a probe. At length he came to a part of the branch which evidently gave out an interesting sound, for he began to tear it with his strong teeth; he rapidly stripped off the bark, cut into the wood, and exposed the nest of a grub, which he daintily picked out of its bed with the slender, tapering finger, and conveyed to his mouth."

This medius, then, can be used in turn as a pleximeter, a probe, and a scoop; and not the least remarkable circumstance is the coincidence between the diameter of the hole made in the wood by the incisor teeth and the width of this digit; for although we cannot say that the size and power of the head are such as to limit the width of the teeth, yet, granting that their size is so limited, it is evident that none of the ordinary digits would be of the least service as an instrument of either discovery or extraction: and whatever view we may adopt as to the means by which these structures were produced, we must surely, with the great anatomist, recognize not only "the direct adaptation of instruments to functions, of feet to grasp, of teeth to erode, of a digit to feel and to extract, but we discern a correlation of these several modifications with each other, and with modifications of the nervous system and sense-organs,—of eyes to catch the least glimmer of light, and of ears to detect the feeblest grating of sound,—the whole forming a compound mechanism to the perfect performance of a particular kind of work." The aye-aye obviously belongs to the branch of Vertebrates and the class of Mammalia; but some zoölogists have placed it with the squirrels in the order Rodentia, and others with the Lemurs, in the order Quadrumana or Cheiropoda; there is also a certain superficial resemblance to a cat; but the real issue has been between those who follow Buffon and Cuvier in giving prominence to the ever-growing incisor teeth, which agree with those of the rodents, and those who, like Schreber and de Blainville, regard the limbs as of more importance, and point out their resemblance to those of monkeys.

It is now generally conceded that Prof. Owen's researches have decided the question in favor of the latter view, for he shows that the only rodent features are the teeth, and similar ever-growing incisors are found in at least one other mammal, the marsupial wom-

bat, which no one has thought of calling a rodent: on the contrary, the hair, the tail, the form of the head and body, the length of the intestines, the heart and blood-vessels, the brain, and the limbs tend to separate the aye-aye from the rodents, and to join it with the Cheiropoda; and although the extraordinary middle digit has no fellow in the whole animal kingdom, yet this modification of the terminal segment of a limb is another link between the aye-aye and that lowest family of the Cheiropoda, the Lemuridæ, which, like it, are mostly natives of Madagascar, and, besides being nocturnal in their habits, whence the name Lemures (ghosts), are also distinguished from all other mammals and from each other by peculiar and, at present, unaccountable modifications of the fingers and the toes. In one species the forefinger is as if amputated; in another a single toe bears a claw, while the others bear nails; and in a third, two toes are thus provided with claws.

THROUGH THE CLOUD AND THE SEA.

I SAT alone at the organ one day and played,
In a desolate, weary mood, a strange, sad strain.
Through mazes of questioning chords my fingers strayed,
While I looked for the end in vain.

For ever there strove in my heart a doubt and a hope;
Light and darkness there in an even struggle warred,
While ever some door in the sky seemed ready to ope,
And ever was shut and barred.

And now the chords would swell like a wave, when the tide
Lunges against the coasts, and storms prevail;
And now, as backward flung by the cliffs, it died
Away in a passionate wail:

Till I looked where a window looked on the west, and lo!
The setting sun was fair, for the storm was o'er,
And he touched the pictured panes with a rosier glow,
Which quivered along the floor,

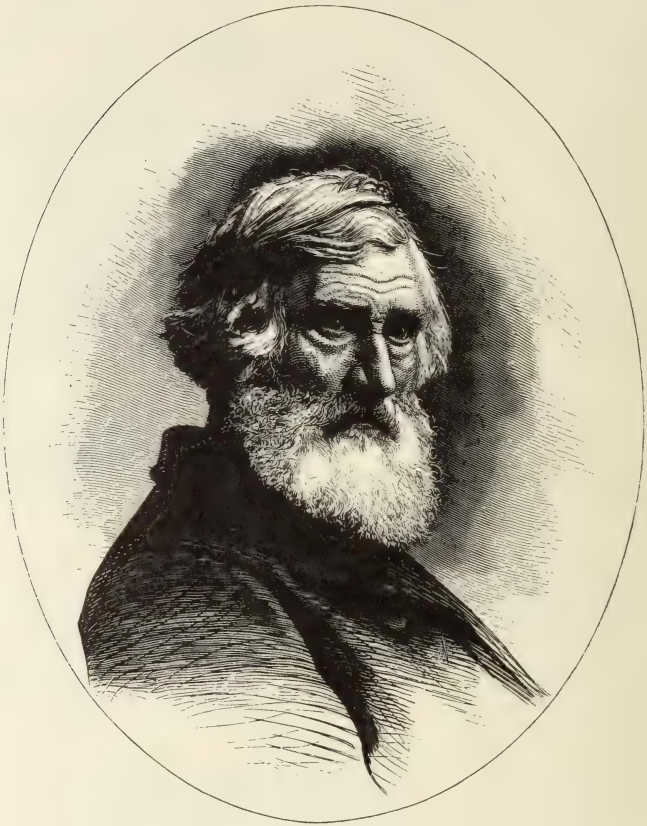
And lighted the patient face of my saint with smiles,
Till his wistful, far-off eyes grew wondrous sweet;
And a glory streamed adown the throbbing aisles,
That softly fell at my feet.

And that sacred calm bade my foolish troubles cease
With the storm and the cloud without, and there somehow stole
From the face, or the shining heavens, the hush of peace
That softly possessed my soul.

Then Hope overcame, as with happy tears I bowed,
While the swelling voice of the organ shook the air,
And rolled through the arches, and rose, like a pillar of cloud,
And the glory of God was there.

While the glad pipes thrilled to the rushing flood of sound
That filled all the place; and the phantoms that followed me,
Like the hosts of the cruel king, were whelmed and drowned
In the surge of that mighty sea.

LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS.



ASHER BROWN DURAND.

ASHER BROWN DURAND, EX-PRESIDENT N. A. D.

On one of the southward-looking slopes of "The great mountain Watchung," a mile or so beyond the most southern of the villages of Orange, stands one of those picturesque cottages of modern build for which these garden hills of New Jersey are becoming famous. To this one, indeed, we might lend a higher sounding name than cottage, for it is wide and lofty, is many-windowed, has a broad piazza and projecting eaves, reminding us a good deal of those graceful chalets which Calmelet paints so well. In its gables are two great windows, just below the eaves, which mar the symmetry of the building some-

what, but which, we fancy, have a use so noble that we may well bear with this. Were we up beside that solitary sparrow—a Madison Square aristocrat, who has winged it out thus far for a breath of country air, maybe—we would know for certain what those wide windows mean; for he is looking in, and earnestly, as if he saw foreshadowings of the coming spring behind those panes. But as we are, alas! unfeathered bipeds only, our inquisitiveness must wait. Let us be patient and ring the bell.

We are in the home of Asher B. Durand, our oldest living landscape painter; a man whose life has been one of over threescore years of wedded love and labor, unbroken by romantic incident; with its shadows, it is true, but in the main, radiant with light and peace, as are the creations of his brain and hand.

Passing through the broad hall, its walls well-nigh hidden by rare engravings, we reach the painter's library, and rest a moment. "'Tis a nipping and an eager air" without, but here a hospitable glow comes from behind the polished grate. This is an artist's snuggery, sure enough! From floor to ceiling, on one side, ascend long rows of well-read books; the remainder of the walls is hidden with works of art, and odds and ends of interest hide the table-covers. A large engraving of one of Turner's masterpieces is above the mantel; elsewhere we note examples of the works of others no less renowned; and here and there—disposed for favorable effect of light—are little gems, enframed, the touch of each of which we recognize—the gifts of brother artists.

"Will you step this way, sir? Mr. Durand is disengaged."

And we leave the glowing grate and the pictures and the books behind us; but the hospitable warmth, and the joy, begotten of things of beauty, these go with us, as we pass through the hall again, and upward to the studio.

Cold as the day is, with the hills outside whiter even than this snowy head that bends in kindly greeting, the artist has been at work. And now as with a glance we note the studio-walls, covered from floor to ceiling with a wealth of color,—the artist's studies of more than fifty years,—we no longer wonder why that sparrow sat so lovingly on the bare bough outside.

Soon seated, in comfortable chat, we exchange the pleasant gossip of the day. Fresh from the studios, we have much to give away, but for this are bountifully repaid; for the good old man is eloquent in art-lore and wise with the gathered knowledge of five-and-seventy years.

How well he wears! As stately in his gait, and in face expressive as when Huntington painted him twenty years ago. Vigorous in mind too; no faltering in speech or memory, and as eager in his talk of work as if another half century of loving labor lay before him. Nature, whom he has loved so dearly, rewards him with a ripe old age. This is no nervous touch upon the canvas here; each spray and leaf is given with a nice result. No doubting the texture of these rocks, this river's bed; the stream is limpid and we sound its depths; the silver birch reflects the sunlight lovingly; this lonely pine is rugged truth itself. And yet the color is still moist upon the canvas, and the hand that laid it there has known sixty years of labor!

And now we come to the duty immediately before us: to tell you the story of this veteran painter's life—as much of it as we may within the narrow limits here prescribed. We have thus prefaced our sketch that you might guess the source of it. There is nothing of it ours but the way of telling.

Scarce a stone's throw from his present home—you can see the old stone well there, to this day—stood the birth-place of the painter, Asher Brown Durand. His father was a watchmaker and the descendant of a Huguenot surgeon, who sought refuge in this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The workshop of the mechanic was in the village of Jefferson, about a mile distant, where Asher was taught to make himself useful at a very early age. In those days it fell to the tradesman's lot, whatever his specialty, to be called upon for odd jobs not strictly in his line of business. Durand, the watchmaker, was skillful and inherited good taste. It frequently happened that the silver

of the neighboring gentry and well-to-do farmers was intrusted to him to cipher. Asher, who had, when a school-boy, given many evidences of a love for drawing, soon became of consequence in the workshop, owing to the facility with which he made the designs for this occasional work, and the skill with which, after a few months' practice, he put them upon the metal.

He thus unconsciously, we might say, acquired the rudiments of the art for which he afterwards became so famous. Among his father's books was one upon engraving. This had been his frequent reading for many years. It told of the work and of the fame of the old masters of the art, and the soul of the young mechanic was stirred to ambitious effort. When the graver became an obedient instrument in his hand, a world of delightful labor opened up to him. He copied, on scraps of sheet copper, the designs on the circular cards which it was the custom then to insert in the concaves of watch-cases. The sheet copper, however, was not always attainable, and he confesses that he owes much of the gratification of his taste and of the pleasure of his youth to the offices of a friendly blacksmith, who hammered a spare cent out for him, now and then, to the necessary shape and smoothness.

For three years he continued to work in his father's shop, devoting all his leisure to his hobby and to sketching tree-forms with his pencil, afterwards reproducing these upon the metal. With the plates thus made, and ink made of lampblack, he gave to the little world about him the first results of his genius, in black and white.

The father did not fail to appreciate the talent of the boy. Although he would have preferred that he should inherit the little business which he himself had founded, he was touched by his son's desire, so frequently expressed, to become an engraver, and consented to make the necessary inquiries in New York. He did so. There was an opening for an apprentice, but the fee was a thousand dollars.

Poor Asher! This was bad news from New York; and there seemed nothing for it now but to work diligently among the dainty wheels, to keep the village time, and be content with the poor results obtained on pennyworths of copper.

But it came to pass one day, that a caller at the shop was attracted by the young engraver's work; and better still it happened, that he had the knowledge which enabled him to appreciate the talent it displayed, crude as the efforts were. He heard the story of Asher's labors and ambition; he repeated it in the city, and returned with the welcome tidings that there was corn in Egypt.

Asher, accompanied by his father and his friend, paid an early visit to New York and waited upon Mr. Maverick, then an engraver of reputation. His story was here repeated, and the specimens of his skill were exhibited. Maverick was well pleased, and said so. The artist heart of the man was touched with sympathy for the boy, and he proposed to receive him at once into his workshop as an apprentice. He considered the progress he had made as equivalent to that of three years' teaching, and accepted him without a fee. Thus Asher began his work in earnest.

In the workshop of the engraver, with all the facilities for good work at his disposal, the apprentice soon distinguished himself. When the term of his engagement ended he became the partner of his master.

But long before this noticeable event came about, he had made his first essay as a painter. The graver, after all, moved slowly, and the thing accomplished lacked the soul of color. The stately pines, the graceful elms, the glistening birches had lost no charm for him; his happiest hours were still among the wooded hills about his father's home—away from the daily increasing din of city life. He made many sketches in color before he took courage to show one to Mr. Maverick. When he did so the engraver shook his head and said, "Ah, Asher, you won't content yourself with our slow work; you'll be a painter." But he did content himself; at least for many years; until he had made a reputation as an engraver equal to that of his employer; until he became his partner; until he married and soon after went into business for himself. It was not, indeed, until he was thirty years old—in the winter of 1826—that he ventured to send a picture for public exhibition. This was to the National

Academy of Design, just then inaugurated. It was the portrait of his child, and attracted some attention. Although his taste drew him more towards landscape than portrait or figure painting, subjects for the latter were more available, as he was now, comparatively, imprisoned in the city; and then there was the young father's love, no doubt, to inspire the work on this first offering to the muse.

From this time he continued to send contributions to the Academy exhibitions, landscape or figure subjects, steadily pursuing his work as an engraver with characteristic energy and with most flattering results. His engraving of Vanderlyn's painting of "Ariadne" crowned his efforts in this direction, for it ranked him the first engraver of the New World, and secured him a European reputation.

But it is less with the engraver than with the painter that we have now to do, and so we proceed, having suggested the light and shade of our picture, to lay the color on.

Durand exhibited at the National Academy, of which he was a founder, for nine successive years, each year his landscapes attracting more and more attention. In 1834, and not till then, he abandoned the graver, completely, for the pencil and the palette. He was then Recording Secretary of the Academy, which office he held during six years. In 1844 he was chosen Vice-President, and in the following year President, which last-named office he held for sixteen years, when he declined the honor, again proffered him, in favor of Prof. Morse, who had just then returned for a brief time to his brother artists from his successful labors in Electric Telegraphy, and to whom this compliment was as touching, doubtless, as the applause of the outside world then ringing in his ears.

In this re-election, year after year, to the presidency of the first Art Institute of the country, until he himself resigned the office in favor of a distinguished brother artist, the young watchmaker of Jefferson village, the engraver of New York, the rising landscape painter, had received the highest honors in the gift of the most cultured of his fellow-countrymen. His life of industry and perseverance, his early-born and never-waning love of art, was fully crowned.

It now remains for us but to name a few of his works most highly prized, then close this brief biography. Of these, those which attracted most attention at the Exhibitions, and for which he received the most generous prices, are :—

"An Old Man's Reminiscences," painted in 1845; "Passage in the Life of Woman," in 1846; "The Beeches," in 1846; "Kindred Spirits," in 1849; "Progress," in 1853; "Primeval Forest," in 1854; "June Shower," in 1854; "In the Woods," in 1855; "The Symbol," in 1856; "Lake Hamlet," in 1857; "Sunday Morning," in 1860; "Francisca Notch," "Thanatopsis," "Lake George," "Berkshire," and "Mountain Forest," since then—the two last-named in 1870.

But need we say, as we glance through the records of the Academy, and other sources of information available to us, that we might compile a list of Mr. Durand's works to cover many of these pages—portraits, figure subjects, and landscapes. Few artists of any country have been more prolific of good work, carried religiously to completion. There have been and are those from whose easels the canvases have passed much more rapidly, it is true; but few to whom it has been vouchsafed to follow their loving labor for half a century. How the results of even the most fastidious workers accumulate in fifty years! There is no collection in the country without its example or examples of Durand; few of the homes of our cultured people unadorned with some charming bit of forest loveliness or peaceful pastoral from his pencil. In all of these there is the irresistible charm of subtle truthfulness. Be it but a passage of tree forms or a brook's bed, there is that in it which tells of the depth of the artist's love for Nature, the evidences of his search for her minutest beauties.

There are those who dazzle us with strong effects of color, and seize upon our admiration without preface, as Durand does not; but we have none who have been more successful in the translation of Nature's more frequent joys —of her hours of calm repose; at the still noontide in her shady places, or at that yet more peaceful hour—

"When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows on the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows."

DANIEL HUNTINGTON, EX-PRESIDENT N. A. D.

As the Army of the Revolution passed through Peekskill, Royalists and Republicans were out of doors to see the goodly show. A conspicuous figure among these was that of a pretty young girl who, seated on a garden wall, looked down with pleasure undisguised at Washington and his generals, and the long files of men who followed after. The graceful pose and charming face of the young beauty did not fail to attract attention; nay, more than that, the pleasing picture became a tender memory to one, at least, of the passers-by. This smitten one was Genl. Jed Huntington, then on the personal staff of Washington; the beauty was Miss Anne Moore, the daughter of a wealthy Royalist. But the doors of the Royalist were not inhospitable ones, for the young general of the Republic was ere long his guest, and despite the difference in politics, and in religion too—for Huntington was Puritan, while the Moores were High Church folk—an honored and a favored one, for the beauty of the garden wall, in course of time, was given to the soldier with her father's blessing.

Of the fruit of this fair union was the mother of the artist, Daniel Huntington, the story of whose art life is before us. His father was Benjamin Huntington, of Norwich, Connecticut, who came to New York early in life as a merchant, and here met his namesake, the daughter of the garden-flower of Peekskill, and married her. An enterprising and industrious merchant, he made a handsome fortune, but lost it by the fall of the United States Bank, wrecks at sea, and other unforeseen disasters. When these misfortunes happened, his three sons were being educated with a view to professional life. Although sadly reduced in means, he did not permit his change of circumstances to interfere with the wishes of his sons—they received a liberal education. The three boys were, Jed—named after his grandfather by the mother's side—Daniel, and Gurdon. These in their youth were thrown much into the society of the Moores, and from their great uncle, Moore of Virginia, and their cousin, Thomas W. C. Moore of New York—an accomplished amateur of fine arts—imbibed, each after his fashion, a love for the Church and a passion for Art. The latter feeling was greatly fostered by visits made with their mother to the studio of her relative, Col. Trumbull, who at this time occupied large rooms in the old Alms-House in the Park, where he painted and exhibited his various works, finished and in progress.

The oldest brother, Jed, was skillful in pen-drawing, and might have become a successful artist but for a stronger, and may we not say a better love?—impelled by which he entered holy orders, devoting his life to the services of religion and to literature. He was the author of *Lady Alice*, *Alban*, *Rosemary*, and other works. Gurdon, the youngest of the three, is now an Episcopal clergyman, but still finds a leisure hour for the gratification of the taste which he inherits; he has a skillful pencil and a good eye for color. And so this leaves us but the second eldest, Daniel, to dispose of, whose position as a leader, among the most thoughtful and cultured of our people, has been nobly won and diligently sustained by conscientious, painstaking labor, and the modest bearing which, better than great force of character, make friends and fortune—the fortune which is best worth the wearing.

Daniel's love of art was developed early. His devotion to the Muse, unlike that of his older and his younger brothers, was undivided. His first noticeable efforts were copies which he made from the plates of an encyclopedia. These, with all a loving mother's pride, were shown one evening to Col. Trumbull, who had dropped in for tea. "Better be a tea-water man's horse, in New York, than a portrait painter anywhere," said the Colonel, with characteristic gruffness. This was an unwelcome disturber of the fond mother's dreams, and fell as a cloud on the hopes of the young artist. They did not then know that Trumbull was a chronic grumbler, and discouraged all aspirants.

But "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and bubbles joyfully from beneath the shadows that *will* fall upon the day-dreams of the young. Our artist, of a dozen

summers or so, soon forgot the gruff Colonel's speech, and proceeded with his drawing, illustrating the margin of his school-books with sketches and caricatures. His first essay in color was made at Rome, New York, where he was living with his uncle Gurdon, of whose kindness he speaks with affectionate recollection. Here he attended the collegiate school of Mr. Oliver Grosvenor, and became famous among his school-mates for his illustrations, in water-colors, of cards which were given weekly to the boys, as prizes, by their teacher. On the walls of his uncle's home hung a number of rude paintings, made by a cousin, one Mathew Brown, representing a justice's court and other amusing scenes. These, crude as they were, were full of character and suggestiveness, and, we are told, had much influence in giving a certain direction to the thought of the art student.

When fourteen years old young Huntington entered Smith's Academy, at New Haven, where he was prepared for college under the tuition of Horace Bushnell, since so distinguished as a preacher and theological writer. "Wilkison and Hodge," says the artist, "who were my fellow-students, will remember the classic atmosphere we breathed under our enthusiastic master, who inspired us all with a love of letters, for which he himself was much distinguished."

Thence Huntington went to Yale, but the greater part of his college life was spent at Hamilton. There Elliott came, to paint a portrait of President Davis, and this, when completed, being much admired, he was solicited by a number of the young collegians to remain that they might sit for him. He painted the heads of five of them, cabinet size, for five dollars each, a deduction of three dollars per head, the transaction being looked upon as a wholesale one. The painter passed several months among the boys, joining in their sports and sharing in their lighter studies. Here Huntington formed an acquaintance that ripened into a friendship afterwards which terminated only when death laid his cold hand upon the heart of Elliott.

From Elliott young Huntington borrowed canvas and colors, and under his instruction copied some prints, eventually essaying several small portraits of his classmates, for which he was well rewarded by their laudations and the more valued praise of Elliott. His first noticeable success was made soon after this, when he painted the portrait, life-size, of a solemn-faced fellow who swept the College rooms, and whom the boys had dubbed the "Professor of Dust and Ashes." This was pronounced a hit, and may be seen this day in the library, where it hangs beside other works of the artist painted for the College in his maturity.

The walls of the young artist's room were soon covered with his rude sketches and caricatures, and the place became a great attraction to his classmates. Among the drawings thus exposed was one representing "Ichabod Crane Flogging a Scholar." This especially attracted the attention of Professors Worth and Lathrop, who encouraged him to persevere, and eventually persuaded him to enter the Art Department of the New York University, then recently established under the care of Prof. Morse, which he did. Whilst a pupil of the school at Hamilton he was one of the few who witnessed the first successful experiments with the electric telegraph, during the winter of 1835–6. Here also, in conjunction with Cornelius Ver Bryck, afterwards an Academician, Mr. Hobart, now Rev. Dr. Hobart, Cleveland Coxe, now Bishop, and John Jay, now Ambassador to Austria, our young artist founded a club for social and literary purposes on a plan which has since extended to other colleges.

Whilst a pupil of Prof. Morse, Huntington painted a landscape, and a figure subject entitled "A Bar-Room Politician," both of which were purchased by Dr. Parmeley, much to the delight and encouragement of the young aspirant, who now felt as if he had indeed begun his artistic career. His uncle Gurdon, hearing of his progress, sent for him and sat for his portrait. It was a success. His uncle was lavish of his praises and generous with his purse. This was Daniel's first portrait for money, and what wonder if he felt already rich in fortune and in fame as he returned to New York, his uncle's praises singing in his ears, his golden wages jingling in his pocket!

On returning to New York he took a room

in the University Building, where he painted "A Toper Asleep," a gift for his brother, another landscape, and cabinet portraits of his parents. His mother was an invalid at this time. "Her walks to my studio," says the artist, touchingly, "were among the last she took."

In 1836 he opened a studio, and modest, yet full of faith, began in earnest the painter's life. He painted landscapes, chiefly, for two years, when a portrait of his father bending over a book attracted considerable attention and brought sitters to his studio. He now turned his attention almost exclusively for a time to portrait painting.

In 1839 he sailed for Europe, where he studied assiduously; painting several subjects in Florence and Rome, afterwards engraved and purchased on his return at handsome prices. In 1840 he was again in New York, and found ample employment at portrait painting. His first important compositions after his return were "Mercy's Dream" and "Christiana and her Children," both of which are still highly prized. About this time Mr. A. M. Cozzens called at the studio and purchased "The Shepherd's Boy," painted in Rome. Mr. Cozzens was an appreciative patron; not only did he give of his own purse to the young artist, but induced his friend Ed. Carey of Philadelphia to become his patron also. Mr. Carey bought generously. "A warm sympathy thus began," says the artist, "between Mr. Cozzens and myself, and I attribute much of my success in life to his generous friendship."

The success of Huntington as an artist was now assured. His compositions when placed on exhibition at the Academy were warmly received, and commissions for portraits came to him faster than he could execute them. In 1842 he married Sophia Richards of Brooklyn, and soon after went to Europe for the second time. When abroad he executed several profitable commissions. During his stay in Europe he was elected a National Academician. This was in 1844. In 1845 he was again at home and at work, and during the three following years painted several of his best pictures, among them "Almsgiving," "A Lesson of Charity," and "The Marys at the Sepulchre."

In 1848 his works, at the request of some forty of the most prominent artists and literary men of that day, were placed on public exhibition at the Art Union Buildings, 497 Broadway, where they were visited by many thousands of our citizens. The paintings thus exhibited, and of which the catalogue is now before us, numbered no less than one hundred and fifty. This catalogue, by the by, is very interesting in itself. It was compiled by the artist, and is replete with valuable and not unfrequently witty comments.

In 1851 he visited England, and there painted the portraits of several distinguished men, among them those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, and the Earl of Carlisle. He also painted while there several figure subjects—compositions. Thence he went once more to Paris, where he painted "The Good Samaritan" for Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, the well-known amateur of this city; and "The Sketcher," for the Graham Institute of Brooklyn.

Touching this painting of "The Good Samaritan," the following incident, related by Huntington, is characteristic: "Before I left New York Mr. Roberts called and said, 'Paint me something while you are in Europe.' I expressed great pleasure, and inquired about size and subject. These were hinted at only. 'And about what amount of money?' I asked. 'About one thousand dollars, not much over that,' was the reply. After beginning the picture in Paris, I wrote to Mr. Roberts, describing the work, and adding, 'May I draw on you for two or three hundred dollars now and then, if I need them, as the work progresses?' The return mail brought a draft for 1,500 dollars."

Whilst in London, Huntington studied for some time at the Kensington Life Academy—a private society of which Mulready, J. Philip, Frith, O'Neal, Barlow, Holman Hunt and others were members. During this stay in Europe, which lasted until 1858, he painted several of his most important pictures. Among these were "Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel," for Mr. Wm. H. Osborne, of New York; "The Counterfeit Note," for Mr. Oliphant, and another "Mercy's Dream,"

varied, however, in its details from his first picture of this subject.

In 1858 he again arrived at home, where he was received with open arms by his brother artists, and where patronage to his heart's content awaited him. Early in the following year he was called upon by Mr. Alexander H. Ritchie, the celebrated engraver, who suggested as a subject for a canvas the well-known picture, "Mrs. Washington's Reception;" or, as it is otherwise known, "The Republican Court." Mr. Huntington accepted the commission, and at the price named by Mr. Ritchie. It was eighteen months before it was completed, as the work developed in quite a remarkable way on the hands of the artist, or in his mind rather. His original scheme for the composition embraced only ten or twelve figures; when finished it had not less than forty. This was one of the representative American pictures sent to the Universal Exposition at Paris. The fine line engraving of it by Ritchie is well known. From Mr. Ritchie's possession it passed to that of Mr. H. W. Derby, Mr. Ritchie realizing handsomely by its sale. And here be it recorded, to Mr. Ritchie's honor, that, remembering the price agreed upon and paid to Huntington was but indifferent payment for the time he gave to its elaboration, he called upon the painter, soon after the sale of the picture, and, with a unique generosity, gave him a check which represented a handsome proportion of his profit. Mr. Derby, if we remember aright, exhibited this picture on its return from Paris, and soon after sold it to Mr. A. T. Stewart (in whose possession it now is) for $20,000. Name it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Ascalon—the artist's price was $2,500!

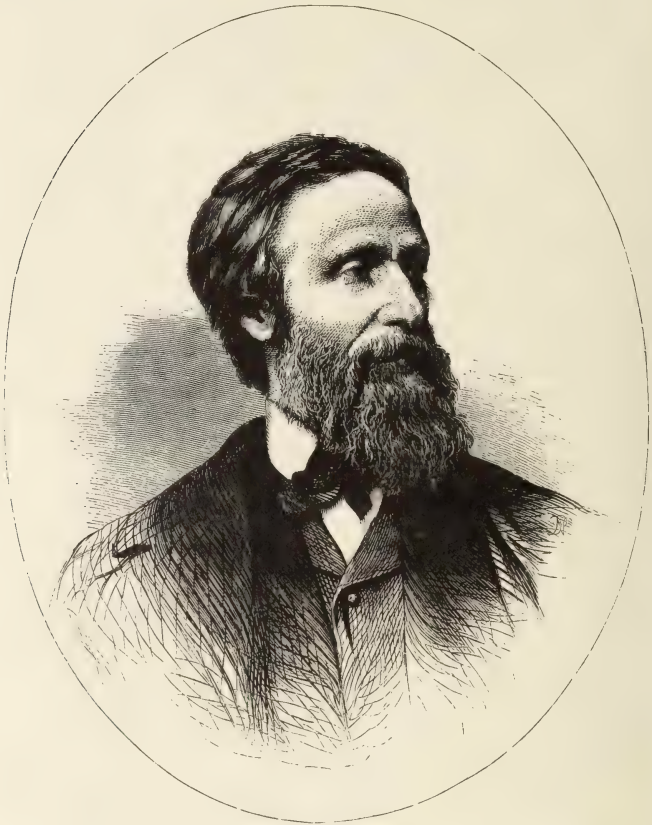
In 1862 Mr. Huntington was elected President of the National Academy of Design, with the working of which he had been closely identified when at home for many years. He laid the foundation-stone of the Venetian building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, in raising funds for which he had been an industrious worker. He held the Presidency for eight years, when he resigned.

This brings us almost to the present day in this brief history of our artist, and yet we have but hinted at the number of his contributions to American Art. In such a sketch as this it would be impossible, if desirable, to enumerate them all; indeed, we feel urged to apologize for the extent to which we have gone in recording titles; but this much of cataloguing we could not well avoid and do justice to the artist's reputation. His Shakespearean subjects are well known to art lovers; his Shylock is familiar to the members and visitors of the Century Club, where almost all his important compositions and portraits have been exhibited. His exhibition picture of 1867 was a large landscape—"Chocurua Peak"—still in his possession and worked upon at intervals. It is very much improved by this retouching during the four years since its exhibition. In 1868 he exhibited two allegorical subjects—"Philosophy and Christian Art" and "Sowing the Word"—the first a commission from Mr. Robert Hoe, the latter from Mr. Anson Phelps. In 1870 his still vigorous brush was seen in a group representing the family of one of our merchant princes—Benj. H. Field. A list of eminent Americans, their wives and daughters, painted by Mr. Huntington during the past ten years, would cover at least an entire page of this magazine. His portraits number probably a hundred, and are to be found in the homes of our wealthy metropolitans, in our colleges, and in the State and national collections.

Huntington's studio—which we lately visited—is at his residence on Fifteenth street. The walls of his reception rooms are hung with pictures—his purchases and the gifts of his brother artists; rare plants are in his windows, and objects of virtu crop out here and there to challenge criticism and admiration.

We found him at work. The portrait of a fair young girl was upon his easel; her spirit had passed, but a few weeks before, into the presence of the Great Artist. He was painting this picture partly from a sketch made after death, and partly from his recollection of the face. He knew the lady well.

In the huge canvas, covering an entire side of the studio almost, we recognized the landscape, "Chocurua Peak," to which we have referred, and did not fail to note the added



DANIEL HUNTINGTON.

strength, secured by his late work upon it. Another important picture which, in its turn, takes possession of his easel at this writing, is an order from Mrs. Saltus of Brooklyn—a composition of several figures, representing an incident in the life of Charles V.

Mr. Huntington is tall, fair, and of regular features; looking younger than he is, despite his studious life. He has an easy, graceful presence, and a manner winning as a woman's. Did he need a motto for his crest, we would suggest "*suaviter in modo*," but not "*fortiter in re*," at least not in the broad application of the phrase. For he impresses us as one whose nature shrinks from controversy; a man to mould the manners of his time where the stuff is plastic, but not to hew them into shape with rough words and ways.

But fifty-five years old, with twenty years, we trust, of work before him, it may be that the most brilliant pages of his artist-life have yet to come. But should he lay his easel by

to-day, he has done enough to keep his memory green, while the records of our nation's history remain, and while we continue to revere the men, the refining influences of whose creations touch our lives with gentle hand, and shape them daily into fairer forms.

NORAH: THE STORY OF A WILD IRISH GIRL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is one thing about Ireland which I don't remember ever to have heard any one notice but myself, which seems a conceited thing to say, as I really know so little about it. It is nothing political, though it may have a connection with Irish politics, for anything I can tell. It is the immense, the extraordinary number of Irish gentry afloat upon the world. I never was in a country neighborhood in England where there were not two or three families, at least; and every one who has ever lived abroad knows what heaps there are at every (so-called) English center, where living is supposed to be cheap, and there is a little society. One stumbles against them wherever one goes; and my opinion is, that it is very pleasant, generally, to make their acquaintance. But the fact has always surprised me. No doubt, one falls upon a Scotch house here and there in the quiet parts of England; but I never knew a village yet without its Irish family. And there was one accordingly at Dinglefield Green.

Almost as much as a matter of course, it was in the funny, tumble-down house at the east end of the Green, which somebody, I suppose in mockery, had nicknamed the Mansion, that they established themselves. The house must have had another name for formal purposes; but it never was called anything but the Mansion among us. It stood in a little, overgrown, very weedy garden; and I know it was damp. But of course, poor things, they could not tell that. It was partly built of wood, and partly covered with creepers; and between the two, you cannot conceive a more moist and mouldy place for people to live in. Creepers are very pretty, but they are not good for the walls, nor for one's comfort. I do not say it was not rather picturesque, when the Virginia creeper was growing scarlet, and the trees changing color. There were two very fine chestnuts on the lawn in front of the house, and a good deal of wood behind—rather more wood, indeed, than I should have liked. The garden was walled all round, except in front, where the chestnuts made a very nice screen, and showed a pretty peep of the house between them. I have no doubt it was that peep which determined Lady Louisa; and as she knew nobody on the Green, it was impossible for us to warn her that things were not quite so satisfactory within.

However, they came and settled down in summer; after the season, Lady Louisa said. "I hate it myself, me dear," she informed us all; "I'm an old woman, and what's thim balls and kettle-drums to me? Though I don't quarrel with a good dinner when it takes that form, sure it's for *them*, poor things. You can't put an old head on young shoulders; and, upon me honor, I never was the woman to try." So the Beresfords came and settled down among us after their gayeties. We are always curious about a new neighbor on the Green. There are not many of us, and nice people are always an acquisition; whereas, on the contrary, when they are not nice, as has happened now and then, it is very uncomfortable for us all. Personally, the first that I saw of the Beresfords was Norah. Every afternoon when I went out, for the first fortnight after their arrival, I met a young lady who was a stranger to me, and who must, I knew, be one of the new people at the Mansion. She had a quick way of walking, which made it difficult for a shortsighted person like myself to see her face. But when I began to compare notes with my

neighbors, I found that everybody had seen her, and had noticed exactly what I did. We all called her the Girl with the Blue Veil. That was the most conspicuous point about her; and what was still more conspicuous was, that the veil had a hole in it. We made a little merry over this, I confess. One could not but say it was very Irish. Sometimes her veil was thrown over her face, and then the tip of a pretty little nose would be seen through the crevice, or a laughing, dancing, merry eye. I have no doubt she did it on purpose, saucy girl as she was. By degrees, the whole household became known. Lady Louisa herself was a stout little woman, very droll and dowdy; and her eldest daughter was exactly like her, and about the same age, I should think. They both dressed in the same way, and a very funny way it was; and they were exactly the same height, and trudged about everywhere together. Mr. Beresford was a quiet little old man with headaches, and we saw very little of him. Sometimes one of the sons came down from town, and sometimes other Irish families—very fine, shabby, homely people like themselves, with queer old gowns, and heavy old chains, and bracelets, and titles—used to come to see them. We all wondered, at first, how it was they were not ashamed to ask Countesses and Viscountesses, and all sorts of grand-sounding people, to go to the Mansion among the weeds and the damp, and with the remarkable furniture which we knew the house to contain. But, good souls, they were not in the least ashamed of anything; and the other lords and ladies took to it quite kindly too.

We all called, of course, as soon as it could be supposed that they had settled down. If anybody else had gone to the Mansion in the same homely way, the ladies on the Green might have hesitated; but there could be no question about Lady Louisa. They were all in, as it happened, the day I made my visit. They were not the kind of people to throw any glare about the odd little place; but of course, with so many in the room, it could not help but look more cheerful. The windows were ridiculous little casement windows, but they were open; and Norah was there, without her blue veil. Now I don't mean to say that she was beautiful, or even absolutely pretty, perhaps; but she was the kind of creature that takes you by storm. Her eyes laughed, as if life were the greatest fun in the world; and up to this time I think she had found it so. They were curious eyes. Some people called them green, which was a libel, and some called them gray, which was almost as bad. I have seen them look as near blue as green, and I have seen them darken into hazel for a moment, if any shadow flitted across Norah's sky. But on ordinary occasions they were eyes of gold; they were like crystal, or sparkling running water, with a great yellow sunset shining through it. Her hair was of the Irish kind of hair which I have seen on many beautiful heads—dusky brown, neither light nor fair, with a certain paleness like dead leaves. And she was pale; her lips, even, were not too vivid in color,—everything about her toned down, except the eyes with the light in them, and the whitest teeth I ever saw. She was such a contrast to the others that I cannot help describing her. They were like two little steady old hens trolling about together, the mother and Priscilla; whereas Norah was like a bird and had wings. She was standing as I came in, which perhaps made me distinguish her the more; while Lady Louisa and Miss Beresford sat one on each side of my dear old Lady Denzil, who had called that afternoon too.

"Here's Mrs. Mulgrave at last," said Lady Louisa, as if she had known me all my life. "Me dear ma'am, don't look so surprised. Haven't I heard of you from me Lady here, and heaps of friends; and ye may imagine me feelings when I thought you were not going to call. Mr. Beresford has one of his bad headaches; so he'll not have the pleasure of seeing you to-day. But here's me girls, and very glad to make your acquaintance at last."

"I am sure you are very good," I said; and faltered out excuses (though I might have had the sense to see they were not necessary) for having let a whole fortnight pass. Lady Louisa did not pretend to pay the least attention. She was off at a tangent before I had said half a dozen words.

"He married an O'Farrell, me dear lady,"

she said, "and Mr. Beresford's grandmother, as ye may have heard, was step-daughter to old O'Farrell, of Castle Farrell; so he's a near relation, though we haven't seen much of him. They make fun of him because he's a widower, poor man; but ye may take me word, a widower with ten thousand a year is as pretty a thing as ye'll see in a day's journey—and neither chick nor child. They're silly girls, more's the pity, as I tell them every day."

"When a man is a widower so young as that," said Lady Denzil, "I am always sorry for him. It is bad for people beginning over again, even if there was nothing more."

"But he needn't begin over again. Why can't he stay as he is?" said Miss Beresford, with a little prim consciousness, and Norah clapped her hands and went off into wild laughter most exhilarating to hear.

"I would if I were him," she said, "if it was only for the fun of cheating mamma and you. But the man is old,—he's five-and-thirty. He might be one's grandfather—and a widower. If I were Prissy, I know what I should say."

"You would stop till you were asked, me dear," said Lady Louisa; "and so will your sister—and sure it's the height of bad breeding to be speaking of a thing Mrs. Mulgrave hasn't heard of till now. It's Col. Fitzgerald, me dear ma'am, that's come to the Castle—a cousin of their own, and ye hear how they're making fun of him. His wife, poor little soul, died within the year, and ye may take me word, being a young man, he's looking out again. So I don't see why they should not have the chance, as well as another. Now don't ye agree with me?"

"It depends on what the young ladies think," said I, so much amazed that I really could not for the moment see the fun, notwithstanding the dancing laughter in Norah's eyes.

"Ah, then, and what do they know?" said Lady Louisa, "a pack of girls! Norah, me child, sit down and be quiet, do, or the ladies will think ye a tomboy, and it's not far wrong they would be. It's a young woman's duty to marry, as I always tell them, and I don't see that there's much prospect here, where you've no gentlemen to speak of—unless it's the officers. We'd have laughed in my time to think of the men failing. They used to be as plenty as blackberries in the old days."

"We have got our brothers," said Miss Priscilla, "and I don't know what more we want. You would not find it so easy to get on without us as you think, mamma."

"I don't think of meself, me dear," said Lady Louisa; and abandoned the subject abruptly, with that fine sense of the genius of conversation which belongs to her race. "Mr. Beresford would have called on Sir Thomas, me dear Lady, but for his headaches. Sure we all know what a man is when he is ill. You can't tell how I'm hoping the place will suit him. We've done nothing but wander about since me children were babies. As for our own country, it's out of the question. The damp, and the heat, and the cold, and altogether. But I hear you've a fine bracing air on the Green?"

"Yes," said Lady Denzil and myself, both together, but there was, of course, a certain hesitation in our voices, which Lady Louisa was much too sharp not to observe. We were thinking of the Mansion itself and the damp, but that we could not explain.

"Ah, well," she said, looking at us. "It is not easy to know who to trust. Time will show. It is a droll little bit of a house, but we make it do. We had some friends over to lunch yesterday, our cousin Lady Langdale, and young Everton, her eldest son. That's a fine young fellow now—very handsome, me dear lady, and I fear, if one must believe all the tales one hears, very fast too—but the best of sons. As pleased to come down here with his dear mother as if he had been going to—well, I was going to say the Castle, but that's not very exciting now-a-days, me dear ma'am."

"Why, he came to have some fun, mamma," said Norah. "Don't you know it's great fun coming to this tumble-down old place? I like it of all things. One can skip about as one pleases, and nobody minds—instead of having to mend one's glove, and put up one's hair, and look as proper as four pins."

"But we rather pique ourselves upon being proper all the same," said Lady Denzil, "and

you must not teach the girls to be wild, my dear, though it is very nice to see you skipping about—even with holes in your gloves."

We looked at each other, my old friend and I, and had a little difficulty in keeping our countenances. It was all of a piece, somehow, and though one might be didactic as one's duty, one had no particular desire to set it right.

After the little glimpse we had been having of the Mansion and its inmates, there was something quite harmonious in that hole in Norah's veil.

"But Norah is quite particular about her gloves, I assure you," said Miss Beresford. "She is not such a wild Irish girl as people think, though she will run about. Mamma has no proper maid just now—"

"Ah," sighed Lady Louisa, "don't remind me of it, me dear. I've never had a proper maid, me dear ladies, I give you my word, since that fool of a girl went and married under me very nose, as it were. They will marry, the fools! as soon as they've got to be a bit useful to ye. And to prove it, I've got no cook in the house at this minute, if ye'll believe it, me dear ma'am, which is worse, when there's a man to be fed, than the want of a good maid."

"Oh dear, I am very sorry," said I. "Can —one—be of any use, Lady Louisa? Of course it is strange on so short an acquaintance—but if my servants can do anything—"

"It's like your kindness," said Lady Louisa, pressing my hand. "But we do the best we can. There's the lad that came with us; sure he's the son of an old butler of ours, and he's seen a good deal for his condition in life, and a very pretty notion of a dinner he has, I assure you; and me maid, such as she is—I don't call her a clever maid—but she can take a turn at anything. It's handy, me dear ladies, when you're moving about, and can't carry a full establishment at your tails. And we get along. Mr. Beresford's an invalid, thank God, and not so unreasonable as most men about the cooking. And oh, I assure ye, we get along."

Lady Denzil had turned to Norah, and was speaking to the child over her shoulder as this revelation was made to me, and I could do nothing but falter a hope that she would soon feel herself settled down, and be supplied with cooks and everything necessary, as I rose to go away.

"Ah, then, it does not take so long to settle down," said Lady Louisa, rising, "when ye are used to it like me. I come in, me dear ma'am, and I give meself a shake, and I'm at home, whatever the place may be. It isn't a palace," she continued, looking round, "and the furniture is old-fashioned, but we've put in some of our own knick-knacks, ye see, which I always carry about with me, and that does more than anything to give the home-look. Norah, ring for old Ferns to show me Lady Denzil the door."

"Is this the man of all work, who has a pretty notion of a dinner?" I could not refrain from whispering as we went out. We had shaken hands and got quite clear of the drawing-room—indeed, we were outside the door; out of all possibility, as I thought, of being overheard. But before Lady Denzil could answer, a fresh, sweet, ringing peal of laughter came upon my astonished ear.

"Oh no, not that old fellow; but I'll show him to you if you please," said Norah Beresford, suddenly making her appearance round the corner. "He's the stable boy, and the cleverest boy I know."

You may suppose how I started! That Mansion is one of the most awkward places for back doors and side doors, so that you never know when you are safe. Of course I made some stupid excuses, but Norah only went off into another fit of laughing. The girl was wild with fun and spirits; she could not be more than eighteen—a kind of dancing fawn—and I took a fancy to the creature on the spot; though, no doubt, if she had been one of our own girls on the Green, who have always been brought up to behave themselves, one might have thought differently. But a young face of that age running over with fun and nonsense is pleasant, when it is sweet nonsense and not wicked. Norah laughed as most people breathe, and it was not from the lips outward, but with all her heart.

"What a light-hearted creature!" I said, with a little sigh, such as middle-aged people are apt to indulge in at such a sight. It

meant *poor thing, she knows no better!* I suppose one cannot help that half-envying, half-melancholy thought.

Lady Denzil was old, not middle aged, and had ceased to feel this little prick of compassion and superiority. She smiled only, she did not sigh, as she waved her hand to Norah. "It is a nice, innocent, cordial sort of laugh, —it does one's heart good to hear it," she said.

"And what a household!" I went on, for we were now quite free of the Mansion and its inmates. "So frank and so queer about everything! Are they half out of their minds, do you think—or is it all a joke?"

"My dear, they are Irish," said Lady Denzil quietly. "And then, why *should* they be ashamed? It is not their own house. I dare say their own place is very nice, if you could see it. And then they have a certain rank, you know. That makes people very easy about what they say. She is Lady Louisa if she lived in a garret. She can't be mistaken; and they take the good of their own mishaps, and see the fun of them just as we do, whereas *our* mishaps only amuse our neighbors, not ourselves," Lady Denzil added. It was very true, perhaps; but one did not like to hear such a sentiment from my Lady's lips.

And before a week was over, as might have been expected, the Green rang with stories of the Irish family. "Fancy, she says Colonel Fitzgerald is a widower with £10,000 a year, and her daughters may as well have the chance as another," Mrs. Stoke said to me, pale with consternation, though such calculations could not be absolutely foreign to her own experience. She was so shocked that it took away her speech for a whole evening: which was very different from its effect on Lady Louisa. "And the stable boy cooks the dinner," said the Admiral, with a laugh that they must have heard on the other side of the Green, and shrugged his shoulders, and added, "Poor devil," —meaning, no doubt, Mr. Beresford, whom Lady Louisa, on the contrary, thanked God was an invalid, and not so particular. Whenever we met, we had a new story to tell of the Mansion. But it did them no harm, as far as I could see. No cook ever came that we could find out, and no maid; and the hole in Norah's blue veil survived triumphantly till Christmas, when she tied up the leg of a little table in the drawing-room with it, to the admiration of all beholders. "I never saw such furniture," Norah said; "it breaks if you look hard at it. I suppose it must be made expressly for furnished houses;" and then she tied up the little table, which had a sprain, with the blue veil.

But notwithstanding, they were the greatest acquisition we had met with for a long while on the Green. Norah was a favorite everywhere; our pet, and the darling of the village, though she was not always perfectly tidy. And as for Miss Priscilla, though she was by way of being the precise and old-maidenly sister, even she had a suppressed sense of fun with all her primness. I do not believe they read three books from one year's end to another. The girls knew nothing to speak of, except a smattering of languages, which they had picked up abroad in their wanderings. Really, I cannot help thinking sometimes it is great nonsense, the fuss we make about education. Norah was a great deal nicer than if she had been well educated. I am old-fashioned, I suppose, but on the other hand I am very fond of books, which have been my closest companions for years; but yet— Those lively, keen, open eyes, seeing everything—that vivacious original mind, finding out the fun first of all, and then heaps of other meanings, if they were but ever so slightly indicated to her, in everything she heard or saw—are worth a great deal more than mere knowledge. I hate dull people, uneducated or not, which I fear is a very unchristian sentiment when one thinks how many of our fellow-creatures are very dull—and I love intelligence about all things, without caring much about its amount of education. "Ah, that is because you only see the pleasant side of it," Mr. Damerel says to me. He is very highly educated, good man, and so are his children going to be. The girls (it is his pride) learn everything with their brothers. But, oh me, how heavy they all are! how it wears one out to spend an evening at the Rectory! whereas with those dear ignorant souls at the Mansion the moments flew.

It was July when the Beresfords came, so that they had still a good deal of the summer before them, and our young people did their duty in making them acquainted with all there was to be seen. They had brought a pony with them and a little carriage, not any bigger, and, I must say, very much more crazy and out of order than mine. The wheels had a jingle of their own, which distinguished Lady Louisa's pony-chaise to the whole neighborhood. It was this that was the nominal occupation of the boy who cooked the dinner, and a very clever boy he was. I have seen him myself in the yard, polishing the chaise as if his life depended on it. "Sure and it's joking my lady was," he answered, when somebody congratulated him one day on his various accomplishments. He blushed, though Lady Louisa did not. And so the quaint, funny, candid household got settled down in the midst of us. Beside Lady Denzil, who was our queen in a way, Lady Louisa looked like an old washerwoman: but notwithstanding all her good-nature, there was one point she was stiffer upon even than Lady Denzil. We were all gentry, fortunately, and people whom one could visit, but nothing could be finer than the unconsciousness that came upon the lady of quality when an interloper of a lower order came in. She became blind, deaf, and stupid in a moment, though she was the very soul of good-humor and kindness. This is a mystery I don't understand, though I am as fond of well-born people as anybody need be.

And alas! the autumn that the Beresfords came to the Green was the year that, after all his misdoings, Everard Stoke came home.

CHAPTER II.

EVERARD was Mrs. Stoke's eldest son: they were people of the very best connections, but poor—so poor that they had to live in a little cottage and practice the most rigid economy, though they "counted cousins" with half the people in the peerage. Everard had had every advantage in education, people thinking naturally that the eldest son was his mother's best prop, and that he would be glad to be able to help his own. And no doubt some boys are a help and comfort to every one belonging to them; just as there are others who pull everybody down who has ever attempted to help them. He was meant to go into the Indian Civil Service, that being the best way, as many people think, for a young man to get on. But he would not be a Civil servant. He insisted on going into the army, where, of course, he knew he could never keep himself, much less help his family. I don't know what poor Mrs. Stoke, who was not a strong woman either in mind or body, was subjected to in the way of threats, and disobedience, and ill-temper, before she would consent. But she had to consent at last; and they got him a commission in a very nice regiment in the line. He wanted to be a Guardsman, the young fool! but of course her friends were not such idiots as that. I suspect Everard had thought of soldiering—for he was not much more than a boy, and could not be expected to have much sense—as nothing but a life of indolence and freedom, heaps of amusements and gay society. But when he found he had to obey as well as to command, it changed his ideas altogether. The way in which he tried to cover his insubordination at first was by calling his Colonel a snob, which he did whenever he came to see any of us. "His grandfather was a tailor," he would say; "fancy gentlemen having to be under a fellow like that!" He tried after a while to get his friends to arrange an exchange for him into a different regiment: but it happened to be just at the moment when Willie, the second boy, was going out to India, and no one could pay attention to Everard's grumbles. Then there came a dreadful explosion. Whether he refused to obey orders, or whether he was insolent to his commanding officer, one could never quite make out; but the result was that he was recommended to resign to avoid a court-martial. It was the 119th, and I knew one of the officers. His account was, that he never saw such an ill-conditioned cub. "Snob himself," said my friend with indignation; "our old Colonel is a man to be proud of. The little brute never obeyed an order in his life, and wouldn't—'twasn't in him. What business had his mother to be a widow? Oh yes, I suppose she couldn't help it: but she ought to have flogged the very life out of that little beggar all the same." Poor, gentle

Mrs. Stoke, to think of her whipping a boy! though I don't doubt it would have done him good.

So Everard came home, more or less disgraced, his chosen profession thrown away, or throwing him away. By that time he was one-and-twenty, and a dreadful life he led his poor mother and sisters, grumbling at every thing. They had nothing on the table fit to eat,—they had nothing decent to put on,—they made a fellow wretched with their long faces, &c., &c. Once he did me the favor to take me into his confidence, but was sufficiently startled by my answer not to try it again. Then by immense exertions—it was before the time of examinations for everything, and interest did a great deal—a place was got for him in one of the Government offices. When Mrs. Stoke asked my advice, I was against this step from the beginning, for what was a young man of his habits to do in London, where everything would tempt him to go astray? "Ah, you don't know my Everard," said the misguided woman, with tears in her eyes. "He is very proud, I must confess. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Mulgrave, it is a grave fault, but all the Stokes are proud. How could he be expected to be superior to the character of the family? But he has no other faults, poor boy. I could trust him as I would trust one of the girls," she said, drying her eyes. And I suppose, so strangely are people constituted, that she believed what she said.

Everard got the situation, and everything seemed to go well for a year or two. By degrees, he got quite out of the habit of coming to the Green. When he did come, they never could please him. When his poor mother remonstrated with him for neglecting her, he made her the cruelest answer. "You don't think I could stand the Green all by myself?" he said; "and what fellow would care to come down with me to a hole like this?" It was Lottie who told me, in her indignation; but Mrs. Stoke bore it all, and never made any sign. And then —— It was a dreadful business; and nobody ever explained, in so many words, exactly how it was. It was not in the papers, which kept it from the knowledge of people out of society, at least. As for people in society, of course the papers are nothing; and everybody knew. There was some public money that had to pass through his hands; and besides that, he was more than a thousand pounds in debt. It came upon the poor Stokes like a thunder-clap. That sort of thing is more dreadful to *us*, who have but a very little money, and that little our very own, than, I suppose, to mercantile people, who are used to have other people's money in their hands. He had to go away, with just a telegram to his poor mother that he was ruined, and that she would never see him more. Of course it was some days before we heard; but we all noticed and wondered at the strange commotion in the cottage, and poor Mrs. Stoke, more dead than alive, going and coming constantly to town. As soon as the first whisper got abroad I went to them at once, which was rather a bold thing to do, and might have been badly taken. But they knew me, and that I meant only to serve them; and that is what Lottie means when she speaks of the time when I stood by them in their trouble. They had to make great sacrifices to pay up what they could. I know Mrs. Stoke sold her pearls, which she had always clung to through all their poverty, for the sake of her girls. And they sent away one of their servants, and lived more plainly, and dined more poorly than ever. And Everard disappeared for a long time, like a man who has gone down at sea. It was long before they knew even if he were alive, or where he was. I cannot tell how he lived, or what he did with himself; but at the time I am writing of, everything had quieted down and been forgotten; and he came back. His poor mother, somehow, had still a remnant of belief in her boy, and wept over him as did the father of the prodigal—though Everard was far too much a young man of the period to have any confession on *his* lips. I don't believe he even said "I am sorry," for all the dreadful trials he had dragged those poor women through. Oh, how many things such women have to bear that they cannot confide to their dearest friends! He took it all as a matter of course. He looked us all in the face, just so conscious of what we thought as to be defiant of our opinion. There had been no public stigma put upon

him, no prosecution, nor anything of that kind. And now that it had "blown over," as he thought, he had the audacity to come home.

There are some men who are more attractive in their first youth than at any other age; and some whom life so moulds and stimulates, that they who were stupid and disagreeable at twenty, are at thirty interesting men of the world. Everard had never been a nice boy. Fond as I am of young people, he was one to whom I could not open my heart. But when he came home at the time I mention, strongly prejudiced as I was against him, I could not but acknowledge that he was improved. His manners were better. One could not tell if it were false or if it were true. But it is more agreeable, all the same, to be listened to, and heard out, and have a deferential answer, than to be interrupted and contradicted. Then he had learned to talk, which was a new gift; and it was a rare gift on the Green. He had been to all sorts of places, and seen every kind of people; and whatever his motive might be (I do not pretend to guess it), he took the trouble at least to make himself agreeable. Though I have an antipathy beyond all expression for this kind of man—the being who has two or three fair starts, and always turns out a failure, and comes back upon the poor women "that own him," as Lady Louisa would have said—yet somehow I could not quite execute justice upon Everard. "He is sorry, though he does not say it," said his poor mother. "He is not one to say it; and his very coming back like this is like turning over a new leaf. Don't you think so, dear Mrs. Mulgrave?"

I could not commit myself to such a favorable judgment. But still one might hope he did mean better this time.

He was at home all the summer; and the impression he produced on our little community in general was much the same as on myself. We knew his story so well that it was needless repeating or opening it up again. We said to each other, "I wonder Everard Stoke has the assurance to come back; and what will his poor mother do with him?" And then we changed to "Everard Stoke has certainly improved—don't you think so?" And at length somebody was so kind as to suggest that he was but nine and twenty, and that perhaps he might even yet do well. It will be easily understood that no distinct reference was made to his story so as to render it intelligible to a stranger. And the Beresfords had lived abroad a good deal, and had no connection with our district, and had heard nothing about it. This was how it happened that in a place where every detail of the business was known, Lady Louisa never heard of it. She knew, of course, that there was something. He had been in the army, and left it; he had been a wanderer on the face of the earth for a long while. But then so had she and all her family; so that did not seem so strange to her. He had been a little wild, or gone too fast, as people say,—in short, there was something. But that was all Lady Louisa knew. And we, foolish creatures as we were, not seeing an inch before us, thought it kinder not to rake up an old story. "If he gets the chance now, he may do well," we said to each other, and began to ask him to our houses. And then he amused us, which is so irresistible a spell in a dull country place. And we all agreed tacitly to take him on trial again, and ignore the sins of his youth.

All this preamble is necessary to explain how he got to meet Norah Beresford, in the familiar way which our small society made inevitable. I remember being startled, not long after they came, by the advanced state of their acquaintance, till Lottie explained to me that they were always meeting Norah in her walks, and had taken to making little expeditions together. "Everard is so kind, he always walks with us now," his sister said, with, as it seemed to me, just a touch of doubtfulness in her voice.

"That is very unlike Everard," said I, perhaps a little severely; which was a very foolish thing to say, for however much we may ourselves condemn our own, none of us like to hear another do it. Lottie flushed a little and turned upon me, as I might have known. "Everard has changed very much, Mrs. Mulgrave," she said; "he is not like the same. Indeed, I don't think he *is* the same; but of course old friends always remember the past and don't believe in the future, as we do."

"I think that is not quite fair to me, Lottie," I said; "but at all events I hope in the future with all my heart, and that your faith may be fully verified. No doubt he is much improved."

And thus my little representation was put a stop to. To be sure it was possible that Everard's kindness to his sisters might be one of the fruits of repentance. It was not like him, but still it was possible, and he was very much improved. But I can't say I quite liked, the moment after, to see him come along the road with his little sister Lucy, by way of chaperone, I suppose, and Norah by his side. It was her laugh, that sweet, fresh, mellifluous Irish laugh, that called my attention to them. And the two were talking very closely. Lucy, whose head was busy about other matters, tripped on before, and Everard was talking and Norah listening as—well, as people do. One knows when one sees, without requiring to explain. I saw the scene from my window, and immediately, on the spur of the moment, rushed out to the garden gate, and called to them to come in and have some tea. "I am sure you have been having a long walk, and you shall not pass my door," I said, with a playfulness that I did not feel. Norah was very willing, poor child; she meant no harm and knew no better. She came in to me as brightly as if my quiet house had been the gayest in the world. But her face did cloud over a little when Everard paused, and took off his hat, and excused himself. He had only meant to see Miss Beresford home, he said, and could not stay. He had letters to write. Norah's face clouded, and showed the cloud. She looked wistfully at him, as if, but for shame, she would have changed her mind, and gone home; and she looked reproachfully at me. But the thing was done, and could not be altered. "I dare say we shall meet to-morrow, somehow," she said to Lucy, as she kissed her—and so went in with me, in that cloudy condition, half smile, half tear, which was, of all others, the most natural aspect of the mobile Irish face.

"I should not have come in if I had known he would go away," said Norah frankly. "Ah, then, you won't be angry that I say it. He was telling me something—I'd rather have heard it out, and had his company a little longer, than a dozen cups of tea."

"But the tea is better for you, my dear," said I, "though perhaps not a dozen cups."

"No, fun is best," said Norah, beginning to brighten out of the cloud. "I like to be amused above all things. You steady English, with your steady ways, you prefer being dull. But I am not an English girl, and I have been brought up abroad; I like to be amused."

"All the better," said I. "I like it too, and Everard Stoke *is* amusing. He is even interesting, sometimes, which is more surprising still."

"Why should it be surprising?" said Norah. "You all seem to speak as if you patronized Ever—Mr. Stoke, and made allowance for him, and all that; whereas," said the girl, flashing up into full animation, "there is not a man all about can hold a candle to him! Sure you know it as well as me! They are all old fogies, or young fogies, which are worse. I laugh at them till it makes me ill—and then I could cry to think one is never to see anything better than that, when up starts somebody suddenly out of the earth,—that is *Fun!* Yes; he is fun, though you shake your head—and—interesting, and all that;—and then you English put on your solemn faces. Oh, I don't like you at all! I shall never like you! That is, you are an old dear, and a jewel, and I love *you*." It was a minute at least before I could free myself from Norah's embrace, which was as impulsive and vehement as herself.

"You may not like us, my dear," said I, "and yet you must acknowledge we are not very ill-natured, after all. We might have made it impossible for Mr. Stoke to have so much as seen you, if we had thought proper to make ourselves disagreeable; and I am not sure we ought not to have done so, after all."

"It can't matter to me one way or another," said Norah with a sudden blush; and then she put her arms round me again, and looked up in my face with her shining sunset eyes, and coaxed me in her mellow Irish tones. "Ah, then, Mrs. Mulgrave, darling! do tell

me all to myself—mamma shall never hear, nor any one. Tell me what he has done?"

"Norah, if I thought it was anything to you what he had done—" I began.

"Ah, then, and what could it be to me?" said Norah. "Did I ever see him till six weeks ago? Did I ever hear his name? But I like to know everything. I am fond of stories. I suppose he has been very naughty, poor fellow!" she said, with an inimitable fall of her voice. Love itself could not have been more pathetic. Perhaps, with all her *naïveté*, there was a touch of that delicious instinctive histrionic sense which made her face unconsciously suit the emotion of the moment; or else things were worse than I thought.

And even now I had not the courage to speak out—a thing I shall never forgive myself. I had not the heart to throw the first stone at him, and he trying, or appearing to try, to amend. I thought what I did say would be enough to frighten her. I made a little fancy sketch of his insubordination, and how he had to leave his regiment, and then of his getting into debt and—being obliged to go away. The way she kept smiling at me, undismayed—the clear golden gleams, unsubdued by any cloud, out of her eyes—the proud way she held her head, never a droop of shame or even doubt in it—ought to have warned me to cut nothing out of the picture. I don't know now how it was I could have been so foolish. I had not the heart to shame him in the girl's eyes. When I had ended I watched her very closely, more anxious how she should take it than I could tell. But she took it in a way I never would have dreamed of. She jumped up from her chair and clapped her hands.

"Now that is the kind of man I love," she said. "His Colonel was a frightful old wretch. He bore it as long as he could, but that was not forever. The idea of shaking your head at a man for that! And then his independence—going away to hide his poverty from his friends, and making a living for himself with nobody to help him! I think it was grand! I knew I was right to like Everard Stoke. Ah now, how can I call him *Mister*. Don't you all say Everard? That's for telling me," she said, suddenly giving me a vehement kiss. "Hush, whisper—I'm so glad. I thought it was something about some girl—"

"Oh, my dear Norah!" I cried; but she spoke so fast, and was in such a flood of talk, that it was impossible for me to go on.

"You never talk of such things before us," said Norah in her excitement, "but we always hear a word now and again that sets us wondering. Priscilla and I made sure it was about some girl. They say men are like that. I could have forgiven him, for you know he must have been so young. But I am glad—I can't tell you *how* glad—that it was only getting into debt and that sort of thing. Why, that's nothing. We are all in debt, every one," said Norah, with a laugh of half hysterical emotion. "Papa owes—I can't tell how much—and that's one reason why we are never at home."

"Oh, my dear, don't tell me any more," cried I, in a fright; "and Norah, stop and think before you say you are glad. He is nothing to you, and can never be anything to you; but all the same, you ought to estimate him justly. Everard Stoke has been a bad son and a bad brother—he has been—"

"And what did they ever do for him?" said Norah, with a toss of her head in defiance. "Why should he take them up on his shoulders when they don't want it? You are seeing with their eyes, and not your own nice kind ones, Mrs. Mulgrave, dear."

"And whose eyes are *you* seeing with, poor child?" I said. "He has been a burden upon them, and he has neglected them, Norah. You can't think how he has neglected them, and they always so careful of all his tastes—always so tender to him."

"They never understood him," said Norah hotly, with quick tears of vexation springing into her eyes. She had come to that last defense in which the faithless and cruel intrench themselves. And when she reacheb that point, her excitement, which was not under control, as it would have been with a girl more used to self-restraint, burst into tears. I stood looking on, very serious, even rueful, not attempting to comfort her. And next moment she sprang up with a wild outburst of laughter, and dried her eyes.

"Not that I care one bit" she said, "not

one bit;—what should it matter to me? But only he has been telling me things, and I'm so glad they are quite true. There, Mrs. Mulgrave, dear, that's all. You shall never hear me speak of Ever—Mr. Stoke again."

"I hope not, my dear," I said very gravely, giving her my hand.

"You may be quite sure. What can it matter to me?" said Norah. "We're strangers, you know, and wild Irish. After a while we'll go away and disappear into Italy or somewhere. I know papa's ways. If one of us girls doesn't marry Colonel Fitzgerald," Norah continued, looking up at me with one of her doubtful looks, half fun, half pathos. She knew that she might have to do this, strange as it sounded, should Colonel Fitzgerald throw his handkerchief at her, and yet she could not help seeing the humor of the situation, such as it was.

I confess I was so mean that I went up stairs to my bed-room window, and watched her walk all the way home. Probably the same idea that was in my mind had been in Norah's, for she certainly paused and looked round, as with some ghost of an expectation. But Everard was too wise for that. He was not going to follow her at such a moment under my watchful eyes. Of course, if one had chosen to inquire, there was pretty sure to be "something about some girl" in his dark existence. But it had never been my business to accuse him, or investigate his sins; was it my business now?

I asked myself this question till it became a pain to me. Was I my brother's keeper? Ah,—but the question sounds different when it is my little sister's keeper—the child that one sees on the edge of a precipice. It gave me a bad headache and a great deal of trouble before I could make out what I ought to do. And what I decided upon was no better than a compromise, a worldly proceeding. I made up my mind to go to his mother and speak about it to her. Norah had no money that I knew of, and though she had good connections, they were but a poor people to lean upon. He could have no motive for the part he was playing, and would surely give it up when he understood the circumstances.

With this lingering hope in my mind I got up next morning full of my purpose, and went to the cottage to have an interview with Mrs. Stoke.

CHAPTER III.

"This is carrying things a great deal too far," said Mrs. Stoke, in her offended and stately tone. "I know you mean well, dear; but why should my boy take any trouble about such a girl as Norah Beresford? With his connections, he might look a great deal higher. She has not a penny; and her family is good, of course, but a poor Irish family. It would be nothing to *us* to marry into the Clantorry connection. It certainly is not worth Everard's while. I know you speak from good motives——"

"Oh, mamma! how can you talk to *her* so?" cried Lottie. "Have you forgotten? Dear Mrs. Mulgrave, mamma will never hear anybody say a word about Everard, you know."

"I don't want to say a word," I answered. "I never thought he wished to marry her; and it is for his own sake as well as hers that I speak. If he should go too far, and it should get known, people will speak of the past; and I am sure, for one, I do not want that to be raked up again."

"But you do it," said Mrs. Stoke, sitting down to cry. "I was thinking nothing about the past, for the moment; and you have gone and brought it all back."

I stood quite still while my victim cried. I own that I felt intensely uncomfortable. What business had I to interfere? Was it not the best thing to leave it alone, and let each one take care of his own affairs? I to make Everard's mother cry, with so many real things in his life to vex her! I was angry with myself.

"But, mamma," said Lottie, after a pause, "Everard never did consider anything but his own pleasure, all his life. You and I ought to know that."

"You are always the one to turn against him," said her mother. But it was not so easy to silence Lottie as me.

"Ever since the time when he would break our dolls," said Lottie, with a little bitterness. "If he liked it, he would break Norah's heart in the same way, and throw the fragments

from him. Do you mean to say you do not know your own son, after all these years?"

"Oh, Lottie, how cruel you are to me!" cried Mrs. Stoke. That was all the satisfaction I could get. I begged them not to tell Everard, so as to rouse his vanity; but only to dissuade him, lest people should talk. And then I went home with the discouraging sense, for one thing, that Lottie agreed with me, and the feeling that I had sown dispeace among them—not a pleasant thought.

Next time I saw the Beresfords after this, I found Lady Louisa, with her two daughters, in a considerable state of excitement.

"Me dear, it's the Colonel we're expecting," she said; "and I don't deny I am fluttered a little when I think of the importance it may be to *them*, poor things. For let me tell you, me dear ma'am, ten thousand a year does not go begging every day to a couple of poor girls without a penny; and I'd have them mind what they're about."

"Then is he coming——?" said I, and stopped short, confounded; for had he been coming, like a French gentleman on his promotion, to see the *fiancée* his friends had looked out for him, Lady Louisa could not have been more straightforward in her speech.

"He is coming," said Norah, "like the man in the story, to see which of the two sisters he will like best; and one will be very fine, in full dress, to make the best of herself. And the other will be in her high frock, ready to run about after dinner is over. And he'll turn round from the one that was got up all ready for him, and he'll say to the papa, 'I'll have the one with her clothes on, please.' That's how it will be."

"If it's me you mean, Norah," Miss Beresford began, with a little flash of spirit, "nobody ever saw me with my dress falling off my shoulders; though I don't sit down to dinner like a tomboy that must always be running about."

"Ah, then, don't be vexed, Prissy dear," said Norah. "It was only for fun. If one couldn't make fun of it, one would be furious," cried the little vixen, suddenly clenching her hands. "The man—the brute! coming to look at us to see which he will buy, and mamma talking and settling what we're to wear, as if it were all right."

"Don't get to quarreling over him already, me dears," said Lady Louisa, with perfect calm. "Is it the man I'm thinking of? Sure the man might go to Russia, for anything I care; but he's got ten thousand a year, me children, and why should it go past our door more than another's, if I can help it?—and as nice a place as ever I set eyes on," she added, with a sigh, "in county Wicklow, me own county. And the comfort it would be to see one of ye there."

"But unless people—like each other," said I, seeing it was my turn to say something, "even a nice place would not make them happy—" and broke off here like a fool, having made my little conventional speech.

"A nice place goes a long way, me dear ma'am," said Lady Louisa, with that mellow, warm Irish worldliness, which somehow does not feel so abhorrent as the ordinary type; "and it does you a vast deal of good, take me word for it, to have plenty of money. They never knew what that was, poor things. We're poor, and we've always been poor, and I'm not ashamed of it. But I'll never let me children go and throw themselves away. If ye marry beauty, it's but skin-deep," continued this philosopher; "and as for wit and brains, and all that, it's pleasant, but where's the good of it? But sure, when ye marry money, ye know what you are doing; and that's a consolation, at the least. I'm thinking, me dear ma'am, as you've all been so kind and hospitable to us, to make a little effort to repay ye, now me friends are in town. We can't give but very small dinners in this bit of a place, which is a pity. But I'm thinking of a saries of tays."

"Mamma," said Priscilla in an undertone, with a blush and look of horror. Their mother was too ready-witted, however, to correct herself.

"'Of tays.' Is it too Irish I am?" she said, with her round, pleasant laugh. "The first of them is this day week, me dear lady—and I hope to see the Colonel and some of the officers; and if the young ones like to amuse themselves on the lawn—sure, it wants to be well cut first," she added, breaking off;

"and I hope you won't forget to tell Patrick's children. In a general way I like to see the grass grow, me dear ma'am—I'm fond of nature, though I'll allow it's a strange taste—and I hope we shall have the honor of Mrs. Mulgrave's company," said Lady Louisa, with a gracious bow. "But if I were you I'd tell Patrick at once, me dears, before you forget," she added, turning to Norah. Patrick was the famous stable-boy who was of so much use in the cooking; and certainly such a lawn for the young people to amuse themselves upon, I never saw. The grass must have been ankle-deep at least.

Norah, however, did not move. She had some object of her own in following out this conversation. "If you mean dancing, mamma," she said, "there are plenty of ladies—but I don't know where the men are to come from, unless you mean the Colonel to order down his whole regiment."

Poor Norah! I saw in a moment that this little speech was made to call forth the mention of one name.

(To be continued.)

OUR LABOR-SYSTEM AND THE CHINESE.

It is impossible to deal justly with the Chinese labor question without a fair examination of our entire labor-system.

The United States, in their relations to labor, stand alone among all the countries of the earth. The very principles of freedom and equality, upon which we depend for our cohesion, are adverse to a practical labor-system. Whereas other nations find their labor-market supplied by the peasant order, or by a system of serfdom or slavery, we have no such resource, and are forced to look abroad for paid substitutes for those who, in other countries, are presumed to feel some slight interest in the land and people they serve.

We have no peasantry; and since our native-born population have been disinclined to turn their attention to menial labor, it has followed that we must look for assistance to the refuse population of older and overcrowded countries, in order that we might develop the resources of our own.

Hitherto we have found no difficulty in supplying our need, in so far as quantity has been concerned. Mere bone and muscle were to be had for the asking; and in millions we have asked and received. While the land needed only those elements for its development, this was all very well.

But the simple fact of our own isolation from menial pursuits has left us free to advance in other directions; and the result has been, that in the short space of a century we have won a position equal to that of nations enriched by the achievements of a thousand years. Meanwhile our labor-system has not kept pace with us. While the lords of the soil have progressed intellectually, the tillers have remained stagnant upon the same plane which they occupied at the period of the first immigration.

This would be all well enough, if it were not that inventive genius and intellectual power require instruments of some mental capacity to make them profitable. The truth is, that while, in the first period of our existence, we needed only brute force, and the muscular power that could fell trees and hoe potatoes, now we must have intellectual and skilled labor to utilize our inventions, to develop our manufactures, and to enrich our land with intelligent agriculture. Agriculture, horticulture, and manufacture, which were at first conducted with a view to absolute necessity, are now followed, in a degree, as fine arts, needing all the adjuncts which the mind can offer to advance them.

For such advancement our present labor-system is incompetent; and this leads to the first proposition to be offered in this article, viz.: that *our present labor-system is intellectually inadequate to the necessities of the people and the capacity of the country and period.*

Again, not only has our labor-system failed to advance in value and capacity with our advancing resources; not only is it a dead-weight upon invention and improvement; but it has

also been the occasion for the introduction into our social and political organization of an element fraught with danger to our welfare and position as a nation. Forced to depend for the labor which built our residences and our warehouses, and which tilled our fields and worked our manufactories, upon the refuse of the ignorant lower orders of Europe, or, in default of these, upon a peasantry imbued to a large extent with the *sans-culotteism* of the times, we have seen our servants educated to overturn their masters, and the worst features of despotic injustice introduced into our republican law, by the very ones who had fled from their own homes to escape the workings of similar unjust dispensations. This brings us to a second proposition, which is, that *the interference of ignorant labor with politics is dangerous to society, injurious to operatives, and practically impedes the progress and advancement of labor itself.*

Hitherto our labor-market has been a monopoly with no competitors; and the consequence has been—as must ever be the case under similar circumstances—labor improperly and grudgingly performed, and exorbitant compensation insolently demanded. There should be nothing freer than labor. Our market should be open to the world, since only by that means can the natural laws which regulate it gain opportunity for their working.

Contemplating the question of labor from these standpoints, it is within the bounds of possibility that the subject of Chinese labor, instead of being a problem, may become the solution of a problem; and it is in this light that it is proposed to treat it in the present article.

The three classes of labor to be considered are — agricultural, manufacturing, and domestic. Beginning with the last, it will be admitted that domestic service in this country has at length become a simple condition of tyranny on the part of the servant over the master. Gradually, our republican theories, as applied to a foreign and intractable element, have borne fruit in a drawing-in of the lines of division, until it is impossible to tell where subordination begins and supremacy ends. The fact is, that in domestic service there is little or no adhesion by good feeling, but only the temporary sustenance of an apparent servitude, for the sake of an interest which culminates in real mastery. A monopoly of wages and service exists to such an extent, that while servants may demand any compensation, they are bound by no laws and held by no agreement. The performance of the least amount of labor, with the largest degree of license, and the most exorbitant pay, is the rule. Faithful service, and real interest in a situation on account of the one served, are conditions we read of in old country literature with doubt—having no illustrating cases in our own life.

Next, as to the manufacturing interest. While this same condition of monopoly obtains here, it is aggravated by the scarcity of skilled labor at any price, and the combinations which the laboring classes are enabled to form at any moment, disorganizing and deranging our whole system of manufacture, forcing employers into heavy losses or agreement with unjust terms, demoralizing entire communities, and bringing poverty and disaster upon innumerable families; and all these evils for want of legitimate competition.

Now as to agriculture. The abolition of slavery was certainly productive of results, as regards our agricultural progress, whose bitter and injurious effects must be felt for an indefinite period of time, unless some other form of labor shall take the place of the one so summarily annihilated. And yet this act of emancipation, ruinous to our agricultural interests as it must be at the outset, cannot but result favorably in the end, provided it be made the stepping-stone to a more advanced and intelligent system. The colored population of the South, ignorant and brutish as a mass, can never be anything more to our soil than the blind workers, whose labor must be fruitless except as directed by a higher intelligence. The necessity for this kind of labor is being rapidly obviated by the introduction of machinery; and it becomes obvious that what will be needed hereafter in this direction is a much higher standard of intelligence, combined with education, and a marked degree of aptitude for the duties required.

The vastness of our agricultural resources

makes necessary a similarly comprehensive mode of treatment, in which brute power shall play only a minor part; while education, natural intelligence, and adaptation of the best means to the greatest end, may result in a development far beyond our present powers of conception.

These three classes of labor—the domestic, agricultural, and manufacturing—may be said to control our future chances of advancement in happiness and prosperity. The millions of acres of fertile land which are being opened for cultivation by our new and extensive lines of railway must hereafter become the homes of a vast population, whose labors shall go to enrich or impoverish the nation. It becomes us, therefore, in so far as it may lie in our power, to endeavor so to direct the course of emigration and the growth of this population as to strengthen and sustain ourselves. While we profess to throw our ports open to the world, and to accept willingly, and in a spirit of brotherly kindness, the waifs and estrays from every nation, there is no need that we should offer special advantages to crime and poverty, or throw obstacles in the way of such a class of emigrants as would benefit our country. Heretofore, the chief immigration to America has been twofold—the class of small farmers from the villages of Germany, who brought money with them and labored to obtain a foothold upon the soil for themselves and their families; and the poverty-stricken peasantry of Ireland, whose only desire was to escape a condition which they rightly believed could hardly be made worse. Of these two classes, while one has supported itself, we have had to support the other; neither being precisely what we require to strengthen and improve the country. The German element, while it has, to some extent, developed our agricultural resources, has done so in a small way and purely for self. The Irish has served too largely to fill our prisons and reformatories, and to introduce into the political system of our large cities the worst features of European mobocracy. It is true that Italy sends us organ-grinders, and Germany lager-beer brewers; but it may be questioned if this admixture largely strengthens our body politic.

One of the results of the late European war is likely to be an extensive emigration to this country. The land which has been overrun and devastated by the invaders, will for years be in no shape to offer a sufficient support to its unfortunate inhabitants. The consequence must be emigration, and the natural tendency will be hitherward; a tendency which should certainly be encouraged by all who have the future progress of their country at heart.

It happens, too, that the advantages which present themselves in favor of such an emigration are just now of the strongest character. The Southern States, prepared by their necessities, and by the natural elasticity of their people, to rise out of the condition of prostration into which they were thrown by the events of the late war, are anxious to receive such an immigration as shall aid in restoring them to a condition of prosperity.

It is manifestly to their advantage to induce those accustomed to agricultural labor to lavish it upon their magnificent and fertile lands, now lying idle and unproductive. Such a course, properly systematized and sustained, will go far towards drawing a population towards the South which shall be of incalculable value to her, and a long step towards the solution of our labor-problem.

To produce this result, various forces should be at once set in motion. Accurate and discriminating statements, covering the advantages of Southern immigration, should be translated into the French language, and disseminated through those sections of country most likely to be affected by them. The most liberal propositions should be at once made, for the encouragement of those who desire to emigrate. Intelligent agents should be sent out to strengthen these statements and propositions by personal evidence and advice. Transportation should be effected at the lowest possible cost, and thrown open to these unfortunate people who are thus forced to seek subsistence in a foreign land. The great point being to encourage the growth of rice, cotton, sugar, and tobacco, capital can hardly find a better investment than by forwarding a movement of this character.

And this brings us to the consideration of the question which is attracting such profound

attention at the present day—the question of the introduction into this country of Chinese labor.

Disclaiming all intention of treating this subject exhaustively, it is proposed, rather, to present its salient points, and their bearing upon our necessities and future well-being. Assuming, in the first place, that the broad system of welcome to the foreigner, which obtains in our constitution and national policy, offers the same privilege to the Chinaman that it does to the scum of Liverpool and London and the refuse of Ireland, we shall present no arguments in favor of the rights of domicile in this country of Chinese emigrants, since they need none. Neither do we propose to show that Chinese immigration is or is not a matter to require consideration with the design to legislate its cessation, because we are perfectly convinced that if it be in the intention of the Power that decrees such movements, none of our puny efforts can avail aught. When it is considered that this immigration is not an accidental occurrence, occasioned by the existence of temporary influences, but, possibly, a vast swaying hitherward of forces which, similarly directed heretofore, have changed the fate of nations and altered the aspect of the earth, it should be seen that it is taken at once out of the control of humanity; though it may still, in a measure, be directed for good or evil under intelligent judgment.

It becomes, therefore, our purpose to show that its tendency in our direction may be made productive of the most beneficent results; and, so far from being opposed or repulsed, should be encouraged and protected by every means which our laws and social restraints can render potent in such cases.

Having endeavored heretofore to show in what degree our labor-system needs reforming, we shall now offer such evidence in favor of this class of labor as the facts of history and observation supply. The deficiencies of our system of labor have been already alluded to, and are well known; they may be briefly summed up in the words ignorance and brutality; the one resulting from the other. The day when these elements could sway the social and political system of a nation has nearly passed by; it becomes us now to look for something which shall take their place. From what we know of the Chinese, we can fairly say they are neither ignorant nor brutal. Without the advantages which we possess, with few of the aids which these advantages have given to us, they have reached a high condition of civilization; while in many of the arts they have advanced far beyond any of the more liberally-endowed peoples. While they have had their wars and their rebellions, the experience of the past ten years in Europe and America does not leave us much to boast of in comparison in that direction. If the occasional outbreaks which occur in their seaports—against the representatives of nations which seek to impose upon them a new religion and a widely different civilization in spite of themselves—be taken as evidences of native brutality, let us refresh our memories with the "opium war," and our own treatment of the American Indians.

The Chinese, in their every tradition, experience, and thought, are a race totally different from that with which it is now proposed they should mingle. In philosophy, religious belief, and social laws, their ancient views are all to be overthrown and new ones set up. Yet by what means can this be done so well as by constantly increasing social and political intercourse, and the establishment of mutual interests between them and ourselves?

Again: we have, on the one side, a vast territory, comprising the most fertile lands, waiting to be tilled; manufacturing advantages of power and inventive capacity unequaled elsewhere, demanding instruments to render them fruitful; and thousands of families in want of domestic servants. On the other, we have a great agricultural population, the best practically informed in the world; a nation noted for its power of imitation, expertness, and ingenuity; and the most industrious, docile, and intelligent servants known. Surely there could be no better judgment used for the advantage of both, than would be comprised in the bringing of these two together.

The Chinese are expert tillers of the soil, and with only the rude appliances that have

been in use in their country for centuries, will get more out of an acre of ground than we do, with all our new machinery and improved methods of working. Yet, when placed in charge of labor-saving machines, they are found quick to learn and intelligent to operate. Personal observation and the experience of travelers justify us in considering them among the most intelligently industrious people of the world. They are, too, faithful to a remarkable degree to those for whom they labor. Experience is daily proving this in the few instances where they are employed among us; while in California they have long been noted for their just and upright dealings. A gentleman who did business among them for four years in San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, reports that he knew of but one case of a Chinese merchant failing to fulfill his contract from dishonesty of purpose.

The causes of Chinese emigration are to be found mainly in an oppressive government, over-crowded settlements, and the difficulties of living at home, where the wages for a Coolie laborer are about eight or ten dollars a year, out of which he has to support his family, pay taxes, and restore all implements of his employer which he may break or lose. Yet the Chinese love their country, believe it to be the greatest on the face of the earth, and leave it only to obtain means to return in better condition.

They come to America only because they have heard good accounts of the country from those who have lived here; and because their "Companies," settled at San Francisco, are an assurance that they will be well treated, protected, and fairly paid for their labor. While there is no radical change in the working of the Chinese system of government, they will gladly avail themselves of every opportunity to come here, and be relieved from poverty and from tyranny. There is little probability of such a change occurring, but should it occur there will be no further emigration from China; it would seem as though the condition of things in both countries had been arranged to match the wants of either at this precise juncture. To the representations and labors of "Mandarin" Ward and the late Anson Burlingame do we owe it that the Chinese are so favorably acquainted with America and the Americans. Ward is now a Chinese god, and Burlingame will be remembered in China when Ward is forgotten. Chiefly is it owing to the efforts of his Imperial Majesty's late Ambassador to the great Powers that America stands so high in the celestial opinion; and if his advice, so often and so earnestly given, were followed by us, such a union with China would be brought about as would at once enrich and strengthen both these great nations.

Such a result can certainly be best promoted by the effectual acquaintance to be produced by immigration and intercommunication. The Chinese, in coming from their own country, bring with them their native arts and education, exchanging them for those which they obtain in the new world. To what extent Chinese agriculture or manufacture may be made useful and valuable to us, remains to be seen; yet there is good reason to suppose that through this agency new industries and interests may be introduced among us, of the greatest possible value and importance. Of such possibilities we may mention the growth of tea and the silk-worm, the two most important industries of China, so far as the rest of the world is concerned. The importation of tea from China into the United States amounted in 1869 to 36,000,000 pounds. The character of soil and climate of several of our States for the production of this important staple is being tested; and comparisons are being made with those of tea-growing countries, with a view to discover the best locality for encouraging the growth. In Tennessee, some ten miles east of Knoxville, a Mr. James Campbell had started a plantation before the war; the plants were doing well, but during the late struggle were of course neglected. A recent letter from this gentleman to the Commissioner of the General Land Office expresses the most sanguine hopes for the result of his experiment, based upon its progress since a renewal of the labors necessary to make it productive. He suggests the scope of country, embracing North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, as offering

the best field for the tea-culture. A number of other experiments in tea-culture of a late origin in different parts of this country are reported as promising good results.

The most promising and successful of these enterprises is that reported by Sherman Day, Esq., Surveyor-General of California.

In El Dorado county in that State, about half a mile north-east of Gold Hill, a small mining town, and about half-way between the larger towns of Placerville and Coloma, Mr. J. H. Schnell, a German gentleman, who had resided some ten years in Japan as an attaché of his national Legation, has commenced the cultivation of the tea-plant. He has brought with him his Japanese wife and a number of Japanese laborers, familiar with the tea-culture in their native land. Mr. Schnell is not satisfied that the soil upon which his experiments have been inaugurated is the best in the neighborhood. He supposes, however, that well-drained, loose, gravelly soils are preferable for tea-culture. By the enlargement of his operations from year to year, it will not be difficult for him to obtain an aggregate of a million of plants, each averaging about a pound of good tea per annum.

The indications observed, both in the older system of culture in Oriental Asia and in the experiment in this country, go to show that this business may be profitably pursued as a supplement to other agricultural enterprises. Each farmer may raise enough for his domestic consumption; for ten or twelve trees will furnish enough tea to meet the wants of an ordinary family. The question of competing with China and Japan in the markets of the world by the production of tea is of course problematic. We have not yet seen enough of our tea-production to judge of its ultimate capacity. But its introduction as a new industry is strictly a question appertaining to the consideration of our labor-system. Again, the possibility of its acting as an incentive to the general introduction and encouragement of Chinese labor, as best qualified to take charge of it, renders it of unquestionable importance in this connection.

Being made a matter of domestic industry and private experiment, the aggregate results of our tea-culture cannot fail to be very considerable. The price of labor, the continuance of tariff duties, and the decreasing cost of transportation, are all to be taken into consideration in estimating the efficiency of our tea industry as a separate branch of agriculture; but the labor necessary to cultivate a few tea-plants will only go to absorb the odds and ends of a farmer's time, which might otherwise run to waste. The feasibility of growing tea seems to be sufficiently settled in the United States. In different portions of the country the healthy and promising growth of plants has been secured. We may expect that by degrees this important industry will be established, adding to the wealth and natural resources of the American people.

In such a case, it will be readily seen that the introduction of Chinese labor from the tea-growing districts, familiar with every process of the growth and manufacture, would be a most important step towards success in the enterprise.

The growth of the mulberry-tree and the cultivation of the silk-worm have attracted more attention and received a much wider scope in California than the tea interest. There are at present four millions of trees in the State; and the foreign demand for eggs has been so great as to impede the local manufacture of silk. As the State has offered premiums both for the production of the trees and the eggs, and in every way sought to encourage this industry, there is little doubt that it will soon compete favorably with foreign countries.

Here, again, the introduction of skilled labor from China could not but be of the greatest possible advantage to the culture.

In every capacity in which the Chinese laborers have been tried in this country, they have proved a success. In the mines of California and New Mexico they have worked, and worked faithfully, where Americans and Europeans have given up in despair, either from unremunerative returns or unhealthy conditions in the locality. In their little market-gardens in California, in their laundries, and in their own peculiar manufacturing avocations, they have ever been found earnest, industrious, and persevering.

The Central Pacific Railroad would be to

day a thing of the future had it not been for the labors of the Chinese. And in the few manufactories in the Eastern States where enterprise has been found sufficient to press their employment, they have proved themselves to be diligent workers and sober, temperate human beings.

The first Chinese who came to San Francisco were fugitives from their masters in Peru, who took passage at Callao on the pretense that their term of service had expired. These were veritable "coolies;" and it is thus, and in no other way, that we owe the immigration of Chinese into California to the coolie system. It may be as well to state here that the United States not only have laws to prevent the encouragement of the coolie trade, but that their treaty with China explicitly enforces such prevention in a specific article. From the few delinquent coolies from Peru—about twenty—who arrived in San Francisco in 1849, sprang the enormous emigration from China which has since continued. Attracting to themselves stray cooks and servants of their own nationality who chanced to come into port on Chinese ships, these men obtained work at first in San Francisco, and afterwards in the mines, and saved money. Returning to China at a later period, they gave such extravagant statements concerning the new country and its wealth as seemed good to them, and thus indicated the road which their oppressed and poverty-stricken but intelligent countrymen were only too glad to follow.

While there were numerous emigrations of the Chinese to Siam, Java, and Malacca from the earliest periods, it was not until 1847 that the first cargo set sail from Macaow for Callao, and inaugurated the coolie-trade.

That this trade grew and flourished to an enormous extent, and was carried on with barbarities, injustice, and treachery equaling anything the human mind can conceive, is as true as are the same facts in connection with the African slave-trade. An emigration amounting to an enforced expatriation, made peculiarly obnoxious by utter ignorance on the part of the unhappy coolies of their point of destination, was accompanied by the most outrageous and brutal treatment during the voyage, and by all the worst horrors of slavery on their arrival at the scene of their future labors—and death. Few of the hundreds that were crowded into ill-conditioned vessels for this voyage arrived at port; and of the 150,000 who are known to have arrived, not five hundred ever returned to their homes. The new trade introduced corruption of the most fearful character into the interior of China; civil war being encouraged, in order that prisoners might be captured and sold into slavery; even mandarins and other high government officials combining in the encouragement of this execrable traffic. The coolie-trade still continues, though it is now confined to Macaow, and is there sustained by the clan-fights which take place in the interior, after which the defeated are sold to the river "man-buyers," who are always in waiting for their prey. The shipments of coolies from Macaow, Canton, Hong-Kong, Swatow, and Whampoa to Cuba, Java, Peru, other parts of South America, the Indian Archipelago, and Australia, from 1847 to 1870, amounted, in round numbers, to 269,000, of which 57,000 were exported during the past two years.

But the present coolie-trade is conducted under so many restrictions as to deprive it of many of its worst features. Thus all arrangements for coolies are made under the supervision of the officers of the foreign or native governments at the various ports; as the Portuguese at Macaow, the Chinese at Canton, and the English at Hong-Kong.

Agents of emigration at the different ports charter vessels to proceed to China for cargoes of coolies; there the agents employ brokers—Portuguese or English—and obtain permission from the officials to open "barracoons" or depots for the coolies, where they shall be brought by the brokers. The vessels are only allowed to remain in port for a certain number of days, and are inspected by the authorities to see that they are in a satisfactory condition. The brokers take *lorchers*, —boats specially appointed for the traffic,— and go up the coast after men. Various formalities ensue before the cargo can be removed from port, but the general result is,— and in spite of all "regulations" to prevent it,—that the coolie has sold himself for eight

or ten years of slavery, his term of service being transferable, like that of any other animal.

The coolie for Peru costs about $120 on board ship, and for Havana somewhat more. In Peru, the *haciendado* or planter pays from $300 to $400 per man, and on transferring his labor to another, makes a profit on the operation. The agents pay all expenses, and run all risks, depending upon the companies which send them out for reimbursement.

This is, in brief, the coolie-system; but the Chinese emigration to California is very different. In the first place, it is entirely voluntary. The Chinaman, disgusted with the injustice and poverty of his life, seeks to escape to the rich and generous country of which he has heard; and if he has not the passage-money from Hong-Kong or Canton, mortgages his wife and family, giving his notes with large interest, and commission for brokerage, bribery, etc., payable a certain length of time after his arrival in America. This insures his passage to San Francisco, where he is immediately taken in hand by the company from his district.

The companies in San Francisco are five, their names being "Yung Wo," "Si Yap," "Sam Yap," "Yan Wo," and "Ning Yeung." These companies are the connecting-link between the Chinese emigrants and their native land. Maintaining a sort of "intelligence office" on a large scale, they effect engagements for the Chinamen; look after their interests here and at home; are their bankers and brokers; see that they are cared for in sickness; and return their embalmed bodies to their families in China after death. For these services they are paid by a percentage on wages received, acting in fact as a sort of general assurance office for the benefit of their clients. The companies are entirely honorable and trustworthy; and will, if desired, guarantee the conduct of those whom they supply for positions. Of course they have a firm hold upon the Chinese immigrants, as a threat to dissolve connection with them would be equivalent to robbing them of their only trusted protector. At present the remuneration of Chinese labor and service is exceptionally high, owing to their having adopted the standard of San Francisco, which has always been much higher than in the Eastern States. As emigration continues and increases, this matter will regulate itself, and prices assume a downward tendency. At present, too, Chinamen are unwilling to come East in individual cases, or except in gangs of twenty-five or fifty. This is natural enough, since they know nothing of those whom they will meet on removal from their own settlement, and hesitate to cut the last cords which unite them to their home.

The advent of a few such gangs, however, as have already established themselves in New Jersey and Massachusetts, will go far towards encouraging others; and before long we may anticipate their arrival here in such numbers as may be desired by employers.

As regards the character and temperament of the Chinese, it may be stated here that, so far from sharing the universal lawlessness and dishonesty peculiar to the Turkish and Arab Oriental, they are, if anything, less dishonest than the same class of other nations.

On the Pacific mail steamships, where they have long been employed both as seamen and waiters, this peculiarity is marked. They are more honest than the average run of such *employés* of other nations. They are patient, kindly-disposed, lively in manners, reticent in speech, given to minding their own business as well as that of their employers; and their constant and persistent industry is remarkable and exceptional.

From 1852 to 1870, 90,000 Chinese emigrants arrived in San Francisco; and there are probably 75,000, in round numbers, distributed through the United States at present. In the South they have proved as satisfactory as elsewhere; and it is probable that another year will see their employment in manufactories and on plantations widely extended.

Recently, a number of cotton planters in one of the Southern States have combined and chartered a ship which is at the present writing on its way to China for a cargo of emigrants. It is well understood that this is the best and most economical way of obtaining them, since they are procurable at Hong Kong on contract for about half the wages demanded

at San Francisco; but it must be in cargoes numbering from 200 to 500. In the present instance it is the intention of the planters importing them to employ them as cotton-pickers, a labor for which their peculiar handiness, industry, and perseverance, as well as their mechanical accuracy and adaptability, would seem to specially qualify them.

Having been already introduced into service upon several Southern railroads, they have been found to give entire satisfaction; and arrangements are pending to obtain a widely-extended use of their services in this class of labor. The operations upon the Northern Pacific Railroad, from Duluth, on the shore of Lake Superior, to Puget Sound, will offer another opportunity for rendering available this class of labor, which will hardly fail to be seized by the enterprising and shrewd managers of this new and vast construction.

Of late, renewed efforts have been made in San Francisco to discountenance not only the employment of the Chinese, but their immigration; and these efforts, sustained by unfaithful servants of the law, have been so far successful as to occasion a great falling off in the arrivals of Chinese emigrants in that city. The only result of such action will be the changing of the depot of reception for the Chinese emigrants from San Francisco to some other port. If their labor is needed in this country, not all the feeble struggles of our present laboring class can prevent its reception. Such enactments as that recently offered in the legislature of the State of New York, to the effect that Chinese laborers should not be employed in the State, carry with them their own remedy, and, if passed, might be found to act as a two-edged sword, cutting both ways. Such laws, like curses and chickens, "come home to roost," and can in no wise permanently disturb the immutable laws of labor.

Among the objections which are frequently made to the employment of Chinese laborers, and particularly to their employment as domestic servants, are their personal habits. Now the fact is, that by those who make this objection little or nothing is really known concerning their personal habits. Popular superstition defines them as a race filthy and rat-eating. The truth is, that while they are excessively unclean in their private domestic arrangements, they are scrupulously neat in their personal appearance, and attend carefully to their personal cleanliness. Chinese women are the dirtiest people conceivable; and the effect which a slatternly woman will produce on a household over which she has jurisdiction is too well known to need comment. But it has been noticed that where Chinese men are employed to perform the menial duties usually given to female servants, they perform them with a rigid exactitude of order and care really remarkable.

The habit of mind of the Chinese is strict order and neatness in details; and it may be accepted as a certainty that when one of them has once been shown the proper method of performing any duty, he will not swerve from that method in a hair's breadth, no matter how frequently or for how long a period its repetition may be exacted of him. As to the rat-eating propensities of the Chinese, the only authority for the popular belief rests on the fact that rat-catchers in China, whose sole duty is to rid localities of these vermin, carry a string of their victims on a pole, as a sign of their calling. That they will, when in danger of starvation, resort to these small animals for food, is doubtless as true as it was of the inhabitants of beleaguered Paris under similar circumstances.

The usual food of the Chinese is rice, fish, poultry, and vegetables; and on this diet, or any portion of it, they are capable of prolonged efforts in labor which would put to shame many of our stalwart beef-eaters. The Chinaman works for a motive, the strongest possible to his race; his sole wish and design is to obtain sufficient money by his savings to enable him to return to his family, and live in comparative comfort and ease for the rest of his days. He is therefore economical and abstemious. A few hundred dollars in gold will accomplish all his needs and his desires, and if he can save this amount in three or five years he is satisfied. Again, he is content with the current market price for labor, and such an idea as a combination or "Union" to enforce a higher standard of wages, is not only unknown to

him, but is foreign to all his instincts and repugnant to his feelings. Naturally peaceable, he shrinks from conflict, and, as his past history has proven, will put up with oppression, contumely, and wrong for the longest before he will strive to relieve himself; and then only by flight. Meanwhile, he will of course seize every legitimate means for bettering his condition, and will not work for one employer for less pay than another is willing to give him for the same amount of labor.

The Chinese is as tractable in matters of religion as he is in everything else. Already, in New Jersey, he is found willing, and even desirous to attend church, and in North Adams the Chinese laborers are taught in a Sunday-school, to which they are devotedly attached and scrupulously attentive.

If for no other purpose than the breaking up of the incipient steps towards labor combinations and "Trades Unions," which are beginning to assume authority in this country, the advent of Chinese labor should be hailed with warm welcome by all who have the true interests of labor and the laboring classes at heart. The terrible evils and injustice of which this system is the cause have risen to such a height in England, and have been so vividly portrayed by Charles Reade in his recent novel, *Put Yourself in his Place*, that we should eagerly accept the warning, and beware of putting ourselves in a similar place.

It is noteworthy that, no sooner is there the appearance of an immigration from China, than there occurs a great uprising among the class heretofore chiefly benefited by the utter freedom of our shores, and an outcry against what they term an effort on the part of the heathen "to take the bread out of their mouths."

Our great cities cry out against the despotisms by which they are ruled;—the offspring of European emigration, whose bartered votes and bastard naturalization have given them the power they wield. Our packed prisons, our myriads of liquor-shops,—all the corruption which to-day permeates society,—are a fit comment on the present condition of our labor-system.

From the license which has been given to ignorant brutality to interfere in our politics, has arisen the vast flood of corruption which threatens to overrun our whole country. From the single fact that the votes of our laboring classes can be purchased and wielded successfully for the establishment and sustenance of any wrong, however vital, of any corruption, however vile, has arisen a condition of things in political life unprecedented in the history of nations.

It is, therefore, not only for the convenience to society, the advantage to our national welfare, the healthy competition in labor which it promises, that the new element should be welcomed and sustained, but also for the fact that it promises to eradicate the most pernicious features of our present political life. There is no danger that the Chinese will interest themselves in our politics or mode of government. The experience of California is a sufficient guarantee on that head.

Accustomed to be governed, and to have no word or voice in the laws or their execution, they have only a desire to be allowed freedom to pursue their own avocations, and personal safety while engaged in the pursuit. Of votes, and candidates, and caucuses, and primary elections, torch-light processions, nominations, jobs, and rings, they are in blessed ignorance. And since we know them to be intelligent, there is the less fear of their influence, when they do arrive at this height of learning and experience, than if it were accompanied by that condition of ignorance which cannot discern the difference between right and wrong, except when a greenback is placed between them.

The present condition of our labor-system is to be feared of all men. That any improvement can come to it, except by means of the freest competition, is impossible. That closely bound up in it are our present happiness and future prosperity is a plain truth, obvious to all.

As no great event can take place in this world without a wise ulterior design, it may be that the final solution of the labor-problem will be found in the advent into the West of the "Heathen Chinee."

UNFLEDGED.

THE egg of a little bird
  Fell at my feet to-day,
And the life within it stirred,
  Throbbed once, and sank away.

A song fell out of a heart
  Into the hands of men;
They broke it all apart
  And none would know it then.

Poor little bird in the grass!
  Poor little trembling song!
Beside you both I pass;
  And the way, the way is long.

Poor little wren so brown,
  Twittering over her loss!
Poor little heart cast down,
  Thine is the greater cross!

BEN: A STORY FOR MAY-DAY.

BEN stood pressing his face against the glass.

It was neither night nor day-dawn nor twilight that greeted Ben on that morning of the first of May. It should have been daylight by the old clock that he could hear striking five on the mantel-piece in the room below. But what Ben saw, with his face pressed so close against the eight by ten glass of the gable-window in that half-story upper room of the dingy old farm-house, was fog; a dripping, saturating, Ohio River fog. Why Ben pressed his face so close to the glass it would be hard to tell. If there had been no fog he would have seen a lovely landscape, but it was one that he had seen every day for years from that identical hillside, a landscape associated in his mind with toil and hard treatment ever since he had come at nine years of age to be a "bound boy" in the family of "Old Man Pogue." So that there was no need of pressing his face to the glass to see beauties to which ten years of drudgery had made him insensible.

But there was the big strapping fellow with his face against the glass, staring out through that gable-window into a fog that was so dense as to hide the apple-tree bough which he could have touched if the window had been open. Staring into the fog, trying to see something, Ben Lamson was only giving outward expression to the mental act within. For to him the future and the purposes of his own life were befogged. And it seemed to him that his soul was staring out of a little gable-window trying to find the right road, but unable to do so. If only the fog would lift!

All his clothes were packed in the great yellow cotton handkerchief by his feet. Evidently the rule of "Old Man Pogue" had been too bitter for the bound boy, and unwilling to wait for the two years to pass that should bring him to his majority, he was thinking of fleeing with the little bundle out into the fog.

But something held him back. And that which held him back was also that which impelled him. For a revival preacher, whose theology was confused, whose grammar was mixed, whose rhetoric was wild, but whose

heart was earnest, had done for the bound boy at "Old Man Pogue's" what I am afraid neither of the courses of Boston lectures could have done. He had waked up the man in him. And when the manhood was awake slavery became intolerable. The first effect of Christianity on a downtrodden man is not patience. That comes afterward. The primary result is resistance.

But poor Ben Lamson was so unsophisticated as to think that the precepts of the Christ were meant to be obeyed, and that his example was intended to be followed. (If he had been an educated man or a man of business he would have known better.) His judgment was not clear, but his conscience was sensitive and true. He hesitated whether to stay and serve, or to escape. But when he tried to see the right way, there was only a dense fog seen through the dusty gable-window of his soul.

After a while the wind lifted the fog that rested on the landscape, rolling it up like a curtain, disclosing the green pasture and the brook, the leafy trees on the southern exposure of the Indiana hills, the freshly-plowed cornfields, "the beautiful river," margined here and there with lofty white-and-green-trunked sycamores, and beyond the river the Kentucky hills, their cold northern slopes not yet much touched with vernal influences. And right in the valley on the Indiana side, and on the upper terrace of the level ground, lay the beautiful village of New Geneva, with its two or three mills, its vine-covered cottages, its yards full of trees, and the neighboring vineyards that had been planted by its first settlers, who were Swiss.

For the first time since he had lived and worked on "Pogue's Hill," Ben took in the beauty of the landscape, wondering, as he saw the rising sun shimmering on the river and gilding the windows of the village, that he had been blind so long. And the peace of the sun and sky and river entered into his soul as he stood staring out of that gable-window. He postponed the solution of the problem of duty, unpacked his bundle, and went to the morning's work.

New Geneva had come of late years to be more of an onion-growing than wine-growing place. And seven o'clock found Ben with his hoe in hand looking down the long rows of the onion-beds, while his back ached to think of the day's work before him. For May-day is holiday for all village children and young people in this Ohio River country. Not that they dance about a May-pole in a stiff conventional way, as I imagine our English forefathers did; or run about the streets pinched and shivering with a few make-believe paper flowers, as the Boston children do. But they adjourn their schools and devote themselves to ransacking the forests for wild-flowers, of which, in this latitude, they are able to bring home their arms full.

So it happened that Ben, the bound boy, now nearly a man, did not put his hoe into the onion-bed with his usual alacrity on this May-day morning. For out of the village there came the school children, younger and older, in an irregular noisy swarm. Poor Ben had only been in school three months, and that during the last winter. He, who had never known a holiday, now watched eagerly the throng of his schoolmates who went shouting and laughing up the hill on the opposite side of the brook. Ben was leaning on his hoe, looking at them with a lump in his throat. For there were all the boys. And there was Sally Little—he knew her hat—actually waving her handkerchief at him! He swung his old cap around his head. They could not see his tears. That was good.

And—yes—there was Mary Patterson, standing still. Now she shielded her eyes from the sun and looked. Ben did not know whether to wave or not. He was so confused. To have Mary Patterson look at him was worth more than everything else in the world. She waved her handkerchief! Poor Ben! He wished Pogue's onion-beds in the river. He was just debating whether he should not take French leave of the onions and go to the woods, when he was startled by the harsh voice of Pogue himself.

"What a good-for-nothin' gawk you air, Ben Lamson. You don't airn enough to pay for your salt, let alone your clo'es. Ef you want to be a boy and trot off with that air passel of fools, why just git! I'll give you the day, but see that you git 'round peart

towards night. Mind you come back time enough to do the choores. Put out, now!"

Whether the old grind guessed something of Ben's plans of running away I cannot tell. But he doubtless thought it politic to give him a holiday, and it was characteristic of him to do it as ungraciously as possible.

But Ben, who had never known a holiday before, stood not on the manner of the giving. As soon as the old man said "put out," Ben took him at his word. He did put out. He put the hoe out of his hands, he put himself out of the onion-patch by jumping the "ten-rail" fence at a bound, and he put himself out of the reach of recall by running swiftly across the pasture, leaping another fence and taking a path through the woods that enabled him to intercept the party which had already entered the forest at the top of the hill.

His unexpected appearance in front of the party was the signal for a general cheer from the boys and for hearty congratulations from the girls, for Ben, despite his awkwardness, was liked for his generous good-nature.

Sally Little, before referred to, was a sister to my old chum, whose name was Harry, but who was called for short on the family record William Henry Harrison Little. (He was a punster to the extent of just one paradoxical pun, which, however, he aired very frequently. He often asserted that his name was not *Little.*) From one of "Sister Sally's" letters I make an extract, remarking that I am not to be held accountable for her style, though she was always famous in the village school for her "compositions," and she has printed several articles in that column of the *New Geneva Gazette* which the editor, with rare thoughtfulness, has labeled "Poetry."

"NEW GENEVA, May 2d, 1856.

. . . . "It was a gorgeous day. There was not a cloud in the sky. The river, seen from the top of the hill, was splendid to behold. The little children kept to themselves and we had a splendid time. [If it were not for the delicacy I feel in changing the manuscript of an author already somewhat known by her contributions to the *Gazette*, I should certainly feel obliged to leave out some of her adjectives.] You see, Harry, Sam Sloan was there, making love to Henriette Voisier and Mary Patterson alternately, in his ridiculous way. Mary has grown even more delicate and splendid than she was when you saw her. Ben Lamson, Pogue's bound boy, fairly worships the ground she walks on. I don't think Sam cares two straws for her, except for the fun of flirting with the prettiest girl in the crowd. And Mary is splendid, *and no mistake.* If you could have seen what a scramble there was after Mary's hat when it went over the cliff! I believe the wicked minx dropped it over a purpose. It lodged in the top of an ironwood that grew right under the cliff. All the boys made for it, except Ben. He had stepped out to pick an anemone. When he saw what had happened Sloan was already halfway down to the tree, and the rest were behind him. They had gone down by the path. But Ben just slid right down the steep ledge, kicking a shower of stones over the cliff. When the boys saw this daring feat of Ben's they all stopped short except Sloan, who ran on more furiously than ever. You know how little space there is on top of the cliff! We held our breaths and turned pale for fear Ben would go over, and indeed it was awful to see him. Teetlet* Moreau came near fainting, and she cried out, 'Ben will be killed!' But he had taken such a line in starting that he was able to check himself a little in two or three places, and to bring up with his boots against a rotten stump which stood on the edge of the cliff. By this time, however, Sloan was up the tree halfway to Mary's truant hat. If Ben had stopped to get down the cliff by any of the paths he would have been beaten. But there was a cedar tree that had stood on the precipice, and which had been partly uprooted, and now hung over the edge. Quick as thought Ben went down this to where it touched the trunk of the tree in the branches of which the hat rested, and by descending a few feet further was able to seize the hat just as Sam had reached his hand out to shake it to the ground. It was splendid! Such cheers as Ben got! And when he came back there was an ugly gash on his hand, made by a broken limb of the cedar. Of course there was nobody to tie it up but Teetlet, who is always our Sister of Charity, and who does such things splendidly.

"But poor Teetlet had become so excited that she could hardly do it. I never saw her flurried before. I could see her brown Swiss curls tremble as she tied up the wounds of the knight who had risked his life for another girl. Her cousin Estelle cried out, '*Qu'avez-vous, Teetlet?*'—which did not help matters. As for Mary, she expressed her pity for Ben, and he drank in her words, while his handsome face was suffused with blushes. It was a splendid incident, and I am writing a poem on it for the *Gazette.*

"You'll say, Harry, that I have another hero, and that I make him a hero on small provocation. Maybe so. But hear me. I saw him under fire. Sam Sloan made sport of him all the rest of the day, with that mean, rough sarcasm of his. He laughed at his old hat, and asked Ben if he slept in it at night. He told him he ought to stop growing, and wait for his roundabout. In fact, Pogue's people are too stingy to buy him a new jacket, and his arms reach some inches too far through the sleeves, while the body does not meet

* "Teetlet," short for Petite Lettie.

his pants. It is what you used to call 'the white belt.' But Sloan made the most fun of his pantaloons by parodying Holmes's lines into—

> "'And his shocking ugly hat,
> And his breeches and all that
> Are so queer!'

"Which in truth they are, for Mrs. Pogue never could cut. She gives them the same bagged shape that old man Pogue's have, and you know how they look. But Ben bore all Sam's hard jokes patiently. Not a word did he speak back. Of course everybody joined in the laugh that Sam raised. Everybody but Teetlet. All the rest were cowards, and Sloan's ridicule is like a whip, and they are all afraid of it. It is *awful*. But Teetlet, noble soul, took his part. As for Mary Patterson, she kept still, and I could not tell whether it was to conceal her love or because she hadn't any. Ben loves her, anyhow.

"When we got to Tardy's field (you remember what *oceans* of flowers grow there among the young honey-locusts), the boys all fell to gathering flowers for the girls. Sam Sloan gave a splendid bouquet to Mary Patterson, and so did Ben, and for that matter so did half a dozen others, until she was obliged to leave some of them behind. But she held on to Ben's and Sam's. Ben gave his second one to Teetlet as an acknowledgment of surgical services rendered, and she blushed and looked half happy. Teet did not want for flowers, though, for there is hardly a boy or girl in town who is not under some obligation to her. But poor Sarah Jane Gray did not get any at first. You know what a wilted weed she was when you saw her. She has grown more limp, and jealous, and fretful than ever. She is an old maid of the sour kind, though she is not sixteen yet. Her calico dress hangs about her in slovenly wrinkles that go well with the pucker in her face. Sam Sloan was mean enough to call her a dried peach, in an undertone. But just as she was putting on an expression more forlorn than ever at finding herself neglected, Ben handed her a handsome bunch of flowers, not a whit less beautiful than the one he had given to Mary. And Mary looked approvingly at him until Sam was mean enough to whisper, so as to be heard by half a dozen, that Sarah Jane would wilt those flowers if she looked at them much.

"But the best thing I have to tell is to come yet. When we all got to playing 'Oats, peas, beans and barley grow,' and Ben was chosen, I saw the struggle in his face. He cast one longing, adoring look at Mary, but turned away and chose poor wilted Sarah Jane, who actually looked happy, or at least looked less miserable when she found herself chosen at all, for the poor girl is generally left out altogether. Wasn't that splendid of him?

"When we got to the top of the hill, on our return, the party divided, as you know. Ben and the Poynes and myself go down the west path, and the rest go straight down into the village, except Mary Patterson, who can go either way. For a wonder, Mary plucked up courage enough to face Sloan's ridicule.

"'I'm going home with you, Ben,' she said, and turned down the path by his side.

"'That's right,' cried Sam after them, 'two spooney fools together.'

"This cut Mary to the quick, and Ben no sooner saw it than he got red in the face, and dashed up the hill after Sam, who ran like a good fellow, dropping his new beaver, which Ben, boy-like, pitched into the top of a thorn-tree, and all the cowards who had laughed with Sam now laughed at him, and left him to recover his hat as he could. As for Ben, he did not walk on the ground last night, with Mary by his side. I never saw a fellow worship a girl as he does.

"So much for my hero, of whom you are growing tired. . . .

"SARAH LITTLE."

Of course you think, gentle reader, that the handsome poor boy got over his awkwardness, courted Mary, was shot at by her father, carried her off with a rope ladder, married her, begged old gentleman's pardon, made a fortune, &c., &c., &c. But you are wrong there; I know better. Mary's father was dead, and the story did not come out that way. Is not this my story, and can I not end it as I please? Could I not make Mary die and have Ben marry Sarah Little, who admires him so much? Couldn't I send Ben to sea and bring him back rich, and have old Pogue lose all his money, and Ben buy the whole country, and Sam Sloan go to the Penitentiary? And couldn't I have it discovered that Ben was the son of a Duke, and heir to vast estates in the West Indies, and several castles in Spain? Of course I could, but what I shall do is to tell exactly the simple facts in the case, though they may not be half so interesting as any of the plots suggested above.

When Ben had finished the "choores," and climbed to his loft, and looked again out of the gable-window, it was not with a peaceful heart. The moon was shining on the green pasture, the low-murmuring brook ("branch" they call it in the "dialect") looked like a thread of silver, the trees on the hill were asleep, and even the long tresses of the weeping willow among the ghost-like gravestones were not swayed by a breath; and the bosom of the river lay all white and pure and peaceful in the light. But is there any such thing as peace in physical expression? For to Ben, chafing under his limitations, stimulated by his passion, and now thoroughly aroused by

the desire so to cultivate himself that he might hold up his head when Mary Patterson looked at him—to Ben Lamson that great, deep picture framed by the little gable-window was full of troublous tokens. The brook was fretting at the stones, the willows were bemoaning the sorrow of the world, the dark maple trees were threatening giants against the sky, and the "ghostly sycamores" by the river's brink were palisades to shut him in.

As soon as every one was asleep, which was soon after eight o'clock, he crept out over the shed kitchen with all his worldly gear in one cotton handkerchief, for it is an advantage that poverty hath that it strikes no roots and is easily transplanted.

Ben started to the river. To get a chance to "work his passage" in a steamboat until he reached Cincinnati, or any other place, indeed, was the first object in view. But it was yet early, and in Ferry Street, under the homely black locust-trees that shaded the streets of New Geneva, he met Teetlet, returning from visiting some sick person.

"Why, Ben, where are you going?" she cried.

I find it difficult just here to make my readers understand the simplicity of manners in an old western village. To Teetlet Ben unfolded everything—his love, his hardships, his purposes. Who among the boys and girls in New Geneva did not seek Teetlet's confidence?

She very quickly took in Ben's case, and sent him that very night to a lawyer, where he found that there was a better road than the one he was traveling.

In so many points had the indenture been violated, that Pogue was easily terrified into releasing Ben, and paying the two hundred dollars that he was bound to pay when Ben attained his majority.

II.

Four years, and another May-day.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to use part of another letter written by Sarah Little to William Henry Harrison Little, Esq., Attorney-at-Law in Beachville. I insert it, adjectives and all:—

"NEW GENEVA, April 27th, 1860.

• • • "We have the greatest time studying French. It's just splendid. You know that since Teetlet's father died she teaches French and Music. And Teetlet's a splendid teacher. She is a regular Sister of Charity, too. There are five of us in the French class, and the best scholar of all is my old hero Ben Lamson. You know he has come to be assistant editor and part owner of the *Gazette*. It beats all how splendidly he gets along in his studies and in his business. You'll say I'm in love with him, but there's no chance for me. He worships Mary Patterson. For the first two years Mary did not seem to think so much of him, but now she takes his attentions in a way that makes me sure they are engaged. Teet knows all about it, I think, for Ben tells her everything. Mary's splendid looking enough, but Ben's too good for her. You'll say I'm jealous, but I am not. Ben has started a library in town, and he leads off in very many things. Teet thinks Ben is splendid. So do I. So does everybody indeed. Teetlet is as good as ever to everybody. She sat up every other night for three weeks with Mrs. Gray, before she died. There's a wife for *you*.

"O! I wish you were here for the first of May. Mary Patterson came home three days ago, looking splendid as ever, and Ben has fixed up a May-day picnic out to Tardy's field. Would you believe it? They say Ben has kept the course of studies of Mary's school before him, and that, besides all the rest he has learned, he has studied through every book she went through without letting her know it. Won't he make a husband? I do think he is splendid.

"SALLIE."

The week before this May-day was a week of disillusion to Ben. He had seen little of Mary since she went away, and any lack of sympathy, when together, he was inclined to attribute to his own lack of culture. There had been an engagement for a year. But now Ben found it hard talking to Mary. She had passed a good examination, but hers was emphatically a boarding-school education.

When Mr. Blank sends Henrietta Blank to the Robinsontown Female College and receives reports of her standing in her classes, it never occurs to him to doubt that the quantity of fact stored in her memory is a true measure of her culture. It never occurs to him to suspect that the president of the institution would be guilty of veneering, or that cramming and education are processes quite diverse. Perhaps he may afterward feel something of the disappointment that Ben felt in Mary. But Ben stifled it and struggled

against it loyally, and by all the jugglery that his imagination was capable of he tried to cheat himself into the belief that this was an educated girl. He knew that her graduation was the solemn stamp of the regular authorities certifying that her education was the genuine article, up to grade, first quality, A No. 1, fourth proof, and all that. Nevertheless his talk of books wearied her, his enthusiasm for nature or art met no response, and his noble purposes seemed to her evidences of mental unsoundness. To enjoy herself and display the learning she had acquired, going through her paces whenever it was requested, was the sole purpose of life. She was pleased with Ben's growing distinction, and thought him in every way ornamental to herself.

Ben spent the night of April 30th in a great struggle. The battle of the gable-window and the fog was as nothing to this. That was a boy's trouble; this was a man's great fight.

I think the result was that Ben reached this conclusion:—"I am bound in honor; I will make the best of it. After all, Mary is perhaps as good as women generally are, except Teetlet and a few others, who are meant to be saints and die old maids."

May-day morning found the school children in one group, and Ben's party of older ones in another. Mary was very gracious and very beautiful. Ben felt her beauty, and did it homage. He forgot his doubts, and resolved to be happy. There was one little occurrence, however, that had its effect upon him. I will copy from another of Sarah Little's "splendid" letters:—

"MAY 2d, 1860.

"DEAR HARRY: It was a splendid day, and we had a grand time. But there was one curious thing happened. You know the grape-vine swings, by the old log-house on the hill. Well, we had just had a splendid swing, when Mary and her school-chum began to talk French. Evidently, they did not know that we understood them. You see it's just splendid to understand French. But what did they do but compare Ben with other beaux of Mary! And there was Ben, looking right in my eyes all the time. Finally, Mary's friend said, '*Mais il est bon*,' which means, you see, 'But he is good.' (I wish you understood French.) And Mary answered, as cool as a cucumber, '*Oui, il a des qualités, mais j'en ai un grand ennui.*'

"Which is, that she was dreadfully tired of his goodness. I wish you could have seen Ben's eyes at that moment. He came round and stood before her, and looked straight at her, and said, '*Moi, j'ai aussi un grand ennui. Adieu! Marie.*' Which means that he was as much bored as she was. And he just walked off, and began to talk to Sarah Jane Gray. And Mary clasped her hands and said, 'Dear me! how did he learn French, too?' So it is all up between them. It was really funny. Good-bye. Your affectionate sister, SARAH LITTLE."

Of course Ben ought to have committed suicide; or at least he ought to have felt desolate. He knew that he ought to feel so, and he tried to feel so, just as you have tried your best to feel solemn and sorry when some miserable scoundrel had died. Ben felt disappointed, but he also felt relieved. "He might have gone farther and fared worse," if he had married tresses without tenderness, and eyebrows without brains! So he was dejected to have the one great hope of his life die, but thankful that he was not chained to the corpse.

What did he do? He worked harder, if possible, than before. He took a great deal of interest in all public affairs, and became a sort of good Samaritan. I find it quite fashionable for disappointed heroes in novels to solace themselves with benevolence. That is what Ben has done for the rest of his life, up to this time; and I am glad, therefore, that my truthful story is in the style. In fact, Ben has founded a religious and charitable order.

Are you satisfied, my reader? You wanted to hear more about good Teetlet. I would like to tell you one incident.

She came in at nine o'clock one night, about three months after the May-day. It was a warm evening, and she had just carried down some ice-cream to Mrs. Jennings, who had washed her lungs away, trying to pay off a mortgage of twenty-five dollars held by the richest merchant in the town. She sat down in her rocking-chair and pushed her brown hair off her forehead. I must stop to say that it was as fine a Swiss face as I ever saw. Seeing a letter on her table, she opened it and read:—

"NEW GENEVA, August 3, 1860.

"MY DEAR TEETLET: When I was a boy, uncultivated and passionate, I loved a pair of eyebrows and a head of hair. As I grew, my imagination supplied the character. I have come out of the chrysalis

shell; I am a man. I am in love, this time with no blindness of passion. I know one in whose life I see reflected the Christ-life. My worshipful love for that one isn't like my other passion at all, and I wonder that the poverty of human language should compel me to call the two by the same name.

"You showed me how to get free from Pogue. The French you taught me was the charm that set me free from the spell of a false love. Now, help me once more by sending me some amulet that will enable me to win the love of ———well, I shall come to see you to-morrow evening, and tell you all about it. Henceforth, 'by your leave,' I am

"YOUR BEN."

I am not going to give you a picture of Teetlet's agitation. That would be "sentimental," and there is nothing with which the market is so overstocked as sentimentalism. Besides, a Swiss brunette face is full of vivacious expression, and tears spoil it. Let us skip the five minutes that followed the reading of the letter. Teetlet was looking at a dry sprig of cedar. She enclosed it in a note which read :—

"Aug. 3, 1860.

"BEN : I took this bit of cedar from your coat more than four years ago, when I tied up your torn hand. I brought it home in the bouquet you gave me. It was to have been burned if you had married Mary. It is the most precious amulet I have. Come.

"TEETLET."

Ben came the next evening, and they founded that religious and charitable order that I spoke of, and Abbot Ben (they call him Major since the war) and Abbess Teetlet have wrought many changes in New Geneva. There is an academy on Pogue's Hill, and the county poor-house has been reformed, and a thousand other good things have been done by this Order. For after all men's clumsy devices the family is God's appointed "Order of Religion and Good Works."

WHAT THE DEVIL SAID TO THE YOUNG MAN.

O! YOUTH, so brave and strong,
The maiden's looks belie her;
Though she seem shy, a song—
A kiss—well, only try her!

Love is the wine of life
That flows alone for pleasure;
Dull husband and tame wife
Know not the sparkling measure.

Discovery—that's crime;
No sin but this, no sorrow;
No punishment in time—
None in the far to-morrow!

Drink off the golden cream
Of youth, and wealth, and pleasure;
Then spill life's purple stream,
And drop the empty measure!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from Vol. I., page 672.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLEY AT OXFORD.

I HAVE no time in this selection and combination of the parts of my story which are more especially my history, to dwell upon that portion of it which refers to my own life at Oxford. I was so much of a student of books while there, and had so little to do with any of the men except Charley, that save as it bore upon my intellect, Oxford had little special share in what life has made of me, and may in the press of other matter be left out. Had I time, however, to set forth what I know of my own development more particularly, I could not pass over the influence of external Oxford, the architecture and general surroundings of which I recognized as affecting me more than anything I had yet met, with the exception of the Swiss mountains, pine-woods, and rivers. It is, however, imperative to set forth the peculiar character of my relation to and intercourse with Charley, in order that what follows may be properly understood.

For no other reason than that my uncle had been there before me, I went to Corpus Christi, while Charley was at Exeter. It was some days before we met, for I had twice failed in my attempts to find him. At length, one afternoon, as I entered the quadrangle to make a third assay, there he was coming towards the gate with a companion.

When he caught sight of me, he advanced with a quick yet hesitating step—a step with a question in it: he was not quite sure of me. He was now approaching six feet in height, and of graceful, though not exactly dignified carriage. His complexion remained as pale and his eyes as blue as before. The pallor flushed and the blue sparkled as he made a few final and long strides towards me. The grasp of the hand he gave me was powerful, but broken into sudden almost quivering relaxations and compressions. I could not help fancying also that he was using some little effort to keep his eyes steady upon mine. Altogether, I was not quite satisfied with our first meeting, and had a strong impression that if our friendship was to be resumed, it was about to begin a new course, not building itself exactly on the old foundations, but starting afresh. He looked almost on the way to become a man of the world. Perhaps, however, the companionship he was in had something to do with this, for he was so nervously responsive, that he would unconsciously take on for the moment any appearance characterizing those about him.

His companion was a little taller, and stouter-built than he; with a bearing and gait of conscious importance, not so marked as to be at once offensive. The upper part of his face was fine, the nose remarkably so, while the lower part was decidedly coarse, the chin too large, and the mouth having little form, except in the first movement of utterance, when an unpleasant curl took possession of the upper lip, which I afterwards interpreted as a doubt disguising itself in a sneer. There was also in his manner a degree of self-assertion which favored the same conclusion. His hands were very large, a pair of merely blanched plebeian fists, with thumbs much turned back—and altogether ungainly. He wore very tight gloves, and never shook hands when he could help it. His feet were scarcely so bad in form; still by no pretense could they be held to indicate breeding. His manner, where he wished to conciliate, was pleasing; but to me it was overbearing and unpleasant. He was the only son of Sir Giles Brotherton, of Moldwarp Hall. Charley and he did not belong to the same college, but, unlike as they were, they had somehow taken to each other. I presume it was the decision of his manner that attracted the wavering nature of Charley, who, with generally active impulses, was yet always in doubt when a moment requiring action arrived.

Charley, having spoken to me, turned and

introduced me to his friend. Geoffrey Brotherton merely nodded.

"We were at school together in Switzerland," said Charley.

"Yes," said Geoffrey, in a half-interrogatory, half-assenting tone.

"Till I found your card in my box, I never heard of your coming," said Charley.

"It was not my fault," I answered. "I did what I could to find out something about you, but all in vain."

"Paternal precaution, I believe," he said, with something that approached a grimace.

Now, although I had little special reason to love Mr. Osborne, and knew him to be a tyrant, I knew also that my old Charley could not have thus coolly uttered a disrespectful word of him; and I had therefore a painful though at the same time an undefined conviction that some degree of moral degeneracy must have taken place before he could express himself as now. To many, such a remark will appear absurd, but I am confident that disrespect for the preceding generation, and especially for those in it nearest to ourselves, is a sure sign of relaxing dignity, and, in any extended manifestation, an equally sure symptom of national and political decadence. My reader knows, however, that there was much to be said in excuse of Charley.

His friend sauntered away, and we went on talking. My heart longed to rest with his for a moment on the past.

"I had a dreary time of it after you left, Charley," I said.

"Not so dreary as I had, Wilfrid, I am certain. You had at least the mountains to comfort you. Anywhere is better than at home, with a meal of Bible oil and vinegar twice a day for certain, and a wine-glassful of it now and then in between. Damnation's better than a spoony heaven. To be away from home is heaven enough for me."

"But your mother, Charley!" I ventured to say.

"My mother is an angel. I could almost be good for her sake. But I never could, I never can get near her. My father reads every letter she writes before it comes to me—I know that by the style of it; and I'm equally certain he reads every letter of mine before it reaches her."

"Is your sister at home?"

"No. She's at school at Clapham—being sand-papered into a saint, I suppose."

His mouth twitched and quivered. He was not pleased with himself for talking as he did.

"Your father means it for the best," I said.

"I know that. He means *his* best. If I thought it *was* the best, I should cut my throat and have done with it."

"But, Charley, couldn't we do something to find out, after all?"

"Find out what, Wilfrid?"

"The best thing, you know;—what we are here for."

"I'm sick of it all, Wilfrid. I've tried till I'm sick of it. If you should find out anything, you can let me know. I am busy trying not to think. I find that quite enough. If I were to think, I should go mad."

"Oh, Charley! I can't bear to hear you talk like that," I exclaimed; but there was a glitter in his eye which I did not like, and which made me anxious to change the subject. "Don't you like being here?" I asked, in sore want of something to say.

"Yes, well enough," he replied. "But I don't see what's to come of it, for I can't work. Even if my father were a millionaire, I couldn't go on living on him. The sooner that is over, the better!"

He was looking down, and gnawing at that tremulous upper lip. I felt miserable.

"I wish we were at the same college, Charley!" I said.

"It's better as it is," he rejoined. "I should do you no good. You go in for reading, I suppose?"

"Well, I do. I mean my uncle to have the worth of his money."

Charley looked no less miserable than I felt. I saw that his conscience was speaking, and I knew he was the last in the world to succeed in excusing himself. But I understood him better than he understood himself, and believed that his idleness arose from the old unrest, the weariness of that never satisfied questioning which the least attempt at thought was sure to awaken. Once invaded by a

question, Charley *must* answer it, or fail and fall into a stupor. Not an ode of Horace could he read without finding himself plunged in metaphysics. Enamored of repose above all things, he was from every side stung to inquiry which seldom indeed afforded what seemed solution. Hence, in part at least, it came that he had begun to study not merely how to avoid awaking the Sphinx, but by what opiates to keep her stretched supine with her lovely woman-face betwixt her fierce lion-paws. This also, no doubt, had a share in his becoming the associate of Geoffrey Brotherton, from whose company, if he had been at peace with himself, he would have recoiled upon the slightest acquaintance. I am at some loss to imagine what could have made Geoffrey take such a liking to Charley; but I presume it was the confiding air characterizing all Charley's behavior that chiefly pleased him. He seemed to look upon him with something of the tenderness a coarse man may show for a delicate Italian greyhound, fitter to be petted by a lady.

That same evening Charley came to my rooms. His manner was constrained, and yet suggested a whole tide of pent-up friendship which, but for some undeclared barrier, would have broken out and overflowed our intercourse. After this one evening, however, it was some time before I saw him again. When I called upon him next he was not at home, nor did he come to see me. Again I sought him, but with like failure. After a third attempt I desisted, not a little hurt, I confess, but not in the least inclined to quarrel with him. I gave myself the more diligently to my work.

And now Oxford began to do me harm. I saw so much idleness and so much wrong of all kinds about me, that I began to consider myself a fine exception. Because I did my poor duty—no better than any honest lad must do it—I became conceited; and the manner in which Charley's new friend treated me, not only increased the fault, but aided in the development of certain other stems from the same root of self-partiality. He never saluted me with other than what I regarded as a supercilious nod of the head. When I met him in company with Charley, and the latter stopped to speak to me, he would walk on without the least change of step. The indignation which this conduct aroused, drove me to think as I had never thought before concerning my social position. I found it impossible to define. As I pondered, however, a certainty dawned upon me rather than was arrived at by me, that there was some secret connected with my descent, upon which bore the history of the watch I carried and of the sword I had lost. On the mere possibility of something, utterly forgetful that, if the secret existed at all, it might be of a very different nature from my hopes, I began to build castles innumerable. Perceiving of course that one of a decayed yeoman family could stand no social comparison with the heir to a rich baronetcy, I fell back upon absurd imaginings; and what with the self-satisfaction of doing my duty, what with the vanity of my baby manhood, and what with the mystery I chose to believe in and interpret according to my own desires, I was fast sliding into a moral condition contemptible indeed.

But still my heart was true to Charley. When, after late hours of hard reading, I retired at last to my bed, and allowed my thoughts to wander where they would, seldom was there a night on which they did not turn as of themselves towards the memory of our past happiness. I vowed, although Charley had forsaken me, to keep his chamber in my heart ever empty, and closed against the entrance of any other. If ever he pleased to return, he should find he had been waited for. I believe there was much of self-pity, and of self-approval as well, mingling with my regard for him; but the constancy was there notwithstanding, and I regard the love I thus cherished for Charley as the chief saving element in my condition at the time.

One night—I cannot now recall with certainty the time or season—I only know it was night, and I was reading alone in my room—a knock came to the door, and Charley entered. I sprang from my seat and bounded to meet him.

"At last, Charley!" I exclaimed.

But he almost pushed me aside, left me to shut the door he had opened, sat down in a chair by the fire, and began gnawing the head

of his cane. I resumed my seat, moved the lamp so that I could see him, and waited for him to speak. Then first I saw that his face was unnaturally pale and worn, almost even haggard. His eyes were weary, and his whole manner as of one haunted by an evil presence of which he is ever aware.

"You are an enviable fellow, Wilfrid," he said at length, with something between a groan and a laugh.

"Why do you say that, Charley?" I returned. "Why am I enviable?"

"Because you can work. I hate the very sight of a book. I am afraid I shall be plucked. I see nothing else for it. And what will the old man say? I have grace enough left to be sorry for him. But he will take it out in sour looks and silences."

"There's time enough yet. I wish you were not so far ahead of me: we might have worked together."

"I can't work, I tell you. I hate it. It will console my father, I hope, to find his prophecies concerning me come true. I've heard him abuse me to my mother."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so of your father, Charley. It's not like you. I can't bear to hear it."

"It's not like what I used to be, Wilfrid. But there's none of that left. What do you take me for? Honestly now?"

He hung his head low, his eyes fixed on the hearth-rug, not on the fire, and kept gnawing at the head of his cane.

"I don't like some of your companions," I said. "To be sure I don't know much of them!"

"The less you know, the better! If there be a devil, that fellow Brotherton will hand me over to him—bodily, before long."

"Why don't you give him up?" I said.

"It's no use trying. He's got such a hold of me. Never let a man you don't know to the marrow pay even a toll-gate for you, Wilfrid."

"I am in no danger, Charley. Such people don't take to me," I said, self-righteously. "But it can't be too late to break with him. I know my uncle would——I could manage a five-pound note now, I think."

"My dear boy, if I had borrowed——.

But I have let him pay for me again and again, and I don't know how to rid the obligation. But it don't signify. It's too late, anyhow."

"What *have* you done, Charley? Nothing very wrong, I trust."

The lost look deepened.

"It's all over, Wilfrid," he said. "But it don't matter. I can take to the river when I please."

"But then you know you might happen to go right through the river, Charley."

"I know what you mean," he said, with a defiant sound like nothing I had ever heard.

"Charley!" I cried, "I can't bear to hear you. You can't have changed so much already as not to trust me. I will do all I can to help you. What have you done?"

"Oh, nothing!" he rejoined, and tried to laugh; it was a dreadful failure. "But I can't bear to think of that mother of mine! I wish I could tell you all; but I can't. How Brotherton would laugh at me now! I can't be made quite like other people, Charley? *You* would never have been such a fool."

"You are more delicately made than most people, Charley,—'touched to finer issues,' as Shakspeare says."

"Who told you that?"

"I think a great deal about you. That is all you have left me."

"I've been a brute, Wilfrid. But you'll forgive me, I know."

"With all my heart, if you'll only put it in my power to serve you. Come, trust me, Charley, and tell me all about it. I shall not betray you."

"I'm not afraid of that," he answered, and sunk into silence once more.

I look to myself presumptuous and priggish in the memory. But I did mean truly by him. I began to question him, and by slow degrees, in broken hints, and in jets of reply, drew from him the facts. When at length he saw that I understood, he burst into tears, hid his face in his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Charley! Charley! don't give in like that," I cried. "Be as sorry as you like; but don't go on as if there was no help. Who

has not failed and been forgiven !—in one way if not in another."

"Who is there to forgive me? My father would not. And if he would, what difference would it make? I have done it all the same."

"But God, Charley——" I suggested, hesitating.

"What of him? If he should choose to pass a thing by and say nothing about it, that doesn't undo it. It's all nonsense. God himself can't make it that I didn't do what I did do."

But with what truthful yet reticent words can I convey the facts of Charley's case? I am perfectly aware it would be to expose both myself and him to the laughter of men of low development who behave as if no more *self-possession* were demanded of a man than of one of the lower animals. Such might perhaps feel a certain involuntary movement of pitifulness at the fate of a woman first awaking to the consciousness that she can no more hold up her head amongst her kind: but that a youth should experience a similar sense of degradation and loss, they would regard as a degree of silliness and effeminacy below contempt if not beyond belief. But there *is* a sense of personal purity belonging to the man as well as to the woman; and although I dare not say that in the most refined of masculine natures it asserts itself with the awful majesty with which it makes its presence known in the heart of a woman, the man in whom it speaks with most authority is to be found amongst the worthiest; and to a youth like Charley the result of actual offence against it might be utter ruin. In his case, however, it was not merely a consciousness of personal defilement which followed; for, whether his companions had so schemed it or not, he supposed himself more than ordinarily guilty.

"I suppose I must marry the girl," said poor Charley, with a groan.

Happily I saw at once that there might be two sides to the question, and that it was desirable to know more ere I ventured a definite reply.

I had grown up, thanks to many things, with a most real although vague adoration of women; but I was not so ignorant as to be unable to fancy it possible that Charley had been the victim. Therefore, after having managed to comfort him a little, and taking him home to his rooms, I set about endeavoring to get further information.

I will not linger over the affair—as unpleasant to myself as it can be to any of my readers. It had to be mentioned, however, not merely as explaining how I got hold of Charley again, but as affording a clew to his character, and so to his history. Not even yet can I think without a gush of anger and shame of my visit to Brotherton. With what stammering confusion I succeeded at last in making him understand the nature of the information I wanted, I will not attempt to describe—nor the roar of laughter which at length burst bellowing—not from himself only, but from three or four companions as well to whom he turned and communicated the joke. The fire of jests, and proposals, and interpretations of motive which I had then to endure, seems yet to scorch my very brain at the mere recollection. From their manner and speech, I was almost convinced that they had laid a trap for Charley, whom they regarded as a simpleton, to enjoy his consequent confusion. With what I managed to find out elsewhere, I was at length satisfied, and happily succeeded in convincing Charley, that he had been the butt of his companions, and that he was far the more injured person in any possible aspect of the affair.

I shall never forget the look or the sigh of relief which proved that at last his mind had opened to the facts of the case.

"Wilfrid," he said, "you have saved me. We shall never be parted more. See if I am ever false to you again!"

And yet it never was as it had been. I am sure of that now.

Henceforth, however, he entirely avoided his former companions. Our old friendship was renewed. Our old talks arose again. And now that he was not alone in them, the perplexities under which he had broken down when left to encounter them by himself, were not so overwhelming as to render him helpless. We read a good deal together, and Charley helped me much in the finer affairs of the

classics, for his perceptions were as delicate as his feelings. He would brood over a Horatian phrase as Keats would brood over a sweet pea or a violet; the very tone in which he would repeat it would waft me from it an aroma unperceived before. When it was his turn to come to my rooms, I would watch for his arrival almost as a lover for his mistress.

For two years more our friendship grew; in which time Charley had recovered habits of diligence. I presume he said nothing at home of the renewal of his intimacy with me: I shrunk from questioning him. As if he had been an angel who had hurt his wing and was compelled to sojourn with me for a time, I feared to bring the least shadow over his face, and indeed fell into a restless observance of his moods. I remember we read "Comus" together. How his face would glow at the impassioned praises of virtue! and how the glow would die into a gray sadness at the recollection of the near past! I could read his face like a book.

At length the time arrived when we had to part—he to study for the bar, I to remain at Oxford another year, still looking forward to a literary life.

When I commenced writing my story, I fancied myself so far removed from it that I could regard it as the story of another, capable of being viewed on all sides, and conjectured and speculated upon. And so I found it, so long as the regions of childhood and youth detained me. But as I approach the middle scenes, I begin to fear the revival of the old torture; that from the dispassionate reviewer I may become once again the suffering actor. Long ago I read a strange story of a man condemned at periods unforeseen to act again and yet again in absolute verisimilitude each of the scenes of his former life: I have a feeling as if I too might glide from the present into the past without a sign to warn me of the coming transition.

One word more ere I pass to the middle events, those for the sake of which the beginning is and the end shall be recorded. It is this—that I am under endless obligation to Charley for opening my eyes at this time to my overweening estimate of myself. Not that he spoke--Charley could never have reproved even a child. But I could tell almost any sudden feeling that passed through him. His face betrayed it. What he felt about me I saw at once. From the signs of his mind, I often recognized the character of what was in my own; and thus seeing myself through him, I gathered reason to be ashamed; while the refinement of his criticism, the quickness of his perception, and the novelty and force of his remarks convinced me that I could not for a moment compare with him in mental gifts. The upper hand of influence I had over him I attribute to the greater freedom of my training, and the enlarged ideas which had led my uncle to avoid enthralling me to his notions. He believed the truth could afford to wait until I was capable of seeing it for myself; and that the best embodiments of truth are but bonds and fetters to him who cannot accept them as such. When I could not agree with him, he would say, with one of his fine smiles, "We'll drop it then, Willie. I don't believe you have caught my meaning. If I am right, you will see it some day, and there's no hurry." How could it be but Charley and I should be different, seeing we had fared so differently? But alas! my knowledge of his character is chiefly the result of after-thought.

I do not mean this manuscript to be read until after my death; and even then,—although partly from habit, partly that I dare not trust myself to any other form of utterance, I write as if for publication,—even then, I say, only by one. I am about to write what I should not die in peace if I thought she would never know; but which I dare not seek to tell her now for the risk of being misunderstood. I thank God for that blessed invention, Death, which of itself must set many things right; and gives a man a chance of justifying himself where he would not have been heard while alive. But lest my manuscript should fall into other hands, I have taken care that not a single name in it should contain even a side look or hint at the true one. *She* will be able to understand the real person by almost every one of them.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY WHITE MARE.

I PASSED my final examinations with credit,

if not with honor. It was not yet clearly determined what I should do next. My goal was London, but I was unwilling to go thither empty-handed. I had been thinking as well as reading a good deal; a late experience had stimulated my imagination; and at spare moments I had been writing a tale. It had grown to a considerable mass of manuscript, and I was anxious, before going, to finish it. Hence, therefore, I returned home with the intention of remaining there quietly for a few months before setting out to seek my fortune.

Whether my uncle in his heart quite favored the plan, I have my doubts, but it would have been quite inconsistent with his usual grand treatment of me to oppose anything not wrong on which I had set my heart. Finding now that I took less exercise than he thought desirable, and kept myself too much to my room, he gave me a fresh proof of his unvarying kindness. He bought me a small gray mare of strength and speed. Her lineage was unknown; but her small head, broad fine chest, and clean limbs, indicated Arab blood at no great remove. Upon her I used to gallop over the fields, or saunter along the lanes, dreaming and inventing.

And now certain feelings, too deeply rooted in my nature for my memory to recognize their beginnings, began to assume color and condensed form, as if about to burst into some kind of blossom. Thanks to my education and love of study, also to a self-respect undefined, yet restraining, nothing had occurred to wrong them. In my heart of hearts I worshiped the idea of womanhood. I thank Heaven, if ever I do thank for anything, that I still worship thus. Alas! how many have put on the acolyte's robe in the same temple, who have ere long cast dirt upon the statue of their divinity, *then* dragged her as defiled from her lofty pedestal, and left her lying dishonored at its foot! Instead of feeding with holy oil the lamp of the higher instinct, which would glorify and purify the lower, they feed the fire of the lower with vile fuel, which sends up its stinging smoke to becloud and blot the higher.

One lovely spring morning, the buds half out, and the wind blowing fresh and strong, the white clouds scudding across a blue gulf of sky, and the tall trees far away swinging as of old, when they churned the wind for my childish fancy, I looked up from my book and saw it all. The gladness of nature entered into me, and my heart swelled so in my bosom that I turned with distaste from all further labor. I pushed my papers from me, and went to the window. The short grass all about was leaning away from the wind, shivering and showing its enamel. Still, as in childhood, the wind had a special power over me. In another moment I was out of the house and hastening to the farm for my mare. She neighed at the sound of my step. I saddled and bridled her, sprang on her back, and galloped across the grass in the direction of the trees.

In a few moments I was within the lodge gates, walking my mare along the graveled drive, and with the reins on the white curved neck before me, looking up at those lofty pines whose lonely heads were swinging in the air like floating but fettered islands. My head had begun to feel dizzy with the ever-iterated, slow, half-circular sweep, when just opposite the lawn, stretching from a low wire fence up to the door of the steward's house, my mare shied, darted to the other side of the road, and flew across the grass. Caught thus lounging on my saddle, I was almost unseated. As soon as I had pulled her up, I turned to see what had startled her, for the impression of a white flash remained upon my mental sensorium. There, leaning on the little gate, looking much diverted, stood the loveliest creature, in a morning dress of white, which the wind was blowing about her like a cloud. She had no hat on, and her hair, as if eager to join in the merriment of the day, was flying like the ribbons of a tattered sail. A humanized Dryad!—one that had been caught young, but in whom the forest-sap still asserted itself in wild affinities with the wind and the swaying branches, and the white clouds careering across! Could it be Clara? How could it be any other than Clara? I rode back.

I was a little short-sighted, and had to get pretty near before I could be certain; but she knew me, and waited my approach. When I came near enough to see them, I could not mistake those violet eyes.

I was now in my twentieth year, and had never been in love. Whether I now fell in love or not, I leave to my reader.

Clara was even more beautiful than her girlish loveliness had promised. "An exceeding fair forehead," to quote Sir Philip Sidney; eyes of which I have said enough; a nose more delicate than symmetrical; a mouth rather thin-lipped, but well curved; a chin rather small, I confess;—but did any one ever from the most elaborated description acquire even an approximate idea of the face intended? Her person was lithe and graceful; she had good hands and feet; and the fairness of her skin gave her brown hair a duskier look than belonged to itself.

Before I was yet near enough to be certain of her, I lifted my hat, and she returned the salutation with an almost familiar nod and smile.

"I am very sorry," she said, speaking first—in her old half-mocking way, "that I so nearly cost you your seat."

"It was my own carelessness," I returned. "Surely I am right in taking you for the lady who allowed me, in old times, to call her Clara. How I could ever have had the presumption I cannot imagine."

"Of course that is a familiarity not to be thought of between full-grown people like us, Mr. Cumbermede," she rejoined, and her smile became a laugh.

"Ah, you do recognize me then?" I said, thinking her cool, but forgetting the thought the next moment.

"I guess at you. If you had been dressed as on one occasion, I should not have got so far as that."

Pleased at this merry reference to our meeting on the Wengern Alp, I was yet embarrassed to find that nothing more suggested itself to be said. But while I was quieting my mare, which happily afforded me some pretext at the moment, another voice fell on my ear—hoarse, but breezy and pleasant.

"So, Clara, you are no sooner back to old quarters than you give a rendezvous at the garden gate—eh, girl?"

"Rather an ill-chosen spot for the purpose, papa," she returned, laughing, "especially as the gentleman has too much to do with his horse to get off and talk to me."

"Ah! our old friend Mr. Cumbermede, I declare!—Only rather more of him!" he added, laughing, as he opened the little gate in the wire fence, and coming up to me shook hands heartily. "Delighted to see you, Mr. Cumbermede. Have you left Oxford for good?"

"Yes," I answered—"some time ago."

"And may I ask what you're turning your attention to now?"

"Well, I hardly like to confess it, but I mean to have a try at—something in the literary way."

"Plucky enough! The paths of literature are not certainly the paths of pleasantness or of peace even—so far as ever I heard. Somebody said you were going in for the law."

"I thought there were too many lawyers already. One so often hears of barristers with nothing to do, and glad to take to the pen, that I thought it might be better to begin with what I should most probably come to at last."

"Ah! but, Mr. Cumbermede, there are other departments of the law which bring quicker returns than the bar. If you would put yourself in my hands now, you should be earning your bread at least within a couple of years or so."

"You are very kind," I returned heartily, for he spoke as if he meant what he said; "but you see I have a leaning to the one and not to the other. I should like to have a try first, at all events."

"Well, perhaps it's better to begin by following your bent. You may find the road take a turn, though."

"Perhaps I will go on till it does, though."

While we talked Clara had followed her father, and was now patting my mare's neck with a nice, plump, fair-fingered hand. The creature stood with her arched neck and small head turned lovingly towards her.

"What a nice white thing you have got to ride!" she said. "I hope it is your own."

"Why do you hope that?" I asked.

"Because it's best to ride your own horse, isn't it?" she answered, looking up naïvely.

"Would *you* like to ride her? I believe she has carried a lady, though not since she came into my possession."

Instead of answering me she looked round at her father, who stood by smiling benignantly. Her look said—

"If papa would let me."

He did not reply, but seemed waiting. I resumed.

"Are you a good horsewoman, Miss—— Clara?" I said, with a feel after the recovery of old privileges.

"I must not sing my own praises, Mr.—— Wilfrid," she rejoined, "but I *have* ridden in Rotten Row, and I believe without any signal disgrace."

"Have you got a side-saddle?" I asked, dismounting.

Mr. Coningham spoke now.

"Don't you think Mr. Cumbermede's horse a little too frisky for you, Clara? I know so little about you, I can't tell what you're fit for.——She used to ride pretty well as a girl," he added, turning to me.

"I've not forgotten that," I said. "I shall walk by her side, you know."

"Shall you?" she said, with a sly look.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "your grandfather would let me have his horse, and then we might have a gallop across the park."

"The best way," said Mr. Coningham, "will be to let the gardener take your horse, while you come in and have some luncheon. We'll see about the mount after that. My horse has to carry me back in the evening, else I should be happy to join you. She's a fine creature, that of yours."

"She's the handiest creature!" I said—"a little skittish, but very affectionate, and has a fine mouth. Perhaps she ought to have a curb-bit for you, though, Miss Clara."

"We'll manage with the snaffle," she answered, with, I thought, another sly glance at me, out of eyes sparkling with suppressed merriment and expectation! Her father had gone to find the gardener, and as we stood waiting for him, she still stroked the mare's neck.

"Are you not afraid of taking cold," I said, "without your bonnet?"

"I never had a cold in my life," she returned.

"That is saying much. You would have me believe you are not made of the same clay as other people."

"Believe anything you like," she answered carelessly.

"Then I do believe it," I rejoined.

She looked me in the face, took her hand from the mare's neck, stepped back half-a-foot, and looked round, saying:

"I wonder where that man can have got to. Oh, here he comes, and papa with him!"

We went across the trim little lawn, which lay waiting for the warmer weather to burst into a profusion of roses, and through a trellised porch entered a shadowy little hall, with heads of stags and foxes, an old-fashioned glass-doored bookcase, and hunting and riding-whips, whence we passed into a low-pitched drawing-room, redolent of dried rose-leaves and fresh hyacinths. A little pug-dog, which seemed to have failed in swallowing some big dog's tongue, jumped up barking from the sheepskin mat, where he lay before the fire.

"Stupid pug!" said Clara. "You never know friends from foes! I wonder where my aunt is."

She left the room. Her father had not followed us. I sat down on the sofa, and began turning over a pretty book bound in red silk, one of the first of the *annual* tribe, which lay on the table. I was deep in one of its eastern stories when, hearing a slight movement, I looked up, and there sat Clara in a low chair by the window, working at a delicate bit of lace with a needle. She looked somehow as if she had been there an hour at least. I laid down the book with some exclamation.

"What is the matter, Mr. Cumbermede?" she asked, with the slightest possible glance up from the fine meshes of her work.

"I had not the slightest idea you were in the room."

"Of course not. How could a literary man with a Forget-me-not in his hand be expected to know that a girl had come into the room?"

"Have you been at school all this time?" I asked, for the sake of avoiding a silence.

"All what time?"

"Say, since we parted in Switzerland."

"Not quite. I have been staying with an aunt for nearly a year. Have you been at college all this time?"

"At school and college. When did you come home?"

"This is not my home, but I came here yesterday."

"Don't you find the country dull after London?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Did they give you riding lessons at school?"

"No. But my aunt took care of my morals in that respect. A girl might as well not be able to dance as ride nowadays."

"Who rode with you in the park? Not the riding-master?"

With a slight flush on her face she retorted,

"How many more questions are you going to ask me? I should like to know, that I may make up my mind how many of them to answer."

"Suppose we say six."

"Very well," she replied. "Now I shall answer your last question and count that the first. About nine o'clock, one——day——"

"Morning or evening?" I asked.

"Morning, of course—I walked out of—— the house——"

"Your aunt's house?"

"Yes, of course, my aunt's house. Do let me go on with my story. It was getting a little dark,——"

"Getting dark at nine in the morning?"

"In the evening, I said."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you said the morning."

"No, no, the evening;—and of course I was a little frightened, for I was not accustomed——"

"But you were never out alone at that hour,—in London?"

"Yes, I was quite alone. I had promised to meet—a friend at the corner of—— You know that part, do you?"

"I beg your pardon. What part?"

"Oh——Mayfair. You know Mayfair, don't you?"

"You were going to meet a gentleman at the corner of Mayfair—were you?" I said, getting quite bewildered.

She jumped up, clapping her hands as gracefully as merrily, and crying—

"I wasn't going to meet any gentleman. There! Your six questions are answered. I won't answer a single other you choose to ask, except I please, which is not in the least likely."

She made me a low half-merry half-mocking courtesy, and left the room.

The same moment her father came in, following old Mr. Coningham, who gave me a kindly welcome, and said his horse was at my service, but he hoped I would lunch with him first. I gratefully consented, and soon luncheon was announced. Miss Coningham, Clara's aunt, was in the dining-room before us. A dry, antiquated woman, she greeted me with unexpected frankness. Lunch was half over before Clara entered—in a perfectly fitting habit, her hat on, and her skirt thrown over her arm.

"Soho, Clara!" cried her father; "you want to take us by surprise—coming out all at once a town-bred lady, eh?"

"Why, where ever did you get that riding-habit, Clara?" said her aunt.

"In my box, aunt," said Clara.

"My word, child, but your father has kept you in pocket-money!" returned Miss Coningham.

"I've got a town-aunt as well as a country one," rejoined Clara, with an expression I could not quite understand, but out of which her laugh took only half the sting.

Miss Coningham reddened a little. I judged afterwards that Clara had been diplomatically allowing her just to feel what sharp claws she had for use if required.

But the effect of the change from loose white muslin to tight dark cloth was marvelous, and I was bewitched by it. So slight yet so round, so trim yet so pliant—she was grace itself. It seemed as if the former object of my admiration had vanished, and I had found another with such surpassing charms that the loss could not be regretted. I may just mention that the change appeared also to bring out a certain look of determination which I now recalled as having belonged to her when a child.

"Clara!" said her father in a very marked tone; whereupon it was Clara's turn to blush and be silent.

I started some new subject, in the airiest

manner I could command. Clara recovered her composure, and I flattered myself she looked a little grateful when our eyes met. But I caught her father's eyes twinkling now and then as if from some secret source of merriment, and could not help fancying he was more amused than displeased with his daughter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A RIDING LESSON.

By the time luncheon was over, the horses had been standing some minutes at the lawn gate, my mare with a side-saddle. We hastened to mount, Clara's eyes full of expectant frolic. I managed, as I thought, to get before her father, and had the pleasure of lifting her to the saddle. She was up ere I could feel her weight on my arm. When I gathered her again with my eyes, she was seated as calmly as if at her lace needlework, only her eyes were sparkling. With the slightest help, she had her foot in the stirrup, and with a single movement had her skirt comfortable. I left her to mount the horse they had brought me, and when I looked from his back, the white mare was already flashing across the boles of the trees, and Clara's dark skirt flying out behind like the drapery of a descending goddess in an allegorical picture. With a pang of terror I fancied the mare had run away with her, and sat for a moment afraid to follow, lest the sound of my horse's feet on the turf should make her gallop the faster. But the next moment she turned in her saddle, and I saw a face alive with pleasure and confidence. As she recovered her seat, she waved her hand to me, and I put my horse to his speed. I had not gone far, however, before I perceived a fresh cause of anxiety. She was making straight for a wire fence. I had heard that horses could not see such a fence, and if Clara did not see it, or should be careless, the result would be frightful. I shouted after her, but she took no heed. Fortunately, however, there was right in front of them a gate, which I had not at first observed, into the bars of which had been wattled some brushwood. "The mare will see that," I said to myself. But the words were hardly through my mind before I saw them fly over it like a bird.

On the other side she pulled up and waited for me.

Now I had never jumped a fence in my life. I did not know that my mare could do such a thing, for I had never given her the chance. I was not, and never have become, what would be considered an accomplished horseman. I scarcely know a word of stable-slang. I have never followed the hounds more than twice or three times in the course of my life. Not the less am I a true lover of horses—but I have been their companion more in work than in play. I have slept for miles on horseback, but even now I have not a sure seat over a fence.

I knew nothing of the animal I rode, but I was bound at least to make the attempt to follow my leader. I was too inexperienced not to put him to his speed instead of going gently up to the gate; and I had a bad habit of leaning forward in my saddle, besides knowing nothing of how to incline myself backwards as the horse alighted. Hence, when I found myself on the other side, it was not on my horse's back, but on my own face. I rose uninjured, except in my self-esteem. I fear I was for the moment as much disconcerted as if I had been guilty of some moral fault. Nor did it help me much towards regaining my composure that Clara was shaking with suppressed laughter. Utterly stupid from mortification, I laid hold of my horse, which stood waiting for me beside the mare, and scrambled upon his back. But Clara, who, with all her fun, was far from being ill-natured, fancied from my silence that I was hurt. Her merriment vanished. With quite an anxious expression on her face, she drew to my side, saying,

"I hope you are not hurt?"

"Only my pride," I answered.

"Never mind that," she returned gayly. "That will soon be itself again."

"I'm not so sure," I rejoined. "To make such a fool of myself before *you!*"

"Am I such a formidable person?" she said.

"Yes," I answered. "But I never jumped a fence in my life before."

"If you had been afraid," she said, "and had pulled up, I might have despised you.

As it was, I only laughed at you. Where was the harm? You shirked nothing. You followed your leader. Come along, I will give you a lesson or two before we get back."

"Thank you," I said, beginning to recover my spirits a little; "I shall be a most obedient pupil. But how did you get so clever, Clara?"

I ventured the unprotected name, and she took no notice of the liberty.

"I told you I had had a riding-master. If you are not afraid, and mind what you are told, you will always come right somehow."

"I suspect that is good advice for more than horsemanship."

"I had not the slightest intention of moralizing. I am incapable of it," she answered, in a tone of serious self-defence.

"I had as little intention of making the accusation," I rejoined. "But will you really teach me a little?"

"Most willingly. To begin. You must sit erect. You lean forward."

"Thank you. Is this better?"

"Yes, better. A little more yet. You ought to have your stirrups shorter. It is a poor affectation to ride like a trooper. Their own officers don't. You can tell any novice by his long leathers, his heels down and his toes in his stirrups. Ride home, if you want to ride comfortably."

The phrase was new to me, but I guessed what she meant; and without dismounting, pulled my stirrup-leathers a couple of holes shorter, and thrust my feet through to the instep. She watched the whole proceeding.

"There! you look more like riding now," she said. "Let us have another canter. I will promise not to lead you over any more fences without due warning."

"And due admonition as well, I trust, Clara."

She nodded, and away we went. I had never been so proud of my mare. She showed to much advantage, with the graceful figure on her back, which she carried like a feather.

"Now there's a little fence," she said, pointing where a rail or two protected a clump of plantation. "You must mind the young wood though, or we shall get into trouble. Mind you throw yourself back a little—as you see me do."

I watched her, and following her directions, did better this time; for I got over somehow and recovered my seat.

"There! You improve," said Clara. "Now we're pounded, except you can jump again, and it is not quite so easy from this side."

When we alighted, I found my saddle in the proper place.

"Bravo!" she cried. "I entirely forgive your first misadventure. You do splendidly."

"I would rather you forgot it, Clara," I cried ungallantly.

"Well, I will be generous," she returned. "Besides, I owe you something for such a charming ride. I *will* forget it."

"Thank you," I said, and drawing closer would have laid my left hand on her right.

Whether she foresaw my intention, I do not know; but in a moment she was yards away, scampering over the grass. My horse could never have overtaken hers.

By the time she drew rein and allowed me to get alongside of her once more, we were in sight of Moldwarp Hall. It stood with one corner towards us, giving the prospective of two sides at once. She stopped her mare, and said,

"There, Wilfrid! What would you give to call a place like that your own? What a thing to have a house like that to live in!"

"I know something I should like better," I returned.

I assure my reader I was not so silly as to be on the point of making her an offer already. Neither did she so misunderstand me. She was very near the mark of my meaning when she rejoined,

"Do you? I don't. I suppose you would prefer being called a fine poet, or something of the sort."

I was glad she did not give me time to reply, for I had not intended to expose myself to her ridicule. She was off again at a gallop towards the Hall, straight for the less accessible of the two gates, and had scrambled the mare up to the very bell-pull and rung it before I could get near her. When the porter appeared in the wicket—

"Open the gate, Jansen," she said. "I

want to see Mrs. Wilson, and I don't want to get down."

"But horses never come in here, Miss," said the man.

"I mean to make an exception in favor of this mare," she answered.

The man hesitated a moment, then retreated—but only to obey, as we understood at once by the creaking of the dry hinges, which were seldom required to move.

"You won't mind holding her for me, will you?" she said, turning to me.

I had been sitting mute with surprise both at the way in which she ordered the man, and at his obedience. But now I found my tongue.

"Don't you think, Miss Coningham," I said—for the man was within hearing, "we had better leave them both with the porter, and then we could go in together? I'm not sure that those flags, not to mention the steps, are good footing for that mare."

"Oh! you're afraid of your animal, are you?" she rejoined. "Very well. Shall I hold your stirrup for you?"

Before I could dismount she had slipped off, and begun gathering up her skirt. The man came and took the horses. We entered by the open gate together.

"How can you be so cruel, Clara?" I said. "You *will* always misinterpret me! I was quite right about the flags. Don't you see how hard they are, and how slippery therefore for iron shoes?"

"You might have seen by this time that I know quite as much about horses as you do," she returned, a little cross, I thought.

"You can ride ever so much better," I answered; "but it does not follow you know more about horses than I do. I once saw a horse have a frightful fall on just such a pavement. Besides, does one think *only* of the horse when there's an angel on his back?"

It was a silly speech, and deserved rebuke.

"I'm not in the least fond of *such* compliments," she answered.

By this time we had reached the door of Mrs. Wilson's apartment. She received us rather stiffly, even for her. After some common-place talk, in which, without departing from facts, Clara made it appear that she had set out for the express purpose of paying Mrs. Wilson a visit, I asked if the family was at home, and finding they were not, begged leave to walk into the library.

"We'll go together," she said, apparently not caring about a *tête-à-tête* with Clara. Evidently the old lady liked her as little as ever.

We left the house, and entering again by a side door, passed on our way through the little gallery, into which I had dropped from the roof.

"Look, Clara, that is where I came down," I said.

She merely nodded. But Mrs. Wilson looked very sharply, first at the one, then at the other of us. When we reached the library, I found it in the same miserable condition as before, and could not help exclaiming, with some indignation,

"It *is* a shame to see such treasures mouldering there! I am confident there are many valuable books among them, getting ruined from pure neglect. I wish I knew Sir Giles. I would ask him to let me come and set them right."

"You would be choked with dust and cobwebs in an hour's time," said Clara. "Besides, I don't think Mrs. Wilson would like the proceeding."

"What do you ground that remark upon, Miss Clara?" said the housekeeper, in a dry tone.

"I thought you used them for firewood occasionally," answered Clara, with an innocent expression both of manner and voice.

The most prudent answer to such an absurd charge would have been a laugh; but Mrs. Wilson vouchsafed no reply at all, and I pretended to be too much occupied with its subject to have heard it.

After lingering a little while, during which I paid attention chiefly to Mrs. Wilson, drawing her notice to the state of several of the books, I proposed we should have a peep at the armory. We went in, and, glancing over the walls I knew so well, I scarcely repressed an exclamation: I could not be mistaken in my own sword! There it hung, in the centre of the principal space—in the same old sheath, split half way up from the point! To the hilt

hung an ivory label with a number upon it. I suppose I made some inarticulate sound, for Clara fixed her eyes upon me. I busied myself at once with a gorgeously hilted scimitar which hung near, for I did not wish to talk about it then, and so escaped further remark. From the armory we went to the picture-gallery, where I found a good many pictures had been added to the collection. They were all new, and mostly brilliant in color. I was no judge, but I could not help feeling how crude and harsh they looked beside the mellowed tints of the paintings, chiefly portraits, amongst which they had been introduced.

"Horrid!—aren't they?" said Clara, as if she divined my thoughts; but I made no direct reply, unwilling to offend Mrs. Wilson.

When we were once more on horseback, and walking across the grass, my companion was the first to speak.

"Did you ever see such daubs!" she said, making a wry face as at something sour enough to untune her nerves. "Those new pictures are simply frightful. Any one of them would give me the jaundice in a week, if it were hung in our drawing-room."

"I can't say I admire them," I returned. "And at all events they ought not to be on the same walls with those stately old ladies and gentlemen."

"Parvenus," said Clara. "Quite in their place. Pure Manchester taste—educated on calico-prints."

"If that is your opinion of the family, how do you account for their keeping everything so much in the old style? They don't seem to change anything."

"All for their own honor and glory! The place is a testimony to the antiquity of the family, of which they are a shoot run to seed—and very ugly seed too! It's enough to break one's heart to think of such a glorious old place in such hands. Did you ever see young Brotherton?"

"I knew him a little at college. He's a good-looking fellow."

"Would be, if it weren't for the bad blood in him. That comes out unmistakably. He's vulgar."

"Have you seen much of him, then?"

"Quite enough. I never heard him say anything vulgar, or saw him do anything vulgar, but vulgar he is, and vulgar is every one of the family. A man who is always aware of how rich he will be, and how good-looking he is, and what a fine match he would make, would look vulgar lying in his coffin."

"You are positively caustic, Miss Coningham."

"If you saw their house in Cheshire! But blessings be on the place!—it's the safety-valve for Moldwarp Hall. The natural Manchester passion for novelty and luxury finds a vent there, otherwise they could not keep their hands off it; and what was best would be sure to go first. Corchester House ought to be secured to the family by Act of Parliament."

"Have you been to Corchester, then?"

"I was there for a week once."

"And how did you like it?"

"Not at all. I was not comfortable. I was always feeling too well bred. You never saw such colors in your life. Their drawing-rooms are quite a happy family of the most quarrelsome tints."

"How ever did they come into this property?"

"They're of the breed, somehow—a long way off though. Shouldn't I like to see a new claimant come up and oust them after all! They haven't had it above five-and-twenty years, or so. Wouldn't you?"

"The old man was kind to me once."

"How was that? I thought it was only through Mrs. Wilson you knew anything of them."

I told her the story of the apple.

"Well, I do rather like old Sir Giles," she said, when I had done. "There's a good deal of the rough country gentleman about him. He's a better man than his son, anyhow. Sons will succeed fathers though, unfortunately."

"I don't care who may succeed him, if only I could get back my sword. It's too bad, with an armory like that, to take my one little ewe-lamb from me."

Here I had another story to tell. After many interruptions in the way of questions from my listener, I ended it with the words—

"And—will you believe me?—I saw the sword hanging in that armory this afternoon—

close by that splendid hilt I pointed out to you."

"How could you tell it among so many?"

"Just as you could tell that white creature from this brown one. I know it, hilt and scabbard, as well as a human face."

"As well as mine, for instance?"

"I am surer of it than I was of you this morning. It hasn't changed like you."

Our talk was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman on horseback approaching us. I thought at first it was Clara's father, setting out for home, and coming to bid us good-bye; but I soon saw I was mistaken. Not, however, until he came quite close, did I recognize Geoffrey Brotherton. He took off his hat to my companion, and reined in his horse.

"Are you going to give us in charge for trespassing, Mr. Brotherton?" said Clara.

"I should be happy to *take* you in charge on any pretense, Miss Coningham. This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Here he looked in my direction.

"Ah!" he said, lifting his eyebrows, "I thought I knew the old horse! What a nice cob *you've* got, Miss Coningham!"

He had not chosen to recognize me, of which I was glad, for I hardly knew how to order my behavior to him. I had forgotten nothing. But, ill as I liked him, I was forced to confess that he had greatly improved in appearance—and manners too, notwithstanding his behavior was as supercilious as ever to me.

"Do you call her a cob, then?" said Clara. "I should never have thought of calling her a cob.—She belongs to Mr. Cumbermede."

"Ah!" he said again, arching his eyebrows as before, and looking straight at me as if he had never seen me in his life.

I think I succeeded in looking almost unaware of his presence. At least so I tried to look, feeling quite thankful to Clara for defending my mare: to hear her called a cob was hateful to me. After listening to a few more of his remarks upon her, made without the slightest reference to her owner, who was not three yards from her side, Clara asked him, in the easiest manner—

"Shall you be at the county ball?"

"When is that?"

"Next Thursday."

"Are you going?"

"I hope so."

"Then will you dance the first waltz with me?"

"No, Mr. Brotherton."

"Then I am sorry to say I shall be in London."

"When do you rejoin your regiment?"

"Oh! I've got a month's leave."

"Then why won't you be at the ball?"

"Because you won't promise me the first waltz."

"Well—rather than the belles of Minstercombe should—ring their sweet changes in vain, I suppose I must indulge you."

"A thousand thanks," he said, lifted his hat, and rode on.

My blood was in a cold boil—if the phrase can convey an idea. Clara rode on homewards without looking round, and I followed, keeping a few yards behind her, hardly thinking at all, my very brain seeming cold inside my skull.

There was small occasion as yet, some of my readers may think. I cannot help it—so it was. When we had gone in silence a couple of hundred yards or so, she glanced round at me with a quick, sly half look, and burst out laughing. I was by her side in an instant; her laugh had dissolved the spell that bound me. But she spoke first.

"Well, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said, with a slow interrogation.

"Well, Miss Coningham?" I rejoined, but bitterly, I suppose.

"What's the matter?" she retorted sharply, looking up at me, full in the face, whether in real or feigned anger I could not tell.

"How could you talk *of* that fellow as you did, and then talk so *to* him?"

"What right have you to put such questions to me? I am not aware of any intimacy to justify it."

"Then I beg your pardon. But my surprise remains the same."

"Why, you silly boy!" she returned, laughing aloud, "don't you know he is, or will be, my feudal lord? I am bound to be polite to him. What would become of poor grandpapa

if I were to give him offence? Besides, I have been in the house with him for a week. He's not a Crichton; but he dances well. Are *you* going to the ball?"

"I never heard of it. I have not for weeks thought of anything but—but—my writing, till this morning. Now I fear I shall find it difficult to return to it. It looks ages since I saddled the mare!"

"But if you're ever to be an author, it won't do to shut yourself up. You ought to see as much of the world as you can. I should strongly advise you to go to the ball."

"I would willingly obey you—but—but—I don't know how to get a ticket."

"Oh! if you would like to go, papa will have much pleasure in managing that. I will ask him."

"I'm much obliged to you," I returned. "I should enjoy seeing Mr. Brotherton dance."

She laughed again, but it was an oddly constrained laugh.

"It's quite time I were at home," she said, and gave the mare the rein, increasing her speed as we approached the house. Before I reached the little gate she had given her up to the gardener, who had been on the look-out for us.

"Put on her own saddle, and bring the mare round at once, please," I called to the man, as he led her and the horse away together.

"Won't you come in, Wilfrid?" said Clara, kindly and seriously.

"No, thank you," I returned; for I was full of rage and jealousy. To do myself justice, however, mingled with these was pity that such a girl should be so easy with such a man. But I could not tell her what I knew of him. Even if I *could* have done so, I dared not; for the man who shows himself jealous must be readily believed capable of lying, or at least misrepresenting.

"Then I must bid you good evening," she said, as quietly as if we had been together only five minutes. "I am *so* much obliged to you for letting me ride your mare!"

She gave me a half-friendly, half-stately little bow, and walked into the house. In a few moments the gardener returned with the mare, and I mounted and rode home in anything but a pleasant mood. Having stabled her, I roamed about the fields till it was dark, thinking for the first time in my life I preferred woods to open grass. When I went in at length I did my best to behave as if nothing had happened. My uncle must, however, have seen that something was amiss, but he took no notice, for he never forced or even led up to confidences. I retired early to bed, and passed an hour or two of wretchedness, thinking over everything that had happened—the one moment calling her a coquette, and the next ransacking a fresh corner of my brain to find fresh excuse for her. At length I was able to arrive at the conclusion that I did not understand her, and having given in so far, I soon fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN CHANGE.

We remember Paris as she was a year ago to-day. The glory of the Spring was upon her. All the day and all the night long the roll and roar of wheels resounded in her streets. Gay throngs crowded the sunny Boulevards; bonnes and babies gossiped and frolicked under the fresh shadows of the garden of the Tuileries; ten thousand carriages swept and sparkled up the incline of the Champs Elysées, and rolled down the Avenue de l'Impératrice to the Bois; exhibition after exhibition attracted multitudes to the Palais de l'Industrie; all the places of amusement were filled with pleasure-seekers; there was high revel in the Jardin Mabille and kindred haunts of dissipation, and all seemed prosperous and safe. There was not even a cloud so large as a man's hand to give portent of the war which was so soon to burst in flame upon the doomed city and the nation which it represented. Among the gay throngs moved the Emperor—silent, assured, determined. The confident smiles of the Empress illuminated her pathway through admiring and devoted hosts. The little Prince Imperial rode his velocipede in front of the palace in his hours of solitary amusement—the admiration and envy of the humbler-born children who looked on from afar, and the hope and expectation of parental eyes that regarded him from the windows. With all the signs of discontent and rebellion among the bad classes of the city, and the local outbursts of disorder,

the empire never seemed stronger to the eye of a stranger than then. The empire was not only confident in and for itself, but it stretched still its hand over Rome, and held the quaking Pope in his seat, against the will of his subjects. It was a splendid, impressive power, armed to the teeth, and, by the menace of its arms, keeping all Europe awake and prepared for any possibility of conflict.

A few weeks passed away, and then came an event. A Prussian prince was brought forward as a candidate for the Spanish throne; and this event was seized upon by France and manipulated with a patent determination to make it a cause of war. Nothing in the whole history of the conflict that followed has been more evident than that the French government and people brought upon themselves, wantonly and without excuse, every woe which they have suffered. However much we may deplore the overwhelming spoliation and humiliation that have come upon France, we cannot but confess that her punishment is just. Precisely as the Prussian armies have marched from the Rhine to Paris, and marched into and through Paris, did the French army propose to march from the Rhine to Berlin, and into and through Berlin. "On to Berlin!" was their watchword. "On to Berlin!" was their inspiring song. Precisely as Prussia has taken from France her territory on the Rhine, did France propose, without the slightest provocation, to take from Prussia her territory on the Rhine. With a poetic justice that grows into something awfully divine, has Prussia inflicted upon France every evil which France, in her vanity and blood-thirsty hatred, had designed to inflict upon Prussia.

Spring has come again; but the change that has swept over France was not wrought by winter or by tempest. The empire is fallen, the people are starved or impoverished, the proud man of the Tuileries is an exile in disgrace, the French armies are destroyed, their material of war is captured, and the long heritage of glory bequeathed by manlier generations has been surrendered to the overshadowing power of the enemy. The Emperor is Emperor no more, but the number of Emperors is not less. William, who came out a King, goes back a Kaiser; and united Germany greets him with huzzahs and hallelujahs. A power that stood among the first, and looked down with proud contempt on all rival nationalities, is now no power at all. Her prestige is gone, her wealth is wasted, her armies are destroyed, her pride is humbled, her territory is rent, and tens if not hundreds of thousands of her bravest fill the graves of soldiers or pine in pestilent hospitals. A whole generation cannot repair the losses of the last few months.

This triumph of Prussia over France has a broader significance than appears to the unthinking observer. It revolutionizes the leading influences of Europe. It is the triumph of the Teuton over the Latin, of Protestantism over Romanism, of the new civilization over the old. The Latin races, with their intriguing priesthood, their ignorant, poor, and superstitious peoples, their monkeries and nunneries, and relics and shams, are sinking to decay. Italy, France, and Spain are all in trouble, while Portugal is hardly counted among the nations, so insignificant and powerless has she become. All are bankrupt, and neither seems to hold within itself the power of recovery. France is a republic to-day, nominally; but those who know France well, will be surprised if she remain a republic for a year. The whole head of France is sick, and the whole heart is faint. The Latin blood, wherever it flows, seems to be weak and corrupt. There are men of ideas and pure life and noble aspirations in all these countries; but what are they, and what can they do, against a church organization hoary with experience and perfectly united in its object—that object being the perpetuation of its own power, at whatever cost, against all the encroachments of freedom and free thought? Spain knows, Italy knows, and poor France will know within a twelvemonth. Nothing but universal education—instituted, controlled, and directed by the State—and a free Bible with free men to preach its truths, can save the whole Latin race from fatal degeneration and decay. Without these regenerating influences France will follow Spain and Italy into a powerlessness that will be alike her protection from national jealousy and her degradation from the world's respect. Bound as these peoples are by so many chains, it is impossible for them to hold a respectable footing in the race of freer nations for power and greatness. The Teuton blood, with its affiliations, is the blood of the future. The Teutonic languages are the languages of the future; and Protestant civilization, under various forms and phases—moving through various modes of progress—is the civilization of the future. Does any one doubt it? Let him point to a single Catholic nation that is making progress to-day, and to a single Protestant nation that is not!

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

A PECULIAR feature of the legislation of the past winter has been the unprecedented number of measures designed to secure more general and more regular attendance of children at school. Not only in the National Legislature, but in several of the State Legislatures, bills have been introduced for the promotion of public education by devices ranging from penalties for non-attendance at school, as proposed in the State of New York, to rewards for regular attendance (by remission of taxes), as proposed in Illinois. Though these schemes have been, for the most part, unsuccessful,—the time not being ripe for them, as their friends allege,—they have shown very clearly the drift of public opinion. The nation has been aroused to a sense of its educational poverty, and is earnestly casting about for a cure. It has learned that some millions of its population are illiterate; that millions of children are growing up unschooled; that ignorance is everywhere associated with, if not related to, poverty and crime; and that the productive force of the coun-

try is seriously weakened by lack of intelligence. The natural inference is, that a wider diffusion of elementary instruction would go far to inaugurate a happier state of things. And the inference is just. But when people assume, as the advocates of compulsory schooling do, that the instruction now given in the schools is a certain cure-all for the evils noticed, and that the one thing needful is some means of bringing all the children into the schools and keeping them there, then their position may be reasonably questioned. It is by no means evident that such an extension of the scope and power of the public schools would be an advantage. Indeed there are reasons for suspecting that it might prove a national calamity unless a radical change were first made in the matter and methods of popular teaching. Let us not be charged with hostility to public schools. We believe in them firmly. It is not only the wisest policy but the highest duty of the community to make education a public concern, and to see to it that no poverty, indifference, or greed shall be suffered to deprive the young of suitable opportunities for instruction and culture. We believe, further, that a well-devised and properly-conducted system of public schools is the directest, cheapest, surest, and best means for securing the instruction of all classes. Nevertheless, we seriously question whether the existing system is anywhere near that state of perfection which would warrant us in stereotyping it, and enforcing it on all children. We are by no means sure that the instruction given in the schools is, in the main, such as the children need. We doubt whether the mental habits fostered by the schools are really beneficial to inhabitants of a working world like ours. We doubt whether instruction is offered at the most suitable times and for the most suitable periods. In short, there is not a feature of the popular school system that we should not wish to have carefully reconsidered before extending its sphere and power. The perfection of the system is to be found in Boston. It is the professed desire of the advocates of compulsory education to secure, as far as possible, to all the children of the land, the school advantages provided by that city. In view of the testimony of the hundred and fifty physicians who have joined with the parents of the pupils in the Boston Latin School in protesting against the system of long hours and cramming enforced in that school in particular, and in the public schools in general, we may be pardoned for accounting those "advantages" something fearful. "I cannot doubt that the modern system of forcing the tender brain of youth lays the foundation for the brain and nervous disorders of after years—the cases of melancholia, paralysis, softening of the brain, and kindred diseases becoming so fearfully prevalent." So writes Dr. Clement A. Walker, Superintendent of the City Hospital for the Insane. Dr. George A. Stuart adds: "Of late years the majority of diseases seem to have assumed a nervous type, which in most cases may be traced to over-taxation of the mental powers of the young, both male and female." And Dr. J. B. Treadwell: "Hundreds of pupils of our public schools are ruined in health every year; this I know from personal observation." And Dr. H. F. Damon: "The amount of vital power has its limits, and these limits, in my judgment, are far exceeded by the present system of overtasking the pupils in our public schools." Dr. E. B. Moore writes that he has a son now in the insane asylum, "the result of excessive study and disappointed ambition."

We do not infer that such would everywhere be the inevitable results of the proposed extension of public schooling, but such results would be possible, indeed probable, unless the system were materially modified; and we ought to be very cautious in erecting a national god so likely to turn out a Moloch. If the choice lies between healthy ignorance and "an overtaxed brain, a dwarfed body, a weakened intellect, a variety of diseases, and a premature grave,"—which Dr. P. D. Walsh says is the natural, or unnatural, result of the current system of schooling,—commend us to an abundance of healthy ignorance.

Even if much study were never a weariness to the flesh,—if the requirements of the schools could be complied with without any risk of broken health, the present cost of schooling would be needlessly great. The complaint that our schools are spoiling our more promising youth for work,—that they foster foolish ambitions and aversions to material pursuits, is not wholly without foundation. Ten or fifteen years of exclusive devotion to books is very apt to develop tastes and habits unfriendly to productive labor. The youth leaves school a young man (in his own estimation at least), and very likely with exaggerated notions of his own importance. He is too old, and too proud, and "too much of a gentleman" to begin at the bottom of any craft, and, by doing boy's work, acquire that familiarity with details on which the mastery of any business depends. Besides, in most cases, he cannot afford the time for such an apprenticeship. He must begin to earn wages at once. The consequence is, the country is full of unprofitably "educated" men, who, having neither rude strength nor skilled hands, are glad to get employment at lower rates than are paid to common laborers. The loss to the country from this needless diverting of youth from productive labor is beyond estimation. It is due very largely to the unwise requirements of the schools in the matter of time. They suffer no rivals. Their pupils must give the best part of the day, regularly, to school-work, or withdraw. It may ruin their health, and deprive them of opportunity to acquire the practical business training on which their future happiness and usefulness will chiefly depend. No matter: the character of the school is at stake, and the school, not the student, is the primary consideration. The Boston Board admit this inversion of the proper order of things with unconscious frankness, in their refusal to lessen the amount of study required of the Latin School boys. "It would be impossible," they plead, "to point out any eminent school of this

grade in which a less number of hours is found sufficient."

At the lower end of the social scale is another class of victims to the unwisdom of our school conductors. The records of our Board of Education show that half the children who enter the schools never pass beyond the primary grades; that is, they leave school before they can read a newspaper, or work a simple sum in fractions. Mrs. Holmes's "Children who Work," in our last number, tells what becomes of the most of them. Their sad condition justifies legislative interference; but it would be going to as injurious an extreme to compel them to stop work entirely, and go to school all day. They must live; and they must earn their living soon, if not now. The school of letters is to them a need, the school of labor is an absolute necessity: and, as things are, they cannot take both. Nevertheless, they could have, and should have, both; and we believe that the public schools ought to take the first step toward making this consummation possible, by offering instruction at such times, and for such periods, as shall least conflict with the primary requirements of the children. The current six-hour system is destructive at both ends, and in the middle. It is ruinous to health, it prevents the practical education of the well-to-do, and it shuts out from school privileges that large class which cannot command the whole day for book-learning. A system so doubtfully adapted to the circumstances of the case needs very careful looking to before it is made absolute in power and dominion. Indeed, our Boards of Education are in urgent need of some scores of Huxleys to insist, as Professor Huxley did at a late meeting of the London School Board, on a reconsideration, not only of the subjects and methods of elementary instruction, but of the hours given to schooling. Our public schools may never become perpetual fountains at which all may draw as they have opportunity; but they will cease, we hope, to hedge themselves about with needless exactions and impassable barriers. They will not insist on six hours' attendance a day, when three hours are the limit of profitable study; nor will they insist on three hours' study, or none, when any number of children can command but one hour.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION.

THE Black Sea Conference in London has reconstructed the Treaty of 1856 and adjourned, and before this Magazine reaches our readers it is probable that the Washington Conference—the "Joint High Commission," as its awkward official title is—will have completed the practicable portion of its work. A complete settlement of all the questions at issue between the United States on the one side, and Great Britain and her North American Colonies on the other, can scarcely be looked for at the present time. That would involve the independence, if not the annexation of Canada, for which neither England nor Canada is yet quite prepared. But there is no reason why the International Commission cannot settle the disputes about boundary, fisheries, and the Alabama claims,—meaning by the latter all the controversies growing out of the unfriendly attitude of England toward us in the late civil war,—no reason, unless it be that the English government does not yet recognize the necessity that plainly lies before it. That necessity is to come to the American terms in the neutrality dispute, or else be forever hampered by the false position which England now finds herself in.

The appointment of the International Commission took both countries by surprise in early February, and was welcomed, for the first few weeks, in both countries. It was felt to be a great step towards a peaceful settlement of a long-standing quarrel that might, sooner or later, end in war. When the limited powers of the Commissioners became known, and the difficulties of the case began to be realized, there was a reaction from the first feeling; and since the unfortunate culmination of the quarrel between President Grant and Senator Sumner, a great many Americans and Englishmen have doubted still more seriously whether the Commission would result in an acceptable treaty. We believe that it will; though, as has been said, it may not be a treaty covering all the points in dispute. It was not at first intended by the British government, which proposed the Commission, that it should deal with any but Canadian questions. Indeed, the Commission, as first proposed, had a purely Canadian origin, and grew out of certain suggestions made by Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian premier, to the Imperial government, and by his friend, Sir John Rose, to our government. As originally contemplated by Lord Granville, the British and Canadian members were to be but three—Sir Edward Thornton and the two Canadian knights just mentioned. When, at the instance of Secretary Fish, the Alabama controversy was referred to the Commission, Earl de Grey and Prof. Montague Bernard were added, and Lord Tenterden, a grandson of Abbott, the famous lawyer, was made secretary. The latter, though a peer, is a clerk in the British Foreign Office; and Prof. Bernard, though he lectures at the Cambridge University, is also intimate with the Foreign Office papers, and in his book on "The Neutrality of Great Britain" is little other than the mouth-piece of the British government. In connecting these two men with the work of the Commission, the Ministry signified that the British side of the Alabama question should have full justice done it, for both Lord Tenterden and Prof. Bernard are perfectly familiar with the controversy and the British line of argument. The American side is represented, though not so forcibly, by Secretary Fish and his assistant in the State Department, Mr. Bancroft Davis, who acts as secretary of the American half of the Commission. It was a mistake, we think, not to have put on the Commission either Mr. C. F. Adams, Mr. Caleb Cushing, or Mr. George Bemis, who, with Senator Sumner, are the four Americans best informed in

regard to our whole controversy with England. But as Mr. Sumner has been consulted freely by several of the Commissioners, and will have a voice in ratifying the treaty made—as Mr. Cushing is on familiar terms with the State Department, and Mr. Bemis is the college class-mate and intimate friend of Judge Hoar, it is probable that the information and the abilities of three of these four persons have been really at the service of the American Commissioners, and have helped direct their deliberations. Mr. Adams stands a little aloof from public affairs, and probably would not have sacrificed his leisure to this work.

The whole Commission is able and respectable, without including, on either side, the men of most distinction in diplomacy or politics. The oldest of the American members, Judge Nelson, is an able and learned judge, politically affiliated with the Democratic party, and not specially familiar, so far as we know, with diplomatic affairs. The same is true of Gen. Schenck, who was a Republican leader in Congress more by force of will and character than by profound statesmanship. Secretary Fish has for two years rather reluctantly, and amid many difficulties, directed the diplomacy of the country, but cannot be said to have mastered his subject completely. Judge Hoar, who, in natural strength of mind, is inferior to no man on the Commission, has also but comparatively a recent acquaintance with the matter in hand; and Senator Williams is in the same category. Of the English Commissioners, Lord de Grey is the highest in rank and the most versed in official life, being the son of a peer and a prime minister, and early entered upon his course as a hereditary legislator and governor of England. Sir Stafford Northcote has long been in Parliament, and Sir John Macdonald has had intimate acquaintance with Canadian politics for many years; but no one of the three has ranked as an expert in diplomacy. Sir Edward Thornton and Prof. Bernard are thoroughly at home in some parts of the case they have had in hand, and so is Lord Tenterden. Perhaps the best way to describe the twelve Commissioners (including the two secretaries) is to speak of them as an able jury, some member of which is booked up on every point of the case.

The possible conclusions of the International Commission are three: either they will settle all points at issue, or none of them, or some and not others. Even if they should be so fortunate as to agree upon all in their own deliberations, it is by no means certain that the two countries will ratify their action. The anomalous position of Canada is likely to be the greatest obstacle to a complete settlement, and we have no right to expect that the obstacle will be wholly overcome. The probabilities, as we write, are that our countrymen will regain and extend the rights of fishery which they had by the treaty of 1783, and will secure free navigation of the British American waters. A cession of some portion of British American territory is not impossible, though what is more probable is the establishment of all British America as an independent nation, and the withdrawal of the British flag, in this way, from our continent. Canadian independence, as a step towards commercial reciprocity and ultimate annexation, is regarded with favor by Gen. Grant and the State Department, and would be acceptable, no doubt, to the United States. It ought also to be acceptable to Canada herself and to England.

In the old controversy about the proclamation of neutrality, the fitting out of rebel cruisers, etc., England has already come more than half way over to our position. The Franco-Prussian war had scarcely begun when the British Government was forced to modify the neutrality laws of which we complained so much during our war, and they were modified wholly in the direction of our complaints. Had the new law existed in 1861, the rebel cruisers never would have left the shores of England. A formal recognition in the new treaty of this change in British law, and a reasonable compensation in damages for the depredations of the Alabama, and perhaps the other cruisers, would meet all the requirements of this portion of our claims, and it would seem that this would be granted. As to the proclamation of neutrality, the British claims for damages, and the questions arising out of the Fenian raids on Canada, it will not be impossible to come to an agreement if each side is willing to concède something. But, on the other hand, there are accidents that may interfere with any present settlement of some of these points, and if three out of four of the matters in dispute are amicably arranged, it will be enough to justify all the applause the Commission has received. Let us hope for this, at least, and for as much more as may be vouchsafed us.

MR. WELLS'S REPORT ON TAXATION.

THE appointment of a "Commission to Revise the Laws for the Assessment and Collection of Taxes" in the State of New York, is one of many indications that the country has grown restless under the load of taxation which has been imposed upon it partly by the war, and to a hardly less degree by the growth of expenditure—national, State, and local—for new objects. Much of this expenditure is quite defensible, as promoting the rapid development of the country and its communications, by means of which wealth has been created far more rapidly than it has been absorbed. But it is the vice of large expenditures of public money, even for the best objects, that they breed carelessness, if not corruption, in those through whose hands they pass—evils more threatening to the country than any other to which it is now exposed. If there were no other argument against high taxation, the host of corruptible servants which it involves, who are not in this country under any rigid responsibility or strict discipline, is so dangerous to the public virtue, as to demand the simplification of systems and the reduction of the number of agents.

As a people we have hitherto been so lightly taxed that the methods of taxation have been less regarded

than they must be hereafter. The sole aim has been to get the money, without much thought as to the effect of the process upon the earning capacity of the people. Hence our methods of taxation have been clumsy and devoid of principle, and the laws which established them have been openly violated or widely departed from in practice. In the older countries of Europe, on the contrary, the *incidence* of taxes,—how they fall upon classes of property or of persons, and their effect upon production and trade,—is a question long discussed, and lying at the bottom of most of the measures of revenue reform.

The Governor of New York, with a view to getting the best help for the solution of this difficult problem, placed at the head of his commission a gentleman of political sentiments opposed to his own, but of distinguished reputation, won while serving the General Government as Special Commissioner of Revenue. The name of Mr. Wells was a guaranty that the work of the Commission would not be of a partisan character, and that it would be prosecuted with thoroughness and impartiality. The report now presented justifies the public expectation. It presents a mass of facts respecting the assessment and collection of taxes in this country which has not hitherto been accessible to the people. If the Commissioners had rested there, they would have materially lightened the task of future reformers; but their office being "to revise the laws," and not merely to present facts, they have proceeded to draw most important deductions from these facts, and to make recommendations which, whether adopted or not, will no doubt influence future legislation.

They find that there are three principal objects of taxation in this country—namely, real property, personal property, and corporate franchises. The first and last of these are either visible or incapable of being concealed, and there is no difficulty in reaching them for assessment. The second class—personal property—is only in part tangible, or open to scrutiny against the will of the owner; and this it has been found impossible to reach and tax fairly by the most skillful devices of legislation. Nothing short of the constable with his search-warrant will compel an unwilling man to disclose what he has in his pocket. Taxation of personal property is therefore dependent on the rack and the thumb-screw, and the Book of Martyrs is full of instances of men who, in defiance of torture, have died and made no sign. But if it were free from this difficulty, it is very doubtful whether this species of property ought to be as heavily taxed as the other classes named. It is the active, movable wealth of the country, the tools of every trade, the motive power of all industries. The profits of last year waiting to be invested in the next—technically the loan fund—on which all business depends, form a part of it. Taxation is friction, and friction is the worst enemy to machinery. How can the mill which grinds the nation's corn be expected to turn out its full capacity of grists if we are perpetually clogging the wheel, or putting stones into the hopper?

It would not, however, be just to exempt all personal property from taxation, for the wealth of many persons consists chiefly of it, and all citizens should contribute to the support of government. A large portion of it is invested in corporations, and these, where in the nature of monopolies, the Commissioners propose to tax. This is obviously just, as they exis only by law, and enjoy valuable privileges which they derive from the sovereign power of the people. Thus it is that the railway companies acquire the right of eminent domain, and banks the privilege of issuing their notes to circulate as money. Thus the aqueduct and gas companies get the right to dig up our streets; and thus all corporations alike are empowered to aggregate capital for important purposes without individual liability. The second proposition of the Commissioners is "to tax land, exclusive of buildings, at a uniform valuation of fifty per cent. of its true marketable or fair value." This proposition is arbitrary, but it has reference to the last proposition, which is the debatable feature of the scheme. It is suggested as an alternative, either to tax buildings at their full value, apart from the land on which they stand, as representing the property of the owner not invested in land; or, appraising both land and buildings at their full value, to assess the owner or occupant of them at three times the rent or rental value. These two propositions are not equivalent, and it is not easy to see why they are presented in the alternative. The whole value of a building is much more than three times its rental value, since the latter rarely exceeds ten or fifteen per cent. The Commissioners seem, however, to give no weight to the first plan, as they do not illustrate or discuss it, and it might well have been omitted from their report. The second plan, which they present with more confidence, has decided merit. It rests on the idea that the rental of a building, be it house, store, or workshop, indicates the means of its owner or occupant. Perhaps nothing, on the whole, indicates it so well. If this principle is admitted, and the rent is adopted as a unit of measure, it is of course quite unimportant whether the tax is assessed on three times the unit, or on a greater or less proportion.

This, in brief, is the system offered by the Commissioners as a substitute for the very unequal, arbitrary, over-reaching and under-reaching method of taxation now in use, not only in New York, but in all the States. It has simplicity, equality, certainty—the three elements demanded. It may not reach all classes of property or of persons, but it attains this end much more nearly than is done at present. If it is objected that many rich men are neither householders nor owners or occupants of buildings, the answer is, that such men are generally owners of corporate stocks taxed under the first head of Mr. Wells's system, or of United States bonds exempted from taxation on important public grounds. There will always be skulkers, and the ingenuity of man will never suffice to hunt them out. Laws and systems are devised for average men, and must not be condemned because

they do not reach the exceptions. It is to be hoped that so able a report as this, on a subject of universal interest, will not be without its fruits; and that it is received with more than usual favor is indicated by the fact that a new and enlarged edition of it has just been issued by the Messrs. Harper.

THE OLD CABINET.

Of the many who are watching with curious interest the growth of Wilfrid Cumbermede out of the weird romaunt of his childhood, through his sensitive, questioning youth up to the full manhood foreshadowed, perhaps there are some who think there never were, in all the world, two such boys as Wilfrid and his friend Charley; that such speculative, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" urchins do well enough in books, but are not to be found in the flesh, outside of them. Yet there are not a few who read the strange story with ever-growing wonderment; finding outspread here the secret record of their own early histories—the spiritual trials through which they passed, the mental agonies they endured. Manhood, with all its grave debates and burdens hard to be borne, has brought them nothing so terrible.—There are children whose days are darkened by no greater gloom than that of a petty disappointment. This is bad enough with some, Heaven knows. But there are others over whose lives a false notion of religion has thrown a pall which makes existence dreadful. Do you remember how little Marjorie Fleming pours out her soul in that quaint, sad journal of hers, written at the mature age of six: "O, what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin how could I resist it! O no I will never do it again—no no—if I can help it." "My religion is greatly falling off because I don't pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers. I hope I will be religious again—but as for regaining my character I despare for it." Almost daily she deplored her badness, and how the devil got the better of her. "Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid I will fall a marter to it." Poor, little Marjorie, suppose she had been left alone with her solemn Mentor, "Isa," had not enjoyed the roystering companionship of her great hearted man-lover, Walter Scott.—To us Gilfillan's lurid but whole-souled Essays are lovable chiefly on account of the memory there enshrined of that other sweet child whose young life was clouded by the unsolved questions of the ages respecting life, death, and the judgment to come.

Unhappy, indeed, for such a child, if for guide and teacher it has one unappreciative, unsympathizing, schooled only in the conventionalities of ghostly counsel. A morbid conscientiousness, bringing about an over-exact, forced, unloving observance of the religious regimen; a brooding introspection, leading to the madhouse, or, less sad alternative, an early grave; these are among the things to be feared. These, and something else; a soul driven by the reaction—perplexed and wandering—into regions of skepticism and infidelity.

Some people possess an unconscious art of exasperation which is almost a thing to admire. We may suffer from it more than words can tell, and yet there is a fascination in its fine perfection; there is a feeling of inferiority on the part of the sufferer that fills the soul with envy. But the admiration and envy are the after-surge. In the presence of the artist, that is the tormentor, there is only anguish and indignation.

We had occasion once to make some inquiries at the advertising desk of the *Daily Idiot*. We suppose the time occupied by our conversation with the clerk at that desk was not more than two minutes and thirty-five seconds, yet the memory of those two minutes and thirty-five seconds—be they more or less—we expect to carry with us to our grave. It was a season of trial and temptation; of smothered passion and resentment; of madness and misery, followed by remorse. We did not want to kill the gentleman on the other side of the counter. No! we are naturally of a quiet disposition, with an unconquerable bias against murder. We merely felt a gentle desire to crawl through the little glass window at which we were talking, seize the nape of that long, unlovely neck, and incontinently kick the advertising clerk of the *Daily Idiot*.

And pray, what had he done, you ask?

Well, he had "done" nothing, we suppose, nor had he said much. The "subject-matter" of discourse was entirely commonplace; a simple business affair, nothing of an out-of-the-way or exciting nature was said on either side; an observer might have failed to notice anything that was at all uncourteous in look or language. It was only that frigid air of insolence; that way of making an honest man feel like a pickpocket; that inimitable art of exasperation!

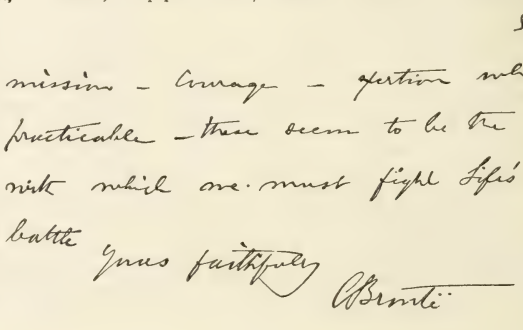
We have often wondered how such people get along in the world. We once cherished a theory that their days of prosperity are soon numbered, a brief basking in the sunshine of success, and then they are cut down and perish like the flower of the field that withereth; a few years, at the most, of irritating arrogance, and the world wearies of them and flings them aside forever. But we were mistaken. Alas! no such moral can be pointed to the tale. They live and thrive, have their salaries increased, rise to places of greater dignity as well as profit. It is an inscrutable dispensation. We may not be spared, sensitive fellow-sufferers! We may not even kick—except in a mild, metaphoric way;—we can only mingle our

plaints and our sympathies. We can only cherish a vain wish that we were Great Men traveling incog.—something like a President of the United States, or an ex-Emperor, or a millionaire with an idiopathy for purchasing newspaper establishments and turning insolent subordinates into the streets.

By the by, is it not a queer thing how men apparently conspire to push certain ungracious dogs into position and wealth—and they snarling and snapping all the while? There are those whose good-nature and urbanity have done wonders for them. We have known a ready, ringing, hearty, appreciative laugh to be worth a fortune to a man. Properly dispensed, it is the most invincible flattery that can be devised. It breaks down all barriers; opens wide the flood-gates of good-fellowship. It will win and hold you friends by the hundreds. Some persons marveled at the extraordinary success of our friend Brown, who went abroad, before the war, on a confidential mission for the well-known house of Tight, Slack & Co. But it was no mystery to us. The fellow laughed his way through Europe. Mrs. Jarley's "crowned heads" themselves would have had to come down before the irresistible cheeriness of that laugh. The "Laughing Sergeant" of the Army of the Potomac was nothing to him. So much for the laugh. The smile—more subtle and seductive still—we know its power in society, its conspicuous emprises in the highest fields of politics. But if sweet temper and humanity are passports to prosperity, it does not follow that churlishness keeps a man down. There is old Gradgrind, one of the best hated men in the community—and one of the richest. Nor have his riches come from outsiders. His own unloving townspeople have poured them upon him. He is in the retail dry-goods trade—and a large trade it is—the largest in his line in all the town. He is a terror not only to his family and clerks, but to all shoppers. If you see him standing at the door of his store you slink past, and watch your opportunity to steal in and make your purchase when you are not likely to be met by his snarls and sour looks. Yet when young Stebbins—the manliest, most affable, and popular of his clerks—tired of his espionage and oppression, set up a stand of his own across the street, the public stoutly refused to buy young Stebbins's ribbons.

In the strangely querulous, stern face of her father (portrayed on page 26 of the magazine), one may read the whole tragedy of Charlotte Brontë's life. Yet in the sombre web of her existence there shone one thread of silver, all the brighter and more blessed for the contrast—it was the warm, steady, unfailing friendship of her schoolfellow "E." "Ma bien aimée, ma précieuse E., mon amie chère et chérie," she calls her, in one of her earlier letters. "If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own, I do think we might live and love on till death, without being dependent on any third person for happiness." "What am I compared to you?" she exclaims: "I feel my own utter worthlessness when I make the comparison. I am a very coarse, common-place wretch." But the affection that overflowed in such loving extravagance was no passing sentiment. As life deepened, and grew more and more intense—and fuller of pain—for each, the closer became their attachment, the more constantly Charlotte turned for sympathy and support to her faithful companion. "No more of that calm repose," wrote Charlotte once, when her friend had gone away after paying her a visit at Haworth. In her, indeed, she found all the greater rest and refreshment because of the difference in their natures. Her individuality colors the Caroline Helstone of *Shirley*. It was to her that nearly all the letters were written from which Mrs. Gaskell drew the materials for that wonderful biography. It is she who now, in these pages, repels the charge of irreligion ignorantly raised by some against her friend, and gratifies the desire, on the part of the thousands in America who hold dear the memory of Charlotte Brontë, to know something more of a genius moulded by such unique surroundings to ends so remarkable and renowned; of a life the lesson of whose suffering and heroism is one of the best legacies Heaven has granted to this generation.

It will interest many to know that "The House Charlotte Visited" (pictured on page 24 of this number), was the residence of her school-fellow, the author of the accompanying Reminiscences; and that Miss Wooler, Charlotte's teacher at Roe Head, is still in the land of the living. And here is something from Charlotte herself a strongly characteristic epistle



to "E."—which has never before appeared in print. It is one of her later letters, and, read in connection with the Reminiscences, helps to round out the story of her life:—

"Dear E.—I am thankful to say that Papa's convalescence seems now to be quite confirmed. There is scarcely any remainder of the inflammation in his eyes. He begins even to look forward to resuming his duty ere long, but caution must be observed on that head.

"Martha has been very willing and helpful in Papa's illness. Poor Tabby is ill herself at present. Influenza has been almost universally prevalent in this district, and I have myself had a touch of it. * * *

"I write to you about yourself rather under constraint and in the dark, for your letters, Dear E., are most remarkably oracular, dropping nothing but hints. I can hardly guess what checks you in writing to me. There is certainly no one in this house to whom I show your notes, and I do not think they are in any peril in passing through the post.

"Perhaps you think that as I generally write with some reserve you ought to do the same. My reserve, however, has its foundation not in design, but in necessity; I am silent because I have literally nothing to say. I might indeed repeat over and over again that my life is a pale blank, and often a very weary burden, and that the Future sometimes appalls me, but what end could be answered by such repetition, except to weary you and enervate myself? The evils that now and then wring a groan from my heart lie in position, not that I am a single woman and likely to remain a single woman, but because I am a *lonely* woman and likely to be lonely. But it cannot be helped and therefore imperatively must be borne, and borne, too, with as few words about it as may be. I write all this just to prove to you that whatever you would freely say to me, you may just as freely write. Understand, I remain just as resolved as ever not to allow myself the holiday of a visit from you till I have done my work. After labor—pleasure, but while work is lying at the wall undone I never yet could enjoy recreation.

"Yours, very faithfully,

"C. Brontë."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE MODERN MAYING.

"It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a-Maying early on the first of May." This custom survives among ourselves, but in a mutilated form and with far different intent. Where is the householder in this highly favored land who has not at least once in the course of his life watched the slow dawn of May-day morning, perched, Marius-like, among piled-up household gods, one sad eye dwelling on their frangible perfections, the other cast wildly forth in search of the coming carman—coming and still to come?

It is in quest of this Hibernian blossom that we go a-Maying. Groups of doleful fellow-citizens confront us in the street, occupied after like manner in "bringing in" the merry month. Carts, high-piled, rattle past us. We notice the bureaus ingeniously packed a-top of the decanters, the soup-kettle performing a dance over the face of the looking-glass, and fellow-danger makes us wondrous pitiful. Somebody's Parian Psyche flies from the top of a van, and, describing the arc of the parabola, alights upon the poultice pavement with resounding crack. We remember our pet Venus in the entry at home, and groans, not loud but deep, escape us. Time presses. No. 37 must be evacuated ere nightfall, even though the skies tumble. Desperation wings our feet—we fly—we bribe—we protest—and trusting no promise, mount the hard-won vehicle beside the driver, and

"Lead the way
To light him to his prey."

Arrived at 37, what rueful spectacle presents itself? Smith, our successor, being a creature versed in removes, and an earlier bird than ourself, has picked up a fellow-worm with a wagon at some unconscionable hour in the morning, and here are his goods encumbering the side-walk. Worse!—here is his parlor carpet being dragged through the hall over our carefully stacked valuables. We remonstrate; nobody listens—Hibernia takes the helm—a great wave of chairs and tables surges up the steps to meet a corresponding billow outward bound. Crash, bang! our treasures vanish—are in the car somewhere—somehow; the book-box on the china-box, the bootjack at leap-frog with the engravings, and springing to his exalted perch, the presiding genius picks up the reins and is off at a canter:—

Rattle their bones
Over the stones,
It is nothing but furniture belonging to Jones!

Meantime, in a lonely up-town street the wife of our bosom awaits our coming. Like Sisera's mother, she looks from the window and cries, "Why tarry the wheels of the chariots?" The house is empty—unfurnished, save for an Etruscan card-receiver brought up the day before for safer keeping, and one empty blacking-bottle, relic of the late occupant. In the second story the children riot in high carnival—below stairs sit the servants with idle hands, growing hour by hour more sulky. At last wheels rumble. "They come," resounds from the watch-tower, and chaos begins. Higgledy-piggledy, the big, the little, the light, the heavy, are dumped in the hall. Nailed boots clatter up and down stairs, draughts pour in from open doors, a May dew of great density falls and baptizes the best furniture. As bodies tire, tempers rise. The children grow fractious and demand "dinner." Alas! the cooking utensils have been by mistake consigned to the very last cart. There is neither "horse-meat nor man-meat, nor a place to sit down," and night falls over the dreadful scene.

Next day brings agonizing discoveries. This article is found broken—that missing. Worse! all treasures have undergone a shabbifying process—more disheartening than absolute ruin. The favorite vase has lost a handle. Venus's nose betrays a dent. Everywhere are smears, nicks, stains—the Lares and Penates veil their faces and weep.

Such is our Maying! In place of painting poles with yellow and black, we paint ourselves (by simple

natural process) black and blue. The flours *we* strew emerge from capsized barrels; our May-dues wash clean the pocket instead of the complexion. And though Bael has lost place among the deities and is no longer propitiated by rites of custard and oatmeal cake, something of black shadow still lies on the day once considered especially his own. Brown bread is no longer broken into knobs and tossed in air with the invocation, "This I give to thee, O hooded crow—spare my lambs; this to thee, O fire—spare my dwelling"—but modern heathenism, could it only believe the spell effectual, would gladly compound for like observance: "This I give to thee, O Irishman—spare my china! This to thee, O cart, have pity on my glass!"

But neither brown loaf nor white, prayer nor oblation avail. The work of destruction goes on, charm we never so wisely, and till the millennial time shall come of peaceful firesides and settled homes, May-day must remain a festival of terror, and the "merry month" be "brought in" after the sad fashion here depicted.

MAKING THE BEDS.

SPRING has come, dear, teasing Spring! For six weeks past she has been swinging the door of Winter like any mischievous child; now popping her pretty head into sight with beckoning smile, and bird-call for distant bobolink; anon, with rush of icy wind slamming the portal to, and tweaking the noses of such incautious blossoms as have ventured forth to peep.

But now the door is wide open and she stands revealed. Day after day fresher tints dye the grass. The leafy spray on elm boughs grows more dense, the air breathes hopefulness. It behooves us to be about our work, and smooth the brown beds in which last Summer's darlings have lain so long, silent and asleep.

Here and there little faces peep from beneath the covering. Japan lilies are throwing off the clothes and preparing to jump up—brave fellows, always prompt to hear the rising bell. Violets! Oh, how blue, how ineffably sweet! The sharp fingers of hyacinths are thrusting through the mould. Soon the whole hand will be visible with a palm full of flowers. Crocuses were astir betimes this year. They got their spring work mostly done in March, but their airy golden and lilac bubbles still fleck the border. Vines are a-bud; spirea and hawthorn prickle with minute leaves adown their brown branches; all things are faithful to their time, and Winter has rendered up his trust.

We meanwhile must attend to ours. Forks must let out the imprisoned earth to taste the Sun. Heaps of compost have been waiting long months for this special moment. Barrow after barrowful, in it goes. Rakes fill the air with clear metallic scrapes, suggestive somehow of Spring, and so delightful. Now comes out a neat fagot of tiny sticks, whittled by the boys in Winter evenings, a basket of flower seeds, the shining trowel. Slender fingers smooth the surface and scatter over it the mysterious articles within which lurk like enchained genii what marvels of bloom, of grace, of tint and fragrance! Now the soft soil is strewed and patted close; the label is written—"Mignonette"—"Nemophila"—"Aster"—"Pansy"—and to the warm hands of Spring we trust for the finishing touches.

And now, patience. It is never worth while to pull up either our radishes or our moral qualities to make sure that they grow; the roots strike best when left alone. Meantime there is plenty to do. Roses must be set free from their wrappings of straw or their subterranean hiding-places. The knife must be applied here and there. Near by the gardeners already are bending in the sun. Asparagus beds are being forked and salted; strawberry patches hoed and mulched; and, fed with refuse of weed and brier, gay little bonfires flicker in the sun.

And everywhere Spring's gentle touch supplements ours: tenderest of all in yonder woods, where hepatica and May-blossom and Quaker-ladies twinkle into life under her caressing fingers. In hidden coverts, wildest nooks, we see her at work, making gardens for the bees, and secret Edens which no eye save her own shall look upon. But even for us, her awkward helpers, she has a smile and a peculiar recompense all her own, never delaying nor denied to those who

> "Go before to make
> The paths of June more beautiful."

SALADS.

IN early Spring the heart of man, by natural instinct, "lightly turns to thoughts of"—salad. Before the days of forcing-frames and canned tomatoes this instinct became a passion; people aspired after green food with a sort of thirst, watched for the first leaf eagerly as Noah; and when it came, like the little Bride of the Holly-Tree Inn, "abandoned of themselves to it with a perfect looseness." Even now, despite modern improvements, which give us green peas (slightly flavored with tin) in January, and hot-house strawberries at Christmas, the first crisp bouquet of real garden lettuce is an event—significant as a violet—forerunner of a long, delightful vegetable train.

There is poetry in salad. It has its literature—its history. The sage Evelyn did not disdain to "discourse of Sallets," nor Sydney Smith to sing its praise in rhyme. Reputation has been won by a Mayonnaise, and place and ribbon not thought too good for the lucky inventor. The variety is infinite. From simple vinegar and sugar to Vivian Grey's cucumber, which, when complete, was thrown out of window, every note of the gamut of taste is sounded. "In the composure of a salad, every plant should come to bear its part like notes in music," says Master Evelyn. There is kind and degree to suit each various fancy, and a bard for every sauce.

First and best, because simplest, stands French salad made of vinegar and oil, three parts of the latter to one of the former, salt, and pepper. For the proper

composition of this, an old proverb asserts there are four persons required—a miser to measure the vinegar, a spendthrift the oil, a sage to judge of the salt, and a maniac to stir all together. The oil should be pure, the salad-bowl heaped with freshest cress and lettuce duly mixed, and if the manipulator is skillful, the result cannot but be delightful.

For people who dislike oil there is cream-dressing, made in this wise: the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs are rubbed very fine with a silver spoon; to these add a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard; blend the two thoroughly, then stir in a table-spoonful of melted butter and half a tea-cupful of thick cream, a little salt and cayenne, and, if desired, a dash of anchovy or Worcestershire sauce.' Last of all, add little by little vinegar enough to make the whole a smooth, creamy mass, and pour it on the lettuce just before serving.

Salad Mayonnaise requires experience and a certain knack, which the French cooks say is a gift of Nature, and not to be acquired. Like the poet, a true salad-maker is set apart from his brethren by a mystic chrism all his own. "The one essential of the Mayonnaise is oil—eggs boiled or raw form the basis of the mixture, the oil is added drop by drop till the paste is thick as custard and smooth as velvet—a few drops of vinegar or lemon-juice complete it. Serve in a small silver dish by itself, or poured over the lettuce, or in a wine-glass set in the midst of the lettuce-bowl."

In the hands of a practiced housewife salad becomes one of the economies of the table, working up all manner of residuary scraps, which without it would be cast aside and wasted. String-beans, button onions, a stray mushroom or two, cold beets nicely sliced and seasoned, boiled potato, fragments of cold chicken or meat, all find a place in the salad and lend it variety and flavor.

A pretty ornament for the middle of a dinner-table is made by crowning a bowl full of green lettuce with blossoms of scarlet nasturtium. The flowers are submitted to the dressing as well as the leaves, and add a certain piquant pungency to the dish which must be tried before it can be appreciated.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

ENGLISH WATER-COLORS.

THE condition of English art is one of the most curious anomalies in the history of mental development. A school without masters; patronage such for munificence and extent as the world never saw before; governmental encouragement such as no nation ever before gave, but without producing improvement in its general condition or purposes; the most absolute freedom of aim and catholicity of pursuit without the production of a single dominant motive; the most extravagant appreciation without producing a standard of criticism which receives the least deference from public opinion—these are some of the dominant traits of this art epoch in England.

There are now open in London three regular winter exhibitions of water-color drawings, which have been preceded by one of oil-color pictures, and will be succeeded by one of mixed oil and water colors, two more of water-colors, and two great exhibitions—the "British" Society and the Academy—of which the greater part are oil-colors. All these must be of pictures never before exhibited, and of them the Dudley Oil Exhibition, now closed, had about 600 pictures—the same gallery, now open for water-colors, has 665 drawings, one of the water-color exhibitions; that of the Old Society has, in this winter exhibition, 389, and will have as many more in the spring opening; while the new Water-Color Society has, in its present collection, 355 drawings, with as many more to follow when it reopens in May; the new British Institution 350, and a new one, numbers unknown; the old Society of British Artists with about 600, and the Academy 1,200, making a total of about 5,000 exhibited, while at least an equal number will have been rejected, making a grand total of 10,000 drawings and pictures painted for the season of '70, '71, to be followed by as many more next season, '71, '72. Then there are the local exhibitions in all the principal cities, the Scottish and Irish Academies. The French salon is a bagatelle to it!

Of this immense mass of product, it is almost pitiful to see how large a proportion is of work which no lover of art or human development can look on with hope or belief that the work was worth doing, or with any other feeling than one of regret that so many brains without ideas, and hands without power, should have been diverted from results of positive value to the production of work which has now no real value, and will, every year, have less and less pecuniary value. The development of water-color painting in England is so large, so original in many technical qualities, that it almost deserves the name of a school, and in it certainly are all the best results of the collective talent of the country. All the great masters of English art have arisen alone, and gone without a successful follower. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, have no pupils; but the great number of more than respectable artists who began the use of water-color in England as their proper medium of expression—Varley, De Wint, Prout, Fielding, David Cox, and their *confrères* of the last generation—developed a taste for pure, fresh nature and the expression of those qualities of freedom and unschooled energy which are more in accordance with the English mind than scholastic excellence or the qualities of well-trained completeness, which, while they help mediocrity, sometimes trammel genius, if not in production, yet in appreciation of its best. The innate tendency of the English mind is to respect power in any shape more than training, or any perfection of the

thing in its kind. If it attains culture it is from its own impulse more than, like the French, from the drift of a system. It diverges, refuses to associate, maintains individuality as the first of the traits of life, prefers being its own slave to being any other mind's follower, and follows so badly that we justify the choice sometimes.

All this one finds in English art, and especially in the water-color school, which came out of the need to do something without great training and with energy and freshness. We in America have most unjust prejudice against water-color painting. For small work it has every advantage of oils, and some which no manner of painting in oil will give. It has a purity with difficulty attainable—and only after a long time occupied in the process—in oil; it has at least equal solidity and greater durability; it has, *sometimes*, the least possible tendency to fade under strong light, but it never darkens, as all oil-color does; and it enables one to do work which could never be so well done in oil. It has another advantage equally noteworthy in the economic point of view: it gives in little space, and at less expense than in oil, the higher qualities of art equally well. There are two small drawings of Turner's hung in Mr. Ruskin's drawing-room, which are, in every respect except handling, as powerful and artistic as the *great* pictures of the National Gallery—the Apollo and Hesperides. Thus, for fragmentary work, rendering of effects, etc., water-color is far beyond oil.

In the water-color exhibitions now open, though neither of the three has the importance of the spring exhibitions, there are still so many different developments of power and quality that one unconversant with the material would hardly believe it to be the same in all the pictures exhibited. There is, in the Dudley Gallery, a strong, vigorously painted scene from Romeo and Juliet, by Miss Madox-Brown, painted in a solidly objective manner, dramatic and unaffected, and as vigorous as any oil picture can be; not far from it a large drawing by Madame Bodichon, as broad and masterly in treatment as the work of any living landscape painter in oil; and at the opposite side of the room is a large drawing of "Antigone giving the rites of Sepulture to her brother Polynices," by a Greek lady, Miss Spartali, as rich and intense in color, as replete with the *great* qualities of color as any oil picture which we shall see in the Academy exhibition next May. Yet it is more than doubtful if either of these ladies would have attained the purely mechanical mastery of oil-colors so as to give the same qualities in the same degree.

In the same room are some drawings of shells by a Miss Walker, which, for singular refinement of execution and lustrous local color cannot be excelled by any material—rapid, facile in execution and subtle in drawing. There are some pigs, by Briton Rivière, which remind one of Morland's. Two landscapes, by Miss Blunden, are as full of sunshine and glow of local color as any work of its kind by any painter in oils—as vigorous and effective, with a transparency in sky and water which belong to water-color only.

Its convenience, cleanliness, economy of time, labor, and material, and its portability, make it especially recommendable for women's work, and on every account it is to be acclimatized with us. The winter exhibitions of the water-color societies are nominally of "sketches and studies," and, though many elaborate works find their way into them, their chief interest is in those studies mostly from nature—rapid works which show in a most interesting manner how much may be done in a short time to tell largely and effectively the moods and phases of nature.

Amongst these are studies by Bramwhite, and some others which are absolutely indistinguishable from oil; others which, as especially some by Collingwood Smith, give an almost incomprehensible amount of result with so little labor; and again, studies of grave, tender twilight effects by Jackson, which are, for perfect tone, in treatment of simple picturesque material, unsurpassed by anything in modern painting, except the same class of subject treated by Turner.

Then, in the fresh, sparkling manner, more or less, of David Cox—blotty, rapid, and decisive—are studies of woodland, by W. Burnett, which give a new phase of the material—depths of glade and leafy labyrinth, knee-deep herbage, and waist-deep ferns, with the moisture of the dew or the just-passed rain on them—the silvery grays of the old oak trunks, and the quiet gray greens of the inextricable foliage, all frankly and straightforwardly rendered, no rubbing out, no apparent reworking, no mystery but that of decision.

There are some skies by Moore, full of fine subtle form, luminous, glowing with sunlight, and exquisite in distance and aërial quality, danced to by sea-breakers full of freedom and swing;—grayer seas out in the open by Hayes, which have more of the surface and sparkle of brine than anything oil-color can do at its best, and of which one feels the drip and spray about the picturesque and well-drawn fishers' boats.

In figure-painting the results are less notably superior, yet even here one may find the best of the purely English work. T. Taylor, a remnant of the last generation of painters, has the firmness of drawing and freshness of execution which Cox and De Wint brought into landscape;—John Gilbert, for dramatic power in composition and power of drawing, within a limited range of feeling for character, has no superior in modern art. Of the minute and elaborate manner corresponding to Meissonier's, there are some pictures by Gow, well drawn and full of just action, painted with spirit, and yet great fidelity of detail—in some respects better than Meissonier;—some emulations of the style of Leys, by Pinwell, really remarkable for subtlety of drawing; and pictures by a pupil of Leys, Henry, whose fault is, that Leys might have painted them. Of men more properly foreign in manner, but domesticated here, are Guido Bach, whose figures have a vigor and clearness of style one never sees in English art, a result of academic study and severe discipline,—and Carl Werner, whose architectural pictures bring all the purity and richness of water-

color to a system of study deliberate and complete. His Eastern views are the best architectural work of the day.

And besides all these, there is an immense amount of work in all English exhibitions which shows a curious fragmentary possession of power and entire ignorance of its true scope, so that we see artists who can merely succeed in imitating local color with success, remarkable in its kind, but not of a great kind, immediately set about historical or dramatic work—men who can make a good stereoscopic representation of any given inanimate object, give us feigned relievi of the human face, in which fidelity to the surface passes for portraiture;—intense, but utterly superficial wandering over nature, in which the real aim and uses of art are quite forgotten, if ever comprehended.

The first impression of an artistically trained foreigner on coming into the English exhibition must be —What chaos, what indirection, what earnestness, what native power, and yet what utter ignorance! Of the stronger motives, and the greater men, we shall speak when the more important exhibitions are open.

The disturbances in France have driven to England a number of French painters, whose habitual participation in the exhibitions can but produce excellent effects on English art. There have been for a long time French exhibitions in London; but separate exhibitions will never have the result of those which place works so different in quality side by side, and the hitherto almost rigid exclusiveness of the Royal Academy (still too illiberal and short-sighted) in yielding to common sense and artistic hospitality will not be without admirable influence both on art and on public taste.

We rejoice to know that the Olive Branch is again waving over the lands beyond the seas, and sincerely hope that the untold sufferings of the recent conflict may teach men lessons that will induce them to be less rash in unsheathing the bloody sword. But it will be some time before we shall be able to imagine Paris as other than the besieged and struggling, the suffering and starving city. Indeed it will require years for the gay capital to wipe out the marks made upon it and its surroundings by its own guns and those of the enemy. It is doubtful whether the present generation will again see that gay and brilliant capital in all the glory of its recent years, and with its many attractions for the crowd of pleasure-loving strangers from every quarter of the world.

The Champs Elysées, for a few days occupied by the German hosts, may soon resume their gay and thoughtless frivolities for the people;—and the puppet-plays will doubtless ere long gather their admiring crowds around them, for the Parisian masses when in gay good humor like nothing better than the moral lessons taught them by the automaton players of the booths, where suffering virtue always comes off triumphant, the weak conquers the strong, and the small the great; where the stern creditor is always outwitted by the unhappy debtor, and the sharp wife punishes the weak or dissolute husband with the broomstick. The more the biter is bit, and the more frequently the blows are laid on during these miniature comedies, the greater is the delight of a genuine Parisian crowd. But in the higher circles society is so torn and lacerated, and its leaders for the last twenty years are so scattered or annihilated, that a long period must elapse before Parisian society under a new *régime* can find its landmarks, and attain that consistency and influence that will give it character and gather a court around it. It is very doubtful therefore whether the tens of thousands of strangers from all parts of the world will hasten to their old haunts during the transition period that must ensue; they gladly joined in all the frivolities of the Carnival epoch, but it is not so sure that they will enjoy the lenten one that follows.

During this era of sorrow France will at least welcome to its bosom some of its most patriotic children, whose voices have been drowned by the excitement and passions of the contest, and who found it necessary for the moment to retire from the arena of a strife where circumstances were too strong for them. Among these we soon expect to see at their accustomed posts Guizot, Laboulaye, and Gasparin—the latter two so well known among us for their interest in our own country during the Rebellion of the South. Gasparin has indeed been very active in Geneva during all the period of his exile, and has endeavored to gain the ear of his countrymen by means of the Press of that town. He is the well-known leader of the French Protestants in France, and of great influence with the moderate liberals of the country. He endeavored with all the force of his rare genius and brilliant pen to reconcile his countrymen to the inevitable loss of Alsace, and wrote with great power in favor of making all that territory neutral ground, if possible a republic, so that the German and French lines might nowhere touch. His darling object has not been gained, but time may demonstrate that his was the wiser counsel. He and his Protestant compeers at least return to Paris, and will doubtless exercise a controlling influence in the adoption of measures best calculated to revive a suffering and humiliated country and soothe the bitterness of its grief.

The New German Empire rises like a phenix from the ashes of its rival; but the victorious hosts return to their homes not as arrogantly exultant conquerors, but deeply impressed with the solemnity of their mission and the gravity of the work before them. As their venerable King has acknowledged the finger of Providence in the marvelous destinies that have overtaken his people, so do they seem inclined to thank God rather than their own swords for their victories. Their publicists, statesmen, and teachers are now all appealing to the people through the Press to rise to the dignity of the great task before them, and especially to obey the unwritten moral law of concord and unity that must now pervade every

heart in the solution of the problems before them. The great stumbling-blocks that have hitherto impeded their course have been the particular and separate interests of each individual State; but higher than these now rise the common interests of the different nationalities cemented by their mingled blood on the battle-field. Men who have bled together have a common sympathy, and the returning soldiers, whether of North or South Germany, cannot be kept in antagonism by the narrow-minded or scheming politicians of their respective States.

Germany now begins her work on a platform broader than ever before. She has not the least desire to revive the Empire of the Middle Ages, whose highest aim was to enslave the mind, teach the infallibility of human creeds, or exterminate heresy. It is to be a *New* Empire in word as in name, rooting in German soil alone, and bearing on its banner the mottoes of personal liberty in action and in conscience, and of equality before the law and the moral claims of the State. Its leaders totally disclaim any spirit of conquest beyond its own well-defined borders, and seem to be chiefly impressed with the necessity and policy of this judicious national creed.

A THORWALDSEN JUBILEE has been occupying the attention of the genial Danes of Copenhagen, who adopted the better part of celebrating the centennial of their great sculptor while neighboring nations were dealing in the art of destruction. Thorwaldsen bequeathed his large and valuable collection of sculpture to the State, which, in return for the fame and honor conferred on it by its favorite child, built a museum to receive them. The famous artist lives in the heart of the Danish people, and this festival was made an eminently popular one, as was proved by the universal interest in it exhibited by all classes. It took the form of a Jubilee Pilgrimage to the shrines of the master—first to his old home in Copenhagen, and then to the Thorwaldsen Museum, in the centre of which is the tomb of the cherished artist. The interior of the museum building is a broad, light hall covered with glass, and its most prominent attraction is a mound-shaped gravestone bearing the dates of his birth and death. The stone is covered round and round with luxurious ivy, and under it lies the vault containing the remains of the great sculptor. The sides of this hall are adorned with corridors, cabinets, and apartments filled with the creations of his genius. It seemed a spot created for the reception of just such an admiring throng as then filled it in respectful silence.

The elder citizens of Copenhagen have still a lively remembrance of the person of Thorwaldsen, for he died in 1844, and this celebration was made a touching homage to his personal worth as well as to his great genius. At the same time quite an effort was made by the artistic world to make it special testimony to him as an artist, with a view to revive an active love in his works that would result in more care of the Museum and a manifest improvement in some of its accessories. For the last decade the Danish people have been so much engaged in their troubles with Prussia that they have insensibly neglected their art temple, and allowed it in some measure to assume a forlorn appearance. This celebration was partly intended to enlist the people of this lively capital in the project of a renewal of their shrine in several respects, so as to make it more attractive as a place of resort for citizens and strangers. Copenhagen, by the way, is a charming little city to visit, and we are glad to perceive that it is about to be brought into the direct line of European travel by the new steamers that will soon be plying between New York and Stettin, on the Baltic, which will, we think, touch at Copenhagen, though no announcement has yet been made to that effect.

VIENNA has also had its jubilee, and this time to a living hero, the aged poet Grillparzer. He has attained his eightieth year, and is yet as hale and fresh as our own Bryant. He has had a remarkable career in connection with the ruling house of Austria, for the freedom of his sentiments expressed so often in his verses made him no favorite with the ruling powers, although they greatly admired his genius and coveted it to their own uses. Grillparzer was a thorn in the side of the old Emperor Francis, and a great annoyance to Metternich. The poet was so popular with the people that they almost forced the court to give him an official position near it, and the Emperor was such a prosy old fellow that he could not bear the idea of having any one around him who was given to making verses. But, on the other hand, Grillparzer was so devoted to the House of Hapsburg, as was shown by his famous poem entitled "King Ottokar," that Francis was occasionally forced to cease his pouting and reward the poet with a smile. And thus Grillparzer, through a whole *régime*, wavered between smiles and tears, and was sometimes the only individual in Vienna who gave any political life or discussion to its *salons*.

Grillparzer, though a loyal Austrian, had far more sympathy with German culture than with Hungarian or Slavonic tendencies, and this made him antagonisms among these nationalities and at the Imperial court. But it gained for him warm hearts in Germany, whose poets and authors gladly reckoned him among their guild, as he wrote his great works in their tongue. He has led a most busy life, and given to the world a splendid collection of poems and dramas that will ever be an ornament to the language and an honor to his country. His eightieth year was thought by his many admirers a fitting occasion to give him a significant testimonial of their love, and his countrymen were delighted to find affectionate words flowing in from every quarter. In Vienna all factions forgot the conflicts with the poet in bygone years, and from court to workshop joined in the celebration. The poets, dramatists, and journalists of all German lands sent in their loving words in the form of letter or despatch, and claimed a place in his heart as he had long had

one in theirs; and even kings wrote to him autograph letters in such terms as these from the monarch of Bavaria:—"My dear Grillparzer!—To the Nestor and hero of the German poets I send, on the eightieth celebration of his birthday, my best and kindliest greetings. Posterity will think with pride of your immortal works, which also fill me with high admiration.—Louis, King of Bavaria."

FAIR ITALY is beginning to attract more than ever the attention of literary tourists and sojourners, on account of the political regeneration that makes it more acceptable, or at least more accessible, to travelers in search of profit or pleasure. We notice that Adolph Stahr, long and favorably known as one of the most genial and generous writers about Italian affairs, has just added to other volumes on Italy one bearing the attractive title of *A Glimpse into Free Italy*. He rejoices like a child in the fact that this most glorious land, after centuries of heavy oppression and spiritual and moral death, is now to open its arms to new liberty and activity. His works of the past have furnished stores of wealth regarding this country, with every phase of which he is so familiar, and the present one will form a fine contrast with the pictures of earlier days.

Another splendid Cicerone for Italian travel has appeared on the stage in the person of Holty, whom we scarcely know whether to call poet or *littérateur*. He terms his book *Alpine Magic and Italian Pictures*, and its pages seem to fully justify the title. He possesses the peculiar gift of clothing reality in a garb so fanciful as to make it most attractive, without removing it from the sphere of the real. Read the accounts of a hundred tourists who chat of Lago Maggiore or of Como, of the views from the Apennines or the sunny shores of the Mediterranean; go with them through the busy streets of Naples, or ascend to the summit of Vesuvius, then read this *Alpine Magic;* or let these Italian pictures pass in review before you, and you will exclaim that such a Cicerone in the highest sense of the term you had never imagined in the flesh. The Alpine charms are found mainly on the summit of the Righi and St. Gothard, and the pictures have such headings as Isola Bella, Capri, and Pompeii. What pleasant memories rise in the bosom of the tourist at the recurrence of these magic names, and how much the world owes to a man whose genius aids us in seeing new beauties and enjoying new sensations in the pleasures of other days! Travel is the watchword of the hour, but few who enjoy its pleasures possess the true art of extracting all its profit or real enjoyment; and a genial and faithful Cicerone, who can cultivate the sense of the beautiful without destroying the practical or warping the judgment from the truth, is a treasure both as companion and teacher.

WE suppose that Professor David Forbes, of England, knows as much about the interior of the earth as any man living. In a late lecture he insisted that all the objections brought by geology, mathematics, or astronomy, against the old theory that the earth is a molten mass surrounded by a crust about fifty miles thick, are quite untenable. He would have us believe, while the outer layer of melted matter, just below the earth's crust, may be a kind of glassy slag, that, not far below this layer, a salamander bent on discovery would find the pure molten metals, of which the heaviest—gold, platinum, etc.—would be at the earth's centre. Very likely the mass of the earth is molten iron; and this view is quite corroborated by the fact that the broken fragments of some disrupted world, which, in the form of aërolites, are continually falling from the sky, are often metallic iron. But what a tantalizing thought it is, that just under our feet are countless tons of the precious metals, only waiting for John Whopper to let us know the route by which he passed through to China.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

NILSSON.

BEFORE these pages reach the public eye, the song of the northern syren will be hushed for the summer, and, removed from the witchery of her presence, we shall have opportunity for a little sober musical retrospection. For we may as well acknowledge frankly that we cannot judge Miss Nilsson while she sings. During her tour through the country there has been very little real criticism upon either her voice or her style. There have been rhapsody and rapture, and a deal of enthusiastic nonsense; and there has been, now and then, some very sharp censure. When critics differ so widely, it is generally safe to say that the truth lies between the two extremes of opinion; but the difficulty in the present case is not that neither judgment is a just one, but that both are just. The cultivated musician is right when he tells you that Miss Nilsson is not a great vocalist; that in all the technicalities of art her method is crude, and sometimes coarse; that she cannot even breathe properly; that, despite the extensive range of her voice, she takes the higher notes with evident difficulty; that the upper and lower registers are not perfectly fused, but seem like two distinct voices. All this is quite true, and it is true also, that when she returned to New York, a few weeks ago, after long travel, and sickness, and fatigue, there was a veil over those beautiful notes which delighted us so in the autumn; and there were signs of weakness and lassitude which we could not see without pain. But, on the other hand, the enthusiasts are equally in the right when they protest that this clear, pure voice—we speak of it as we heard it in the first glory of the season, and as we hope to hear it again—falls upon the ear with a charm that other voices sel-

dom bring; and this fair face, and these pretty ways, and these indescribable little sentimental breathings of melody, all fitting so well together, have somehow fascinated all the world. No criticism can explain this fact away. Nilsson is not a great artist, but she has captivated the popular heart. What a round of applause would have shaken Steinway Hall, the other night, if all the audience could have heard the reply of an elegant young gentleman to a lady who found fault with the *Ah! for' è lui!* "Not sing well! You talk sacrilege. I wish I could get down in the dust and kiss the hem of her garment."

That is but a slightly exaggerated expression of the feeling with which the great majority of cultivated people—the ladies and gentlemen of society, who love music without knowing a great deal about it—listen to Miss Nilsson's wonderful little Swedish melodies and homely ballads, and to the operatic fragments which she acts as well as sings with such fine dramatic expression. Many of these same people will tell you afterward that the performance was not perfect; they missed something, they knew not what. But for the time the spell was complete; the influence was irresistible. The perfect purity of her tones affected them, as sensitive minds are sometimes affected by the beauty of a quiet landscape in which there is neither life nor motion. The delicacy of her style was so peculiar that at first it was readily mistaken for tenderness of feeling. The expression was so refined and soft that it was termed pathetic or religious, when it was really neither. The effect of a sentimental delivery and a charming personal presence was misunderstood. People called the singer sympathetic when she was only fascinating, and believed that she moved their hearts when she only captivated their imaginations. How often does she win the eloquent applause of tears? Handel's "Angels ever Bright and Fair" is accepted as one of her most touching and devotional songs. As we write, how vividly we recall the beautiful vision of that September evening, the rapt expression of the deep-set eyes, the attitude of heavenly aspiration, as she stood before us in her white robes and golden hair; and for a moment—we know not how she did it, nor where the art lay concealed—"she seemed to divide in a dream from a band of the blest." But we think of the tableau rather than the song; the superb acting rather than the music. And notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, we do not believe that Miss Nilsson appreciates the dignity and the pathos of Handel's sublime conceptions, or that she can ever be so far lifted up and transfigured by the spirit of harmony as to deeply stir the soul. There are two great singers, well known to us here, who illustrate, in rare perfection, the two qualities which Nilsson lacks. Parepa sometimes seemed to be so filled with the majesty of song that her grandeur was almost pathetic. Adelaide Phillipps is almost without an equal in the power to call forth that profound emotion of the heart which is half pleasure and half pain. When she gives utterance to the passionate plaint of Orpheus, or to that exquisite poem of sorrow in "Rinaldo," we know that she is singing right out of her heart, and is filled for the time with the same pathos that inspired Gluck and Handel. This is what we mean when we say that there are tears in her voice.

Nilsson is rarely majestic, and never truly emotional. She is always conscious of her art, and her art is intellectual and dramatic. For this reason she does not satisfy us in the oratorio, and even in the miscellaneous concert-room she is at a disadvantage. The operatic stage is undoubtedly her proper sphere, and if she should grace the boards of our Academy of Music next season, we may expect to see a far more brilliant development of her powers than the great concert-tour of the past winter has permitted. In "Hamlet," in "La Traviata," in many operas which depend largely upon the personation of individual character, we should anticipate for her a triumph. In "Faust" she would probably delight the town; but we have already had proof that there is a deep tenderness in the music of Margherita which she comprehends imperfectly.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

No department of city journalism has shown more general improvement in the past ten years than that which is devoted to the drama. If any of our readers will take the trouble to compare the New York newspapers of to-day with those—say—of 1860, they will find that at so recent a date as the latter, dramatic criticism was not a constant and well-maintained feature of most of our leading dailies, while the reverse can truthfully be said of nearly all of them now. And while we bear in mind the fact that in 1860 some of our most brilliant journalists served the public and won fame for themselves by acting as both the interpreters and judges of the best performances on our stage, we cannot forget that these irruptions of first-class talent into this range of writing were exceptional.

This is not wholly an "aside." It serves to give us occasion to say, that the drama in its highest forms has secured a far more general recognition, and therefore has become a more important feature of discussion.

Since the beginning of the present season we have been favored with a great variety of very good acting. Just think of the actors who have been with us, you who are always talking about the "degeneracy of the drama!" First of all, because he has done and is doing most to elevate our stage, there is Edwin Booth. It is unnecessary to criticize him, for he has been analyzed, and praised, and condemned in every possible form of favorable and unfavorable expression. There may have been more nearly perfect Hamlets in those halcyon days which veteran play-goers see through such a mis of cherished memories; but where is the other Hamlet, now, that could draw good houses a hundred successive nights in any city where Booth has been seen? We admit that we could wish for it a few bursts of such spontaneous phrenzy as used to drive the elder Booth's audiences into a temporary madness of admiration; but

we doubt if, on the whole, the elder Booth gave anything like as finished an interpretation of the Hamlet of the best modern criticism as his son does now. In the portrayal of such a character a colder temperament, a more analytical mind, and a more assiduous devotion to details may atone for a lack of abandonment to the doubtful and varying inspiration of the occasion.

But it is Booth's Richelieu and Benedick that have been the talk of the past season. The former a masterpiece of careful study, and the latter a failure from overmuch study, as well as from Mr. Booth's lack of humor and liveliness. The public are so largely indebted to him for the superb stage outfit which he has given to both "Richelieu" and "Much Ado About Nothing," that one reluctantly finds fault with either; but we must say that if Mr. Booth's animated surroundings in both plays were more in keeping, we could dispense with some of the upholstery and fine scenery. To call most of his subordinates "supporting" actors is to apply a very complimentary and inapplicable phrase. They are, to a painful degree, hindrances to the effects produced by his own acting and by the magnificent scenery which he has so liberally provided. But we bear in mind the great difficulty of obtaining good actors for subordinate parts in this country. As soon, indeed, as any one of them obtains a little prominence here, he finds it too easy to become a "star" in some of our distant cities. Yet we look to Mr. Booth, who has done so much for our drama, to finish his labors by making his theatre a school for stock-actors worthy to help him produce the best plays in the language.

We do not forget that before Mr. Booth's return we had the pleasure of again greeting our always fresh and beloved Jefferson. Of his inimitable creation of Rip Van Winkle (sketched in an earlier number), when will the people tire long enough to allow us to see him in some other character?

A far different genius early in the season surprised us by her almost absolute mastery of a language of which, three years ago, she knew scarcely a word—we mean, of course, Janauschek. A strong—almost masculine—energetic, and very marked actress, she had already won the coldest critics by her originality and boldness. She was just the sort of woman to attempt the mastery of our difficult language; though few anticipated anything like the success with which she astonished the public on her reappearance here in English. Her victory was signal, and a worthy reward of her daring and perseverance. As compared with any other foreigner who has undertaken to use our language, her English is extraordinarily precise. Indeed, almost the only criticisms that could be made were suggested by her very scrupulous exactness in the pronunciation of words that we handle with more freedom. She is often stiff and "stagey," but her capacity of expressing the depths of passion is so great that we readily forgive her obvious faults.

And this reminds us of a far different German actress, who first dawned on us a few weeks since, and who has carried captive our hearts by her fine and touching delineations of the gentler phases of passion. Seebach made no sensation; she scarcely even drew large houses, but she illustrated one type of acting more beautifully than any one else whom we have seen for a long time. She, too, belongs to the "natural" school, and depends wholly on her fidelity to healthy and legitimate conceptions of the characters she assumes.

The reappearance of Mr. Forrest was another noteworthy event of the season. There seemed, indeed, a sadness in the circumstances of his visit. In the opinion of the best judges he never before acted so well, with so few violations of good taste, with so notable an absence of that overwrought physical passion which once filled the galleries with astonishment and delight. Time and the decay of his once too great physical powers had reduced him to a moderation that was grateful to refined tastes, while the undoubted genius of the man never shone with a steadier light. But his day has passed. A new generation of play-goers, to whom his ancient methods were distasteful, had come in. He neglected, too, almost all the usual means for obtaining the public attention. Still his performances were appreciated and enjoyed by many good judges, who were free to confess that, with all his faults, Edwin Forrest was still a great actor.

At Wallack's a rapid succession of the best comedies in the language have been given, as they can be given in no other theatre in this country or in England, and that they have been appreciated by a succession of large houses is another proof of the fact that the taste for the better forms of the drama has not died out, and is not likely to do so.

Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre is in the same general line of effort as Wallack's, and suits the tastes of very much the same class of audiences; but its success has been signalized by the remarkable run of an American comedy which, in defiance of the entire army of the critics has achieved a career of most remarkable length and prosperity. Mr. Howard's "Saratoga" is amenable to many severe criticisms, but it has conquered the principal requirement of a successful comedy—it has made people laugh. How much of its success has been due to the almost uniformly good cast given it, and how much has been owing to familiarity with the scenes and situations represented, we shall not attempt to point out. But its success should stimulate authors and managers to work in the field presented by the follies of our American life.

DARWINISM.

For some years the discussion of the origin of species has been progressing, but has rather avoided the real centre of interest, the question of the origin of man; although it has been plainly enough seen what was the tendency of the arguments, and that the main battle would be fought here. But within a few months the batteries have been unmasked and the question is squarely discussed. Mr. A. R. Wallace, who inde-

pendently announced what he called the great law of "Natural Selection," first came out with an argument to prove that man was descended from ape-like progenitors, but that he varied in so many respects from what might have been expected, that there were evident proofs that a Higher Intelligence had modified and directed the operations of natural law. The most important contribution, however, to this subject is Darwin's long-promised *Descent of Man*, just issued by D. Appleton & Co.

He is able to see nothing that cannot be explained by the laws of nature, and traces the probable ancestry of man through the monkeys of the Old World (probably not the gorilla nor one of the largest species), then the family of lemurs, then that of the kangaroos and opossums, then of the Ornithorhynchus, which was the son of a reptile, which was the son of a fish, which was the son of an Ascidian mollusk, which was the son of a worm, which was the son of a coccolith, which was the son of an amœba, which was the son of—we don't know what; superficially, at least, quite a different genealogy from the biblical one, ending with "Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." But the main argument of Darwin—an argument so much made up of small points mutually strengthening each other, though of little weight alone—is the old familiar one used by geologists a generation ago, in reply to theologians who insisted on their chronology of the earth as only six thousand years old. They used to say, "Can it be believed that the God of Truth would have created the earth with such strata and fossils as it contains simply to deceive his creatures with the belief that they had been gradually deposited, and that all these animals and plants now extinct once actually inhabited the earth? Is the earth a lie?" This is just the substance of Darwin's argument. Is it credible that man can be a separate creation when he possesses so many rudimentary muscles and other organs, and exhibits so many variations, all perfectly explained in the theory that they are inherited from an ape-like ancestor, but in any other theory nothing less than a base deception?

We have put his argument in its most striking form. It will doubtless immediately call out a host of champions to assail its wealth of facts and its conclusions. Though the younger scientific men have been greatly attracted by the new theory, the older scholars have held more aloof, and insist that the old opinion, that man was a special creation of God, has other arguments than the generally received exegesis of Genesis. And it is reassuring to those who are worried by what seems to them the ungodly theory of Development, to find that so many of its ablest defenders, like Owen, Wallace, and St. George Mivart, believe they see abundant proofs that a Higher Power has modified the progress of development, compelling it to travel in certain fixed lines, and toward certain desired ends.

Just behind the question, whether one living species can be developed out of another by the ordinary forces of nature, lies the most vexed question of all: whether nature will develop a living species at all out of dead matter. Scientific men, since Pasteur, have rather avoided the question, apparently not caring to shock too many prejudices at once. But it is about time that the question were met, and a few months ago Dr. Bastian, a respectable English physicist, seemed to have almost settled it, by experiment, in the affirmative. He partly filled some glass tubes with the chemical substances found in organic matter, and exhausted the air, thinking that a less pressure might allow a freer re-arrangement of particles, and requested Dr. Frankland, a distinguished chemist, to expose them for some hours to a heat considerably above boiling-point, for the purpose of destroying all germs of life. The tubes were then taken out, and after some weeks' exposure to light at a moderate temperature, the contents grew turbid, and a sediment settled, which, when examined by the microscope, showed clusters of cells, and particles in lively motion. This experiment he regarded as a conclusive proof of "spontaneous generation." But Professor Huxley publicly ridiculed his experiment, much to Dr. Bastian's disgust, insisting that the cell-clusters which he had found were utterly without life, and in fact seeming to prove that one of them, curiously fringed, was only a minute sprig of moss that had been accidentally put in with the solution. Dr. Frankland has just repeated the experiment. He took the same solution, exposed it for four hours to a heat of 310° F., and then gave it moderate heat and sunlight for five months. The contents became turbid, as in Dr. Bastian's experiment, and dropped a sediment. The tubes were then opened, and this sediment examined by himself and by Professor Huxley. The descriptions and figures of Dr. Bastian were found to be quite accurate; but the "figure of eight" particles, which he had described, were found to be entirely lifeless. The movement among them, which was noticed abundantly, was only what microscopists are familiar enough with, as the "Brownian movement," common to particles utterly devoid of life. The flocculent sediment consisted mainly of particles of glass, which the heat of the solution had corroded off from the sides of the tube. And so Professor Huxley appears in the new light of the successful champion of the old-fashioned notions against the pretensions of "modern science." Still he does not deny that Nature can evolve life without the special fiat of a Creator, but only asserts that she never yet has been seen to do it.

"THE UNKNOWN RIVER," ETC.

WORDSWORTH might like to come back to earth for a summer, and voyage with Philip Gilbert Hamerton down some "Unknown River!" If this supposition seem extravagant to any man, let him buy and read *The Unknown River, an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery*, by P. G. Hamerton: Roberts Bros., Boston. It is not easy to write soberly about this book while fresh from its presence. The subtle charm of the very title

is indescribable: it lays hold in the outset on the deepest romance in every heart: it is the very voyage we are all yearning for. When, later on, we are told that this "Unknown River" is the Arroux, in the eastern highlands of France, that it empties into the Loire, and has on its shores ancient towns of historic interest, we do not quite believe it. Mr. Hamerton has flung a stronger spell by his first word than he knew.

It is not too much to say that this book is artistically perfect, perfectly artistic, and a poem from beginning to end: the phrasing of its story is as exquisite as the etching of its pictures; each heightens the other; each corroborates the other; and both together blend in harmonious and beautiful witness to what must have been one of the most delicious journeys ever made by a solitary traveler. The word solitary, however, has no meaning when applied to Hamerton—poet, painter, adventurous man, all in one, and with a heart for a dog! There is no empty or barren spot on earth for such as he. The book cannot be analyzed nor described in any way which will give strangers to it any idea of its beauty. "The Unknown River," in the first chapter, is a tiny brook over which the dog Tom can jump at a bound. When we leave it it is a broad and stately river; has flowed under arched bridges and lost itself in the Loire: between these two points we have voyaged many days and nights; now slowly, a mile a day; now swiftly on wheels, boat and traveler in a "spring cart," past such tangles of tree and rock as even Hamerton could not wind through by water: —now by lamplight, a lantern being fixed in the prow, and every tiny leaf and spray, and thread of stalk, flashing out like silver tracery on each side of the narrow green corridor through which the boat glided;—now by twilight through smooth reaches, and broad still pools; now among rough boulders and rapid currents where the waters "hissed and twisted like serpents;"—now through dark galleries where no land could be seen, only close-locked boughs overhead and on each side;—now between shores bright with heath and fern and broom, and shaded by gigantic oaks and chestnuts, and silent in uninhabited loneliness;—now past hamlets which have not been touched or changed for five hundred years;—now past old cities, half ruin, half town, where Gauls and Romans fought great useless fights long time ago;—we do not know how many days and nights we have journeyed; it is one of Hamerton's sweet bits of wisdom not to tell us. It is, perhaps, the greatest charm of his style, and in this, is close kinship to the charm of an etching, that the effects are produced by few touches; no wearying details: hint and suggestion being set so clearly before fancy, that the picture is filled out instantaneously, involuntarily, almost unconsciously. This was a noticeable excellence in the other book of Mr. Hamerton's which has been reprinted here, the *Painter's Camp*, but it is far more striking in *The Unknown River*. There seems also to be a decided increase of power in the description of incident.

There is exquisite pathos in the story of the peasant whom he found living alone like a widower with his four children, and waiting for the return of his wife, who had gone four years before from Paris to Boston, in the service of some rich Americans. She had learned to write, that she might write to him, and she had sent him money enough to buy their cottage and two fields; and now in a few months she was to return. The tears streamed down the man's face as he showed her picture, and kissed it tenderly, even in presence of the stranger. But we suspect that Philip Gilbert Hamerton is not long a stranger in any of the houses of the simple people through whose wild countries his love of nature carries him;—the fineness and clearness of his artistic sense are of the sort which keep hearts and hands warm and ready to all men. In one of his books, probably in *The Painter's Camp*, we remember he says that the snail is the type of the truly artistic traveler,—carrying his house on his back, and very slow of pace; and that therefore he (Hamerton) is disheartened sometimes, for fear "Death may catch him" before he has seen anything of the world. Long may that day be distant!

The latest volume in the "Library of Wonders" (Charles Scribner & Co.) is *The Wonders of Engraving*, containing not only a history of the art, but an interesting description of the various processes. The illustrations are extremely curious, and, in point of execution, probably superior to any which have yet appeared in the "Wonder" series. The same house has just published a seventh edition of Trench's standard work on *English, Past and Present*, and will soon publish a new book by Marion Harland, entitled *Common Sense in the Household, a Manual of Practical Housewifery*. The work, which is written in a sprightly and entertaining style, is dedicated to "My Fellow-housekeepers, North, East, South, and West." Scattered throughout the volume are gossipy chapters upon "Company," "Servants," "The Sick-Room," "The Nursery," &c., and it is evident that the professional demands upon the time of even a "popular author" do not always prevent the knowledge, practice, and intelligent preachment of all homely duties and accomplishments.

Mr. P. T. Quinn's reputation as not only one of the most talented and successful of our agriculturists, but also as an honest and precise expounder of the very best methods, insures a favorable reception for any work put forth under his authority. His *Pear Culture for Profit* has already taken its place among the standards; and his new volume, *Money in the Garden* (published by the Tribune Association), on account of its more general application, no less than of its thoroughness, condensation, and entire reliability, is destined to still wider popularity and usefulness.

We understand that Prof. Dana is not the author of the Introduction to Molloy's work on *Geology and Revelation*. The title-page seems at first to imply that he is so, but it was not intended to convey this idea. Mr. Dana is author only of the Appendix to the volume.

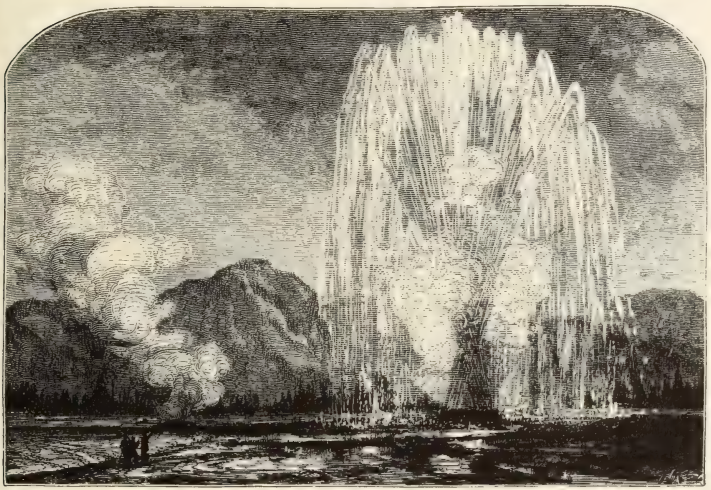


"FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS!"

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II. JUNE, 1871. NO. 2.

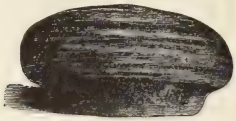
THE WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.



THE FAN GEYSER.

SECOND ARTICLE.

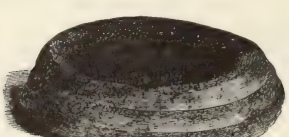
THE writer, in company with General Washburn, rode back three miles the next morning to resurvey Crater Hill and the springs in its vicinity. The large sulphur spring was overflowing, and boiling with greater fury than on the previous visit, the water occasionally leaping ten feet high. On our return we followed the trail of the train, fording the river a short distance above the camp. Here we found the first evidence, since leaving Boteler's, that the country had been long ago visited by trappers and hunters. It was a bank of earth two feet high, presenting an angle to the river ingeniously concealed by interwoven willows, thus forming a rifle-pit from which the occupant, without discovery, could bring down geese, ducks, swans, pelicans, and the numerous furred animals with which the river abounds. Near by we stopped a moment to examine another spring of boiling mud, and then pursued our route over hills covered with artemisia (sage brush), through ravines and small meadows, into a dense forest of pines filled with prostrate trunks which had piled upon each other for years to the height of many feet. Our passage of two miles through this forest to the bank of the lake, unmarked by any trail, was accomplished with great difficulty, but the view which greeted us at its close was amply compensatory. There lay the silvery bosom of the lake, reflecting the beams of the setting sun, and stretching away for miles, until lost in the dark foliage of the interminable wilderness of pines surrounding it. Secluded amid the



SLATE FORMATION.—THE DOOR-KNOB.

loftiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, 8,337 feet above the level of the ocean, possessing strange peculiarities of form and beauty, this watery solitude is one of the most attractive natural objects in the world. Its southern shore, indented with long narrow inlets, not unlike the frequent fiords of Iceland, bears testimony to the awful upheaval and tremendous force of the elements which resulted in its creation. The long pine-crowned promontories, stretching into it from the base of the hills, lend new and charming features to an aquatic scene full of novelty and splendor. Islands of emerald hue dot its surface, and a margin of sparkling sand forms its jeweled setting. The winds, compressed in their passage through the mountain gorges, lash it into a sea as terrible as the fretted ocean, covering it with foam. But now it lay before us calm and unruffled, save by the gentle wavelets which broke in murmurs along the shore. Water, one of the grandest elements of scenery, never seemed so beautiful before. It formed a fitting climax to all the wonders we had seen, and we gazed upon it for hours, entranced with its increasing attractions.

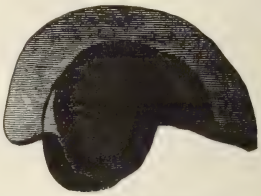
This lake is about twenty-five miles long and seventy-five or eighty in circumference. Doubtless it was once the mighty crater of an immense volcano. It is filled with trout, some of gigantic size and peculiar delicacy. Waterfowl, in great variety, dot in flocks its mirrored surface. The forests surrounding it are filled with deer, elk, mountain sheep, and lesser game; and in the mountain fastnesses the terrible grizzly and formidable amiss make their lairs.



SLATE FORMATION.—DRINKING-CUP.

In form, it was by one of our party not inaptly compared to a "human hand with the fingers extended and spread apart as much as possible. The main portion of the lake is the northern, which would represent the palm of the hand. There is a large southwest bay, nearly cut off, that would represent the thumb, while there are about the same number of narrow southern inlets as there are fingers on the hand." Enclosing this watery palm, is a dense forest of pines, until now untraversed by man. It was filled with trunks of trees in various stages of decay, which had been prostrated by the mountain blasts, rendering it almost impassable; but as the beach of the lake was in many places impracticable, there was no alternative but to recede altogether or work our way through it.

Our course for the first six miles lay along the beach, passing a number of hot sulphur



SLATE FORMATION.

springs and lukewarm ponds. Three steam jets, from incrusted apertures, discharged with a hissing noise resembling the sound of steam escaping from an engine. The water of the lake was thoroughly impregnated with sulphur, and the edges, at a distance of twenty to fifty feet from the beach, bubbled with springs, which, like those on the bank, discharged through pipes of silicious sinter. These pipes, though completely submerged, were intensely hot, while the water of the lake was too cold for a pleasant bath.

At one point along the shore are scattered curiously wrought objects of slate, varying in size from a gold dollar to a locomotive. We gathered specimens of cups which had been hollowed out by the elements—discs, long pestles, resemblances to legs and feet, and many other objects which nature in her most capricious mood had scattered over this watery solitude. So strikingly similar were many of

these configurations to works of art, that a fanciful old trapper who had seen them told us that we would find on the borders of the lake the drinking-cups, stone war-clubs, and remains of the idols of an extinct race which had once dwelt there. These were doubtless the joint production of fire and water,—the former roughly fashioning, and the latter beautifully polishing and depositing them where they could be easily obtained. We gave to this locality the name of "Curiosity Point," and added to our collection a number of specimens from its ample store.

Ascending the plateau from the beach, we became at once involved in all the intricacies of a primeval wilderness of pines. Difficulties increased with our progress through it, severely trying the amiability of every member of the company. Our pack-horses would frequently get wedged between the trees or caught in the traps of a net-work of fallen trunks from which labor, patience, and ingenuity were severely taxed to extricate them. The ludicrous sometimes came to our relief, proving that there was nothing so effectual in allaying excitement as hearty laughter. We had a remarkable pony in our pack-train, which, from the moment we entered the forest, by his numerous acrobatic performances and mishaps, furnished amusement for the company. One part of the process of travel through this forest could only be accomplished by leaping over the fallen trunks, an exploit which, with all the spirit needful for the purpose, our little broncho lacked the power always to perform. As a consequence, he was frequently found with the feat half accomplished, resting upon the midriff, his fore and hind feet suspended over the opposite sides of some huge log. His ambition to excel was only equaled by the patience he exhibited in difficulty. On one occasion, while clambering a steep rocky ascent, his head overtopping his haunches, he literally performed



THE STOCKING.



"LITTLE INVULNERABLE" IN A FIX.

three of the most wonderful backward head-springs ever recorded in equine history. A continued experience of this kind, after three weeks' toilsome travel, found him as sound as on the day of its commencement, and we dubbed him the "Little Invulnerable."

After fifteen miles of unvarying toil we emerged from the forest to the pebbly beach of the lake. Here we found carnelians, agates, and chalcedony in abundance. The lake was rolling tumultuously, its crested waves rising at least four feet high. The scene was very beautiful and exhilarating.

Our route the next day was divided between the beach of the lake and the forest, and so much impeded by fallen timber that we traveled but ten miles. Part of this distance was along the base of a brimstone basin which stretched from the lake to a semicircular range of mountains. In company with Lieutenant Doane the writer ascended this range, traversing its slopes a distance of three or four miles, and found it covered half way to the summit with a mixture of carbonate of lime and flowers of sulphur. Exhalations, issuing from all parts of the surface, impregnated the atmosphere with strong sulphurous

odors. Small rivulets of warm water, holding sulphur in solution, coursed their way down the mountain, uniting at its foot in a considerable stream. The surface over which we rode was strongly incrusted, and sounded hollow beneath the tread of our horses. It was filled with vents and fissures, surrounded with sulphur deposits nearly washed away. This mountain exhibited the same general phenomena as Crater Hill, though not in an equal state of activity.

Our course during the two following days was nearly southeast, on a line parallel with the Wind River Mountains—that remarkable range which forms so conspicuous a feature in Mr. Irving's *Astoria* and *Bonneville's Adventures*. The faint outline of their distant peaks had been visible on the northeastern horizon for several days. On our right, seventy-five miles distant, were the towering summits of the three Tetons, the great landmarks of the Snake River valley. The close of the day, on Sept. 6th, found us near the southeastern arm of the lake, into which a large river flows. The ground was low and marshy, and being unable to find a fording-place, we were compelled to make our camp at the base of a range of bluffs half a mile away. During the night we were startled by the shrill and almost human scream of an amiss or mountain lion, which sounded uncomfortably near. This terrible animal is much larger than the panther of the eastern forests, but greatly resembles it in shape, color, and ferocity. It is the terror of mountaineers, and furnishes them with the staple for many tales full of daring exploits.

Early the next morning our commander and several others left camp in search of a ford, while the writer and Lieutenant Doane started in the direction of a lofty mountain, from the summit of which we expected to obtain a satisfactory observation of the southern shore of the lake. At the expiration of two hours we reached a point in the ascent too precipitous for further equestrian travel. Dismounting, we led our horses for an hour longer up the steep side of the mountain, pausing every few moments to take breath, until we arrived at the line of perpetual snow. Here we unsaddled and hitched our horses, and climbed the apex to its summit, passing over a mass of congealed snow more than thirty feet in thickness. The ascent occupied four hours. We were more than 600 feet above the snow line, and by barometric calculation 11,350 feet above the ocean level.

The grandeur and vast extent of the view from this elevation beggar description. The lake and valley surrounding it lay seemingly at our feet within jumping distance. Beyond them we saw with great distinctness the jets of the mud volcano and geyser. But beyond all these, stretching away into a horizon of cloud-defined mountains, was the entire Wind River range, revealing in the sunlight the dark recesses, gloomy cañons, stupendous precipices, and glancing pinnacles, which everywhere dotted its jagged slopes. Lofty peaks shot up in gigantic spires from the main body of the range, glittering in the sunbeams like solid crystal. The mountain on which we stood was the most westerly peak of a range which, in long-extended volume, swept to the southeastern horizon, exhibiting a continuous elevation more than thirty miles in width; its central line broken into countless points, knobs, glens, and defiles, all on the most colossal scale of grandeur and magnificence. Outside of these, on either border, along the entire range, lofty peaks rose at intervals, seemingly vying with each other in the varied splendors they presented to the beholder. The scene was full of majesty. The valley at the base of this range was dotted with small lakes and cloven centrally by the river, which, in the far distance, we could see emerging from a cañon of immense dimensions, within the shade of which two enormous jets of steam shot to an incredible height into the atmosphere.

This range of mountains has a marvelous history. As it is the loftiest, so it is the most remarkable lateral ridge of the Rocky Range. The Indians regard it as the "crest of the world," and among the Blackfeet there is a fable that he who attains its summit catches a view of the land of souls, and beholds the happy hunting-grounds spread out below him, brightening with the abodes of the free and generous spirits.

In the expedition sent across the continent by Mr. Astor, in 1811, under command of

Captain Wilson P. Hunt, that gentleman met with the first serious obstacle to his progress at the base of this range. After numerous efforts to scale it, he turned away and followed the valley of the Snake, encountering the most discouraging disasters until he arrived at Astoria.

Later, in 1833, the indomitable Captain Bonneville was lost in this mountain labyrinth, and, after devising various modes of escape, finally determined to ascend the range. Selecting one of the highest peaks, in company with one of his men, Mr. Irving says: "After much toil he reached the summit of a lofty cliff, but it was only to behold gigantic peaks rising all around, and towering far into the snowy regions of the atmosphere. He soon found that he had undertaken a tremendous task; but the pride of man is never more obstinate than when climbing mountains. The ascent was so steep and rugged that he and his companions were frequently obliged to clamber on hands and knees, with their guns slung upon their backs. Frequently, exhausted with fatigue and dripping with perspiration, they threw themselves upon the snow, and took handfuls of it to allay their parching thirst. At one place they even stripped off their coats and hung them upon the bushes, and thus lightly clad proceeded to scramble over these eternal snows. As they ascended still higher, there were cool breezes that refreshed and braced them, and springing with new ardor to their task, they at length attained the summit."

As late as 1860, Captain Raynolds, the commander of the expedition sent by Government to explore the Yellowstone, from his camp at the base of this formidable range writes: "To our front and upon the right, the mountains towered above us to the height of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet in the shape of bold, craggy peaks of basaltic formation, their summits crowned with glistening snow. It was my original desire to go from the head of Wind River to the head of the Yellowstone, keeping on the Atlantic slope, thence down the Yellowstone, passing the lake, and across by the Gallatin to the Three Forks of the Missouri. Bridger said at the outset that this would be impossible, and that it would be necessary to pass over to the head-waters of the Columbia, and back again to the Yellowstone. I had not previously believed that crossing the main crest twice would be more easily accomplished than the transit over what was in effect only a spur, but the view from our present camp (head of Wind River) settled the question adversely to my opinion at once. Directly across our route lies a basaltic ridge, rising not less than 5,000 feet above us, its walls apparently vertical, with no visible pass or even cañon. On the opposite side of this are the head-waters of the Yellowstone."

We were an hour and a half making the descent of the mountain. At its base we struck the trail of our pack-train, which we followed to a point where the direction it had taken would have been lost, but for the foresight of one of our companions, who had formed a tripod of poles, one of which, longer than the others, pointed to the right. Obeying this Indian indication, we descended the bank and crossed the bottom to the river, fording which we followed the trail through a beautiful pine forest, free from undergrowth and other obstructions, the distance of a mile. Here night overtook us, and mistaking for the trail a dark serpentine line, we soon found ourselves clambering up the side of a steep mountain. The conviction that we were following a band of Indians, and possibly were near their lodges, suggested no pleasant reflections. Alighting from our horses, we built a fire upon the track, and, carefully examining it, could not find the impression of a single horseshoe. Further investigation revealed the fact that we had been for some time pursuing the path worn by a gang of elk that had crossed the trail of the pack-train since the twilight set in.

A night on the mountain, without supper or blankets, was not to be endured. We retraced our route to the base of the mountain, and struck out boldly in the darkness for the beach of the lake, where we supposed our party had camped. Our ride through fallen timber and morass until we reached the shore was performed more skillfully than if we had seen the obstacles which lay in our path. We reached the lake in safety, and after a ride of

two miles on the smooth beach rounded a point from which we saw the welcome watch-fire of our company. A loud halloo was responded to by a dozen sympathetic voices, showing that our anxiety had been shared by our companions. Our camp was on the eastern inlet of the south shore of the lake, distant but four miles from the camp of the preceding night.

Thirteen miles of toilsome travel, zigzagged into only seven of progress, found us encamped, at the close of the next day, two miles from the mouth of a small stream flowing into the lake. Our party was separated nearly all day, searching for routes. Two members, after suffering all the early sensations incident to a conviction of being lost in the wilderness, came into camp at a late hour, full of glee at their good fortune. At one of their halts, after they had dismounted to reconnoiter, a huge grizzly jumped at one of them from the bushes, frightening his horse so that he broke his bridle and ran away. They caught him with difficulty. Our commander and Mr. Hauser, in company, while seeking a route for future travel, came suddenly upon a female grizzly and two cubs, about half a mile from camp. On their return, six of the party started in pursuit, but Madame Bruin, meanwhile, had made good her retreat.

Our journey of five miles, the next day, was accomplished with great difficulty and annoyance. Almost the entire distance was through a forest piled full of fallen trunks. Traveling was but another name for scrambling; and as man is at times the least amiable of animals, our tempers frequently displayed alarming activity, not only towards the patient creatures laden with our stores, but towards each other. Once, while involved in the reticulated meshes of a vast net of branches and tree-tops, each man, with varied expletive emphasis, clamorously insisting upon a particular mode of extrication, a member of the party, who was always jolly, restored us to instant good-humor by repeating, in theatrical tone and manner, those beautiful lines from Childe Harold :—

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore."

Our "Little Invulnerable," too, was the unconscious cause of many bursts of laughter, which, like the appreciative plaudits of an audience, came in at the right time. We were glad, however, at an early hour in the afternoon, to pitch our tent on one of the small tributaries of Snake River—three miles distant from the lake. In the search made by every member of the party for routes, our company was unavoidably much scattered. Our first care being for the pack-train, when it came up we missed therefrom the little animal whose frequent mishaps had been to us all a source of so much amusement. An instant search was instituted, and at a late hour we found him three miles from camp. He saluted us with a low neigh, and with hurried pace soon rejoined his companions. One of our comrades (the Hon. Truman C. Everts, late U. S. Assessor of Montana) had failed to come up with the rest of the company; but as this was a common circumstance, we gave it little heed until the lateness of the hour convinced us he had lost his way. We increased our fire and fired our guns, as signals; but all to no purpose. It had been a sort of tacit agreement among us only the night before, that should any one get parted from the company, he would at once go to the south-west arm of the lake (that being our objective point) and await there the arrival of the train. The belief that we should find our companion there, hastened us into the commission of an error, which was designed by all as a measure of speedy relief. If we had not continued our journey with all possible expedition towards the point indicated, Mr. Everts would probably have rejoined us within three or four days, as he has informed us since that he visited our camp, but the falling foliage of the pines had entirely obliterated our departing trail.

The narrative of this gentleman, of thirty-seven days spent in this terrible wilderness, will furnish a chapter in the history of human endurance, exposure, and escape as incredible as it must be painfully instructive and entertaining.

Seven miles of struggling took us through the timber to another inlet, five miles farther on our way. No sign of our missing comrade. We built a large fire on a commanding ridge,

and ascended a mountain overlooking the north and west shores of the lake, where we kindled another fire, which could be seen at a great distance. Eight hundred feet above Yellowstone Lake, nestled in a dark mountain glen, we found two small lakes, completely environed with frightful masses of basalt and brown lava, seemingly thrown up and scattered by some terrible convulsion. Two of our company took the backward trail at night, searching for Mr. Everts; and our anxieties were greatly increased lest they too should meet with some disaster.

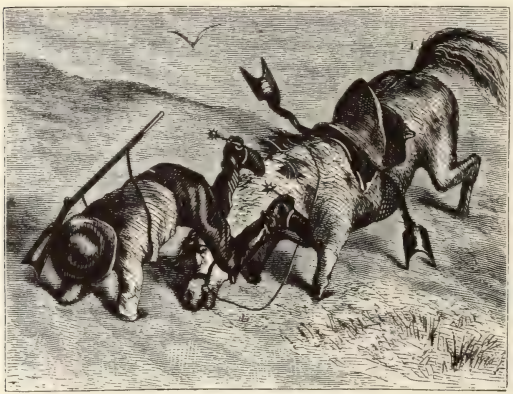


ON GUARD ON YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

We rose early the next morning, after passing a sleepless night. While at breakfast, our two companions came in. They had followed the beach to a point east of our camp of two days before, and found no trace of Mr. Everts. More than ever assured that we should find him at the west arm of the lake, we struck out for that point,—three of our party, Mr. Hauser, Lieut. Doane, and myself, in advance, to explore a route for the train and make all possible search by the way. We posted notices on the trees to indicate the route we had taken, and made caches of provisions at several points. Late in the afternoon, at the close of a fatiguing day's travel, mostly through forest, we arrived at our objective point, and were greatly distressed to find there no trace of our lost friend. While gathered around our camp-fire in the evening, devising a plan for more systematic search, our ears were saluted with a screech so terribly human, that, for a moment supposing it to be our missing comrade, we hallooed in response, and would have started to his relief but that a minatory growl warned us of the near approach of a mountain lion.

Three parties, of two each, struck out the next morning in different directions, in pursuit of our companion. One followed the lake shore; one the back trail through the forest; and the third, southerly from the lake to a large brown mountain. The party following the lake shore returned to camp early in the afternoon, with the report that they had seen Indians. The story of their adventures, written by one of them, runs thus: "He and his companion having penetrated several miles through the inhospitable wilds of that region, dismounted and unsaddled their horses. Mr. T. commenced to fish, and prepare them a little dinner, while Mr. S. went ahead with his gun, to continue the search on foot. The former had just caught four fishes, and kindled a fire, when the latter returned in some haste, but perfectly cool and self-possessed, and stated that there were six Indians on a point jutting out into the lake, about a mile distant. They concluded that neither had a mouth for fish, which they left sweltering in the noon-day sun, and, saddling their horses, they advanced towards the foe. Mr. S. saw them distinctly; but Mr. T. could not, probably because he was somewhat near-sighted. Finally, the former gentleman saw them flitting, phantom-like, among the rocks and trees, at which juncture the party retired to camp in platoons, and in good order, at the rate of a mile in every three minutes." This tribe of Indians, being one of the curiosities of the expedition, and hitherto unknown, was named after the person who discovered it.

Both of the other parties returned, after a



BREAKING THROUGH.

fruitless search. In their trip to the brown mountain, the two who went south crossed the main range of the Rocky Mountains through a very low pass, which on the western side terminated in a brimstone basin containing forty or fifty sulphur and mud springs, and a large number of craters, from which issued jets of vapor. This slope of the mountain was covered with a hollow incrustation through which the water from the springs, percolating in different channels, had spread out over the little patches of soil with which they came in contact, covering them with bright green verdure. In crossing one of these the horse of one of the party broke through to his haunches, and being extricated, he plunged more deeply into another trap, throwing headlong his rider, whose arm as he fell was thrust violently through the treacherous surface into the scalding morass, from complete submersion in which both man and beast were with great difficulty saved.

At the base of the brown mountain the party saw a lake of considerable size, which they believed to be the head-waters of Snake River—the Lewis fork of the Columbia. They could not approach it nearer than a mile, on account of the treacherous character of the soil.

The other party were absent two days. They had visited all the camps of the six preceding days, following the trail between them, mostly obliterated by the falling foliage of the pines, with great difficulty, but without discovering the slightest indication that Mr. Everts had come upon it. On full consultation we came to the conclusion that he had either been shot from his horse by an Indian, or had returned down the Yellowstone, or struck out upon some of the head-waters of Snake River, with the intention of following it to the settlements. It was agreed that we should pursue the search three days longer from this point before renewing our journey. Snow began to fall early in the evening. Through the hazy atmosphere we beheld, on the shore of the inlet opposite our camp, the steam ascending in jets from more than fifty craters, giving it much the appearance of a New England factory village.

Snow continued to fall all night and the next day, and we made our camp as comfortable as possible. At night the snow was more than two feet deep. It turned to rain the following morning. Showers, alternated with sunshine through the day, removed the snow rapidly. We were now so completely environed by forest, and so far away from any recognized trail, that all our fear of molestation by Indians, or of danger from any other cause, was thoroughly dissipated. With true Falstaffian philosophy we felt that we could take our ease in our inn, and the figure one of us presented has been graphically delineated by our artist upon the spot.

We made a circuit round the head of the inlet to the springs we had seen, the next day. They were widely different from any we had visited before. In all they numbered 150, and were scattered along the lake shore about a mile, at a distance of 100 yards from the beach. Those farthest inland resembled boiling mud of various degrees of consistency, some not thicker than paint, others so dense that as they boiled over, the contents piled into heaps,

which gradually spread over the ground, forming an extensive vitrified surface. This sediment varies in color—that flowing from some of the apertures being white as chalk, that from others of a delicate lavender hue, and from others, of a brilliant pink color. The following are the results of analyses of the various specimens which we gathered, by Professor Augustus Steitz, of Montana:—

White sediment.		Lavender sediment.		Pink sediment	
Silica	42.2	Silica	28.2	Silica	32.6
Magnesia	33.4	Alumina	58.6	Alumina	52.4
Lime	17.8	Boracic acid	3.2	Oxide of calcium	8.3
Alkalies	6.6	Oxide of iron	0.6	Soda and potassa	4.2
		Oxide of calcium	4.2	Water and loss	2.5
		Water and loss	5.2		
	100		100		100

In close proximity to these springs are others of pure, odorless water. Near the shore were several boiling springs, around which the sedimentary increment had formed into mounds of various sizes and heights. The deposit around one of these springs resembles a miniature forest of pines.

The most remarkable springs in this group, six or seven in number, are of pure ultramarine hue—very large, and wonderfully transparent. The largest is forty feet wide by seventy feet long. The sides are funnel-shaped, converging regularly to the depth of forty feet, where they present a dark and apparently unfathomable chasm. From the surface to this opening the sides of the funnel are furrowed and sinuous, coated with a white sediment, which contrasts vividly with the dark orifice at its base.

This group of springs exhibit in their deposits a great variety of shades and colors—no two of them being alike. Their constant overflow has fashioned a concrete bank of commingled tufa, eight feet in height and a quarter of a mile in length, on the margin of the lake. The waves have worn this bank into large caverns, which respond in hollow murmurs to their fierce assaults. Between the springs are numerous vents and craters, from which heated vapor is constantly rising. Along the edge of the water, and ten or twenty feet from shore, many springs are bubbling, none of which seem to be strongly impregnated with sulphur. The beach, for a mile or more, is strewn with fragments of sinter of various colors, which have been worn by the waves into many fantastic forms.

The five days during which we camped at this locality were occupied by every possible effort to find our missing friend, but the



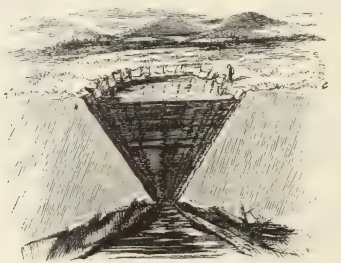
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GEYSER BASIN.



THE "FACTORY VILLAGE."

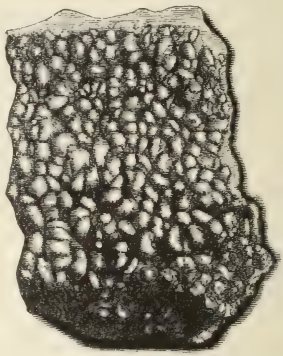
labors of each day only served to increase our fears for his safety. One hope, that of meeting him at Virginia City, was still indulged; but opposed to this were many painful conjectures as to his possible fate—not the least prevalent of which was the one that he might have been shot from an ambush by an Indian arrow. Our provisions were rapidly diminishing, and our longer stay gave promise of unfavorable results. The force of circumstances obliged us to adopt the gloomy alternative of moving forward the next day, leaving one of our own party and two of the cavalrymen to prosecute a further search.

The loss of our comrade and friend was to us all a source of much unhappy reflection, and the hope of finding him so entirely absorbed our attention that we had little curiosity to examine, and so escaped very many of the wonders of this region, which we should otherwise have seen. In our constant passing to and fro in different directions through the forest, along the lake, and over the surrounding mountains, we had glances of objects which, had we been free from a heavy charge, it would have been pleasant to visit and describe. These, however, are reserved for future investigation.



SECTION OF LARGE SPRING.

The plan of our route led us in a northwesterly direction from the lake towards the head-waters of the Madison. We traveled through a dense pine forest, unmarked by trails and encumbered by fallen timber for most of the distance. The close of the first day's travel found us only twelve miles from the lake, still in the midst of the deep snow, with no place to pitch our tent, and each man seeking, unsuccessfully, a dry spot whereon to spread his blankets, under the shelter of the trees. The next day we reached the east bank of the Fire Hole River, the largest tributary of the Madison, down which we traveled, passing several cascades, many craters and boiling springs, to a large basin, two miles above the point of the union of the Fire Hole and Burnt Hole Rivers.



SILICIOUS STALAGMITE.

We bade adieu to Yellowstone Lake, surfeited with the wonders we had seen, and in the belief that the interesting portion of our journey was over. The desire for home had superseded all thought of further exploration. We had seen the greatest wonders on the continent, and were convinced that there was not on the globe another region where, within the same limits, nature had crowded so much of grandeur and majesty, with so much of novelty and wonder. Our only care was to return home as rapidly as possible. Three days of active travel from the head-waters of the Madison, would find us among the settlers in the beautiful lower valley of that



SILICIOUS SINTER. SPECIMEN 1.

picturesque river, and within twelve miles of Virginia City, where we hoped to meet with Mr. Everts, and realize afresh that "all is well that ends well."

Judge, then, what must have been our astonishment, as we entered the basin at mid-afternoon of our second day's travel, to see in the clear sunlight, at no great distance, an immense volume of clear, sparkling water projected into the air to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. "Geysers! geysers!" exclaimed one of our company, and, spurring our jaded horses, we soon gathered around this wonderful phenomenon. It was indeed a perfect geyser. The aperture through which the jet was projected was an irregular oval, three feet by seven in diameter. The margin of sinter was curiously piled up, and the exterior crust was filled with little hollows full of water, in which were small globules of sediment, some having gathered around bits of wood and other nuclei. This geyser is elevated thirty feet above the level of the surrounding plain, and the crater rises five or six feet above the mound. It spouted at regular intervals nine times during our stay, the columns of boiling water being thrown from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five feet at each discharge, which lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. We gave it the name of "Old Faithful."

In our journey down the valley, looking down through a crevice in the crust upon which we were traveling, we discovered a stream of hot water of considerable size, running nearly at right angles with and away from the Fire Hole River.

On the summit of a cone, twenty feet high, was a boiling spring, seven feet in diameter, surrounded with beautiful incrustations, on the slope of which we gathered twigs and pine-tree cones, encased in a silicious crust a quarter of an inch in thickness. But all of the curiosities of this basin sink into insignificance in comparison with the geysers. We saw, during our brief stay of but twenty-two hours, twelve in action. Six of these, from vents varying from three to five feet in diameter, threw water to the height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, but in the presence of others of immense dimensions these soon



SILICIOUS SINTER. SPECIMEN 2.

ceased to attract attention. One, which we named "The Fan," has an orifice which discharges two radiating jets of water to the height of sixty feet, the falling drops and spray resembling a feather fan. It is very beautiful. Its eruptions are very frequent, lasting usually from ten to thirty minutes. A vent connected



SILICIOUS SINTER. SPECIMEN 3.

with it, about forty feet distant, expels dense masses of vapor fifty or sixty feet high, accompanied by loud, sharp reports, during the time the geyser is in action.

"The Grotto" was so named from its singular crater of vitrified sinter, full of large, sinuous apertures. Through one of these, on our first visit, one of our company crawled to the discharging orifice; and when, a few hours afterwards, he saw a volume of boiling water, four feet in diameter, shooting through it to the height of sixty feet, and a scalding stream of two hundred inches flowing from the aperture he had entered a short time before, he concluded he had narrowly escaped being summarily cooked. The discharge of this geyser continued for nearly half an hour.

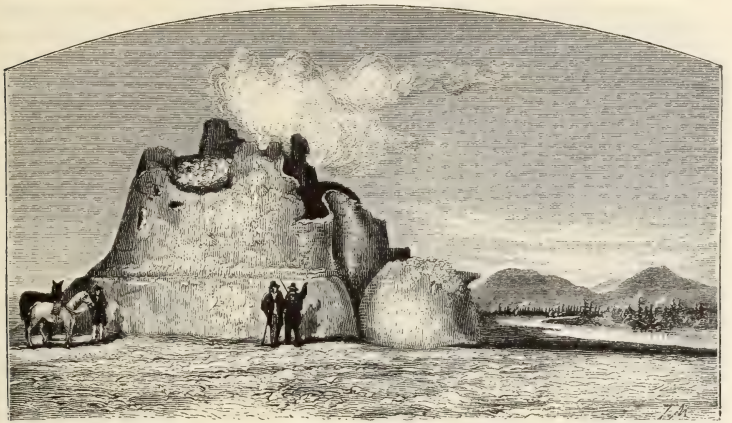
"The Castle," situated on the summit of an incrusted mound, has a turreted crater through which a large volume of water is expelled at intervals of two or three hours to the height of fifty feet, from a discharging orifice about three feet in diameter. The architectural features of the silicious sinter surrounding it, which is very massive and compact, indicating that at some former period the flow of water must have been much greater than at present, suggested its name. A vent near it is constantly discharging a large stream of boiling water, and when the geyser is in action the water in this vent boils and bubbles with great fierceness.

"The Giant" has a rugged crater, ten feet in diameter on the outside, with an irregular orifice five or six feet in diameter. It discharges a vast body of water, and the only time we saw it in eruption the flow of water in a column five feet in diameter, and one hundred and forty feet in vertical height, continued uninterruptedly for nearly three hours. The crater resembles a miniature model of the Coliseum.

Our search for new wonders leading us across the Fire Hole River, we ascended a gentle incrusted slope, and came suddenly upon a large oval aperture with scalloped edges, the diameters of which were eighteen and twenty-five feet, the sides corrugated and covered with a grayish-white silicious deposit, which was distinctly visible at the depth of one hundred feet below the surface. No water could be discovered, but we could distinctly hear it gurgling and boiling at a great distance below. Suddenly it began to rise, boiling and spluttering, and sending out huge masses of steam, causing a general stampede of our company, driving us some distance from our point of observation. When within about forty feet



THE GROTTO GEYSER.



CRATER OF THE CASTLE GEYSER.

of the surface it became stationary, and we returned to look down upon it. It was foaming and surging at a terrible rate, occasionally emitting small jets of hot water nearly to the mouth of the orifice. All at once it seemed seized with a fearful spasm, and rose with incredible rapidity, hardly affording us time to flee to a safe distance, when it burst from the orifice with terrific momentum, rising in a column the full size of this immense aperture to the height of sixty feet; and through and out of the apex of this vast aqueous mass, five or six lesser jets or round columns of water, varying in size from six to fifteen inches in diameter, were projected to the marvellous height of two hundred and fifty feet. These lesser jets, so much higher than the main column, and shooting through it, doubtless proceed from auxiliary pipes leading into the principal orifice near the bottom, where the explosive force is greater. If the theory that water by constant boiling becomes explosive when freed from air be true, this theory rationally accounts for all irregularities in the eruptions of the geysers.

This grand eruption continued for twenty minutes, and was the most magnificent sight we ever witnessed. We were standing on the side of the geyser nearest the sun, the gleams of which filled the sparkling column of water and spray with myriads of rainbows, whose arches were constantly changing,—dipping and fluttering hither and thither, and disappearing only to be succeeded by others, again and again, amid the aqueous column, while the minute globules into which the spent jets were diffused when falling sparkled like a shower of diamonds, and around every shadow which the denser clouds of vapor, interrupting the sun's rays, cast upon the column, could be seen a luminous circle radiant with all the colors of the prism, and resembling the halo of glory represented in paintings as encircling the head of Divinity. All that we had previously witnessed seemed tame in comparison with the perfect grandeur and beauty of this display. Two of these wonderful eruptions occurred during the twenty-two hours we remained in the valley. This geyser we named "The Giantess."

A hundred yards distant from The Giantess was a silicious cone, very symmetrical but slightly corrugated upon its exterior surface, three feet in height and five feet in diameter at its base, and having an oval orifice twenty-four by thirty-six and one-half inches in diameter, with scalloped edges. Not one of our company supposed that it was a geyser; and among so many wonders it had almost escaped notice. While we were at breakfast upon the morning of our departure a column of water, entirely filling the crater, shot from it, which,



CRATER OF THE GIANT GEYSER.

springs, of which we discovered so many in the valley of the Yellowstone; and we found but one spring of cold water.

This entire country is seemingly under a constant and active internal pressure from volcanic forces, which seek relief through the numberless springs, jets, vol-

by accurate triangular measurement, we found to be two hundred and nineteen feet in height. The stream did not deflect more than four or five degrees from a vertical line, and the eruption lasted eighteen minutes. We named it "The Beehive."

How many more geysers there are in this locality it would be impossible to conjecture. Our waning stores admonished us of the necessity for a hurried departure, and we reluctantly left this remarkable region less than half explored. In this basin, which is about two miles in length and one mile in width, more than a thousand pipes or wells rise to the surface, varying in diameter from two to one hundred and twenty feet, the water in which varies in temperature from 140° to the boiling-point, upwards of a hundred of which give evidence, by the calcareous and silicious deposits surrounding them, that they are geysers; and to all appearances they are as likely to be as any we saw in action.

The sides of these wells were covered with silicious incrustations, and were funnel-shaped; and in many of the larger ones gradually converged for a distance of from twenty to fifty feet from the edge, below which point the apertures enlarged laterally in all directions like a jug below the neck, and were apparently unfathomable. None of the springs in this locality appear to be impregnated with sulphur. In this basin there are to be found no mud canoes, and geysers exhibited on its surface, and which, but for these vents, might burst forth in one terrific eruption and form a volcano of vast dimensions. It is undoubtedly true that many of the objects we saw were of recent formation, and that many of the extinguished craters recently ceased their condition of activity. They are constantly breaking forth, often assuming new forms, and attesting to the active presence of volcanic force.

A mountaineer, who visited a portion of this region a year ago, found at one place a small volcano which was constantly overflowing with liquid sulphur and lava, and emitting smoke; showing that the genuine volcanic elements were there, and needed but the concentration of the forces now dissipated through thousands of vents to present a spectacle of grandeur surpassing that of Vesuvius or Ætna.

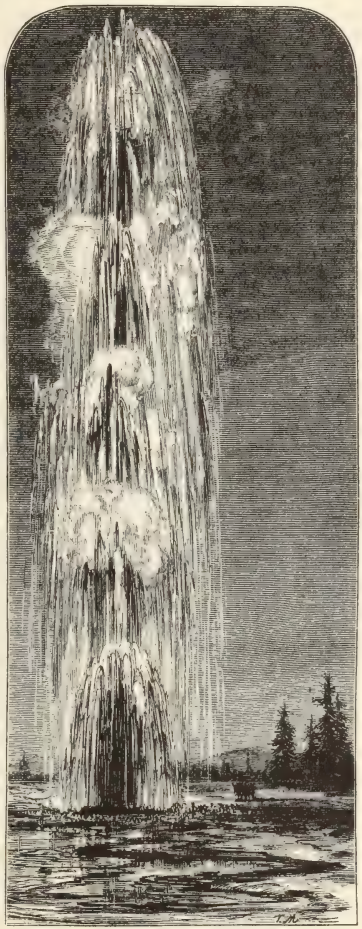


THE BEEHIVE.

The geyser is a new and, perhaps, the most remarkable feature in our scenery and physical history. It is found in no other countries but Iceland and Thibet. The geysers of the country last named are inconsiderable when compared with either those of Iceland, or the Fire Hole or Madison Basin; and those of Iceland, even, dwindle into insignificance by the side of those of the Madison. Until the discovery of the Madison geysers there were but two of any note known to the world—the Great Geyser and the Strokr of Iceland. The phenomena presented by these have been sufficient at various periods during the past century to invite the personal investigation of some of the most distinguished of European savans. Von Troil, Stanley, Ohlsen, Hooker, MacKensie, and, at a later day, Bunsen, have visited Iceland for the purpose of witnessing these aqueous eruptions, and forming some satisfactory conclusion relative to the causes in which they originate.

The theory published by Sir George MacKenzie, that the outbursts were produced by pressure on the air contained in cavernous recesses under ground, for many years received the sanction of the scientific world. The periods intervening between the eruptions of the Great Geyser of Iceland have been very irregular until within the past forty or fifty years, since when it has generally projected a small jet to the height of twenty feet every two hours, and a large one to the height of eighty feet every six hours. MacKenzie's theory was that there were two subterranean cavities connected with the main pipe, one much deeper and larger than the other, which rapidly filled with water after each eruption, and that the pressure of the vapors upon them produced these periodic explosions.

Ingenious as this theory appeared to be, it was dissipated by the experiments made upon water by M. Donny, of Ghent. He discovered that water long boiled became more and more free from air, by which its molecular cohesion is so greatly increased, and that, when it is exposed to a heat sufficient to overcome the force of cohesion, the production of steam is so instantaneous and so considerable as to cause explosion. Bunsen ascribes the eruption of the geysers to this cause. He found



THE GIANTESS.

the water at the bottom of the well of the Great Geyser to be of a constantly increasing temperature up to the moment of an eruption. On one occasion it was as high as 261° Fahrenheit. His idea is that on reaching some unknown point above that temperature ebullition takes place, vapor is suddenly generated in enormous quantities, and an eruption of

the superior column of water is the consequence. The geysers of the Madison exhibit precisely the same physical features, and, doubtless, originate in the same causes. They are surrounded too, as are those of Iceland, by innumerable springs of hot water. The bursting of a column into millions of particles resembles an explosion more than a mere eruption; and the vast clouds of vapor which enshroud them and mingle with them in their ascent sometimes give an appearance of bulk to the upper part of the columns much greater than their real magnitude.

The water of the Madison geysers, like that of the geysers of Iceland, appears perfectly pure, and, doubtless, could be used for cooking or drinking. We had not the means of analyzing it on the spot. The sinter was both carboniferous and silicious, the latter characteristic predominating, but both prevailing sufficiently to have produced large incrusted mounds, and numerous illustrations of petrifaction in various stages of progress. All this, where such immense volumes of water are being constantly ejected, could be effected with a moderate infusion of silica or soda. Dr. Black gives the following result of an analysis of a quantity of 10,000 grains (about one-sixth of a gallon) of water from the Great Geyser of Iceland:—

Soda	0.95
Alumina	0.48
Silica	5.40
Muriate of soda	2.46
Dry sulphate of soda	1.46
Total	10.75

That the same elements are held in solution in the waters of the Madison geysers, we have abundant proof in the vast incrusted field by which they are surrounded. They are but a reproduction, upon a much grander scale, of the phenomena of Iceland.

A wider field for the investigation of the chemist than that presented by the geysers may be found in the many-tinted springs of boiling mud and the mud volcano. These were objects of the greatest interest to Humboldt, who devotes to a description of them one of the most fascinating chapters of Cosmos. It would be rash in us to speculate where that great man hesitated. We can only say that the field is open for exploration—illimitable in resource, grand in extent, wonderful in variety, in a climate favored of Heaven, and amid scenery the most stupendous on the continent.

By means of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which will doubtless be completed within the next three years, the traveler will be able to make the trip to Montana from the Atlantic seaboard in three days, and thousands of tourists will be attracted to both Montana and Wyoming in order to behold with their own eyes the wonders here described. Besides these marvels of the Upper Yellowstone, one may look upon the strange scenery of the lower valley of that great river, the Great Falls of the Missouri, the grotesque groups of eroded rocks below Fort Benton, the beautiful cañon of the Prickly Pear, and the stupendous architecture of the vast chains and spurs of mountains which everywhere traverse that picturesque and beautiful country.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE WAR.

It is a happy circumstance for the poor soldiers that the scenes of the campaign are not all shadows. It is too true, alas! that the latter greatly predominate when we make the final summing up of events, but there are some bright points among the dark ones, and the true campaigner generaliy succeeds in mingling them into that *chiar-oscuro* that gives the artist a fair subject for his skill.

The true soldier, as he seizes knapsack and musket for the tramp, does it with a gay and merry heart, determining to look only at the bright side of the picture, knowing full well that the dark one will come soon enough. And thus with this genial inclination to turn even hardships into pleasures, he secures to himself many a jovial hour where more exacting subjects would extract but vexation and chagrin.



THE "BEAUTY OF LORRAINE."

And thus, when the famous Rhine-guard crossed the waters of that classic stream, it was with gay and inspiring songs about the Fatherland, and their love for its hills and streams, and the wives and maidens left behind them. As they defiled through the mountain passes of Alsace and began to spread over the plains of Lorraine, the distance from their base of supplies soon taught them the necessity of making requisitions on the country for their own support and that of their horses, and the foraging parties sent out for this purpose tell some of the best stories and give the most characteristic pictures of the war.

In these the light predominates, as in the one that we present to our readers as the initial of the series. The scene is laid in the village of Jubecourt, in the fertile Lorraine and the lovely valley of the Meuse. Its rustic inhabitants had heard of the hated Prussians, but never suspected the possibility of their violating its precincts, and when the word passed from mouth to mouth that the Prussians were coming, they ran from street to street anxiously putting their heads together and exclaiming, "The Prussians! the Prussians!!"

But on learning that the foreign warriors came not to destroy but merely to be fed, they became calm, and listened to the needs of the soldiers for themselves and steeds. They were told what was required and at what time it must be delivered, and were promised a fair price for what they should bring. The scene chosen by our artist shows us the way of making the announcement to the village rustics of the demands made upon them.

The preliminaries were no sooner settled between the commander of the party and the local authorities, than a deep rumbling was heard approaching through the street that led to headquarters, as if a cracked frying-pan were being belabored. And then presently appeared a frightful-looking old woman bearing a dilapidated drum, which she was beating in a most vigorous manner. With enormous spectacles on the end of her nose, frousy, unkempt hair, and toothless mouth, she seemed a veritable witch. Having reached the center of the square, she stopped in presence of the troops and the assembled rustics, and adding her frightfully hoarse male voice to the harsh discords of her drum, began to tell them of the loaves of bread, and bags of oats, and sheep and oxen that must be forthcoming on the morrow.

The soldiers grouped around and enjoyed the comic scene most heartily, gaining the traditional streak of fat with uproarious laughter at the extreme oddity of the *tout ensemble*. They soon learned from those who were taking the matter in more serious mood that the scene was no uncommon one for them, for the lady had been the town-crier for years, and could put many a drum-major to shame by her skill on her favorite instrument. They christened her the "Beauty of Lorraine," and an artist in helmet and pike sketched the scene true to nature with which we adorn our pages.

But the stern realities of war soon call the actors on its arena to other tasks that tax all their manhood, and when well performed cast over their lives a halo of light that compensates for all the trials and dangers of the strife. The Germans like to consider this war a holy one in defence of their Fatherland, and have done much to cultivate the virtues that make true heroes—bravery, devotion, enthusiasm, and patience. They even likened it to the Crusades, and to a certain extent adopted the insignia of those mediæval contests. The attendant emblems of every army have been the crosses—the Iron Cross, the Red Cross, and the Black Cross. The first the reward of valor, the second the symbol of devotion, and the last the very sad one that has marked the grave of so many fallen heroes buried in hostile earth.

The Order of the Iron Cross was instituted by the Prussians in their struggles with the first Napoleon as the highest reward of merit from the country in adversity, when it had neither gold nor precious stones to bestow on its heroes. There was a period in Prussian history, just previous to the great war of deliverance from Napoleon, when the universal cry of the people was "Gold for Iron!" All classes of society freely gave their treasures to the nation and received iron testimonials in exchange for them; the fair ladies of the realm brought their golden ornaments to their country's altar, and received for them their *fac-similes* in iron,—the origin of the beautiful manufactures in iron and steel of Berlin,—brides even brought their wedding rings, and the poor peasant girls, if they had naught else, their flowing locks; for the highest pride of women had no charms for them while their country was trodden down by the heel of the oppressor. Thus was introduced an age of iron whose highest mark of honor for noble deeds was the Iron Cross.

When Germany became free again in consequence of the great uprising, the Iron Cross was held sacred to that epoch, and the order closed. But when the second Napoleon threatened to bathe his steeds in the waters of the Rhine and possess himself of the fairest cities of the land, the first impulse of the nation was to renew the order of that Cross that had been to them a signal of God's favor in times past; and the possession of the Iron Cross became the darling aspiration of every man in the army, from meanest private to King William himself.

This proud insignia has been charily bestowed with the sole view of making it an emblem of genuine merit; but no great engagement has taken place that has not witnessed deeds so heroic as to claim this coveted reward. In one instance even the chaplain of a regiment, who had sought permission to accompany his charge to battle, came back to receive the Cross. In the heat of the contest the officers had nearly all fallen, and the men were wavering under a withering fire from the heights they were storming; the chaplain, seeing the urgency of the moment, seized a sword and, preaching to his men like Peter the Her-



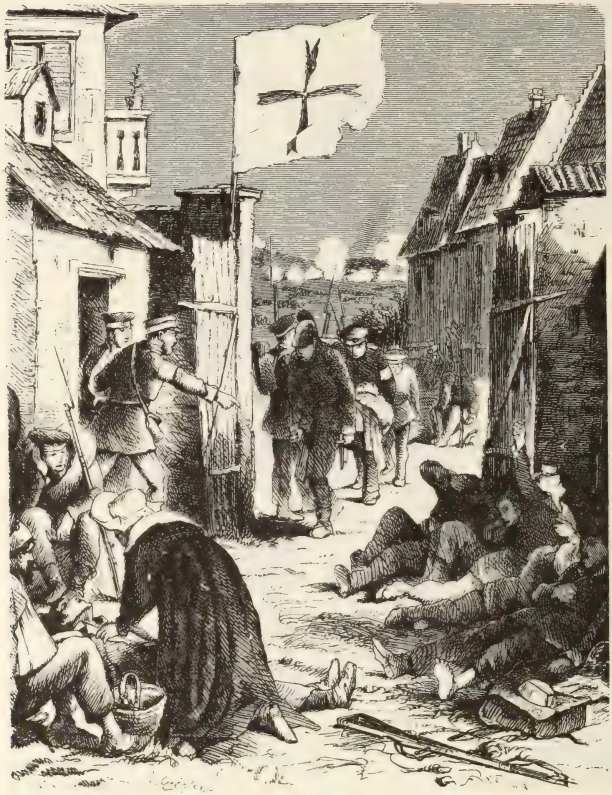
THE IRON CROSS.

mit, led them in the fierce assault, and soon scaled the dangerous crest and stood with his children victorious on its summit. The remnant of the brave band voted him the warrior's cross, and the king gladly bestowed it.

The scene here depicted is the sequel of a bitter contest in one of the sorties from Paris. The alarm had come in the dead of the night, but, like the electric flash, it had given life to the sleeping post, and in a few minutes the rattling artillery were hastening to the enemies' intrenchments. Cannon were roaring, balls hissing, and men falling by scores around. Presently one of the field-pieces is shattered, and the horses lie groaning on the earth; the advancing foe will soon possess it as a trophy, when a boy-officer calls his men to his side, cuts the traces, and with superhuman strength he and his men drag it, creaking and cracking, from the enemy, while the latter pursue and bring half of his men to the ground before the piece is safely rescued.

On another wing of the engagement the ammunition fails. A mounted messenger is sent to bring a new supply, but the way leads through a burning village. Without hesitation the officer commanding the column starts in full gallop with his powder train through flaming streets. Smoke is ascending from every roof, and glowing cinders are falling thick and fast; a single spark on his treasure and he and his men would be blown to atoms; but this is no place for timid hearts—rather lose their lives than lose the battle.

And now comes the reward for this valor and devotion. In a few days the heroes are summoned to the gardens of Versailles, accompanied by their companions in the contest. As their commander calls them forward from the silent ranks the drums peal out a bravo to the men who have done their duty, and a



THE RED CROSS.

smile lights up their faces which compensates for many a shadow. By the side of the gray-haired veteran stands the beardless youth who has just received his first baptism of fire—alike in courage, though separated by years. As their names are called, they step forward, and are told that the manly heart should be of gold, but the will of iron; that theirs having proved so, they are found worthy to wear the Iron Cross as a badge of duty done and honor won.

With this proud emblem on his breast many a soldier has returned happy to his family though crippled in body, to receive the ovations and thanks of his fellow-citizens, and give to his children an heir-loom of which they will be ever proud. In some instances this distinction has been gained only by the loss of life, and then the honor has been conferred on the dead soldier who brought from the field the testimonial of the gaping wound in the open breast. The cross in this instance is sent to his nearest relatives as the richest legacy that a fallen warrior can leave them.

As we pass from lights to shadows in our story, we next encounter the Red Cross—the symbol of mercy and sympathy for those wounded on the battle-field or pining in the hospital. It is not the fate of the battle that all may gain the cross of honor and bravery to which all aspire; too many, alas! lie wounded and crippled, writhing in an agony from which only quick relief will save from death. After the warrior has fulfilled the demands of duty and lies a victim of his bravery, he has claims to the ordinary rights of humanity, though he be a fallen soldier in the face of an enemy.

These claims were so nobly responded to in our own war by the Sanitary Commission, that the world looked on its results and ad-

mired. In 1864 a convention of the friends of humanity in war was convened in Geneva, with a view to the adoption of an international code for the benefit of the sick, and those wounded in battle. The principal points adopted were, that the moment a man is wounded so as to be disabled, his person is sacred from assault, and also that the Sanitary Corps attending the army for the relief of the sick and wounded shall be considered as neutrals, and their persons be free from attack or seizure while engaged in the performance of their duties. The colors adopted by this branch of the army were the Red Cross on a white ground, and they were declared sacred on the battle-field and the ambulance; the members of the Corps generally display the cross on a white band around the left arm.

The recommendations of the Geneva Convention were adopted by several European nations, and especially by the German armies in the recent struggle; these being followed by a numerous voluntary corps of soldiers of the Red Cross. And the place of many of these laborers was right at the front and in the midst of suffering and danger, that they rather than the fighting men should pick up the wounded and bear them to the rear. In every battle the field hospital of a division was to be no farther distant than two thousand paces from the line of battle, that the wounded might be transported there as quickly as possible, and with as little suffering as the nature of their wounds would admit. And to this end the Sanitary Corps was regularly instructed and drilled in the art of quickly and tenderly transporting their charges to the ambulance hospitals, which occasionally chanced to be in a neighboring village, as in the case of our sketch, where the Red Cross is flying while the battle is raging in the background.

Every available place is crowded; mansions, cabins, barns, and at last the open streets. As the wounded arrive on stretchers, the busy surgeons assign them places according to the severity of their wounds; some need immediate attention to save them from death, while others can more easily wait till the ambulance wagons convey them to the more distant stationary hospital. Not a few die on their way from the field, and some are even hit by stray or vicious bullets on their way to relief; and thus occasionally even the members of the corps lose their lives while in the performance of duty.

The Red Cross knows no foes and distinguishes no nationality—its mission is to humanity, and therefore even the bitterest enemies are kindly brought to the ambulance for treatment, as we perceive in our sketch the savage Turco beside the German soldier, and the French receiving attention at the hands of a sister of charity. The Red Cross knows neither sex nor age in its ranks, for many women and children even bear its white band in the numerous hospitals extending from the battle-fields of France to the military centers and prison camps of Germany.

And this war has been a great triumph for German womanhood, from the throne to the cabin. Thousands of devoted women have given all their time and strength to the care of the wounded at home, and many have gone, under the protection of the banner of the Red Cross, to distant battle-fields and been the solace of the sick and the comforters of the dying. It required a contest to make old soldiers believe this thing feasible or advisable, but the calmness and efficiency of the hospitals under the direction of women, and the influence of their presence among the sick and dying, have gained them many friends among the early doubters. And all who have experienced the horrors of a military hospital know that it requires no less heroism to perform all one's duty here than on the fields of strife. The only wonder is how so many delicate and sensitive women have been able to pass through scenes so trying, and bear such fearful trials as many of those have done who have faithfully served their country under the banner of the Red Cross.

And now comes a scene where all is shadow,—dark to blackness,—fitly symbolized by the Black Cross, which is placed over every German soldier's grave. Too many, alas! receive this distinction, and it is very often conferred with heartfelt tears and regrets of surviving comrades and friends. After a great battle scores of fallen braves need in the hurry of the hour to be consigned to a common grave, and receive a common

cross. Their companions endeavor to accord to all this honor, as also that of attendance with the deep roll of the drums in the last sad funeral march.

But occasionally death calls to his ranks one that is more than usually loved, as in the case of the young officer whose burial our last picture depicts. He was the pride of his family and the favorite of his men, who are now, under the banner of the Red Cross, silently bringing him to his last resting-place. His code was devotion to duty, and his fortune loyalty to his country, and he would willingly have given his life for the poorest of his friends. In the presence of human suffering he was the tenderest of all, but on the battle-field he was the bravest.

His battalion is making an assault with the bayonet, with his tall and slender form in the advance. His helmet and mantle are already torn by bullets, and he and his are surrounded by a band of maddened Zouaves; in the very act of protecting one of his men from a fatal thrust he falls with a deadly bullet in his heart, and it stands still in death. All that a brother can do is to rescue the corpse from the scene of conflict, and when this was over the soldiers bore it to the best house in the village and gathered flowers from all the gardens to beautify it for the grave. For a time the bronzed warriors stood weeping around it, and then bore it forth to its cool resting-place within sight of the walls of Paris and the smoke of the roaring cannon.



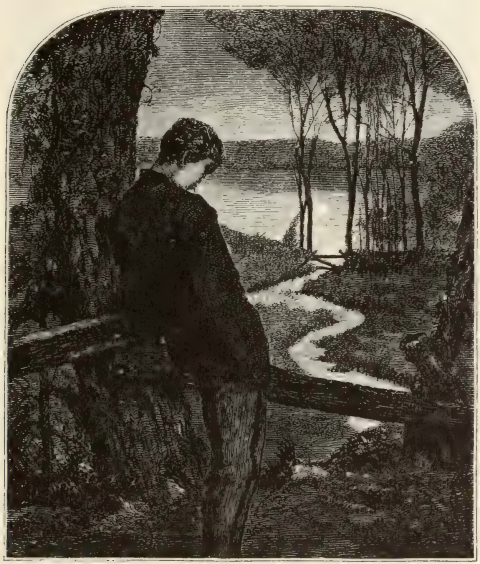
THE BLACK CROSS.

His grave is dug in silence and in tears, and a short sermon is preached by the army chaplain. This reaches the hearts of his men, and draws from many of them the sobs of children, mingled with the vows of soldiers that his example shall not be lost on them. And when the good man closes with the sad though cheering words: "Peace be unto thee!" the weary warriors around the grave respond, with the ardent heart-wish

that peace may soon be accorded to all the living as to the dead, and to the end that such sacrifices may cease to be demanded on the altar of the country.

When the dull earth is rolled upon the coffin, his comrades tarry to place the Black Cross on the grave, and relieve it with garlands of flowers. But the fate of war may soon carry all these away, for foreign soil will grant no monument to the fallen foe. But around the camp-fire his soldiers will continue to talk of his devotion to them and to duty, and will carry home to his mourning ones a lasting monument in their hearts that will assuage the pangs of wife or mother. The Fatherland now accords a common honor to all, whether they return with the Iron Cross on the breast, have faithfully served under the folds of the Red Cross, or lie beneath the mound marked by the Black Cross. To all it says: "Well done! Peace be unto you!"

THREE LEAVES FROM A STORY.



I.

THE CHANGED SKY.

A moonless night without a star,
An empty night without a sound,
Except the millwheel turning round,—
Deep shade, deep silence, near and far.

O, yestereve fell fair and bright,
With moon and stars and whispering trees,
And hopes far flying as the breeze,—
Another world from this to-night.

My longing feigned a voice did call,—
The lonely voice of her I love,—
And so I followed, but to prove
My heart had cried, and that was all.

I followed down the scented lane,
And through the gate and open door;
There, left my heart forever more,
And bore away the words, "In vain!"

I had an eager heart, I own,
That beat and beat and would not rest;
But now quite empty is my breast,—
Its restless tenant dead or flown.

There seems a pressure in the air,
The weight of some vast outspread hand,
Or girding of some iron band,
Instead of skies uplifted fair.

The leaping water's song and strife
Fell lightly once upon my ears;
But now it has a sound of tears:
The wheel seems grinding out my life.

Little river,
Flowing ever
Through deep shadows
And bright meadows,
Knowest thou what I have done—
Put out the sun?
Drawn a star down from the sky?
In an evil, evil hour,
Crushed a flower,
That before my feet did lie?
Ah! the river, sweetly flowing,
Would not know what I was saying,
Did I tell it, seaward going,
I had with a heart been playing.



Poor, coward soul, for shame! arise,
And stretch thine arms out through this dark,
Since earthly love is but a spark,—
But O, her mouth! and O, her eyes!

I turn my back upon the past,
Yet ever to myself am strange;
So short a bound, so great a change,
Between this evening and the last.

II.

HER CONFESSION.

Should I throw away a jewel,
Trusted to my sacred keeping?
Could I to a heart be cruel,
Turn its joy to inward weeping?

Scarce I knew what I was doing,
When his love he proudly told me;
Proud, I held back for more suing,
Ere his life should quite enfold me.
Little river,
Flowing ever,
Brightly glancing,
Lightly dancing,
Stop, and let me softly whisper,
Prattling lisper,
That I love him, love him,—love
Purely as thy waters flow,
Humbly as the sands below,
Faithful as the heavens above.
But when he rose up so solemn—
Ceaseless river, canst stop flowing?—



Faced me like a stately column,
Could I, could I stop his going?

Ah, he thought my words were stronger
Than I meant them, more inhuman;
Sure he might have waited longer,—
Should have thought I was a woman.
Little river,
Flowing ever,
Rushing hither,
Thither,—whither?
All are charmed when *thou* goest lightly,
Careless, sprightly;
But now I'm a woman grown,
So say they,
I must hold by what I say,
And be judged for every tone.
Water glad, go running bravely,
Since no heart in thee is waking;
If one were, thou'd'st move more gravely,
Or that heart might then be breaking.

For they tell me he is going
Far away, across the ocean;
'Tis, I know, to hide from showing,
And put down his heart's commotion.
Little river,
Flowing ever,
Clearly, truly,
Even if sometimes unduly,
Tell me which would be most true
For me to do,—
To save him from the restless tide?
Or, for want of one word spoken,
Let both hearts, perhaps, be broken,
Broken on the rock of pride?
I am going, little river,—
Tell me, dost thou, in thy flowing,
Ever tremble, shrink, and quiver?
Ah, no matter, I am going!

III.

THE REVERSAL.

Then she passed out through the gate,
And went up the scented lane,
Wondering, "Can it be too late?
Is our pain forever pain?
Will he think me over bold?
Light to have, is light to hold;
Better far for him and me
To be sundered by the sea."

So her love and maidenhood
Strove within her heart to speak,
And the warfare drove the blood
In and out her spotless cheek;
But when she came near the brook,
All her heart itself forsook;
All the purpose fled her soul,
At the gleam of that bright goal

Yet the brook's sweet treble voice,
Singing down below the weir,
Clearly sang: "Take heart! rejoice!
He is waiting, he is near!"—
And a faltering step or so
Showed him sitting down below,
Leaning heavy on his hand,
Waiting aimless on the sand.

Faint with new, bewildering shame,
Moveless, had not sheer despair
Drawn her on, she saw her name
O'er and o'er was written there.
Then, "O Ralph!" she softly said,
Still he did not lift his head,—
Should she speak again, or no?
To her doubt came answer low.

"Once before I heard thee call,
And I followed to my cost;
Thou'st a voice and that is all,
But who hears,—his heart is lost.
Why to haunt me dost thou choose?
Think'st thou I've two hearts to lose?"
Then once more: "O Ralph!" she said;
Light her hand upon him laid.

At that touch he sprang and turned,
Showed a face deep-lined and white,
Searched her eyes with eyes that burned,
Till she, drooping in their light,
Whispered, trembling, "Is my love
Worth the asking for once more?
Ask, oh ask me, then, and prove
If I answer as before."

Then he clasped her to his heart;
Cried, "I will not ask again,
But will hold thee where thou art,
Lest thou prove a shadow vain.
O blest vision of my love,
Did an angel out of heaven
E'er before drop from above,
Asking, dear, to be forgiven?"

Through the lane that day's fair night,
Two—not one—went wandering;
Underneath trees whispering light,
Lovers two were whispering;
And the little river flowing,
In the moonlight dreamy growing,
Slipped down softly to the sea,
Murmuring low, "I come to thee;
But for him thou need'st not look;
He will tarry by the brook;
There, herself to him she gave,
Coming, as I come, proud wave."

THE MOTHER OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

THOUSANDS upon thousands of tourists, both Germans and foreigners, visit Charlottenburg every year in order to pay to the tutelary saint of Prussian greatness and German unity slumbering there, their tribute of admiration and sympathy. A profound and solemn silence reigns around that sarcophagus over which her holy spirit seems to hover; and when we look upon the imposing monument, chiseled by the master-hand of Rauch, we involuntarily feel that the peace, the tranquillity of soul, and the pious resignation beaming from those classic features enter our own hearts, and we consent only with regret to trace our steps backward towards the noise and bustle of the brilliant capital of the German Empire.

Louisa was the daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and was born on the 10th of March, 1776, at Hanover, where her father was in command of an army at the time of her birth. Having lost her mother at an early age, she was placed under the care of her grandmother, the Margravine of Hesse-Darmstadt, who intrusted her education to a Swiss governess. Goethe, who saw her when she was seventeen, said afterwards that he had never seen a more charming and beautiful creature. It was about the same time, during a trip to the Rhine, that she met the Crown-prince Frederick William of Prussia at Frankfort on the Main, and made such an impression upon him that the Prince asked for her hand, and was accepted. This was early in the spring of 1793, but, owing to the war between the French Republic and the Germanic Empire, the wedding did not take place until the 24th of December of the same year.

When Louisa married the Crown-prince Frederick William, Prussia was one of the great powers of Europe. The glory of Frederick the Great, and the victories which his genius had won over the united armies of

the continent, still surrounded the Prussian eagles with a radiance which was hardly clouded by the defeat of the Duke of Brunswick, in the campaign of 1792; and the modern Cæsar himself might well hesitate, as long as Austria and Prussia were openly hostile to France, to declare war against the North German monarchy. Already during Napoleon's campaign of 1805 against Austria, Prussia had made a threatening move, and looked with growing alarm on the aggrandizement of France. At that time already the patriotic young queen, whose heart throbbed warmly for the whole German people, had advocated an alliance with Austria, but the faint-heartedness of the king had obstinately opposed such counsels. Only when Napoleon, after having made peace with Austria, made new demands upon Prussia, and invaded Prussian territory, Frederick William III. declared war against France. The results of this campaign—which was but a military promenade from Paris to Berlin for Napoleon—were disastrous to Prussia. While Napoleon made his triumphant entry into Berlin, the royal couple of Prussia fled in terror to Königsberg, the ancient capital of their monarchy.



QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

It is said that at this hour of unparalleled calamities the queen caused her two eldest sons, Frederick and William, to kneel down and swear to avenge the ruin of their house, of Prussia, nay, of all Germany, on the French invaders, just as their illustrious ancestor, Frederick the Great, had but half a century before taken bloody revenge for the treachery of the house of Hapsburg by his immortal victories on the battle-fields of Silesia and Bohemia. It was for her energy and hatred of the French invaders that Napoleon hated her, and stooped to publish the most scandalous imputations against her spotless character. Because Frederick William had invoked the assistance of Russia against the common enemy of all sovereign princes, Napoleon had an anonymous article, inspired by him, published in a Berlin newspaper, in which the queen was charged with a criminal liaison with the Czar Alexander. But the character of the queen was so far above reproach that this miserable invention fell to the ground amidst the general indignation and contempt of the people.

Soon, however, the victorious legions of Napoleon approached Königsberg, where the queen had for many weeks nursed her son Charles, who had been ill with typhoid fever. Her son was saved; but the anxiety, the grief, and the sleeplessness had exhausted the queen to such a degree that she was herself attacked with the same disease, and her life despaired of. But fate had reserved for her still more cruel trials!

Declaring that she would rather perish than fall into the hands of the French, the queen, on the morning of the eighth of January, was lifted from her bed and borne to her carriage, which was to convey her to Memel, near the Russian frontier. It was a terrible day. A violent storm was raging and the snow fell dense and fast. The old servants who carried their pale and beautiful young queen down to the carriage wept with grief, for no one believed that she would survive the journey. Now the road was blocked up by snow, and then again they had to cross the sea in an open boat. The first night the queen passed in a miserable log-house, without doors and windows, and dense snowflakes were falling upon her couch. No food of any kind could be procured. Never before had a queen undergone such hardships.

When at last, after so many trials and sufferings, a treaty of peace was concluded between Napoleon and Prussia, at Tilsit, the terms were so rigorous that it was a deathblow to the hopes of all patriots. At this supreme hour, the king, her husband, and the Czar Alexander, prevailed upon Louisa to appeal personally to the mercy of Napoleon. Forgetting the cruel wrongs which the conqueror had inflicted upon her, she consented, and had with Napoleon that celebrated interview, in which she defended so eloquently, but alas! in vain, the cause of her country, her husband, and her children. Her loveliness and sadness charmed and moved Napoleon to pity, but his iron will did not yield to her entreaties, and Prussia was deprived of more than one-half of her territory. Berlin was permanently occupied by a French garrison, and the royal couple took their residence in Königsberg. Here the queen and some of her most devoted friends secretly initiated those measures of civil and military organization which, a few years afterwards, delivered the continent from the iron rule of Napoleon. But those political cares did not prevent her from fulfilling her duties as a wife and mother in the most exemplary way.

The letters which the queen wrote during those dark days breathe the spirit of love and resignation, but, at the same time, of a glowing patriotism which prophetically foresees better times and a resurrection of her country from this grave of disgrace. But it is not *Prussia* alone she wants to see free, it is all Germany; for the Queen of Prussia is not a Prussian, she is a *German*, and her noble heart responds to all the patriotic cries of woe from the Alps to the Baltic, and from the Niemen to the Rhine. But alas! she was not to see the noble resurrection of Germany and the downfall of the Corsican Colossus. In the fall of 1809 the royal couple returned to Berlin, amidst the rejoicing and rapturous enthusiasm of the whole population. It was but natural that the queen, who had been so long an exile from her own capital, wished to pay a flying visit to Mecklenburg, the duchy of her father, whom she had not seen since the terrible events of 1806. In May, 1810, both the Queen and the King of Prussia went to Mecklenburg with the hope of enjoying there a few days of happiness with the father and the grandmother of Louisa. But almost immediately after their arrival at Hohenzieritz, a beautiful château of the Duke, Louisa was attacked by an illness which proved to be an organic disease of the heart. On the 19th of July, 1810, she expired, after terrible sufferings, in the arms of her husband,—surrounded by her father, her grandmother, her sons Frederick and William, and her faithful friend Mme. de Berg. She was thirty-four years old, and William, her second son, the present Emperor, only thirteen.

Frederick William III., who had adored his wife, was almost frantic with despair. He sent her remains to Berlin, and erected to her at Charlottenburg the celebrated Mausoleum which Rauch, the Prussian Phidias, adorned with a monument upon which he has reproduced a marvelous likeness of the purest, the most beautiful, and the most patriotic princess who has ever graced a German throne.—It was a proud and solemn moment for the Emperor William when, immediately upon his return from the glorious war with France, he laid upon the sarcophagus of his mother a laurel wreath, not for his own brow, but a tribute of Germany to her whose immortal spirit had hovered over the banners of United Germany and had led them onward from victory to victory.

LEIPSIC AND ITS FAIR.



LEIPSIC MARKET-PLACE DURING THE FAIR.

LEIPSIC, although only a second-rate German city, commercially considered, will fairly vie with the large capitals of the Confederation. It monopolizes two distinct branches of trade: it is the seat of the fur trade for the world, and of the book publishing for the whole of Germany, and at stated periods it is the resort of merchants, manufacturers, and traders from almost every country in the world. Arts and sciences flourish here, nurtured by the maternal care of the University, and here also the profundity of German thought in music finds a retreat for its labors in the justly celebrated Conservatorium. Thus Leipsic presents to the stranger the gratifying aspect of combining in the most happy state of efficiency and development the laborious pursuits of manufacturing industry, with the gentler but more influential emprises of the mind.

And what a contrast is suggested if we go back fifty years; the scene of Napoleon's defeat is now partially covered with the magnificent establishments of the publishers. Then war reigned supreme with its blighting and demoralizing influences, where (until lately) peace, with its twin attendants of happiness and prosperity, developed the literary culture of a thoughtful people.

Leipsic Fair has existed for 400 years; it perhaps owes its origin to the old Saxon custom of country people bringing to the nearest and most central market their productions for sale, whether textile or agricultural, and exposing them in the streets, under certain regulations imposed by the authorities; and thus, owing to its situation in the very middle of Germany, and being easy of access on account of the immense flat districts by which it is surrounded, the institution has grown year by year until it has reached its present stage, and has acquired an European reputation. What a clamor and hubbub must the old mediæval town have been in before the age of railways, with thousands of vehicles from the States and German Provinces approaching its various gates, where octroi duty was demanded! What a jabbering from so



WOODEN BOOTHS FOR SALE OF LINEN, IN THE PROMENADE, LEIPSIC.

many Teuton throats—not one by one, but all speaking together, as is their custom—and what a merry, quiet, good-natured humor pervades the whole, even to the latest arrivals, who find every available and unavailable lodging in the possession of more fortunate comers, and who make the best of their position by sleeping and eating in their wagons.

Fairs held for purposes of commerce have become in process of time quite an institution peculiar to Germany. That of which we now write is by far the most important, and is held three times in the year;—the Spring and the Autumn fairs each lasting about six weeks, and a minor one lasting for only a fortnight after Christmas.

It is quite clear that in a town not very large, but very densely populated, accommodation sufficiently convenient for the various businesses of many hundreds of manufacturers and traders can exist only on a limited scale; for the trade is not carried on by merely patterns and samples, but the merchandise in bulk is exposed for sale. To remedy this deficiency, a system of erecting wooden booths in the streets and open places of the town is resorted to. The booths, numbering some thousands, are the property of the town, and good strong, substantial fixtures they are,—fitted complete with bolts, bars, and shutters, to enable the occupier to lock up his wares at night and leave them in perfect safety. The whole system is under the direct control of the police. During the night before the fairs commence hundreds of workmen are employed in their erection; every booth is numbered, and the fitting parts are numbered to correspond; they rise like magic; the unlucky stranger cannot sleep that night for the din of hammers, and when he issues into the streets in the morning, heigh, presto! he finds the empty spaces converted into a wooden town, and the hitherto quiet and dreamy footways blocked up by an army of retail traders unpacking their stores and taking possession of their temporary occupations. The larger spaces are divided into rows, the fronts of the booths facing each other as in a street; every row is numbered, and the trader advertises in the newspapers, calling public attention to the class of goods he offers, and to the locality. Much valuable time is spared to the intend-

ing purchaser by the classification of the various trades ; one or two rows will be devoted to ironmongery, another to glass, a third to baskets and brushes, a fourth to boots and shoes, and so on. The variety of goods is endless ; it appears as though the shopkeepers of Germany had emptied their stores to supply the contents of these wooden constructions ; every necessary and every luxury can be had here, not of a flimsy or trifling nature, but of a solid and substantial character.

The wholesale trade is conducted wherever the manufacturer can find house-room. He, great and pompous individual, ignores the humble booth, requires a regular shop or extensive rooms, and is prepared to pay rent accordingly. Shopkeepers turn out of their premises, taking their business to the garret or some other obscure locality ; private people take to the attics, sleeping, cooking, living—no, not living—existing for the time with their families in one little cock-loft ; every room and even landing in the house being let out for the purposes of the fair ; every bedroom in every hotel, every passage, gateway, or court-yard turned for the nonce into a store. Hotel-keepers stow the furniture of their parlors somewhere or other to make more room ; windows are even taken out that goods may be packed on the sills, and doorways are so blocked up that only one person can go in or come out at a time. Many of the shops are let to two tenants, the regular inhabitants tenanting them out of fair-time, and the manufacturers during the fair. The same shops have thus been occupied for forty years by some of the old frequenters.

Rents are enormous, and hotel-keepers charge double prices for everything ; many of them refuse to sell beer at this time, the guests being compelled, perhaps against their will, to drink the light wines of France and the Rhine. It is now harvest-time for restaurants, and all places of amusements. Leipsic only contains about 70,000 inhabitants, including the old town and the suburbs, and as the fair is confined to the limits of the old town, it is here that the restaurants abound. There are about four hundred and eighty in a very little area ; sign-boards spring up like mushrooms, covering the house-fronts from doors to nearly the attics. These are either brought into the town, or left in some garret from year to year by the proprietors, and



Altenburgers. Polish Jew. Armenian.

VISITORS AT THE LEIPSIC FAIR.



AUERBACH'S KELLER.—SCENE OF FAUST'S ADVENTURE.

when the fair is over, the very next day will find Leipsic in its usual quiet state; not a booth or extra sign-board is to be seen, the myrmidons of the police have removed everything during the night; the streets have been cleanly swept; the citizen now counts his gains, puts his house in order, takes things easy once more, and retires to his constant pipe, his metaphysics, and his beer; as they say in Leipsic, "*he has come down out of his blanket.*" This saying arose from the fact of a humorous print that was published depicting the domestic miseries of the burgher. He was represented sleeping with his wife and five children in a blanket suspended from the ceiling, every other part of the house being occupied by traders.

The merchandise exhibited by the wholesale dealers is of the most costly description; the celebrated French firms bring their choicest productions in silks, printed fabrics, velvets, and ribbons; Switzerland sends her costly and elaborate muslin work, and German Switzerland also contributes her share. This district is better known as the Saxon Swiss, a most romantic and mountainous district, eight miles from Dresden. The wedding dress of the Princess of Wales was manufactured in these mountains; it was a most costly production, amounting to several hundred pounds sterling. It requires no very great strain upon our confidence to believe this, judging from the fabulously expensive work which the manufacturers bring to Leipsic for sale in the ordinary course of trade.

Prussia and Saxony contribute woven woollen and cotton fabrics, but the principal branch from these kingdoms is the cloth trade; entire streets are devoted to the sale of it. Vienna and Nuremburg send their knick-knacks, consisting of pipes, purses, fancy jewelry, etc. Russia finds a market here for her malachite ware, and for her precious stones. The Dutchman sends his cut diamonds, and the Greek and the Turk bring their gems. The trade in gems, etc., forms a very considerable item during fair-time, and is chiefly monopolized by the Jewish fraternity, who, faithful to their Israelitish habits, congregate in one locality; the far-famed street of Brühl is their home. Here, redolent of filth and dirt, but rolling in wealth, the Polish Jew is to be seen all day long; at one time sitting in his door-way, basking like a lizard in the sun,

smoking with half-closed eyes his Turkish pipe, but keenly alive to each fine impulse which leads to money-making; now he is sauntering along the street in close communion with three or four of his brethren, or he quietly takes his stand at his accustomed corner, on the lookout for customers. He is known all over Europe by his garb. The late Emperor Nicholas, in his energetic efforts to destroy Polish nationality, forbade the Jews to wear their national costume, but they clung to it with the tenacity peculiar to the people, and with that reverence for Jewish customs which so pre-eminently distinguishes them. See him now in his long and greasy 'caftan, reaching to the ankles of his top boots, his head covered with a large round cap,—a splendid specimen of the great unwashed; his beard venerable as a goat's, and his side-locks hanging from under his cap twisted and curled like pendent corkscrews, he looks a fit object for charity, yet he carries somewhere about him, in the deep and hidden recesses of his dirty clothing, diamonds worthy of a king's ransom. A wily Greek approaches him, an Armenian we see by his costume; they chaffer and haggle, each afraid of the acute powers of the other, until their bargain is complete. The Armenians attend the fair to barter their gems for turquoise stones. It is reported that a Russian merchant lately sold to an Armenian turquoise stones to the value of £12,000 sterling for the Oriental market. The stone is held in great repute in Egypt, Turkey, and Persia as a charm against the evil eye, consequently it enters very largely into the construction of their dagger-hilts, sword-handles, pipes, pistols, and ornaments. The use of the stone was not unknown to Shakespeare; when Shylock is mad with grief and rage at the loss of his ducats and his daughter, he has yet one bitter pill to swallow; Tubal, his servant, brings him information of the runaway in these words:—"One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey;" Shylock answers, "Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise. I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." How profoundly and how forcibly does Shakespeare, in these few lines, impart a value to the stone; and what a proof of his great knowledge of the undercurrents of life does he here exhibit. In those days of Jewish oppression, when the Jew was an alien and proscribed, and not allowed the privileges of citizenship; when he was forbidden to own land or houses, it was but natural for him to trade in and accumulate such wealth as he could conveniently take away in case of banishment, or secrete in case of spoliation; hence the fondness, even to the present day, of the race for the possession of valuable gems: and as at the time of Shakespeare's play, the wealth of the Jews must of necessity have consisted of such articles, it is but fair to infer that Leah, in the exchange of lovers' presents, would give to Shylock a jewel not only worthy his acceptance, but one which would, in her imagination, act as a talisman and shield him from harm, so that in presenting the gift a touch of womanly tact and sentiment accompanied it. The same masterly manner is manifested in his forcible expression of a "wilderness of monkeys." Ordinary writers would have given a definite idea of quantity. Some would have said a hundred monkeys, others a menagerie full of monkeys, but Shakespeare by one word takes you into the very abode of monkeys. The reader may think a monkey a very poor exchange for a valuable ring, but then it must be borne in mind monkeys were not so common in Venice then as with us now, and the animal was considered a necessary appendage of the wealthy, like a costly lap-dog is with ladies of the present day. Paul Veronese shows us this quite plainly in his gorgeous pictures of State occasions—he introduces the monkey in most of them, and he was an artist who painted his accessories from life and not from imagination. But we are leaving Leipsic; let us look at the trade proper of the town apart from the influences of the fair.

Thousands of persons in Germany are employed in the fur trade, which has its center in Leipsic; here is the emporium of the world. Furs are brought here from North America, Central Europe, Russia, and Asia. Every known fur, of the most costly description, can be had here, and it is calculated that the fur sales bring 2,500 dealers together from all

parts of the world; the sales take place during fair-time, and then the streets present a very animated and interesting, but very strange appearance. Americans, English, French, Italians, Russians, Swiss, Swedes, Dutch, Tartars, Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Poles, Wallachians, and others, dressed in their national garbs, and jabbering in their mother tongue, all crowd on the view together.

The publishers have their Exchange in the old town. The large room is very fine indeed, and tastefully decorated; here the booksellers from all parts of Germany assemble once a year to compare and balance accounts with each other, to leave orders with the publishers, and transact business generally. In a smaller room in the Exchange they exhibit their latest and choicest productions in books, prints, photographs, &c., for scholastic and ornamental purposes. The celebrated Berlin firms display the most artistic and elegant specimens of bookbinding it is possible to conceive, and the collection of photographs, enriched by the principal subjects from the Royal European galleries, tend to make the exhibition—showing as it does at one view the present state of German art in the ornamentation of books, in engraving, and other modes of illustration—a sight pleasing to the eye and gratifying to the mind. Amidst this whirl of commercial excitement the amusements of a fair, according to our ideas, are not forgotten. In an open space allotted for the purpose, swings, roundabouts, wild beast shows, and acrobats are in full activity, flanked by peep-shows, the everlasting fat lady, and the fat pig. None of the usual noise and dissipation attending fairs are to be met with here; everything wears a quiet and orderly aspect; the musicians belonging to the various shows play inside their respective establishments and play really well, for before a band is allowed in the streets or in a booth during fair-time, it must first pass muster before the critical ear of a musical commissioner. The result is, that the best music from the best masters is rendered in masterly style. Music is the happy gift of the German people, and Leipsic is its great center; a student or professor with a diploma from the Conservatorium ranks at once with the greatest performers in any country in the world. The winter concerts, in which the great virtuosi appear, are a treat never to be forgotten, and in the grand music halls which shine in all their glory during the fair, strangers may listen to music of the most classical or the most fascinating description for the small sum of twelve cents, performed by masters of celebrity; the tables are decked out in the most tasty manner (it is astonishing what the Germans can do with a few pots and a few pieces of different colored papers), obsequious waiters are ready to attend to orders, and thus the visitors literally enjoy a musical banquet. The same music performed in London by similarly talented players would cost at least five shillings to listen to. The Germans well understand the art of catering for public taste and amusement at very little expense.

Students from all parts of the country enter the Conservatorium. Americans, English, Russian, and French come here to study the science and learn their particular instrument under some of the great masters. The organ seems to be the most popular instrument, and Leipsic has ever boasted, from the days of the great Sebastian Bach, of some celebrity in church music; it is the cradle for the deep diapasons which surge through the profundity of German thought, and which find their due expression in the lofty flights, and in the softest pathos of a rich and fertile imagination. Well may the great master-pieces of his countrymen exercise an influence on the soul of every German.

The country around Leipsic is flat and uninteresting; the fields range for miles over the plain without a hedge to intersect them; the roads are cut through them in straight lines which seem interminable, and are only relieved by trees planted at intervals on each side. It is just the country for great armies to contend in. When a stranger asks a Leipsiger where the great battle was fought, the native, pointing with a proud gesture, and with as little enthusiasm as his cold nature will allow, answers, "All round the old town." For three days the great struggle for national existence raged in a circle of four miles diameter, the center being the middle of the town. Cannon balls are still imbedded in some of the suburban houses, and they are always carefully pre-

served, though they interfere with necessary alterations. Martin Luther addressed the people from a window of a house which still remains in the market-place, at a time of great religious excitement. Castellated and palatial-looking dwellings arrest the eye in many places, carrying their date back four or five hundred years; the many-storied houses, with their many windows in the roofs, impart an ancient and romantic appearance to the town. The old and heavy fashioned churches, without any architectural design or ornament, and consequently without relief, but imposing-looking in the interior from the grandly carved ceilings, arching over like a dome and covering a large unbroken space, built probably for acoustic effects; the many gable-ended houses with their quaint old carvings in wood and stone, and the numerous cellars supported on heavy stone pillars and arched over like Gothic crypts, all tell their mediæval history, and speak with the eloquent silence of years gone by of Germany of the middle ages.

Among these cellars is the famous one known as Auerbach's Keller, the scene of one of Dr. Faust's exploits; it is now a very good restaurant, and one of the places every stranger goes to see. If he expects anything very grand he will be disappointed; there is nothing particular to be seen except a dark room underground, lighted by the windows from the street. The proprietor shows the visitor a large, ponderous tome of Faust's writings, dated 1525, which he has rigidly preserved under lock, key, and chain, and passes over to the succeeding proprietor as one of the "fixtures" of the establishment. If the visitor is exceedingly gracious the worthy man will perhaps present him with a small book, containing an account in German of Faust's doings in Leipsic, and that part which refers to Auerbach's Keller he has had translated into broken English. It would be very amusing to read our mutilated mother tongue, but the sense of it simply amounts to this: Faust, and some Polish students, entered Leipsic during fair-time to replenish their purses,—Faust trusting to his necromantic devices, and the students to meeting some of their countrymen. Passing Auerbach's Keller, which was then a wine-cellar, they noticed the awkward attempts of the porters to hoist a cask of wine into the street. "What clumsy knaves," said Faust; "one man alone could hoist the cask if he went the right way to work." This remark drew forth insolent replies from the porters, and the master, coming out to see what was the matter, learnt the true state of the case. In a great passion he told Faust if he could do it himself, he should have the cask of wine for his trouble. Faust descended into the cellar, got strideways across the cask, and immediately the cask of its own accord mounted up into the street. The master declared the bargain off because it was done by necromancy, and Faust as resolutely held him to his promise; for very shame he was compelled to give up the cask to Faust and his friends, and they took it to their hotel and made merry over it as long as it lasted. That *rara avis* to be seen *in propriâ personâ*, the German student, abounds in Leipsic. He is not, however, the dreamy individual we read of in ghost stories and incantation scenes; this practical age has knocked all that nonsense out of him. We are apt from old associations of the memory to connect him with fanciful ideas, studying some abstruse chimera of the brain, living on the contemplation of the past and neglecting the practical future. What a mistake! He is as lively as his compeer of Oxford, Cambridge, or Harvard, but he does not show it in such a boisterous manner; he bears a bold, open, and independent carriage, as though he were inwardly conscious that he had successfully performed his allotted duties, and felt fully equal to the performance of more difficult ones it might be his yet to encounter. His college, or Bund, is denoted by the jaunty cap he wears, which requires but an elegant tassel hanging over the shoulders to make it a fancy smoking-cap for a fast man. The stupid and senseless system of dueling with sharp foils still prevails amongst them; the slightest offense, perhaps unwittingly committed, or caused by accident, can only be atoned for by the duel, so strictly and so foolishly do they preserve their ancient but mistaken code of honor. A day is set apart every month for these affairs to be settled: each duel is to last for fifteen minutes,

when the combatants are separated; they are guarded with pads over the breast, and the eyes with strong spectacles; the face is the only mark presented to the foil. Out of every ten students you meet, two or three of them carry the indelible scars of this horrid system: one has the tip of his ear cut away, a second a bit chopped out of his nose, and a third an ugly seam down the cheek. A fair bout at fisticuffs, which would only cause some harmless contusion, is not understood by them, but is voted low and ruffianly; so they satisfy their honor by carrying to their graves the wounds received under the most trifling circumstances.

Leipsic is essentially a town for the scholar, the artist, and the antiquary; the greatest linguists in the world reside here; it is a city of bookworms. A great intellectual feast is provided for those whose artistic tastes incline to the contemplation of engravings; the collection in the Museum is most unique of its kind: it embraces every specimen of the art from every school, and from the earliest known date, and is exceedingly rich in the etchings of the seventeenth century. The best judges in the world of old engravings, perhaps, are to be found in Leipsic; let any rare old work be sought for by the collector, the commission will eventually find its way, through the ramifications of trade, to Leipsic.

The modern collection of paintings, although not large, will bear comparison with any other of its kind in Europe, for every work is a masterpiece, and the majority are rendered familiar and popular by the engravings to be seen throughout Germany. Here are four of the great works of Calamé, who died a few months ago at Mentone. They arrest the attention and claim the admiration of even the meanest judgment. So true are they to nature, and so grand and so noble in their conception that the beholder regrets that talents so great should have existed but for a season. He died quite young; consumption, often the attendant of bright intelligence, claimed him for a victim, just as he had worked himself up from an obscure position and from indigent circumstances, by untiring industry and the full development of the path he trod and made peculiarly his own. Who, so faithfully as he, could transmit to canvas the picturesque and sublime scenery of Switzerland?

Verbœckhoven's greatest work is here: the shepherds and their dogs driving a flock of sheep to shelter before a fast approaching hurricane; the sheep in their eager hurry are crushing over one another, and rushing pell-mell across the rocky plain; the dust in ominous clouds is gathering in their rear; the voices of the men appear lost in the storm, while the black hurricane seems near enough to overwhelm them all. Truly this is a pastoral tragedy told with all the painter's art.

Delaroche, the greatest of the French painters, is represented by three of his best figure portraits: "Cromwell Viewing the Body of Charles in his Coffin," "Frederick the Great Bivouacking," and "The Return of Napoleon after Waterloo." This last picture is very striking and in the very best manner of the artist; it is entitled "Fontainebleau;" there he sits, the abjectly defeated one, his uniform dirty with hard riding, and in neglected *déshabillé;* he has evidently just arrived and thrown himself into the chair; you may speak to him, but he has no ears for any one; his agonized and abject countenance speaks but too plainly the terrors of his mind. This picture always attracts a crowd, the best proof of merit, and the greatest compliment an artist can receive. Tiedeman's "Children's Dance" is another very popular picture. An old man is playing his violin, whilst twenty or thirty children, boys and girls of all ages, from four to twelve, are dancing round him; every child is a complete study, and full of animation, and so heartily do they enjoy their innocent amusement, that even the little baby crowing in the nurse's arms longs to join the scene. How much one successful figure contributes to a picture; this action of the infant is the key-note to the whole.

This is a faithful outline of Leipsic and its fair. That the German people, and the Saxons in particular, are a saving, industrious, and intelligent class, and can readily adapt themselves to circumstances, has been clearly shown. They seem content to live under despotical rule, without political privileges or a free press; trusting, since the revolution of 1848, to becoming more independent in

course of time by quiet inaction; developing in the meanwhile the arts, sciences, and manufactures. They enjoy a splendid literature, boast a glorious history; and if the traveler notices a deficiency of public works and a lack of progress in all that relates to practical and daily life, he must recollect that it is the nature of despotism to deaden the life-blood of its subjects; that the country must be viewed in this light; that the blame must not be cast upon a quiet and inoffensive race, but must fall upon those whose repressive rule suggests such striking comparisons with free and liberal constitutions.

NORAH: THE STORY OF A WILD IRISH GIRL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," ETC.

(Continued from page 61.)

CHAPTER III, (*Continued.*)

"WELL, find the men, me dear child," said Lady Louisa. "There's some at the Lodge with old Sir Thomas, and there's that nephew of the Admiral's—and your friend Everard Stoke. They're great friends, Mrs. Mulgrave, though you'll be shocked to hear me say it. I don't interfere with me girls when they're but amusing themselves. Norah knows it's a thing can go no further. He has good connections and knows the world, but I don't suppose he's got a penny. I know me girls' principles, Mrs. Mulgrave, and how far I can trust them; and why shouldn't they amuse themselves, poor things, so long as they know how far to go?"

"Yes," said I with a little eagerness, while Norah watched me, growing pale; "but though it may be safe enough for them, it may be hard upon — the young men." Heaven knows I did not care in this case for the young men—but what was one to say?

"Ah then, he'll take care of himself," said Lady Louisa lightly. "He's no fool, me dear ma'am, and you may be sure he'd never believe I'd throw away one of me girls on a well-bred beggar, for sure that's what it comes to. When people have lived in the world all their lives they understand each other.—Norah, go and tell the boy.—Me dear, I wouldn't speak before the child, but ye may make your mind easy. If it was a young curate or any of the school-boy sort, I'd put a stop to it—but they're both well born, and they're both beggars as ye may say, and better brought up than to think of any nonsense, except amusing themselves,—there's no harm in that."

"But, mamma, I do think," said Priscilla, coming up to us hastily, "since Norah is not here—"

"Me child, ye were born a little old woman, and ye don't understand," said Lady Louisa. "Let her alone. I've got me eye on them. He's very pleasant, I don't deny, and if he had a good income, and his character more settled—"

"But, indeed, I fear it is not at all settled," said I. "Dear Lady Louisa, I have no confidence in his principles—I don't know if you will let me say so."

"My dear lady, men are but men," said Lady Louisa, turning her back on her elder daughter, and giving me a series of little comical nods. "We don't talk of such things before the girls, but ye can't mend the creatures, and ye must just swallow them as they are. Sure, when I can't answer for me own boys, I've nothing to do with casting stones at Everard Stoke. Hush! Mrs. Mulgrave and I are consulting about cups and saucers, me dear," she added in a louder tone, turning again to the table. I dare say all the same Priscilla heard; and Norah too, for that matter, who came in after doing her errand to the stable-boy, with a preoccupation such as had never been seen before in her sunset eyes.

"Are you gossiping about our neighbors?" said Norah, with a kind of sneer which did not become her, except, indeed, that it qui-

vered on her lip as if that soft Cupid's bow had been too tightly strung.

"Ah, then, and shouldn't we like it above everything?" said Lady Louisa; "but you see Mrs. Mulgrave's going, me dears—and not vexed at all your nonsense, I hope. What are they but children, me dear lady, and their poor mother's companions, and always brought up to speak out their mind."

"And Irish!" cried Norah, as she went with me to the door. "Does not that mean everything that is indiscreet?" But the girl did not leave me when she had opened the door for me. She snatched up her hat as she passed, and followed me out, calling my attention, in the candid way which belonged to the family, to the state of the lawn, as long as we were within hearing of the open windows. "I own!" she said, "if it were a haymaking mamma meant to give, it would be more suitable, and greater fun too." Then Norah lowered her voice, and approached me closely, with an anxious glance. "Did you tell mamma about him," she said, "when I was gone? I know you told mamma."

I did not make her any answer. I looked her very closely in the face and shook my head. "Oh Norah—" I began.

"Nothing more—don't say anything more," cried the girl. "I know what you mean when you say 'Oh Norah!' Is it so bad as that? you mean to say; and I tell you it is not bad at all, Mrs. Mulgrave. I know *all*—he has told me all, poor fellow, and I am so sorry for him. It does not matter to me—or rather, he is my friend and it does matter—but not in the way you think. Only because people are so queer and so prejudiced, I would not have you tell mamma."

"Then you ought to save him from what may be coming upon him," said I. "If Lady Louisa is going to have a number of people from town, how can you insure that there will not be somebody who knows all—better than you do—somebody who might expose him, which is what I don't want to do—for everybody knew," I said.

It seemed incomprehensible that on this spot, where the very earth seemed to have thrilled with the story of Everard Stoke's ill-doings, an innocent young creature like this should be standing all flushed and eager to defend him. And knowing all, as she said.

She had grown very pale as I spoke. "Expose him?" she said, in a tremulous, almost whispering voice, and then shook her head as if with an effort to shake off the effect of my words. "I don't understand what you mean,—but I will ask nobody but himself," she cried—"nobody but himself. He must answer for himself."

I do not know how much longer Norah would have held me there talking about it, but I saw how vain it was. And Patrick made his appearance from the stable-yard with a big scythe, bigger than himself, over his shoulder. Mowing-machines were not so common then as they are now, and even had they been more general, I don't think anything but the primitive method of getting rid of the grass would have been adopted at the Mansion. The impatient girl saw the approach of the man of all work with an irritation which almost looked like temper. "I did not say you were to begin this very minute, when there are people here," she cried, and caught at my hand to stop me. "Wait, Mrs. Mulgrave; I am going with you a little way."

I do not know what I could have done to free myself of her if she had persevered, and it may be supposed that I had little desire to receive any confidences from Norah, or to argue with her in her present state of mind. It was the stable-boy who came to my assistance—a novel, unexpected auxiliary. "Sure, Miss Norah, and it's them as will be tired waiting for you at the gate."

Norah gave me a terrified glance and grew scarlet, and then she turned upon the lad with a kind of fury. "Them? Who? and who gave you leave to speak?" she cried, wild with vexation. Perhaps there was enough in that glance to give the lad his instructions, or perhaps his ready wit suggested the explanation.

"I ask your pardon, Miss Norah. Sure it's the young ladies from the Cottage—who else?"

The blush was still burning on her face when Norah turned and left me. She gave me a little nervous nod, and muttered some-

thing, I do not know what, and I know she turned round when she had gone a little way, to see if I was looking after her. Poor child! Because I objected to Everard I had become her enemy. She feared me and distrusted me, though I was, as I believed, the only one who tried to save her. Could his sisters be aiding Everard in this piece of selfish villainy? The question had scarcely risen in my mind when I saw Lottie Stoke coming to meet me. Then it became evident that it must be a lie—and Patrick could not have had his story so ready had it been the first time that any one had waited for Norah at the other gate.

I had no heart to speak to Lottie when she came up. All I could say to myself was that I wished I could glide through the world taking interest in nobody, letting people look after their own affairs, and minding my own business. But then my own business is so very trifling in this world, and one can't help loving people—no, nor even disliking people, though that perhaps is wrong—I will not go so far as to say hating, for that would not be true.

"Now you have been seeing Norah," said Lottie Stoke, "and I hope you have been more successful on that side."

"I have nothing to do with Norah," I said a little sharply. "I am neither her mother nor her keeper. She—and others—so far as I can see, must please themselves."

"Ah, that's what Everard is doing," said Lottie, "what he always did all his life. Of *course* he can't marry—even if she were rich I don't believe he would ever think of marrying. He is only amusing himself. There are times when I could shoot him, though he is my brother—or kick him, which is worse," cried Lottie, with sharp contempt.

"She is amusing herself too," said I. "Never mind; she knows she must marry money, and she knows her mother would never look at such a man. Why should we vex ourselves that have nothing to do with it? Let them amuse themselves. They ought to know their own meaning best."

"But it will make people talk, as you said, and we shall hear that dreadful story all raked up again," said Lottie, with sudden tears. "Oh, I can't help it—I am out of my senses, and they only encourage him in all his doings at home."

And I had to take her in with me, and comfort her, and show her that I could do nothing—which was very poor comfort, either to her or to me.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS tragical undercurrent which ran on all through Lady Louisa's preparations for her parties made the fun of them less enjoyable, to me at least, though the Green in general made mighty merry over the saries of tays. When the lawn was mowed by Patrick it looked so much like a hayfield from which the crop had just been removed that a glance of dismay had momentarily overwhelmed Lady Louisa's delightful confidence. But she soon recovered. "Sure it's in the country," she said. "It's Nature—what can ye expect? Young Everton, my Cousin Fascally's eldest son, a charming, handsome young fellow and the best of sons, was in raptures with it. He'd have Norah take him to see the moon. 'Nonsense, my young friend,' said I 'it's rheumatism will go with you, and not Norah.' For, me dear ma'am, the family's poor, and the boy must marry money like the rest of them. It's not I would be such a bad friend to him as to throw me pretty daughter in his way."

"Indeed, when nothing can come of it, I think it is wrong, very wrong," said I, with emphasis which made Lady Louisa stare.

"And that is true," she said, with vague surprise. "It is one of the things I will never allow. When a young man owes it to his family to make a marriage of a certain kind, it's cruel, it's downright barbarity, me dear ma'am, to go poking your pretty girls into the poor boy's way. There was Lord Muddleton's boy that went all wrong—there's been some intermarriages between his family and ours, but I own I can't tell ye the connection—I would not have let that boy so much as see me child; it would have gone against me conscience, but if you'll believe me, there was a woman, an aunt of his own, the fool, left him with one of the Dermotts, a pretty creature without a penny, and the

next thing his poor parents heard of it he was engaged. And sure they married and came to a bad end. I have my ambition for me children, Mrs. Mulgrave. Not under a hundred thousand for me boys, and for me poor girls, ye know, what Heaven may send them. Isn't it all the business that's left me in life?"

And yet next minute she was chatting with Everard Stoke, who came with the pretense of some message from his sisters. He had taken to calling at the Mansion for some days past, since the day when Patrick betrayed his presence at the other gate. Probably Norah had been alarmed in spite of herself by that strange sensation of discovery, and the tingle of shame which had scorched her cheeks, and had put a stop to those half clandestine, half accidental meetings. And accordingly he took to calling openly, and amused Lady Louisa and told her bits of scandal. "The men fish up everything at their clubs, ye know," she said; and none of us had the courage to tell her that Everard Stoke, in spite of his good connections, had managed to banish himself forever from that condition in which clubs are possible.

There was a good deal of excitement on the Green about the first of the saries of tays, and Heaven knows some of us had good occasion to remember the day. The only sensible one of the Stokes did not take as she should have done my suggestion on the subject. I advised her with all my might to persuade Everard not to go. "There are people coming from the town," I said, "and how can he tell whom he may meet? Anybody from his old office—any of his old friends. You know how disagreeable it would be." "Men are not brutes," said Lottie, indignantly, "at least not young men in society. Even if there did happen to be some one there, they would not have the heart to make any scene. And beside, people forget, when they don't happen to be friends and take an interest in one," poor Lottie said, with a little bitter meaning. I took no notice of her unkindness, poor child. It is very true that people forget when you don't much care for their recollection, but a secret rarely dies out, especially if there is shame in it. It hangs about in the general memory—a sort of shadow—and with one individual here and there always lives keen enough and sharp enough to defy oblivion. This has always been my experience, at least.

I dressed to go to Lady Louisa's on that particular evening with a thrill of presentiment. I knew something was going to happen. Whether it might take the special form I feared, of course no one could say, but I felt that somehow a storm was coming. And I don't think I was alone in thinking so. There was a flush on Norah's face, which, as a rule, was almost too pale, and a tremulous expression about her nostril and movement of her lip, which showed me that she, too, was full of the excitement of a crisis. Lottie Stoke, on the other hand, had lost all her color. The soft English rose on her cheeks had fled before the breath of this emotion; her eyes looked out of her face large and anxious, with a certain dilatation about them like stars in a summer night, when they seem positively projecting out of the sky. Not a soul entered the room who was not noted from head to foot by Lottie. She had been angry with me for warning her, but yet my warning had not been in vain. Everard, on the contrary, was perfectly charming—I never saw him look so well, nor talk so well, nor make himself so agreeable. We ladies on the Green, *who knew all about it*, absolved him, I am sure, finally that night. "You can't imagine, you know, that he ever did anything dishonorable. It's not in nature," said Mrs. Damerel, who had never been one of his friends, to me. As for the party, it was just like other parties, I am sorry to say. There was really nothing original about it, except that it was the first of a saries of tays. If it had been called an evening party, like other people's, we should all have yawned in corners behind our fans, as one generally does. There were a few men down from town, but they had come to dinner, and were still sitting over their wine when we all assembled. I suppose they did not think us worth their while. We had all got shaken together, and the music and the talk had begun to get lively, and our usual groups were forming—for of course, being all so intimate

with each other, we naturally fell into groups —when at last they began to come in. I don't know whether Everard was at all nervous himself, but at all events he kept away behind the old grand piano in a corner, turning over the music, and whispering to Martha Foster in a way which I could see Norah did not at all like. She was quite flushed and excited, poor child. Though I watched her so closely, I did not know half of what had occurred to excite her. But as soon as Colonel Fitzgerald came in, I saw one thing—that it was Norah at whom he had thrown his handkerchief. Priscilla, more like a little hen than ever, was at the other end of the room trying to amuse the dull people, who generally fall into a heap together at such gatherings, but it was to Norah's side that the Colonel betook himself. He bent over her, being a very tall man, and talked, and evidently did his very best to entertain her. He even placed himself so, standing before her, that nobody else could get near the girl. It might be because they had all claimed him as a relative, which gives a man courage, or perhaps because he had a contempt for us mere country people, but certain it was that he monopolized Norah in a very significant way—too significant for a party. Poor Norah received these attentions with anything but satisfaction. Her color came and went, her natural fun and nonsense seemed all at an end. When she answered him it was only with a word or two. Sometimes she would give a frightened glance towards Lady Louisa, sometimes to where Everard stood by the piano, now with one girl, now with another. It was evident to me that she was afraid of them both—afraid of exciting Everard to jealousy, afraid of alarming her mother, vexed and annoyed at the ostentatious attentions of the man by her side. She gave even me an appealing glance, as if praying me to come and help her; but I could not take that upon me in Lady Louisa's house, and knowing what her wishes were. Old Ferms, the butler, and Patrick, the wonderful stable-boy, in a livery coat too long for him, were handing round the tea while this little scene was going on. Colonel Fitzgerald was the first of the gentlemen to leave the dining-room; the others were just beginning to straggle in.

"Give me your arm, Mr. Stoke," said Lady Louisa all at once; and notwithstanding the hum of talk, and all the murmur of the room, Norah heard it and so did I. "Give me your arm; I want to introduce you to me cousin, Lady Fascally. I want ye to tell her about the Dorchesters. She's been spending the winter in Naples and knows them well."

Lady Louisa ran on, but I did not make out what she was saying more. Everard coming towards her turned his face full upon all the assembly, including the gentlemen who were coming in at the door. I don't know if he had already seen that he had something to dread, or if a mere vague fear, communicated somehow in the atmosphere from us women who were afraid, had crept over him. He was very pale and very grave, like a man turning his face towards visible danger. I cannot say that he was a handsome man, but there was something about him of that charm which is more attractive than beauty.

As Norah turned towards her mother, Colonel Fitzgerald naturally turned too; and started, to my dismay, with a muttered exclamation, "By Jove!" Everard came in with Lady Louisa on his arm, passing close by them. He had swept the whole room with his eyes, and it was evident that he had collected himself for the encounter. "Ah, Fitzgerald, how d'ye do?" he said lightly as he passed. Colonel Fitzgerald did not answer a word; he stood like a man scared, biting his moustache with a kind of convulsive energy. It was he who was silenced and put down, and not Everard. He collapsed altogether, and stood staring before him, and did not seem to have another word to say.

Then Norah turned to me over the arm of her sofa—turned right round, and gave me a triumphant look. "Do you see?" her eyes said; "Which is the victor now?" But at this moment something else occurred. A sudden hush fell on the room, nobody knew why; and then there came a voice quite distinct above everything else, as if it were the only voice in the room. "Good God!" it said, "That fellow here!" Not much certainly to make such a commotion, but it froze

Norah into ice as she sat with her head turned round to look at me. I turned too, and so did everybody. It was a fat little man in a white waistcoat who had uttered that exclamation. He was standing direct in Everard's way, stopping him. Lady Louisa had dropped his arm and was begging the gentlemen not to quarrel, and inquiring what was the matter,—while young Everton stepped forward and stood before Lady Fascally, who had been frozen into ice too, with the smile which she had put on to receive Everard petrifying on her lips.

"Don't quarrel, me friends," said Lady Louisa, in her perturbation. "Sir Charles, me dear man, sit down and be quiet, for Heaven's sake. Sure and nobody wants to know what it's about. Mr. Stoke, he's an old man and no credit to fight. Go and sit down by Norah yonder, and talk to the child, and for goodness' sake let us have no more."

"I will obey you, Lady Louisa," said Everard; his eyes gave one flash and he made the short stranger a bow, and turned and came straight up to Norah. "Come into the conservatory and look at the flowers," he said, offering her his arm; "It is your mother who sends me." It all passed with such rapidity that no one could interfere. Norah turned to him as if by compulsion, not as if she had any will of her own. She rose up to her feet trembling, and grew deadly pale, as if she were going to faint—but made a clutch at his arm and saved herself. Colonel Fitzgerald for his part made a movement in a confused, heavy-dragoon way, having only half recovered his senses, as if to interfere between them. "Pardon me, it is Lady Louisa who sent me," said Everard. He was a little pale, but quite calm, and knew what he was about, which no one else in the room did. There was even a touch of scorn in his voice as he passed the heavy, astonished soldier. "By Jove!" was all Colonel Fitzgerald could say. And Everard led the poor child away, as white as her dress, through the people at the other end of the room, who had not heard much of the disturbance (if it could be called a disturbance). His mother called to him softly as they passed, "What is it, Everard? for God's sake," she cried, poor woman. I shall never forget his answer: "Nothing, mother," he said, with the quietest voice, "except that Lady Louisa has sent me to take Norah out for a breath of fresh air. It is so hot—that is all."

I had risen, I could not tell why, and was following them with a vague terror I could not express, when Mrs. Stoke grasped my dress, all trembling, and drew me to a chair beside her. "What has happened? Tell me, for God's sake," she said. What could I do? Lady Louisa had authorized him to go to her daughter. Norah had trusted herself with him. How was I to interfere? I sat down beside his mother, watching the door of the tiny conservatory which had closed upon them. All this passed in about five minutes from the instant when Lady Louisa took Everard's arm. I told his mother all I knew, which was nothing, and then I rose, being too nervous to keep still. I would have gone after them into the conservatory at all hazards, but that I saw some others of the young people going. And what could I do? I returned to my old seat, which was near Lady Louisa. I found her in an unmistakable flutter. Colonel Fitzgerald and the little man in the white waistcoat were standing by her, and the group was made up by Mr. Beresford and Lady Fascally, who still sat petrified in the background, with her son in front of her in defence.

"No better than a swindler," said the fat man. "Took the money, Lady Louisa, ay, and spent it, too, and disappeared, as they mostly do. If I had been told that I should meet that fellow in your house, giving you his arm, I should have sworn that it was impossible. On my honor, I could not believe my eyes."

"And driven out of the regiment, by Jove," said Colonel Fitzgerald, into his moustache. "Sent to Coventry."

"God bless me, don't make such a fuss about it, me dear friends," said Lady Louisa, fanning herself violently. "Sure I thought he'd been wild, like the rest of the young men. It's a mistake, that's all, and if me Lady Denzil received the poor boy, why shouldn't I? Don't go make a fuss and upset me party. I'll have nothing more to say to him, I promise

ye. Ah, now, Mr. Beresford, can't ye go and look after your guests? What a thing to have happen to me, me dear," Lady Louisa said, with a half sob, as she dropped into a chair beside her cousin. She was a woman who was always very audible at all times, and it had not occurred to her to lower her voice.

"What an awkward, disagreeable thing to have happened to me."

"More than awkward, Louisa," said Lady Fascally, who was a sly woman of quality; "I should ask these ladies what they mean by it, if I were you."

"Me dear," said Lady Louisa, "it's clear enough what they mean by it. The boy's reformed, and is young, with good connections, and he's amusing, the poor young creature. I feel for them, poor things. And sure our own boys, me dear, they're not saints. As for spending money, there's me second—and not so particular where he'd get it neither. Me heart aches for the poor boy."

"You had all but presented him to me," said Lady Fascally, with her petrified air.

"Ah, then, me dear, and what harm could he have done ye?" said the softer woman. "After all, it's not Don Juan he is," Lady Louisa added, with a low mellow laugh; the shock had not fallen very severely on her, and the success of her "tay" was more important than Everard. Then her eye fell on me, and she seized upon me on the spot to amuse her difficult relation.

"Talk it all over, me dear ma'am, and tear the boy to pieces, and I'll be everlastingly obliged to you;" but still the mother said not a word about Norah, whom she had trusted to him—not a look of anxiety, or even of discomposure, was on her face, and I tried to speak, but she was gone, leaving me to amuse her friends.

It was a very hard business; and as Lady Fascally, being a great lady, kept solemn possession of her chair, I had to await the arrival of another victim before I could get free. The night went on, to me at least, like a feverish dream; there was music, there was laughter, and the everlasting sound of Lady Fascally's fine talk, and yet she and all the rest looked like so many ghosts. I never saw Norah return out of that conservatory; she might have done so, perhaps, when my back was turned, or she might have come into the house another way; she might have gone upstairs to her room with a headache, as Norah sometimes did, I knew, or she might—could she? was it possible?—be wandering about the garden with Everard, listening to what wild talk the excitement of the moment might have put into his selfish mind. With such a generous, undisciplined, impulsive creature the one thing was as likely as the other, and what was certain was, that I saw her no more that night. "She has got into a row with her mamma," I heard Susy Stoke whisper to another, "and gone off to bed."

But I had nó confidence in Susy Stoke. And it was with a most miserable mind, not knowing what to think, that I got up to follow Lady Denzil when she and Sir Thomas said good night. Priscilla was standing near her mother, white as a ghost. "Are you very tired?" I said to her, longing to say something more. "Tired to death," the poor little woman answered, looking piteously up in my face, as if asking *me* the question I longed to ask her. But Lady Louisa was just as cheerful as ever. "Thank you, me dear ma'am," she said, as she bade me good-night, with a comic glance at her grand relation, such as Irish eyes know so well how to give. And when the child's mother was so perfectly composed, what right had any one else to be anxious? That is what I said to myself as I went, miserable, home.

CHAPTER V.

It was still early when I got home—not more than half-past eleven; for the party had been disturbed, and everybody was glad to get away. I went upstairs and put on my dressing-gown, and came down again, not feeling ready for bed. A summer night is a cheerless thing at such a moment. When one feels wakeful in winter one comes down to the fire, and that is always company. But the lamp is not sufficient lustre to a room when there is nobody in it but one. And shadows seem to get into the corners—shadows that look as if they might take form sometimes and come and sit by one's side. I came into the dim room feeling very unhappy.

It was dimmer than usual that night; my maid had placed a shade over the lamp, so that there was but one brilliant spot on the table, and all the rest was in darkness. Outside it was a lovely moonlight night; but when one is alone, and past the age for that, the lamplight comes more natural than the moonlight. One goes in and sits down—and one sighs. It is as natural as smiling is at a different time.

But I had scarcely sat down and taken up a book, the first which came to hand, when I heard some one knock at the door and the footsteps of two people outside. My heart leaped to my mouth, and I sat listening with the intensity which one only feels when something very serious is happening. Could it be Norah, come to take refuge with me? But it was not Norah. A minute after, her sister Priscilla came trembling like a little ghost into the room. She was muffled in a great cloak, with the hood over her head, but had not changed her white evening dress, and her face was whiter than her gown. She came in, shutting the door and sending away my maid with a little trembling voice.

"That will do, thank you; don't trouble any more. Your mistress knows it is me, and the boy will wait in the hall," she said, and then came to me and knelt down by my side and looked piteously in my face.

"What is it?" I said, taking her hands into mine. They were very cold, and she was shivering with a nervous chill, though it was so warm a night.

"She has gone away with him," said Priscilla—like myself, too much overcome to waste her words. "I cannot find her anywhere. Oh! Mrs. Mulgrave, what am I to do?"

"Gone with him?" I said, in my horror. And yet I did not feel surprised. I seemed to have known all along that it must be so.

"I hoped she had gone to bed," moaned Priscilla. "I told mamma so. Mamma has gone to her room quite easy in her mind, thinking so. But she is not there. Where is she? Oh, where is she? And what must we do?"

Just at that moment there came an impatient knocking at the window which opened to the garden. It was very soft yet very hasty—like one who came by stealth and yet had not a moment to spare. Priscilla sprang to her feet, and so did I. The shutters were all shut close; for it was on the ground floor, and easily accessible from the road. Once more I thought it was Norah, and so did her sister at my side. I don't know which of us it was that got the window open, we were both trembling so much, and obstructing each other in our eagerness. When we threw it open, a whole flood of moonlight and soft-scented night air came pouring in; but nothing else. We stood straining our eyes out, filled with I don't know what superstitious terror. Priscilla clutched at me with her little icy hand. Nothing we could have seen would have appalled us like that beautiful, awful vacancy, after the human sounds of appeal for admittance. I was so terrified at last by the rigid grasp of the white creature beside me, and the moon gleaming upon her staring eyes and pallid, ghostly little figure, that I turned round to support her. And then it was, I suppose, that Lottie Stoke ventured to come forward out of the shadow. Priscilla gave a terrible scream and fell down at my feet. I cannot deny but I had almost fainted too, when the other figure suddenly appeared behind me, and helped to lift her up. What saved me was that Lottie grasped my arm with a kind of violence. "It is me," she said, "Lottie," almost shaking me in her impatience. She had been afraid to come in, seeing two of us, and thus we lost ten precious minutes, as she said afterwards; for we had to bring Priscilla to her senses before we could hear each other speak.

"He has carried her off!" said Lottie, who had all the appearance of breathless haste. She had run all the way from the cottage, but had taken time to change her dress, and was evidently ready for action. "And I think I know where, Mrs. Mulgrave, if you have the courage to come. Have you the courage to come? Priscilla, be still, and don't pay any attention; you are just coming out of a faint. Mrs. Mulgrave, if you will come we may save them yet."

I cannot give any idea of the breathless

way in which Lottie spoke. She could not stand still. She kept sprinkling the *eau-de-cologne* over Priscilla, though she had come to by this time. And then she went and shut the windows, putting the shutters close with vigorous, trembling hands, and talking all the time. Priscilla, more dead than alive, sat up on the sofa where we had placed her.

"You will go, Mrs. Mulgrave?" she said. "Oh, go—for God's sake! before mamma knows."

"Where is it? What can we do? Children, you are driving me stupid," I cried. "Where can we go in the middle of the night?"

Then they both huddled close to me, and Lottie told her story. She had feared something from the moment they had disappeared into the conservatory; and Everard was not to be found. When they got home they found he had been there and had sent to the Barley-Mow for the gig. He told the servants he had been sent for to town, and that one of his sisters was going to see him off, and took a cloak of Lottie's and a hat. He was to leave the gig at a little inn near the Brentworth station, which was where the night express stopped. The maid, who had been curious, reported that the gig took him up with his companion under the shade of the lodge trees, so that she could not see which of the young ladies it was.

"Brentworth is six miles off," Lottie said, as she ended her tale. "Your pony would do it if you would come. When she said Brentworth, I knew where he must have gone. I will tell you on the road, Mrs. Mulgrave; only come."

"Oh, Mrs. Mulgrave, darling, go!" cried Priscilla, clasping her cold arms around me. My mind went slower than theirs—being older, I suppose.

"What good could we do?" said I. "There is not another train to-night. I would go if it would do any good. Lottie, my dear, think a moment; there is no train, and it is the middle of the night."

"He has not gone by the train," said Lottie; "I know where he has gone. I am sure I know. It is full moon, and the roads are light as day. I am not afraid to go anywhere, if you will come. Oh! Mrs. Mulgrave, after all we have suffered, for my poor mother's sake."

"For my Norah's sake!" cried Priscilla, joining her two hands.

"I can put in the pony, myself!" Lottie cried, springing to her feet. "After all, we have not lost much time. I will tell Mary to bring you a glass of wine, and give me a light, and your big cloak. I have done it before. I shall be ready in ten minutes."

The emergency had brought out all the energy in her, while I, though I am not generally timid, sat trembling, not seeing my way. Two women alone driving across the country, in the middle of the night, through all that bright, prying, ghastly moonlight. We might meet tramps, or something worse, on the way. We might fall into evil hands. We might be murdered, for anything I could tell. And there was no trace to follow the fugitives to town by. Though they hurried me on with their impetuosity, I was afraid.

"It is not safe, it is not possible!" I cried. "We must wait till the morning. Two ladies alone! Lottie, you do not think what you say."

"Patrick came with me," said Priscilla, "he is as faithful as one of ourselves. He would go through fire and water for her. Oh, my Norah! I feel as if I dare not name her. Take Patrick, Mrs. Mulgrave, and for God's sake go!"

In ten minutes I found myself sitting wrapped up, and ready, waiting for the pony-carriage to come round. I could not resist them, though I could see no object in it.

"If mamma finds out, I will say she has come here in one of her tempers," said Priscilla. "I will say she has gone to you. If mamma knew—and oh! she was so aggravating to-day, and made Norah wild. I don't wonder at anything she did."

"Was it about him?" said Lottie, for I would not speak.

"Oh, no! it was about the other," said Priscilla. "He preferred her, as he was sure to do. The men all prefer Norah, she is so pretty and so lively; and sometimes the women too."

"Because you never let us see how good

you are!" cried Lottie, starting up, as we heard the sound of wheels. And for my part, all trembling and excited as I was, I took Priscilla into my arms and kissed her. Her tears came on my face warmer than her cheek was. We watched her make a tremulous rush down through the moonlight, and get safely within her own gate; and then Lottie and I, with Patrick behind us, turned off across the Green.

I have made many strange journeys in my life, and mostly on account of other people, having little enough to do for myself, but I don't recollect anything like that drive in the moonlight with the Irish stable-boy and Lottie Stoke. How still it was; how the moon shone and shone, growing bigger and fuller every moment, and wrapping us round and round in light. Every house on the road was fast asleep. The lights all out. The windows all covered, and the moonlight climbing in at them, an unsuspected thief, and whitening walls and roofs, and throwing awful ghastly shadows on everything in its way. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring. The roads were hard and dry, echoing under the pony's feet. Sometimes we thought we heard sounds of somebody before us. Sometimes of somebody pursuing, and would stop and hold our breath. It was the silence, I suppose, and the strange feeling of being all alone, awake and alive as it were, in the midst of this dead, motionless, sleeping world. And yet, Patrick the stable-boy was a kind of comfort too. Lottie told me where we were going as we went. An old servant of the Stokes, an old nurse, had a little farm near Brentworth. Lottie thought he would not take Norah to London, but there; and that what he said about the train was only to delude us. She thought he would stay there till the first noise of the discovery was over. And then she burst forth all at once with a passion of indignation, and rage, and scorn that bewildered me. "He is my brother!" she cried. "Oh, that one should have to despise one's brother! I seem to hate him when I think of it. He has done it for revenge, because he was disgraced there to-night. She is poor; she has nothing. He never wanted to marry her, Mrs. Mulgrave. He will keep her there till everybody knows she has gone away with him, and then he will not marry her. I know him. Sometimes he is like the Devil himself!" cried Lottie, "and that is why I would not lose a moment. I will bring her home if I should die!"

"Lottie!" I cried, "he could not be such a villain. Men are bad enough, but not so bad as that."

"I do not mean he will do her any harm," said Lottie, with a violent crimson blush, which I could see, even in the moonlight; and her whip rose, and my poor pony started forward on the silent, silent road. The girl was excited and did not know what she was doing. I made her no answer, feeling sure that her indignation and agitation had carried her away, and warped her judgment even. Men are bad enough, but nowadays they don't do such things as that.

The nearer we came to our destination, the more silent we grew, and the faster went the pony, urged on by Lottie, who did not know what she was doing. When we passed Brentworth station, some one looked out from the little house by the railway, evidently startled by the noise we made, and threw up a window to watch us two ladies and the boy behind. He must have thought us ghosts, or madwomen. Then we turned down a long narrow country lane, all shaded with trees, and dark, which was still more terrifying than the light; and at last came to the farmhouse gate. Patrick jumped down to open it. We had never said a word to the lad of what our mission was; but he came up to the side of the carriage with a whisper, "Sure it's the gate is open, Miss. I'll go bail somebody's been here before us," he said. The chase had roused him, and so indeed, to some extent, it had me; hopeless though I was.

We drove up to the door—never was a house, to all appearance, more completely asleep. Perfect silence, darkness, windows closed, not so much as a creature stirring in the barnyard, or a dog to bark. "It is nonsense, Lottie," I said, thinking how we should possibly be able to explain to any innocent, unconscious people our object in this extraordinary visit; but Lottie was now too much excited to think of anything. When Patrick, by her orders, went and thundered at the door,

the sound seemed to wake up the whole country. A dog in the farmyard behind bayed deep and loud, and simultaneously, from a distance of miles all round, as one would have thought, other dogs replied to him. There was a universal stir in the air, in the trees, in the whole neighborhood. Night was surprised, and echoed and thrilled all over, but not a sound woke in the house. While we waited for an answer, the noise extinguished itself, as it were, and dead silence fell all around us again—dead silence, not a movement or breath in the Castle of Dreams we were assailing. Then the boy came round once more to the side of the carriage. "Sure they're a deal too quiet," he said; "if they didn't hear they'd be stirring. Will I knock again?" "Louder!" cried Lottie, in her impatience; and this time the summons was hideous. The first indication of response was the opening of a window in the other side of the house, and then Lottie called out loudly: "Mrs. Drayton, open the door," she said, "you are wanted. I know you hear me. Mrs. Stoke has sent for you; open the door!"

Patrick renewed his summons. This time it was successful. A gradual movement began inside. Some one came down stairs, and at last a bolt was withdrawn, but doubtfully. "It is me," cried Lottie, springing out of the carriage, "Lottie Stoke; don't you know my voice? Open the door, Mrs. Drayton; not one of us will ever speak to you again if you don't open the door."

"Coming, coming, Miss," said a frightened voice, and then the door opened, and a woman with dazzled, blinking eyes, and a candle in her hand, made her appearance reluctantly.

"Lord bless us, Miss Lottie! I thought it was robbers. What's brought you here in the middle of the night?"

"Where is my brother?" cried Lottie. "Don't try to deceive me. I know he is here."

"Your brother! Mr. Everard!"

Lottie put her hand on the woman's shoulder and shook her in her excitement.

"Don't tell me any lies," she cried. "I know he has been here and some one with him. Where is he? If you try to shield him this time you will ruin him, Drayton. I must see him this instant—this instant! Do you hear?"

The woman began to cry and put down her candle on the door-step—where it flickered wildly—and wrung her hands. "Oh! what am I to do! what am I to do!" she cried.

"Let me see my brother at once," Lottie repeated, clutching her by the shoulders, while for my part I cried out, "The young lady—the young lady! Bring her to us and let him alone!"

"Miss Lottie, if you will take my word, if you will believe me on my Bible oath," she cried, "as sure as you are sitting there, he went up to town by the express train." I could not restrain the groan that came from my lips. I had known it would come to nothing, and yet for a minute I had actually begun to hope. It was my groan that saved us. The woman stopped in her crying to give a curious glance at me. She must have seen, by the outline of my figure in the moonlight, that I was not young. I think she supposed me to be Norah's mother. She made a step forward and looked at me anxiously. What a strange, wild scene it was! and all the while that lovely moon, that cared nothing for us, shining, and the little flickering candle blazing away at her feet.

"Oh, what is he up to this time!" she cried; "Miss Lottie, tell me! He's my boy, and I'll stand up for him through thick and thin, but I've always been respectable, I told him so. I won't do nothing but what's right."

"Oh, good woman," I cried out of my shawls, "kind woman! Nothing shall be done to him if you will tell us where she is."

A little flicker of hope began to rise in me again. The woman stood irresolute, wringing her hands, and Lottie clutched at her, drew her aside, and began to talk eagerly, urging something upon her. I tried to listen, but they were too far off, and then another faint, indistinct sound caught my ear. What was it? It was like the creaking of a wooden stair, and some one stealing down one step at a time. Then I fancied I heard the sound of hurried, stealthy breathing. I did not scream out, though I was half dead with fright. If Everard Stoke were to spring out upon us, desperate, what should we do? Two wildered

women and Patrick, the stable-boy, against a cruel, strong man who would stick at nothing. I kept still and listened, though I was sick with terror, but some unconscious movement I made startled the pony, who took a sudden step forward as if we were starting to go away. Then I heard a short, sharp cry. I echoed it myself in my excitement, and out into the moonlight, overturning the candle, came rushing another figure all white, like a ghost.

"I am coming—I am coming," she cried, and seized the pony's reins. Oh, was it possible! I knew then I had never believed it, never hoped for it. Was it possible! "Norah! Norah! can it be you?"

She made a pause. She turned for a moment, as if she would go back. "Ah, then who would it be but me," she sighed. I threw my shawls off and laid my hands on her, and held her fast. Only then could I convince myself that it was true.

"Oh, Norah, come with me! come with me! We have come all this way to fetch you, Norah! Nobody will cross you or scold you—only come back!"

She resisted my arms for I don't know how long, resisted and held herself away like a naughty child; and then all at once, in her sudden, impulsive way, turned and threw herself on my breast.

"Is it you? I thought it could only be you—and did you come to fetch me, you darling woman? Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do? When he comes back for me tomorrow he will break his heart."

God forgive me—was it not best to humor her and save her? "He knows where to come for you," I said. "He can come to me. I will leave a message. Norah, come for his sake! Oh, dear child—listen to me! even a man loves his wife best when he takes her out of another woman's arms."

She gave a sudden cry and buried her head on my shoulder. I felt her tremble in my arms. I knew if I could have seen it that her young face pressed against me was crimsoned with shame. But the shame woke resistance in her.

"I have done no harm," she said, turning her face from me. "He left me here till everything was ready. We are to be married to-morrow. Oh, I cannot go back from my word. In the morning he is to come!"

"Norah," I said in my desperation, "I will give you to him—he can come to me."

I cannot tell how long this discussion went on. I became aware somehow that Lottie and the woman of the house were both standing by, spectators of the struggle. I held the girl fast. I never let her hand or her dress escape from me. I promised every wild impossibility that came into my head. I grew hoarse and faint with talking. But whether I should have succeeded, Heaven knows. It was not I who did it at last. Patrick, the stable-boy, had stolen round to the side where Norah stood. All at once he put his hand out and touched her. The lad was crying.

"Miss Norah," he sobbed out, "sure if you don't come home your darlint sister, your own sister, will break her heart and die."

Norah said not a word more. She broke out into sudden weeping, hysterical and loud, and then shivered so that I thought she would have fallen out of my hold. She was still in her ball dress, with the little white cloak about her which she had worn when she went into the conservatory with that villain. I put one of my shawls round her and she was grateful for it, and then we half lifted, half forced her into the pony carriage. All this time no one said a word; we scarcely ventured to breathe. When she was safe in the back seat, and I beside her with my arms around her; I gave the woman of the house some ridiculous message. Heaven knows what I said. "Tell him to come to me for her; I will give her to him, I pledge my word." Something like this I said in my folly. I felt Lottie's breath on my cheek and heard her whisper something which in my excitement I did not understand. And then—I could not believe it, it seemed to be a dream—we were driving back again, with Norah saved!

I thought of nothing as we drove back. The moonlight and the solitude were nothing to me. It was Patrick who drove, and we flew over the echoing roads, running a race with the dawn, and we won it, though I scarcely hoped we could. It was still only twilight when I opened my door like a thief,

and stole up to my room with the girl we had snatched out of the jaws of destruction. All this had been like a dream to Norah. She kissed me, and looked piteously in my face, and said, "When he comes to-morrow, you will give me to him," as I laid her in my own bed. I trembled to think what I was doing, but I promised once again—better come that than the other, however bad it might be.

It was only when I stole down stairs again after this, that Lottie and I had time to look each other in the face in the faint light of the morning. "Do not vex yourself, dear Mrs. Mulgrave," she said, "he will never come back."

"It is not possible, Lottie!" "He will never, never come back. He would have left her there—Oh, do you think I don't know him—to bring shame on the house where he was shamed. You will have no trouble; he will never come near her or think of her again!"

I thought she judged him hardly. I did not believe any man could be capable of such villainy. For my own part, I believed I should have a great deal to go through. I lay down on the sofa in my dressing-gown (which I had worn all this time), and tried to sleep, but could not sleep for thinking what trouble I might have brought upon myself!—and what would her friends say to me! But in the mean time she was safe; nothing had happened; at least there was reason to be glad for that.

But oh how strange it was when Lady Louisa came to me in the morning as cheerful and mellow as ever, knowing nothing, Heaven be praised! of the kind of night we had passed. "I hear you have me runaway child harbored in your house," she said, "and it's whipped she ought to be for her saucy ways. But Norah always had a spirit of her own; she takes after me family, not after the Beresfords. Did they tell ye how we quarreled, me dear ma'am?" continued the cheerful mother; and I, a miserable deceiver, did not dare to meet her eye.

"No, mamma, unless Norah did," said poor little Priscilla, who was as pallid as a ghost. "It was this," said Lady Louisa; "and me child, you can go and tell your sister I forgive her. Sure we'll beat her when we get home," she added with a twinkle in her eye, —"don't look like a specter, me dear. Bless the man," Lady Louisa continued, with her hateful candor, "I wish he'd been a thousand miles off. It was me Norah that took his eye, and I don't blame him, though Prissy was the one for him, me dear lady, and would have made him a darling of a wife. But the men are all fools, and never know what's good for them. So, as I was saying, it was Norah that took his eyes, and what do you think she came and told me just before dinner, to spoil me appetite: 'He may have sixty thousand a year if he likes,' she says, 'or the queen's crown, but I won't have him.' Think of that, me dear ma'am, for a mother that thinks of nothing but her children! But she takes it of me own family," said Lady Louisa, with a curious self-consolation. "I was a fool meself in me young days, and downright uncivil to the men. So we had some words, I won't deny, and what with that, and what with the poor boy Stoke, me tay was a failure. Ah, you're very polite: but it was a failure, me dear lady, and broke me heart. Please Heaven we'll do better another time; sure I'll have the boys down, and it will be different altogether. And as for the Colonel, it's hard to let ten thousand a year slip through one's fingers; but do you think even for that I'd be cruel to me own child!"

I begged Lady Louisa, with a troubled heart, to leave Norah with me for a day or two.

If he comes back to claim her, then, I thought, it would be time enough to tell her parents why. But my request was granted with the most cheerful readiness and without a fear. I cannot tell how the day passed. My head spun round and round, and the hours and the world seemed to spin with me. Norah was very grave, and I think a terrible doubt had risen in her mind. She remained in my room all day waiting for Everard. When the afternoon came I sent a messenger to Brentworth. *He had not been there.* He neither came nor wrote, nor took any further notice. I could not believe it. The second day I drove over myself and made sure. No, he had not come back. And if she had been left there—if no good angel had put the

thought in Lottie Stoke's mind to go and seek her, what would Norah have done? Her folly would have cost her her reputation and probably her life.

It did all but cost her her life as it was. Not immediately, for the child could not dispossess herself of the idea that somebody was to blame, and that Miss Stoke or Priscilla (she did not suspect me) were scheming to keep him away. For months she went about with eyes that seemed to question all the roads for miles off, spying everybody that passed. And then the poor child had a fever, and raved about it, asking of all why we did not let him come. But when she recovered, her delusions departed with the fever. A girl's painful first love, thank Heaven, seldom stands a great shock, and never surely such a shock as that.

Not very long after this the Beresfords left the mansion, to the great affliction of all Dinglefield. They have been living in Italy since, and all over the world; and the last news we heard was, that the ten thousand a year was, after all, likely to come into the family, but not through Norah. Her dear little sister Priscilla, who had no objections to Colonel Fitzgerald, having, it would seem, caught his heart (if heavy dragoons have hearts) in the rebound. There is a rumor that Norah is after all going to marry young Everton, her cousin, Lady Fascally's son, notwithstanding the precautions taken by both families, and that everybody is distracted, and they are all very happy. However, I do not vouch for that. But this I am sure, that we would all put up triumphal arches and receive them with open arms if any good fortune should send Lady Louisa back again to complete her sadly interrupted saries of tays.

THE ILLINOIS AND ST. LOUIS BRIDGE.

THE feeling of admiration with which one surveys the rapidly advancing work of bridging the Mississippi at St. Louis, is blended with a certain poetic sadness—a sentiment excited by the contrast between the present and the past.

Twenty years ago this mighty river was mistress of the West; her levees were crowded with merchandise seeking transportation, and eager throngs, hurrying up and down the land, depended upon her aid in reaching their destination. A queenly superiority seemed to be the natural right of this noble river, and, with her importance to the commerce of the country constantly increasing, it was supposed that no rival could possibly appear.

But there was something of the usurper in the Mississippi, even from the first. People said her very name was stolen, and that her magnificent claims were all a pretence. They declared that the Missouri had the prior right to the homage paid the Mississippi, because it furnished the greater volume of water pouring through this channel to the Gulf, and also gave its own color, its mud, and its fertilizing properties to the majestic stream.

To all this the river in possession has never deigned to give an answer, but superbly rolling on her way, has exulted until now in her undisturbed supremacy. Sometimes, to show her power, she wrested a forest or a hamlet from its hold upon her banks; or, turning uneasily in her bed, swept new channels for her course, regardless whether the beings who made unrequited use of her energies, survived her pleasantries or perished in her remorseless arms.

This queenly river, however, happens to flow southward. Had her direction been east or west, her sway might have continued for a longer time; but Providence, by cutting out her course, cut short the term of her supremacy. Westward flows the stream of human life upon this continent. No highways leading north or south can possibly compete in the race for fortune with those tending towards the setting sun.

When, then, the Railroad appeared, running wherever it would, and able to overcome on land the resistance of gravity,—not so easily mastered on the water,—it at once became the autocrat of western transportation, overthrow-

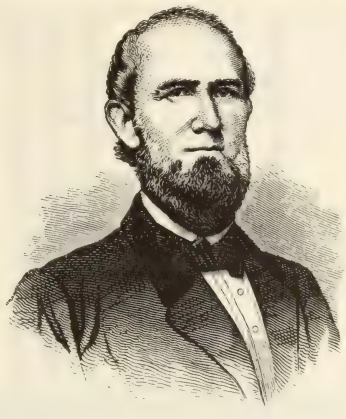
ing all rivalry, distancing all competition, and making the water-courses tributary to its advancing domination.

It is this power that to-day flings chains about the captive queen of rivers, and, like Augustus, hopes to lead the Cleopatra of the West in triumph. Ten lines of railroad converging at this point, could not long brook the obstruction which the river offered to their perfect conquest, and so this enterprise of an immense bridge is the result. Even the Mississippi seems to realize that her rule is over, and resists with might and main this attempt to destroy her old prestige. Sometimes, in furious headway, she rushes upon the flotilla moored against her sides, as if to tear asunder the chains they are riveting about her. Again she dives below the heavy weights laid athwart her path, and scours away the sand on which they rest. In winter she drives vast masses of ice against the works of the invaders, and grimly smiles as, now and then, a temporary breach is made.

But these gigantic struggles against destiny are of no avail. Opposed to them are the resources of an imperial treasury, the necessities of a continent, and the might of science. Within a year the Mississippi will be at the mercy of her conquerors. She may grind her sands in rage, and lash her sides in wrath, but never again can she be called, in the old sense, the autocrat of western prosperity. The spirit of Stephenson, rather than of Fulton, must hereafter guide that vast empire to its destiny of wealth and power.

It was early seen that the struggle would be a stern one, and that the river would yield only to the prowess of a master-mind. To find the man able and willing to cope with such an adversary, on the gigantic scale needed for the consummation of a permanent success, was no easy task. At last, fortunately, the choice was made of Chief Engineer James B. Eads.

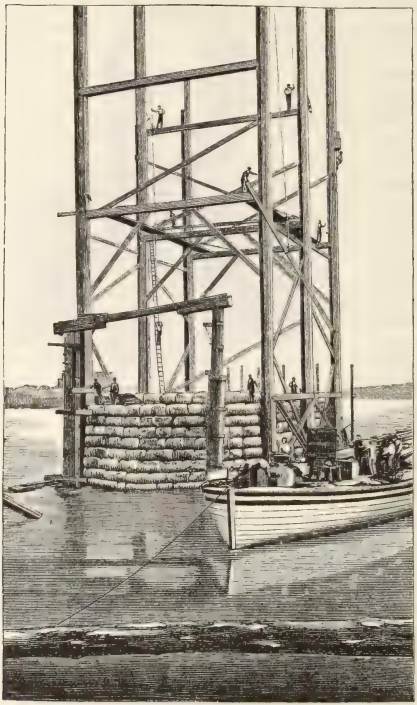
The country is already indebted to his skill and perseverance for many important works. He built the vessels "Benton," "Baron de Kalb," "Cincinnati," and others, used so effectively by Admiral Foote before the fight of the Monitor and Merrimac. Afterwards he constructed fourteen iron-clads



CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS.

for the United States, and has invented various improvements in naval and military defenses. He was the first man in Europe or America to devise successful means for operating heavy ordnance by steam. Mr. Stevens of Hoboken devised a means, never since used, for sponging and loading the gun by steam, the muzzle being turned down to a hood on the deck, thus bringing the bore in line with a steam cylinder beneath the deck, the piston of which carried the sponge or the shot into the bore of the gun. Mr. Ericsson, by the rotating turret, trained the guns by steam; but in the turrets designed by Captain Eads, not only was this done, but the guns were lowered below deck for loading, raised again for firing, run into the ports, and the recoil checked, all by steam, and so rapidly that two eleven-inch guns were each loaded and fired every forty seconds in each turret. The government is to-day making trial of a gun-carriage, of novel construction, invented by Captain Eads, generously allowing him to pay the cost of the carriage if it fails, with nothing but reputation as a reward if it succeeds.

When Capt. Eads visited Europe after the war, with a Government Commission to examine naval constructions, he was most cordially received by Count Bismarck and General von Roon, the Prussian Minister of War, and com-



WEST PIER.

missions of officers visited his apartments to examine his models. Many of these officers have distinguished themselves in the late war. To show the difference between French and Prussian military management, it may be mentioned that when the Captain was at Paris, although Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, informed the Imperial authorities of the arrival of plans and models of such importance, they merely replied that if the inventor would carry them to a certain office a report would be made upon them. Of course no notice whatever was taken of this ungracious answer to a most generous offer on the part of the owner of the inventions, who had no idea of acting the part of a vender of patent rights.

Some who read this article will remember the visit of the Russian squadron, in 1863, to this country, under the gallant Admiral Lessoffsky; and they may also remember a banquet given to the officers of the fleet, in New York, at which Admiral Farragut and other distinguished Americans were present. Our Captain Eads was the liberal host on that occasion, Admiral Lessoffsky having been for many years his intimate friend and constant correspondent.

Having, then, introduced our readers to the Chief Engineer, to whom they will be mainly indebted for the pleasure and information given in the remainder of this article, let us step aboard a tug with the Captain, and steam out from the west shore of the Missisippi, and see what has thus far been done in the great work we are considering.

Three problems are to be solved in carrying out the gigantic scheme. The first is a question of engineering skill: How can the bridge be constructed, so as to overcome the obstacles presented by the width, depth, and shifting sands of the great river? The second is a question of commercial importance: How can the bridge be made to accommodate the greatest amount of transit, at the same time obstructing navigation as little as possible? The third question is financial: How can this bridge be built so as to pay the largest dividends to stockholders?

As we are not, however, to attempt a problem in Euclid, but only to take a pleasure excursion of an hour, picking up such information as we can by the way, we will answer the above questions by looking at, rather than by computing the scientific data of the structure, taking as a sample of the whole, the pier on which the little tug now lands the party, ladies and all.

This pier (of which you have a view in the accompanying picture, from a photograph taken Sept. 20, 1870) looks modest enough as it rises out of the river, now as placid as a lake. But let us see what it costs of brain and courage and life to achieve this work.

There are to be two piers in the stream, and two abutments. The height of the eastern

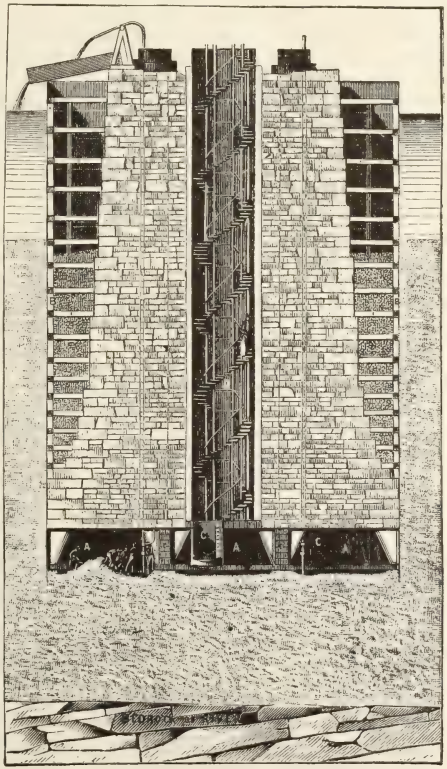
pier, when completed ten feet above low-water mark, will be 97 feet, and that of the other, 69 feet above the rock. About 78 feet in depth of sand will be encountered in sinking the one, and 50 feet in the other, with about 20 feet of water on the site of each pier. The base of each pier is 82 feet long—the eastern one being 60 feet wide, and the other 48 feet wide. The larger one will cover an area of 4,020 square feet, and the other 3,360 square feet.

Glancing at the drawing of the "Section of east pier and caisson," the reader will be able to follow a brief explanation of the magnitude of the enterprise.

A coffer-dam, or diving bell (A), is constructed and floated to the place where the pier is to be built. This coffer-dam is to be loaded above water with the masonry of the pier, and is to be allowed gradually to descend to the bottom of the river, carrying with it the superstructure which is to form the pier. In this way all the stone for the structure is laid in cement above the water, and is kept from the water, till the pier is finished, by iron water tight sides (B), extended above the water as the floating pier sinks deeper and deeper, with its increasing burden of stone and cement. The gradual descent of the pier is managed by screws, supported on false works, erected around and over the site of the pier. (See cut of "West Pier.")

It is intended that the pier shall sink clear through the sand, to the rock bed of the river. When then the sides of the caisson touch the sand, that sand must be removed, in order to let down the pier. This is done by sand-pumps, which carry off the sand as fast as men in the air-chamber can shovel it to the mouths of the tubes. For these operations, as well as for others of which we shall soon speak, it is necessary to provide tubes through the masonry, leading down into the air-chamber, for the passage of the workmen; through which also air may be forced to expel the water from the chamber, and by which the sand may be pumped out. These tubes must have air-locks or valves (C) in them, to be closed behind the workmen and materials in their passage, to prevent the escape of the compressed air in the chamber.

With these explanations given you by Captain Eads, as you stand on the pier, you are prepared to descend the "Main Entrance Shaft." You go down by a winding stairway (D), and experience little inconvenience until you enter the air-valve, where, if the compressed air from the air-chamber is let on ra-



SECTION OF EAST PIER AND CAISSON.

pidly, you will feel a painful pressure in one ear or both. If this is your first visit, it may be fifteen minutes before it will be safe to let you pass into the air-chamber where the men are at work; but by gradually admitting the compressed air, no permanent ill effect will be received.

If the painful pressure continues more than an instant after entering the valve, you will be told to close the nostrils between the thumb and finger, shutting the lips tightly, and inflating the cheeks, thus opening the Eustachian tubes and equalizing the pressure on the inner and outer surfaces of the tympanum. These tubes are a provision of nature to relieve the ears of such barometric changes as occur in the atmosphere in which we live, but are too minute to meet an unusual outer pressure of air with a counter-current of air from the lungs. But passing through the air-lock you can remain safely in the air-chamber for a considerable length of time. These air-chambers, even after they had reached the bed-rock, sixty to eighty feet below the surface, were visited by thousands of persons, including many delicate ladies, without any of them experiencing the slightest ill effects from the pressure.

It is, however, somewhat startling to find one's self so far under ground, in a dim light, with the consciousness that too long a visit would turn this chamber into a tomb. About thirty workmen, out of three hundred and fifty-two, employed in a single air-chamber, were affected with more or less muscular paralysis, and twelve cases out of the thirty proved fatal. Nearly or quite all of these deaths happened to men unaccustomed to the work; several of them to men who had worked but one watch of two hours.

Down in this dungeon, nine feet high, and which, filled with concrete, by and by is to be the base of the solid pier, you will see some very startling phenomena. Blow out the flame of a candle and it immediately returns to the wick. At the depth of one hundred feet, candles are consumed in about three-fifths of the time required in the open air. Large quantities of smoke are emitted from the flames, and the air is filled with particles of floating carbon, which can only be thoroughly removed by placing a rose-jet on the nozzle of a water-hose in the chamber, and discharging the spray in every direction.

There is great difficulty in extinguishing fire in an atmosphere of such density, and the clothing of one of the men, although of a woolen fabric, having on one occasion taken fire, it was exceedingly difficult to quench the flame. A kind of globe has therefore been invented, by which a candle will burn under the normal pressure of the atmosphere. Another curious phenomenon, observed at a hundred and eight feet below the surface, is the reappearance of flame, by placing the unquenched sparks of two wicks in contact, when, separately, each fails to possess sufficient heat to restore the flame. One is pleased to hear, in the midst of these unusual appearances, the familiar click of the telegraph, putting the solitary band of men, working far under the bed of a mighty river, in connection with the outer world. The wires communicate with the derrick-boat and the central office in St. Louis, so that directions can be given to the workmen, and progress reported by them at any instant.

But retreating from this sombre visit to the lower depths, somewhat after the fashion of the ascent one makes in crawling up into the ball of St. Peter's at Rome, and feeling a little exhausted as the passage through the air-valve is made, we climb the stairway, glad to know that a "lift" is to be put into the east abutment pier, to avoid the labor of walking up a circular stair of one hundred and twenty feet in height. This, it is believed, will greatly relieve the workmen from the exhaustion consequent upon the change from a pressure of air of forty-five or fifty pounds extra, to that of the natural atmosphere.

We now stand under the open sky, resume our ordinary self-assurance, and, considerably elated (especially the ladies) with our experience underground, listen submissively as Captain Eads explains the derrick-boats, and the operation of their immense traveling gear stretching high above our heads. This is tame business compared with the descent into the shades below, and yet the machinery for this part of the enterprise is as wonderful in its complications and adaptations as that

of any other portion of the work. The accompanying representation of the construction works and machinery for sinking the caisson and laying the masonry of the East Pier, will give an idea of the process.

Here you see the caisson in position (A); the guide piles (B) driven into the sand to steady in its descent; derrick-boats (C) moored on either side, having engines for working the machinery and driving the air and sand-pumps, while outside these derrick-boats barges (D) are lying with the stone on board.

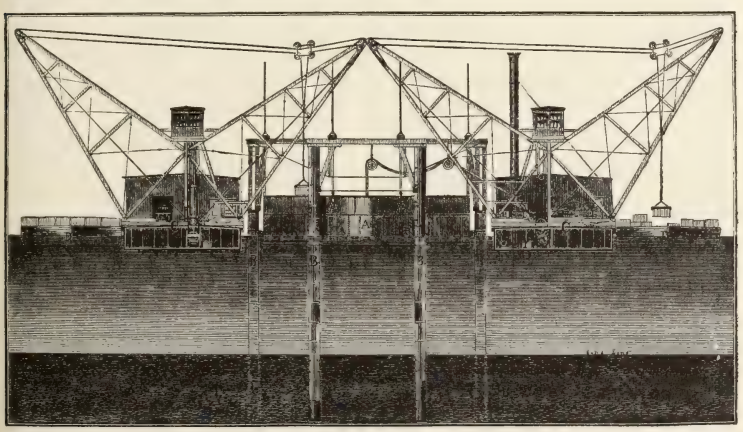
Frameworks fifty feet high support, as you observe, strong wire cables, along which "travelers" with wheels are arranged to run for hoisting and transporting the stone. In the picture, the "traveler" on the right is just lifting a block of granite; the one on the left is depositing a block on the roof of the caisson; and the beauty of the thing is, that a single man, stationed in one of those small cabins above the derrick-boats, controls the "traveling" process by which twelve stones, each of seven tons weight, can be raised and placed in position at one and the same time. An average of ten thousand cubic feet of masonry can be laid in a day; three minutes only are required to make fast to the largest stone on a barge, and to place it in the hands of the mason, over the spot which it is to occupy in the pier. Fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty feet of wire rope are used for the twenty-four "travelers" employed in this work.

A complete picture of this machinery is given in the annexed view of the construction works of the East Pier, from a photograph taken in August of last year.

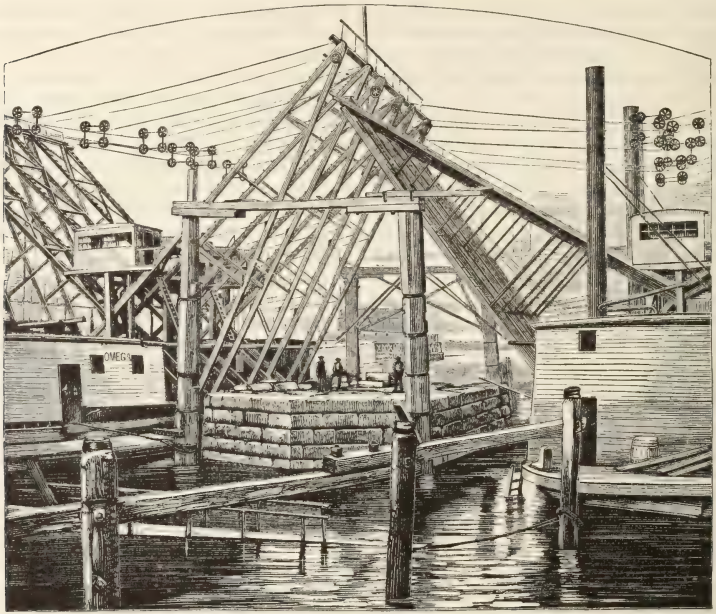
The sand-pumps, used for removing the sand from the caissons as the piers descend, must not be forgotten. They are of a simple but novel and ingenious construction, never having been in use before.

One of these, of three-inch bore, discharges ten cubic yards of sand in an hour, and gravel stones two and a quarter inches in diameter are discharged by it with as much facility as sand. A stream of water is forced down through one pipe, and caused to discharge near the sand into another pipe in an annular jet, and in an upward direction. The jet creates a vacuum below it, by which the sand is drawn into the second pipe or pump, the lower end of which is in the sand. The force of the jet drives the sand up to the surface as fast as it enters the second pipe.

The superiority of this pump consists in the fact that the requisite supply of water for keeping the sand in a fluid condition is constant, while the suction-pipe is inserted directly in the sand. It is scarcely possible for the pump to become clogged, and it works admir-



FLOATING CAISSON AND MACHINERY.



CONSTRUCTION WORKS OF EAST PIER.

ably, even with the end of the pipe nineteen feet deep in the sand.

After witnessing the satisfactory operation of the derrick-boats and the sand-pumps, the only item left about which to ask for information, is the method of filling up the air-chamber after the structure has reached the rock-bed. The whole pier must be solid, and the method of making it so is simple enough to be readily explained. Of course it is understood that the air-chamber is of immense strength, braced and girded in every part, with a roof of iron plates half an inch thick, and strong timber-girders, intended to rest upon the sand or rock, to support the roof from below.

As soon, then, as the iron edge of the caisson (projecting downwards a little below its wooden interior walls) has struck the rock, the space remaining between these wooden walls and the rock is thoroughly concreted. The chamber is then ready to be filled up. In the channel piers the rock was cleared of sand, and layers of concrete nine or ten inches in thickness were placed directly upon it. The closing courses under the roof of the chamber were stoutly rammed in place, and then the air-locks and finally the shafts were filled with the same material.

But for the east abutment pier, the necessity of this very tedious process was obviated, by using sand instead of concrete for filling the air-chamber. The wooden walls of this chamber are strong enough to resist the pressure of the sand with which it is to be filled, even should the iron used in its construction corrode entirely away. The sand upon the outside also exerts a counterbalancing pressure, it being scarcely possible that the sand surrounding this pier should ever be scoured away by the action of the stream.

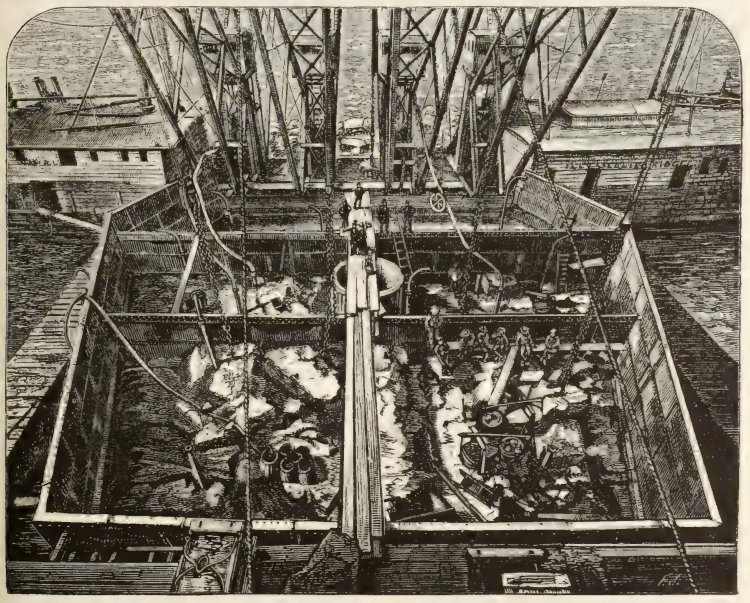
To make the filling of sand compact, the air in the chamber is allowed to escape and water is introduced, after which sand is shoveled down through the vertical shafts or pipes;

when the chamber is nearly full of sand and water, the air is again forced in, expelling the water and enabling the workmen to go down and fill the remaining space with concrete, ramming it under the roof of the chamber. When this is done and the shafts and pipes filled up, the whole thing is as solid and substantial as if built of granite from the top to the bottom. Nothing but an earthquake will be able to dislodge the massive structure from the rock on which it rests.

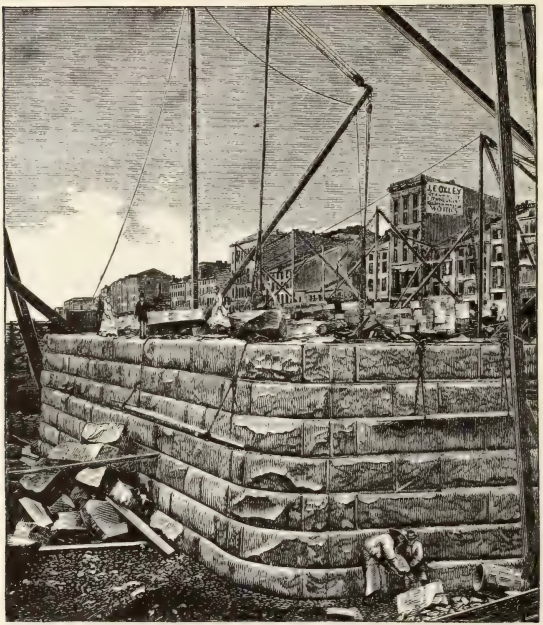
Just at this point the younger members of the party descry the camera of a photographer, at work sixty feet above water, from a frame-work on the shore. They immediately climb the frame-work and get a bird's-eye view of the caisson of the east abutment, on which our party is assembled.

We give the result of the photographer's skill in the accompanying cut. It allows you to look down upon the top of the pier in process of construction. You see the iron plated walls of the caisson, the large round entrance of the main shaft, the projecting ends of the tubes for the sand pumps, and the india-rubber hose and wire tubing, conducted over several wheels, conveying the compressed air from the air-pumps on the derrick boats to the air-chamber of the caisson. You will also observe several blocks of stone just lowered into place at the end of iron chains. The workmen, seated on a long board, having come up to lunch in the open air, do not look as if they have suffered very severely from their subterranean (or rather "subfluvial") exploits. But lest it should be supposed that these operations, described so easily on paper, are as easy in practical performance, let Captain Eads give a brief chapter of his experience, before we leave the piers to speak of the other parts of the work on the bridge.

"This is a very fickle and unstable stream," said he. "I had occasion to examine the bottom of the Mississippi below Cairo, during the flood of 1851, and at sixty-five feet below



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAISSON OF EAST ABUTMENT.



WESTERN ABUTMENT.

the surface, I found the bed of the river, for at least three feet in depth, a moving mass, and so unstable, that in endeavoring to find footing on it beneath my diving bell, my feet penetrated through it until I could feel the sand rushing past my hands, although I was standing erect at the time." "About thirty-three years ago," he added, "a steamboat, the 'America,' was sunk one hundred miles below the mouth of the Ohio; an island was formed on it by the deposits of the river, and a farm established on the island. Cotton-wood trees grew there, and became large enough to be cut down and sold for fuel to the passing steamers. But two floods removed every vestige of the island, uncovering the wreck of the 'America,' and leaving it forty feet below low-water mark. When the wreck was recovered, about thirteen years ago, the main channel of the Mississippi was over it, and the shore had receded from it, by the abrasion of the stream, nearly half a mile."

To deal with such a fickle, headstrong antagonist is no child's play, as the bridge company found out to their cost in two instances. In one case the sand was scoured away outside the caisson, causing the sand inside (put there to equalize the pressure), to burst the walls; and in the other case, the strength of the current forcing out some bolts, the friction of the sand prevented the dam, with the pier, from settling properly in its place.

These disturbances, which were disastrous, owing to the failure of a contracting party to deliver granite in time, were indulged in by the river, at a cost to the company of not less than $50,000.

Another habit of the river, of impinging upon any disagreeable obstructions with a battering-ram of ice, extending up stream a good many miles towards the Arctic regions, has proved a source of inconvenience to the company. This way the river has, of trying when chilled through to get to a warmer climate, has made it necessary to construct enormous breakwaters, having ice-aprons of strong oak timber to protect the work, at the channel piers.

Even at the banks, difficulties of a tedious and perplexing sort were encountered, especially at the site of the west abutment. This site had been for over sixty years a part of the steamboat wharf of the city, and all sorts of useless material had been thrown from the boats, forming a deposit averaging twelve feet in depth over the rock. Old sheet iron, grate-bars, parts of smoke-stacks, stone-coal, cinders and clinkers, formed the mass at the bottom, over which the hulls and machinery of two steamers, burnt in 1849, lay imbedded in the stones and rubbish from the city, with

which a few years ago, the authorities had widened the wharf at this place.

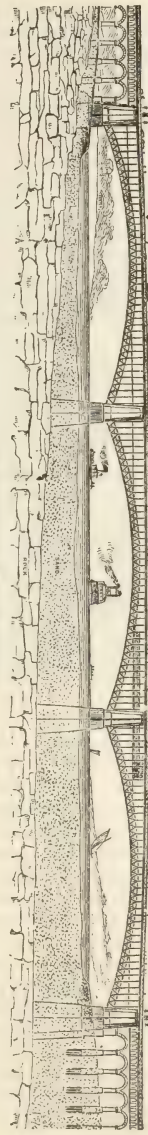
The coffer-dam, constructed to enclose this site, had to be put down through these obstructions; oak beams armed with huge steel chisels were forced down by a steam pile-driver, and then withdrawn to allow sheet-piles to be driven down permanently.

The first attempt only served to make a good inclosure for the water to enter, and a double course of sheet-piles was needed to make the dam at last water-tight. Even then the structure proved to have its foundation on a water-wheel of one of the wrecks (the crank of an engine, attached to the head of the shaft of the wheel, being just within the inclosure), as if the old forces, fast losing ground before the swifter mode of railway transportation, were making a last attempt to hinder the triumph of the rival power. The excavation, as it progressed, unearthed wrecks of barges of a kind in use before steam was employed, which thus joined in the efforts of the submerged machinery to delay the work.

But resistance was in vain, and now underneath that mass of masonry (of which you have a view in the picture of the western abutment), lies the iron driving-beam of the last steamboat that will ever dare to contend for the inland supremacy of the paddle-wheel over the iron track.

We now turn to an imaginary sketch of the completed structure. In the drawing, stretching up and down the page, you have a general view of the great work as it will be, it is hoped, within a year.

The bridge as you perceive, will have three spans, each formed with four ribbed arches made of cast steel. The center span will be 515 feet, and the side ones 497 feet each, in the clear. The form adopted for the spans, is what is usually termed the *ribbed arch.* You observe two curved members or ribs, to each arch, extending from pier to pier. This double rib arrangement enables the arch to preserve its shape, under all circumstances of unequal pressure upon its parts, while obviating the necessity of a spandrel bracing. A moving load has no effect on the curve of this double arch, however unequally distributed its weight may be.



ST. LOUIS BRIDGE, COMPLETED SECTION.

The upper roadway (as seen in the engraving), is for carriages, horse-cars if desired, and foot passengers. It is fifty feet wide between the railings, the roadway being thirty-four feet wide and the foot-walks each eight feet wide.

The railway passages below the carriage-way, will be each thirteen feet six inches in the clear, and eighteen feet high, and will extend through arched openings of equal size in the abutments and piers. The railways will be carried over the wharves on each side of the river on five stone arches, each twenty feet wide, and will be inclosed throughout this distance by a cut-stone arcade of twenty arches, supporting the upper roadway.

After passing over those stone arches, the railways will be carried through the blocks between the wharf and the third street parallel to it, on brick arches, into a tunnel. The city of St. Louis rises from the river to a considerable elevation, affording an excellent opportunity to tunnel under that portion of the city which fronts on the levee, to a more central part where, in a depres-

sion, will be built an immense Union Depot.

On the Illinois shore the railways will curve off to the north and south, immediately after crossing the last one of the stone arches; and with a descending grade of one foot in a hundred, extending about 3,000 feet and supported on trestle-work a part of the way, they will reach the grade of the railways on the Illinois side. The carriage-road will begin to descend with a grade of five feet in a hundred, at the eastern end of the bridge, immediately after the railway tracks curve away from the latter; and on the Missouri side, the carriage-way will be continued on a level grade over the railway tracks from the bridge to the third street of the city parallel with the river.

These details are necessary to give our readers an idea of the completed work; and here we finish our answer to the engineering problem:—"How can the bridge be constructed so as to overcome the obstacles of the breadth, depth, and shifting sands of the mighty river?"

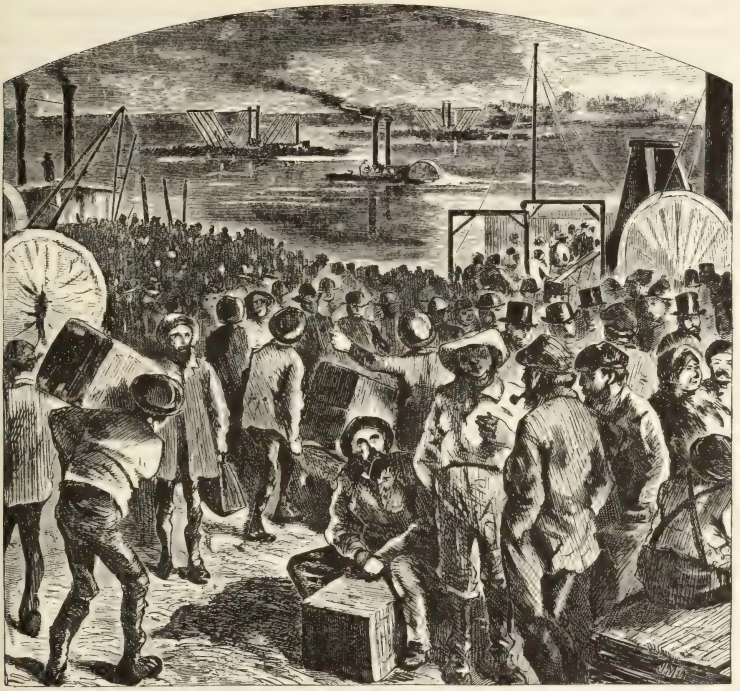
The remaining commercial and financial problems are more easily disposed of, at least on paper, and not having any stock invested in the enterprise ourselves, we go gayly back to the engineer's office to look over some statements and figures, that we may give our readers the results in a brief and compendious form.

Let us stand, however, for a few moments, on the wharf of the western shore of the Mississippi and take a general survey of the work. Our readers can follow our description by the aid of the picture. On the opposite Illinois shore are seen the depots of several railways, a couple of hotels, and the woody landscape beyond. In the stream are the derrick-boats, machines, and breakwaters, marking the positions of the piers. On this shore, that which seems to an Eastern eye a beach, with gangways resting upon it near the water's edge, is the St. Louis wharf, or levee. On a busy afternoon, at any other season but winter, across these gangways porters may be seen carrying boxes and bales, while passengers are embarking on the scores of steamers advertised to sail promptly for every landing on the river, but seldom getting off within a day or two of the appointed time.

This levee is a great institution in its way. It is paved with huge stones, varying in diameter with the inequalities of the apertures between the stones; but it has the advantage of being always ready to meet the river halfway, whether the water be high or low; and, considering the fact that the Mississippi rises and falls some forty feet, this advantage is by no means inconsiderable.

It is pretty hard, however, on horses and mules; and here, you will observe, we are approaching an element in our second problem, viz., the commercial importance of a bridge at this point. Take your stand on a busy October day near one of the ferry-boats plying across the river from West to East St. Louis. It is estimated that ten millions of bushels of coal cross the river in wagons by these ferries every year. Cattle by tens of thousands, hogs and sheep by hundreds of thousands, and railroad passengers, half a million annually by actual count, are transported by this clumsy contrivance. Of farmers' teams forty thousand, bringing wheat, corn, and flour, crossed in the year 1867, while the railroad tonnage, exclusive of coal, exceeded 750,000 tons the same year. Add now to these estimates, omnibuses, express wagons, and pleasure carriages, of which no less than a hundred a day cross the river at the present time, and you have but a limited idea of the amount of transportation at this place, to and from the city of 312,000 inhabitants, which will constantly demand increased facilities. As you stand by, while a ferry-boat is taking on its load, you think there is no end to the boat's capacity, or to the caravan of wagons hurrying to obtain room on board.

Huge coal vans, with four mules attached, come jolting down the slope, sometimes with the animals on the run, their driver shouting the magical word "*git*," and plying his heavy whip-lash about their sides. Immense omnibuses (free from the hotels to the railroad depots of East St. Louis), come lumbering along, and are driven on the deck of the ferry-boat one after another, until there seems no room to jam another in; yet still they come, until we actually count four omnibuses with four horses each, fifteen great coal vans, five other wagons, and a couple of "ships of the desert,"



THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE

all on the same boat, which carries them safely over, for the tug up the steep levee on the other side. The poor little children, peeping out from under the canvas of a "ship of the desert," or emigrant cart, seem thoroughly frightened, wedged in as their wagon is, among the motley crowd of heavy trucks and drays.

When the river is low, the pull up the bank is mercilessly severe, and though the prevention of cruelty to animals and of profane swearing might not have been contemplated in the projection of the bridge enterprise, this result of the completed structure, will be no mean gain to the world, considered from a Scriptural stand-point.

Commercially considered, it is seen at a glance that these immense loads of merchandise and crowds of people, must be taken across the river in some other way, than by a ferriage allowing so many wagons only, to so many square feet of standing room. The mass must be kept moving, for it is half a continent that is tramping westward.

More important too is it, that the transit *across* be unimpeded than that the navigation up and down the stream meet no obstruction. Without doubt two piers, containing thirteen or fourteen thousand cubic yards of masonry, and measuring thirty or forty feet across at the water-line, will have a tendency, being near the middle of the stream, to hinder free and agreeable navigation of the river at all times. We do not deny that the establishment of such things in the channel, must facilitate the formation of an ice-gorge in winter, with various other irregularities of a character not altogether pleasant.

But whatever the obstruction, commerce demands the bridge; for the transportation across the river is vastly greater and more important to the country than navigation up and down the stream. The location of the bridge, however, obviates much of the difficulty, dividing the levee as it does into nearly equal parts above and below, thus making it unnecessary for steamers trading on the upper rivers to pass under the structure, while those engaged on the Ohio and lower rivers will seldom be required to pass above it.

The main trouble will always be to keep clear of the piers, for the Federal law requires the lowest part of the bridge measured at the center of the span, to be 50 feet in the clear, above ordinary high water; this gives ample room for the passage underneath, of the tallest smoke-stack, so that the proudest river-craft may steam under either of the arches, puffing its impotent defiance in the face of its majestic rival towering above.

We do not predict the drying up of the river out of spite, but it does seem as if a few more railroads along its banks would seriously diminish its prestige; while disasters by fire and snags, which are of late so common, must tend to leave it in a good, quiet condition for duck-shooting, but nothing to speak of, as a route for pleasure-seekers, or for those in a hurry to get their goods into market in advance of competitors.

The people are in no mood in these days, to imitate the man who waited for the river to run by, that he might cross over it dry shod; but impatient, and hard pressed by the multitudes coming from other lands, they determine to obey the command of Providence, and by the miracle of genius to go over to the other side. To a migratory and commercial people like ours, this bridge is a necessity. It is the demand of an age which cuts the ligaments of continents in the interests of trade, bores for a railway miles on miles through a mountain range, and stoops to mend a broken cable at the bottom of the ocean, lest the intercourse of hemispheres should be an instant interrupted. It is one more exit for the enterprise and industry of this land to flow towards the unsettled territories, and when the railroads now in process of construction are finished, and can roll their wealth of cereals and minerals over this broad river without obstruction, fresh impulses will move the land, while the "West," still more emphatically "beyond," will beckon the world to come over the unbroken highway which touches both oceans, and with the oceanic cables belts the globe.

We suppose our readers to have been standing with us all this time on the levee, listening breathlessly to the above sentiments, delivered in a somewhat oracular style. We think we have made a profound impression; when suddenly a voice is heard asking in a sharp key, "But will the bridge pay good dividends to the stockholders?"

We turn to frown down the unhappy mortal, who has dared to harbor a suspicion of the financial success of this gigantic scheme; but seeing in the interlocutor a man from Boston, who may take some stock in the bridge, we at once enter into conversation with him, and finally, in the superintendent's office, prove to him by figures, that in this respect as in others, the bridge will pay.

The entire cost of the structure, land approaches, interest, and other charges, will be about five millions of dollars; and estimating the revenue from statistical tables, official data, and the actual amount of commerce and travel across the Mississippi at this point, there is an expected annual income of more than a million of dollars; and should the receipts of the bridge not exceed this for the next thirty years, the bonds will all be paid, and the bridge be free from debt at the expiration of that time. If the initiatory financial movements of the enterprise at all foreshadow its future prosperity, we may indulge the most hopeful anticipations concerning it.

Notwithstanding the organization of two companies about the same time for the purpose of bridging the Mississippi at St. Louis, and the rivalry existing between them for twelve months, a consolidation was effected on most amicable terms, and large amounts were subscribed by the citizens of St. Louis. Subscriptions to the stock were also obtained by a single firm in New York City, Jameson, Smith & Cotting, to the amount of a million of dollars, and the same firm effected the sale

in London, to J. S. Morgan & Co., of four million first mortgage bonds, admitted by every one interested, to be one of the quickest and best sales ever made.

Thus the company, by the shrewd business management of its agents, based upon the almost certain profits of the enterprise, was saved from many embarrassments, which would not only have crippled the progress of construction, but also have been an omen of evil to come. Up to this time, there has scarcely been a drawback in the financial conduct of affairs; and while to Captain Eads, and his scientific associates, Col. Henry Flad, Mr. Charles Pfeifer, and Mr. Wm. Rehberg is accorded the highest credit for the engineering skill and courage exhibited in the undertaking, great credit is also due to those who have had the strongest faith in the enterprise from the beginning, and by whose financial address it has been made a triumphant work from the start.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to close this sketch with a brief comparison of the St. Louis bridge with the equally marvelous structure, now in process of construction over the East River, connecting New York City and Brooklyn. The bridge at St. Louis is to be formed of arches resting on piers, about 500 feet span. The East River bridge is to be a suspension bridge, with a central span of 1,600 feet, and two half-spans, each 940 feet long. The area of the caissons of the East River bridge is 17,000 square feet, while that of the St. Louis bridge is 4,000 square feet. The floor of the East River bridge is to be 118 feet above high water; that of the St. Louis bridge about 50 feet. The towers of the one, which support the suspended structure, will be 270 feet above high water; the piers of the other only about one-quarter as high. The one will be faced with granite; the other with granite two feet above high-water line,—and over the granite, sandstone of a warm yellowish tint. The Hon. B. Gratz Brown has a contract to deliver some of the granite for the St. Louis bridge, but we have not heard what politician is even thus remotely connected with the bridge over the East River. One bridge is to cost from seven to eight millions of dollars; the other about five.

But the main point of difference between these wonderful structures consists in the fact, that the bridge over the Mississippi must be firmly planted on the rock-bed of the river, while the other finds a firm foothold without going so far down. The material encountered in the East River is compact sand and gravel, mixed with clay and interspersed with boulders, and there is no evidence that the bottom of the river is ever much affected by tidal currents. The Mississippi River, on the contrary, as we have seen, has a bed of shifting sand; and in reaching down to the rock-bed, in spite of all the impediments, by the *plenum pneumatic* process, the great triumph in the construction of the St. Louis bridge has been achieved. We have not time to show why an arch was deemed the most economical, safe, and durable for the latter. It is sufficient to observe that both gigantic structures, when finished, will be monuments of American enterprise and skill of which the country may well be proud, and by which the names of Eads and Roebling will be placed in the same roll of honor with Telford and Brunel. The importance of the two bridges is also equal, although for different reasons; while the proposed bridge over the East River will facilitate the growth of the great metropolis of the continent, thus advancing the interests of the whole land, the bridge at St. Louis will be the natural means of communication uniting the eastern and western portions of this continent, for the good of all. New York itself will indirectly reap the advantage of this new opening between the Atlantic and Pacific Shores.

The local advantages of this uninterrupted highway over the Mississippi are also great. For when the Southwest Pacific and the Iron Mountain railroads are finished, the one through the fertile prairies of southwest Missouri to the rich lead mines of Granby and on to the Gulf of Mexico; the other through the Iron Mountain, Pilot Knob, Washington, and St. Francis mines, to connect with the southern systems of railroads opposite Columbus and Memphis; when the Northern Missouri, now within a few miles of the State-line, shall enjoy unbroken communication with St. Paul, its western branch connecting with the

Union Pacific; when these great roads, with the others now completed and centering in St. Louis, shall freely move the countless stores of metals, coal, lumber, cereals, hemp, tobacco, and droves of cattle over this mighty river, which then will be constrained to fling the treasures of her valley also into the accumulating tide of commerce, it is difficult to estimate what that city will become whose right arm this bridge will be.

The Capital of this republic may not be removed from the Potomac to the Mississippi, to crown the triumphal future of St. Louis; New York may ever stand the international Emporium of America; but placed as St. Louis will be, at the center and intersection of a most magnificent system of internal highways, its destiny can hardly be over-estimated.

We already enter in imagination "*La Belle Ville*" of the future, when, emancipated from her semi-annual imprisonment by ice and flood, she has with her iron arm gathered together the spoils of the land.

Safely the bridge lifts and carries us over the stream: turbulent or placid, it is now all the same to us. On the other shore we glide into a well-lighted, well-ventilated tunnel, a mile long, beneath the throbbing city; we emerge to find ourselves in the center of a vast metropolis, amid lofty warehouses and splendid dwellings; and Chouteau pond, where boys are now paddling their rafts, is changed by the magic of commercial genius into a grand *entrepôt* of the productions and riches of the West.

Let us not, then, bid adieu in our thoughts to the St. Louis Bridge, which is destined to be the chief cause of this wonderful transformation, until these predictions shall be fulfilled.

MAKING PORT.

All day long till the west was red,
Over and under the white-flecked blue:
"Now lay her into the wind," he said;
And south the harbor drew.

And tacking west and tacking east,
Spray-showers upward going,
Her wake one zigzag trail of yeast,
Her gunwale fairly flowing;

All flutterous clamor overhead,
Lee scuppers white and spouting,
Upon the deck a stamping tread,
And windy voices shouting;

Her weather shrouds as viol-strings,
And leeward all a-clatter,—
The long, lithe schooner dips and springs;
The waters cleave and scatter.

Shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast,
Arms locked, hand over hand:
Bracing to leeward, lips compressed,
Eyes forward to the land;

Driving the wheel to wind, to lee,
The two men work as one;
Out of the south-west sweeps the sea;
Low slants the summer sun.

The harbor opens wide and wide,
Draws up on either quarter;
The Vineyard's low hills backward slide;
The keel finds smoother water.

And tacking starboard, tacking port,
Bows hissing, heeled to leeward,
Through craft of many a size and sort,
She trails the long bay seaward.

Half way, she jibes to come about,—
The hurling wind drives at her;
The loud sails flap and flutter out,
The sheet-blocks rasp and clatter.

A lumberman lies full abeam,—
The flow sets squarely toward her;
We lose our headway in the stream
And drift broadside aboard her.

A sudden flurry fore and aft,
Shout, trample, strain, wind howling;
A ponderous jar of craft on craft,
A boom that threatens fouling;

A jarring slide of hull on hull,—
Her bowsprit sweeps our quarter;
Clang go the sheets; the jib draws full;
Once more we cleave the water.

The anchor rattles from the bow,
The jib comes wrapping downward;
And quiet rides the dripping prow,
Wave-lapped and pointing townward.

Oh, gracious is the arching sky,
The south-wind blowing blandly;
The rippling white-caps fleck and fly;
The sunset flushes grandly.

And all the grace of sea and land,
And splendor of the painted skies,
And more I'd give to hold her hand,
And look into her eyes!

THE SHADOW THAT CAME BETWEEN.

It is morning at Lucerne. Breathless under the scorching rays of a summer sun lies the fair lake—pride of four cantons. From its shores begins the procession of the hills; dripping, new-born, they spring from the water; higher and higher, peak on peak they rise, dim, shadowy, unreal, until at last—oh, heavenly hills!—cleansed from all stain of earth, clothed each in spotless white, they gain the skies. The wide quay is almost deserted at this early hour. A few tourists, about to take the first boat, stroll along beneath the trees, or, leaning over the low parapet, throw bits of stick or stones, or it may be stray crumbs, into the water, where it is alive and dark with tiny darting fishes.

A straggling company of women winds slowly down from early mass at the two-spired church above. They bear dull, hard faces under the scant locks of faded hair in which cotton strings are braided. Their coarse woolen petticoats show the shapeless, clattering shoes beneath; the short sleeves of the cotton chemise—kept in place by the high laced bodice—display bare arms that have no trace of beauty, and bring no thought of womanly charms. Last in the procession creeps an old woman, mumbling to herself. The others were coarsely clad; she is barely covered. They were ugly enough, without a suggestion of grace; she is hideous. Bent nearly double, she sees only the rough pavings under the stumbling feet. Dear heart! she would not know were a golden crown held just before her eyes, so dim they seem to be. Nothing could be more wrinkled and fleshless than her skin, as though it had crawled in horror some day and forgotten to grow smooth again. Did a woman's heart beat somewhere in this withered frame? And had she prayed?

At the end of the promenade the little pleasure-boats, with their gay striped awnings, are moored—a flock of sea-birds, with fluttering, outspread wings. One, the last, comes slowly in now. As the boatman lays down his oars and makes it fast, two women step out. Their faces are veiled; but one, at least, has the air of a lady, as they quickly cross the promenade and the street, and disappear at the entrance of the ——hof.

This ——hof is one of the grandest of all the grand hotels that line the quay. Hardly wider than a crack in the masonry is the street upon one side leading back into the town. In the second story of the hotel, and overlooking this street so completely that nothing below can be seen, is a barber's shop. Here is a great chair facing the large French window, and in this chair, at the moment when the two women disappear into the house, is a young man. His name is Carrington, and he is an American.

Across from this window are other windows, roughly set into a house partly completed—an incipient hotel. They open to the idle gaze of the young man only the length of an empty room, with corresponding windows at its farther end. All at once, in its depth, there is visible motion; faint shadows, growing more distinct, resolve themselves into figures—or is there but one that seems to float in mid-air, to bend over—what? Surely there is a struggle! Ghostly arms are thrown into the air; the shadowy form bends lower and lower, until it is lost to sight! Carrington sprang to his feet, narrowly escaping the razor which the curvetting French barber flourished in his face.

"*M'sieur?*" exclaimed the barber interrogatively.

"What was it?"

"*Plaît-il?*"

"There!" Carrington pointed across the street. "I saw figures—people, you know."

The man shook his head.

Again that figure, like a clear-cut silhouette, stood out from the dim grayness of the vacant room. Its arms were thrown above its head in an odd gesture, as though it wrung its hands.

"Ah *Oui! Oui!*" the face of the barber brightened. He pointed to the ceiling overhead, then across the way, uttering rapid words of explanation.

"Yes, I see;" Carrington replied slowly.

"It was a reflection from the hotel windows above." Children at play, possibly—he thought on his way down the stairs, and yet—

In the hall below he met a party of friends; the gentlemen strapping on knapsacks; the ladies smiling from under wide-brimmed mountain hats trimmed with ferns and grasses, and tied down with bright-hued ribbons.

"Come with us," they said. "We climb the Righi to-day." In an hour he was on the way, all puzzling thoughts as effectually swept from his mind as the mists from the brow of Pilatus.

He returned the next morning. The whole town seemed intoxicated with some new and strange excitement, but hunger and weariness curbed his rising curiosity. He pushed through the crowd that surrounded the entrance to the hotel, sprang up the stairs, seized the key from the hook where he had hung it the day before, threw open the door of his room and rang for his breakfast.

"M'sieur has heard?" questioned the waiter excitedly, as he lifted the tray from his head.

"I have heard nothing," replied Carrington, composedly pouring out his coffee.

"Can it be that M'sieur has heard nothing of the murder?"

"What do you mean? where?"

"Here, M'sieur; in this house, and yesterday, the seventeenth day of the month."

"Oh, a plague on the day of the month! who was killed?"

"The Marquis de Croisy. Perhaps M'sieur has seen Madame la Marquise? No? She was young and beautiful; but he was old and like the picture in the cloister up at the church. M'sieur has seen the picture? of the wicked one and——"

"Yes, Yes!"

"Well, he was like that—was M'sieur le Marquis. He said dreadful words to Madame. Antoinette heard him often when she was sweeping the hall."

"And so he killed her at last!"

"Ah no; no. It was M'sieur le Marquis himself who was killed. There were ugly blue marks of fingers, they say, on his old throat. Ugh!"

"So she revenged herself at last."

"The Saints defend us!" cried the man in horror. "M'sieur could never have seen Madame la Marquise! She is most good, most beautiful and religious. She is having masses said for his soul at this moment, and has offered twenty thousand francs to any one who will discover the murderer! will they find him, does M'sieur think?"

"Possibly; do they suspect any one?"

"Suspect? It was Henri, the valet; a low fellow who came with them from Paris. Did I not say to Antoinette, that night when he got down from the carriage—"

"And he disappeared, of course," interrupted Carrington.

"Yes, M'sieur, at once. But where?" The man looked fearfully over his shoulder and lowered his voice. "Antoinette, thinks it was the evil one himself!"

"But how could that be?" responded Carrington. "I thought this Marquis de Croisy represented that personage?"

This was quite too much for the waiter, who could only shake his head as he busied himself about the room.

"There, that will do," said Carrington at length, rising from the table.

"Shall I not unpack M'sieur's knapsack? Will he shave this morning?"

"No; no; take away these things. I will go to the barber in the house, as I did yesterday." But with these words there flashed upon Carrington's mind a vision, a suspicion all at once.

"In which room did this take place?" he asked, with sudden interest.

"No. 47, across the hall. The windows look out upon the narrow street."

"And do you know what room is under that?"

"Yes, M'sieur; it is the barber's shop."

So he had been an unconscious witness of the tragedy, if one can be called a witness who sees only the reflection of what is taking place. It gave him an uncomfortable sensation of having participated in the deed—an accomplice dragged in against his will. What should he do? Turn state's evidence, to liberate his own conscience? Tell his story to the authorities? He could prove nothing, swear

to nothing. Why then involve himself in the affair?

Of the facts learned later, these were the principal:—Upon the morning of the tragedy Madame la Marquise, attended by her maid, went out for an early row upon the lake. She returned to find her husband murdered, Henri the valet gone, and money and valuables to a large amount missing.

Of course this affair stirred the length and breadth of the Four Cantons. More than one unfortunate who chanced to resemble the valet was seized and forwarded to Lucerne, only, however, to be set at liberty again. After a time, since no facts came to light, curiosity died of starvation. The excitement ebbed with the tide of summer visitors, and gradually the whole affair was forgotten. Until now, if you were to ask any one connected with the ——hof concerning the murder committed there five years ago, he would only stare and reply:—

"Murder? There was none."

II.

A YEAR later, Carrington was at Baden-Baden. From his window, one night at dusk, he looked down into the square behind the hotel. All around the solemn gray houses rose one above another, until the old Schloss crowned the hill. A motley assembly was gathered here around the worn basin of the stone fountain—chattering maids, pitchers in hand, coquetting with the somberly dressed waiters from the hotel who had come out to fill the *carafes* for the *table d'hôte;* bare-legged hostlers dragging after them tired horses slowly lifting heavy feet; wrinkled old women bending under heavy burdens, and even a little child, who had pulled a dusty flower from where it grew between the stones, and, reaching up, strove to wash it in the stream that flowed so far above its head. Over all the blessed Lady of the Fountain smiled down, stretching out benignant hands.

He turned away. He had parted with friends that day, and this little scene of homely life brought a dragging pain akin to homesickness. "Even the clown clinging to that horse's mane has had a friendly word," he thought bitterly. Within the room all was still. The tall gray houses shut out the sky; the waning light shut in the gloom—the silence and darkness that oppressed him tonight—that clung about his neck with heavy arms and weighed him down.

Suddenly—with the faint warning of a sweeping robe, a light foot-fall—a ripple of music came from the next room as a hand swept the keys of a piano, and then a voice—or was it his own heart that seemed to throb in the air! Did that cry—passionate, thrilling—come from the depths of his own soul?

It ceased. He sprang up. The echo lingered like the scent of lost flowers. His hand was upon the door. Only that panel of wood; what—who—was beyond? Then he remembered himself, and turned away; but the room was dark and silent no longer. He scanned every face as he passed down the length of the *salle à manger*, when the hour for *table d'hôte* arrived. He was late. There was but one empty chair besides his own, across from his seat, and partly hidden by the high pot of artificial flowers that adorned the table. With a quick, silent motion a woman came down the room and filled the vacant place, and as quickly the man who followed stood behind her chair. The face was brown, too brown for a woman; the hair—a heavy mass, half hiding the forehead—was brown also, and lusterless. A certain squareness of the chin and lower jaw oddly contradicted the full lips, upon which was laid the one bit of color in the whole face. The eyes—full and slightly oblique—were lowered. Whatever charm they held was theirs by right; there was no trickery of heavy, sweeping lashes. She raised them suddenly. The woman was a beauty! There was no self-consciousness in the glance, though it had drawn blood. Carrington's face was scarlet when he dropped his eyes. *She* was the possessor of the voice; she was strangely beautiful, and she was young. He pondered these three facts while he idled over his soup. He might have added another—that life possessed a new flavor since yesterday. Sweet? hardly that; say rather strong and mingled with spices. He lingered over the almonds.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice in his ear, "but did we not meet last year at ——?"

There was a faint rustle of silken drapery. The chair was vacant. He cursed the officiousness of his new-found acquaintance, answered sharply in the negative, and hastened out, only to catch a glimpse of a trailing gown, the gleam of a hand upon the crimson-colored railing of the stairs.

He shut himself into his room; but there was no song to-night—no sound, though he held his breath to listen. He lingered in the hall, about the *salon* the next morning, and even peered into the breakfast-room, where family groups were taking their chocolate; all without a sight of the face that had so vexed his dreams.

He was the first to seat himself at the *table d'hôte* at night. Alas! a new face met his own when the places were filled, and though he looked all adown the nodding heads, the brown hair was gone, as was the silent servant who had stood behind the chair. The Alpine strawberries could not tempt to-night. He quitted the table, intercepted a waiter, pressed a piece of money into his hand, and asked a question. The man left him, returning in a moment.

"Madame and her suite went away early this morning."

"But where have they gone?"

"I do not know."

And that was all. He did not ask her name. Why should I? he thought—a fatalist all at once. We shall meet.

He had been an idler until now, drifting, blown about. We come here to see the world, he had reasoned. Why seek it, since it lies around us, whether we go east or west, north or south—whether we go at all? So he remained or went, as fancy dictated, without plan or purpose. He grew restless now. The world—if that was what he sought with ever-watchful, eager eyes—might indeed lie all around him, but more especially just beyond. He seemed ever urged on, and on—called possibly by a voice—beckoned, it may be, by a hand, however frail, and bound with rings. It was not love in which he found himself suddenly straying—entangled, lost—but that debatable land that lies before it, the paths of which lie either way; a hilly country towards the side where love is, so that one must needs climb, with tantalizing hope of what is spread out beyond the highest peak. The path, too, is tangled with briers, that while they pierce give out yet a pleasant odor, and they look like flowers. There are no streams—they flow beyond—but one has thirst, and the ways deceive. Some wind mysteriously, others lead quickly to the mountain-tops, and so into the pleasant valley beyond. For true love is a valley, I am sure, shut in, secure and still.

It was here Carrington wandered, though he called the places where his feet strayed or lingered by other and familiar names.

He was crossing the Wengern Alp one day alone. It had not been a weary climb, with all the narrow earth around so beautiful, and the wide heavens so near! He had risen early and walked since break of day, with only a short rest at noon, and now the night was closing in. The path had widened. From jagged rocks cut into rough steps, the level land spread out here, a plain of brightest green. On either side a chasm, and beyond, the domes and pinnacles and towers of the eternal hills, upon which the drifting clouds had caught. O glorious mountains, that stand with white, awe-struck faces before the Infinite! How, in your presence, all earthly passions, earthly longings, die!

The path descending slowly, turned sharply, breaking again into rocky steps. Here was a little patch of green, a garden, rudely fenced in, a chalet, a browsing goat or two, and close beside the path three little children (God's own, hid in the clefts of the rocks), who, with downcast eyes, and in timid, trembling tones, chanted the Hundredth Psalm as Carrington drew near. It came to him like drops of rain in torrid heat—like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Long after he had gone his way, leaving the children wondering over the gift of gold they held, did the psalm echo through his heart.

Line after line of tourists had wound down the path before him. He had scanned every face, listened with hungry ears to every voice as it floated back through the still air. He reached one of the narrow ways that abound in these passes, where the rock—to which the path clings—rises a precipice above, and falls

sheer, unbroken, into the valley. Villages nestled below, and across, where the rent rock rose again, lay the zig-zag road upon its face—a slackened thread—over which horses and mules like flies were crawling now. Suddenly a faint cry came from the other side of the rock around which he had just passed. He sprang back, seized the bridle of the solitary mule walking composedly upon the very edge of the precipice, and pulled it into the path. He did not need to look into the frightened face of the woman bending down from the saddle now—even as his hand touched the bridle he had marked the brown braids of heavy hair under the wide-rimmed hat. To his mind there had been no danger; these mules are sure-footed. He had used little strength. Perhaps it was the long day's climb that brought now a sudden weakness. He leaned against the rock. What was she saying?

"The guide and my servant have strolled on. I prefer to be alone often, and did not feel at all afraid until I felt the saddle beginning to turn under me. Thanks, monsieur; I will dismount. Ah! here they are now."

A man-servant and the guide came running back up the steep path, with profuse apologies and excuses. Having adjusted the saddle and lifted their mistress again into her place, the party moved on. Carrington, lifting his hat, waited for them to pass; but the lady begged him to join them, if indeed their ways were the same.

"Monsieur must remember that I have not as yet expressed my gratitude."

"It was nothing; pray do not speak of it."

"Pardon, but it was much to me. I might have fallen." She shuddered as her eye swept the valley so far below.

Carrington, stepping back as the path narrowed, again marked the lithe figure in its belted blouse, swaying gently in the saddle as they climbed or descended; the scarlet shawl thrown over one shoulder; the wide, low-crowned hat caught up at one side and tied under the heavy braids with a scarlet ribbon. They went on silently down the rocky slope, across the slippery stones of a stream that a month later would rush and roar, a mighty foaming river; then:—

"Monsieur is an American."

"Yes; how did madame discover the fact?"

"I cannot tell; I knew."

Trees sprang up now on every side; they seemed all at once to have left the heights and come into a wide valley, green and blossoming with flowers. Only the scarred, seamed rocks lying helpless all around told of the mighty warfare that had once been waged even here. The guide reached up and cut a branch from one of the trees, which he gave into the hands of the lady. She pulled at the green leaves idly, or swept away the flies that swarmed about the head of the beast she rode.

"Monsieur travels for pleasure, perhaps."

"Yes, and to see the world. Madame has possibly the same object."

She shook her head. "I—I seek to forget."

"To forget! Madame is too young—too—too—" he blushed like a woman, and left the sentence unfinished.

"I have known great trouble," she said, her eyes far away upon the distant mountains; but with the words a look more of terror than of sorrow came over her face. She turned away her head.

"You need not hold the bridle now, guide; the path is wide; there is no precipice."

"It will soon narrow again," interposed Carrington, "and these mules are hard-mouthed. You may have another fright."

"Oh no, no; it was only the saddle; but for that, I could have turned him easily. I am so strong," she added.

Carrington smiled, glancing at the slight hand resting upon the rail of the Spanish saddle. Her eyes followed his. "See!" she exclaimed. She seized the branch she held in both hands, the green wood snapped, broke in two. She laughed. "Monsieur is surprised? but it is only for a moment." She held out the helpless-appearing little hands, they trembled visibly.

"It is soon gone," she said; "that is like a woman. It must be fine to be a man; always strong and to choose one's life."

"No one does that."

"Oh, yes; even the women in your land! With us it is so different." Again she shook her head and seemed lost in thought. "Why,

they married me when I was only a child!" she went on suddenly, almost fiercely. The drooping, languid eyes opened wide and full, the brown cheeks warmed, and the red lips for an instant were a single scarlet line over the close-shut teeth. She drew a long breath like a sigh.

"But I forget; pardon, monsieur."

"Madame is afraid to trust a stranger." The woman turned and looked down upon him.

"Monsieur has a good face," she said, quite simply.

"And do you think"—Carrington grew suddenly bold—"that two people must know each other years before they dare be friends?"

"Oh, no, no. They made the Marquis de Croisy and me the greatest friends; they gave me to be his wife, and I had never seen him until that day!" A shiver passed over her.

"The Marquis de Croisy!" Carrington heard only that name.

"Yes, monsieur—my husband."

"And you were his wife?"

"There—monsieur knows?"

"I was at Lucerne a year ago."

"Monsieur does not wonder that I desire to forget?"

"No, no." And such a child, he thought, a flood of pity, of tenderness, sweeping over him. He had passed the debatable land. He stood in the valley now.

"Pardon, madame, the subject must be a painful one," but he drew nearer. He laid his hand upon the bridle, the feeling that he must take care of her—which all men know—strong in him now.

"It is indeed a pain—a terror," she answered. "But one forgets after a time, they say. To live and always remember would kill, would it not, monsieur?"

"Ah yes, it would indeed," Carrington replied gently. "And you have heard nothing more?"

"Of Henri? No; never anything more." Again the look of terror stole over her face, and again she wrapped the shawl more closely around her, as though she were cold.

They reached Lauterbrunnen. The Marquis de Croisy's carriage and a female servant awaited them. She offered Carrington a seat, and they returned to Interlaken together.

"How strange," exclaimed he, when they separated at the door of the hotel, "that we should have been stopping in the same hotel, when I have searched the continent half over for you!"

"For me?" The brown eyes opened wide.

"Yes, for you," and he turned quickly away.

There followed winged days. Perhaps Madame la Marquise found the river of Lethe to flow here. Certainly it was a pleasant valley to Carrington.

He sat by the open window one morning, sipping his scalding chocolate. It was yet an hour to the time when he was to meet Madame in the *salon*. There was a charming ruin just out of the village, where they were to spend the day. His guide-book and straw hat, wreathed with a veil, were thrown upon a chair near by. He looked at his watch. There are hours with rusty, broken locks which refuse to open to the crowding joys that wait beyond. This was one. He sipped his chocolate, yawned, looked again at his watch, read the opening sentence descriptive of the charming ruin in his guide-book. It seemed to have been written in a lost language. He threw the book down, and stretched himself out upon the wide window-sill. Down below was the carriage-drive to the side-door of the hotel; over the way the blank eyes of another house, taking in everything and giving out nothing in return, save the dim length of a vacant room. A vague recollection of something seen, something felt before like this, struggled in his mind. Was it a dream? As if to make the dream more real, slowly out of the curdling shadows gathered a form, clear-cut, for one instant distinct in outline. Its arms were thrown above its head. It seemed to mutely wring its hands!

It vanished. Again——

Carrington rang the bell furiously.

"Who has the room over mine?"

"Madame la Marquise de Croisy."

"It is a lie! It cannot be."

"It is quite true, sir. But are you ill?"

"No, no. When does the next omnibus leave?"

"It should be at the door in fifteen minutes, sir."

"Then pack these things. No; bring me my bill at once."

He made his preparations for departure with hands that seemed to bear a weight—so heavy, so powerless they were. Then he wrote a note to the Marquise de Croisy, to be left upon his table. And this is what it said:—

"I know your dreadful secret—I alone. I start for America to-day. God have mercy upon you—*and upon me!*

"CARRINGTON."

Madame la Marquise did not visit the charming ruin—neither that day nor any of the days that followed. She was taken suddenly ill. When sufficiently recovered, she left Interlaken. Perhaps the waters of Lethe did not flow there! She was seen a month later at Homburg. Then she disappeared; but the following winter all St. Petersburg went into raptures over the lovely new wife of the Count Potowski, just presented at court. She was said to have been a French marquise of great wealth, in the story of whose past had been a sad chapter. Very brown she was said to be; but strangely beautiful, and not at all to be envied, if the whispered stories concerning the unhappy life of the former countess were to be believed. And Carrington?

There are set in the hearts of those who escape as by fire, deep burns which in some become festering sores. In other healthier natures they heal to ugly scars, tender for a long time to the touch. Even these wear away, until at last one seeks in vain for the spot.

He was married the other day.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PULPIT.

WITH the first number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY the facts (and fancies) of an article on the "Bondage of the Pulpit" were sowed broadcast over the land. With Number Four we read the sequel of the story. It seems time to inquire if the cloud has no silver lining. The sage of the North River has descended upon us, "a John the Baptist crying, 'Repent!'" The loud-mouthed pack, ever ready to open on the trail of an unfortunate parson, have been in full course running down their game. One is tempted to ask, with the Mississippi voyager, "Stranger, is this here a free fight?" and, like him, to take a hand on the smallest possible encouragement.

In fact, this is a very desirable discussion. Let everything come to the boil which will throw the scum to the surface! If the ministry are missing in the world's battle they ought to be rushed to the front, even under the guard of such bare-headed Essenes as go back to fetch them. By all means let us bring up the stragglers, and, if religion lags, let it be pricked forward.

After all said and done, however, a good many of us feel like George McDonald's Cosmo Cupples. "I doobt ye're no convertit yet," says Robert Bruce.

"Na," retorts Cupples. "I'm *no* convertit yet. What wad ye convert me *till?*"

It is hard to find out what Mr. Wilkinson would convert *us* to. Would he have every preacher thunder and foam forever? Would he inveigle the unsuspecting millionaire into spots where there is a theological pin under the cushions, and where he must sit, red-faced and wriggling, until service be through? Would he capture the guileless lawyer between the four walls of his sanctified box-trap, and then make him dance on the hot floor of damnation? Would he speak flaming Anglo-Saxon, mixed with a few technical terms to show his learning, in proving the physician a panderer to all that is secret in vice? Or would he make a general practice of strewing caltrops under the feet of his pew-holders, whereof none shall know until he treadeth upon them? Will he emulate Dan, and be a biter of horses' heels until the rider falls backward? For the sake of such relief as it may bring to distressed clergymen, we should really like to know.

This is a gloomy picture—if it be true. Like Hamilton's marines, its atmosphere is principally gray and its tone remarkably lugubrious. If there be no arousing of the jagged lightning of sacred wrath, these pulpits of our times will be no more pinnacles to tear the storm asunder and reveal the sun beyond. Mute, motionless, with their heads in the clouds, uttering inarticulate murmurs and crepitating so as to scare no one, they will remain, after the fashion of Lot's wife, a desolation to all succeeding ages. If they are dumb dogs who dare not bark—if they are indirectly or directly venal—if, as a class, the American ministry have fallen from their high estate—the end cannot be far off. We have been taken to see ruins. They may appear to stand, but they stand not. The fenced city is about to become a heap, sure enough. Only a little while is needed, and then the hollowness and sham of these preachers will accomplish their destruction. Verily, a comfortable and consoling thought!

But we remember the story of the Ugly Duckling, and are cheered when we recall the speech of the duck to her brood. To them the world was large indeed. To her it extended still farther on "across the field to the pastor's garden, but there she had never been." We recover our equanimity in thinking that, perhaps, the world may be wider than even our instructor has seen, himself. There may, in spite of him, be a greater freedom than he supposed possible. To demonstrate this the statement, like his own, must be general. And if the pulpit does not, after the exhibition, go about clanking its chains, no one ought to be better pleased than the denouncer of its bondage.

The American pulpit is certainly strong, healthy, active. There is enough which is loose and sensational, and, possibly, which is rigid and dull, to provoke any writer whose pen moves easily. But one looks not at the rough bark or the gnarled branches, nor at the delicate leafage and tender and graceful twigs, for the strength and nature of the tree. The trunk tells that. The solid, glorious column within *is* the tree. So neither is the eccentric pyrotechnic orator our typical preacher, nor is the staid and sombre proser our typical clergyman. From all sects, avowedly Christian, we must secure an average man who shall represent the spirit of his time and the spirit of his particular faith. No one else will answer the description. Exceptions are not in point. Average men must show us the average method—and then the method will be that of a freeman or a bond-man—in a pulpit free as the winds of heaven or grated like a prison-cell.

In fairness it must be said that much contained in the brace of articles is only too true. These glaring faults stick out frequently, but to chip them off and display them as an illustration of what the building is, cannot be called just to the building. Our hearts within us revive still more when we think of this. It is hard to believe that we have been sitting so long trustfully supposing that our pulpit has been telling us the truth, fearless of the face of man, and then to find that we are wrong at last. It causes a squirm and writhe of pain to swallow such an indigestible lump. And yet, we have all said, if our statue is to be of gold only as to its head, and is to have feet of commingled iron and clay, let us hear and know the worst. And the worst came, and now it seems as if it were right to suffer the other side to plead.

The very first thing which arises is a question as to the standard of true preaching. How shall we estimate it, and by what? But we have the answer of the former articles in an appeal to Scripture designed to prove that *rebuke* is the beginning, middle, and end of pulpit oratory. To fail of freedom in rebuke is to be in bondage. Now *is* rebuke the only, or even the main, purpose of the ministerial office? And if a man fails perpetually to denounce, is he therefore muzzled, and a demonstration of inefficiency?

The best of preachers was Jesus Christ. And His method was not that of continuous rebuke, by any means. When He found it necessary He reproved His host for remissness, or called Herod "that fox," or styled the Scribes and Pharisees "hypocrites," pronouncing woe upon them. But this was not always—not even often. Its infrequency made it terribly effective when it came. Was not this a reason why it was infrequent?

On the other hand, "the common people heard Him gladly" because He exposed formalism and hypocrisy, because He was tender and patient with them, and more especially because He *taught* them. They styled him "Rabbi," and were themselves pupils. So it is very clear that whoever takes Christ for his model must not be a "Hebrew prophet," but a preacher of the gospel. The two ideas differ decidedly. One was for an old, harsh, coarse-grained age—the other for men to whom all things were made new. No wonder that if the wrong idea be taken at the start the whole clerical fraternity is awry in the jaundiced vision of the critic.

We charge, then, that legalism in the pulpit has had its day—a day which was born of darkness and the shadow of death—a day which ought never to have been. If the generality of American preachers are in bondage because they are in the wilderness and not in Egypt, then the matter in debate ends here. But if the present sermon be the offspring of a better light, as the sermon of the past to some degree reflected *its* era—the whole subject spreads vastly further than appeared. Granting all that was said from the former standpoint, does not the very admission furnish a basis for the present article?

And now, of course, we must give our own standard. The true preacher, according to us, must not merely remember to "reprove, rebuke, and exhort," but he must do it "*with all long-suffering*," and after that we don't care about the small or large capitals. We add other words to these. The angels who released Peter and John from prison, bade them "stand and speak in the temple to the people, *all the words of this life*." Paul "*commended* himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God," and says, "Knowing the terror of the Lord we *persuade* men," and "as though God did *entreat* you by us we *pray* you, in *Christ's stead*, Be ye reconciled to God."

Judged by this standard (and is it not the fittest and best?) the American pulpit has not gone into bondage, but rather come forth into liberty. The "word preached," which we poor miserable sinners listen to generally, is far more powerful because it takes us as we are, and while it does not palliate our sins it secures *our* acquiescence in condemning them. And here the very words of the "Bondage of the Pulpit" need quotation. "It is not decay, it is deficiency, of severity and earnestness, that we deplore. Our preachers' failure is not comparative failure, it is positive failure. The failure falls at the point where no doubt it has always fallen. It touches the most distinctive, most vital, and most arduous function of the prophetic office—the vigor of protest, the energy of rebuke."

What a sad and sour ministry would this course produce! Spiritual dyspepsia would conquer the priest and the people. Exhortation and rebuke would rule in the discourse. Like the Elderly Naval Man, the religious person behind the desk might exclaim, quite correctly:

> "I never larf, and I never smile,
> And I never lark or play,
> But I sit and croak."

How different this idea is from that of wise, gentle George Herbert—and opening his "Priest to the Temple," we take his genial words almost at random:—

"The Country Parson is full of all knowledge. They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge, but in a skillful hand serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people by what they understand are best led to what they understand not." And again, he advises the Parson to "dip and season all his words and sentences in his heart." And still again, "He condescends to human frailties both in himself and others, and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of his hearer."

In other words, modern American preaching is working up to an ideal different altogether from our critic's conception of what should be its aim. Nothing is so unwise as to force a theory against the grain of fact. And it is a fact that the present generation require several things, which make the severity of the past entirely useless, if not absolutely wrong. One is the demand for the concrete

in place of the abstract. Men, to-day, would sooner have results than processes. They exact of their religious teacher that he shall know what he teaches, and be in earnest. They also insist on illustrations of the subject in hand. And if, in following out this method, the preacher adorn his discourse with *cuts*, it does not provoke the mulishness of human nature to resist the truth as under the other plan.

We say distinctly that just because the life and work of Christ are among the most prominent topics of the day, and just because *His* method as a preacher is so well understood, the great mass of all our clergymen are abandoning John for Jesus. The object of the preaching of to-day is to get men into church to hear what is said. And men will not go where they are to be scolded and abused.

It is this new and better style of preaching which makes our second point as against pulpit bondage. New York City and its surroundings do not represent the whole nation in respect to the average American sermon. And this average American sermon is breaking loose from the fetters of theological training, and is being rapidly transformed into a homily wherein instruction pleasantly and earnestly given, one thing at one time, sends men away refreshed and uplifted. Never has there been so deep a devotion to the pure essentials of salvation as now. Never has there been such studying of humanity to see how it shall best be reached. Never have our preachers been so free from preachiness and cant and formalism as now. And yet we are told that they are in bondage still!

A third matter of great moment—*wisdom* in reproof or appeal—comes into the question at this place. The handling of men is an art in itself, an art understood better, until very recently, by every trade and profession than by the clergy, who certainly ought to have understood it best. To-day this reproach of being "out of season" is less a truth than ever. A certain prominent clergyman not many days ago told this story, which is precisely in point here. He had been trying to impress on a wealthy church member the duty of benevolence, and had failed. One day he drove out with him behind a splendid pair of horses, and discovered that all which interfered with the man's happiness was a lop-ear on the near mare. At another time, not long after, they drove out again and the parson was asked "if he saw a difference?" And then it was revealed that the fastidious owner had exchanged the mare for a horse whose ears were straight, but which was hardly as good as the rejected animal; and fifty dollars had been the exact cost of that drooping ear. "Now," said the parson, slapping him on the knee, "I've got you. Any man who can afford to give so much as that for such a trifle, can afford to give a good deal more to the cause of Christ." He added, "I never failed with that man afterwards. I always made him laugh. He always saw the point. And I always got the money in a handsome sum."

It is perfectly clear that if Moses lost his heritage in Canaan by losing his temper and crying, "Hear now, ye rebels!" the unwise bullying style too often adopted in the past, and occasionally chosen in the present, is not scriptural or likely to be fortunate. And as to the Hugh Latimer personality in discourse, it is certainly far from effectual as a means of converting sinners. One is only entitled to say, "Thou art the man!" when his hearer has passed swift judgment on himself. No person was ever cursed into the Kingdom, and very few have been scolded away from any sin. It is a notorious fact that to preach *against* any debatable topic is a false and unsuccessful plan. The true way (and that now adopted generally) is to bring the church up to a tone where the question is beneath debate. Reformation, the American pulpit concedes, begins at the root, and not at the branches—and there it begins itself to reform the people.

The fourth particular which we urge is that the American ministry are, as a class, remarkably self-devoted and progressive men. They lead rather than follow. Their "specialists" have used these specialties to help their fellow-laborers and to advance true religion. And to judge of the class by the drift-wood floating in the eddies of large cities is futile and foolish. These are rarely in the same pulpit for consecutive Sundays. They lose steadiness of purpose (if they ever had it), but are more

ministerial in dress and speech than the real workers. Most of them came mistakenly into the ranks. Others are place-hunters, discontented and hard to suit. Others, again, use the profession as a stepping-stone to something beyond. Teachers, life-insurance agents, idle men who, because of physical or mental unfitness, fail to do first-rate work of its kind—these are the rubbish of many ecclesiastical lists. Over the majority of them, after their first efforts and subsequent failure, might be written the baby's epitaph,

> "If so quickly I was done for,
> I wonder what I was begun for!

Theological Seminaries, Conferences, Classes, Presbyteries, Associations—must answer the question.

And now a word as to the points of the "Bondage of the Pulpit," judged by a new standpoint and in another *mode*. The present article, not being designed as a controversial answer, will only hold them up and turn them about a little.

The "lack of moral courage" is only seemingly a lack. When it is needful to rebuke sin, sin *is* rebuked. But when an individual sinner is to be dealt with, it is no way to bring him to repentance to publish him and his crime in the face of the congregation—except it be to enforce a church censure regularly given. The more quietly the preacher works the more successful he is. A word in private is more apt to be kindly received than an oblique sermon slanting at the offender—or a full rebuke flung in his teeth. Personality degrades the pulpit, and it is no bondage which restricts one to the politeness of the gospel.

"Intellectual independence" is the last thing chargeable as a failure on the present style of preaching. More regard is paid to Christ than to Calvin, Arminius, or even Turretin. Ministerial libraries are seldom without Bushnell, Robertson, MacDonald, and Renan. *Ecce Homo* and *Ecce Deus* show their familiar faces. Heretical or heterodox, liberal or lax—however men regard them—the writings of those whose words weigh with the world rest side by side with sparkling Hall, powerful South, earnest Spurgeon, brilliant Beecher, and the mighty host of the heart-compellers of all ages. No better proof of the freedom of the pulpit could be given.

The "pecuniary reason," too, is evaporating before the blast of secular horror when it discovers to what rigid economy many a clergyman is reduced. Enlightened ideas have set the matter in such a train that few pastors hesitate any longer to preach boldly. There is more room "upstairs" for brains and brave men in this than in any other profession, if hearers may be judges—and probably they have that right under the voluntary system.

"Social life" is no objection when wisely understood and used. The brotherliness produced by it will, it is true, prevent open pulpit denunciation—but then it *should*. And to know a man socially is to be entitled to meet him and talk religiously with him. Any sanctimonious Esau who sells his birthright for the pottage of presents, and considers every gift a bribe, is unworthy of fellowship with decent men—not to say ministers. We expect our pastors to deal with us honestly, and we comprehend their calling, often, as well as they do themselves. Their visits at our houses end usually in our being drawn through the manhood of the man to his office, and through that office to his Master. Unministerial attire does not repel us, as does its opposite of precise religious dandyism. Too much of either style of dress is bad for the influence of the pulpit, and the pulpit sees the point and acts accordingly, freeing itself from the bondage even of a uniform garb.

"Personality" we have already dealt with. "Lax discipline" can be met by an indignant denial. Have we not evidence enough of the evil use of church authority in the cases of Mr. Cheney, of Chicago, and Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia? Because one would not say "regenerate" in the office of baptism and the other would sing hymns and other matters of human composition, they are assaulted by their bigoted brethren and cast out of the synagogue—and the whole country protests against the "discipline" employed. But it is a well-known fact that true and careful church government is *not* obsolete or languishing.

And then follow other and less potent reasons for bondage. Fear of losing influence,

appreciation of responsibility, abdication of authority, affectation of contempt for creeds, and, generally, the rest of the tail to the kite, are here. They may steady the thing in the air, but tumble finally into a lamentable incoherence which flaps around in the breeze. It is the same old story. "Desinit in piscem, mulier formosa superne."

We end where we began. Manhood in the ministry is more evident now than ever, save in the times of the glorious ones from whose rough eloquence Spurgeon, and others we wot of, draw to-day. And because of this the American pulpit is a free pulpit. And what seem signs of its bondage are the follies and wickednesses of men who have never known, or else have forgotten, that they are "bought with a price" and should have no joy, duty, or responsibility beside the preaching of Christ and the imitation of His life. It is because their profession, to the vast majority of them, is a hearty undertaking, a thing of happiness even in hardship, that we hold the reproach of bondage to be undeserved.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 93.)

CHAPTER XXVII.
A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I TRUST it will not be regarded as a sign of shallowness of nature that I rose in the morning comparatively calm. Clara was to me as yet only the type of general womanhood, around which the amorphous loves of my manhood had begun to gather—not the one woman whom the individual man in me had chosen and loved. How could I *love* that which I did not yet know: she was but the heroine of my objective life, as projected from me by my imagination—not the love of my being. Therefore, when the wings of sleep had fanned the motes from my brain, I was cool enough, notwithstanding an occasional tongue of indignant flame from the ashes of last night's fire, to sit down to my books, and read with tolerable attention my morning portion of Plato. But when I turned to my novel, I found I was not master of the situation. My hero too was in love and in trouble; and after I had written a sentence and a half, I found myself experiencing the fate of Heine when he roused the Sphinx of past love by reading his own old verses:—

Lebendig ward das Marmorbild,
"Der Stein begann zu ächzen."

In a few moments I was pacing up and down the room, eager to burn my moth-wings yet again in the old fire. And, by the way, I cannot help thinking that the moths enjoy their fate, and die in ecstasies. I was however too shy to venture on a call that very morning: I should both feel and look foolish. But there was no more work to be done then. I hurried to the stable, saddled my mare, and set out for a gallop across the farm, but towards the high road leading to Minstercombe, in the opposite direction, that is, from the Hall, which I flattered myself was to act in a strong-minded manner. There were several fences and hedges between, but I cleared them all without discomfiture. The last jump was into a lane. We, that is my mare and I, had scarcely alighted, when my ears were invaded by a shout. The voice was the least welcome I could have heard, that of Brotherton. I turned and saw him riding up the hill, with a lady by his side.

"Hillo!" he cried, almost angrily, "you don't deserve to have such a cob." (He *would* call her a cob.) "You don't know how to use her. To jump her on the hard like that!"

It was Clara with him!—on the steady stiff old brown horse! My first impulse was to jump my mare over the opposite fence, and take no heed of them, but clearly it was not to be attempted, for the ground fell considerably on the other side. My next thought

was to ride away and leave them. My third was one which some of my readers will judge Quixotic, but I have a profound reverence for the Don—and that not merely because I have so often acted as foolishly as he. This last I proceeded to carry out, and lifting my hat, rode to meet them. Taking no notice whatever of Brotherton, I addressed Clara—in what I fancied a distant and dignified manner, which she might, if she pleased, attribute to the presence of her companion.

"Miss Coningham," I said, "will you allow me the honor of offering you my mare? She will carry you better."

"You are very kind, Mr. Cumbermede," she returned, in a similar tone, but with a sparkle in her eyes. "I am greatly obliged to you. I cannot pretend to prefer old cross-bones to the beautiful creature which gave me so much pleasure yesterday."

I was off and by her side in a moment, helping her to dismount. I did not even look at Brotherton, though I felt he was staring like an equestrian statue. While I shifted the saddles, Clara broke the silence which I was in too great an inward commotion to heed, by asking,

"What is the name of your beauty, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Lilith," I answered.

"What a pretty name! I never heard it before. Is it after any one—any public character, I mean?"

"Quite a public character," I returned—"Adam's first wife."

"I never heard he had two," she rejoined, laughing.

"The Jews say he had. She is a demon now, and the pest of married women and their babies."

"What a horrible name to give your mare!"

"The name is pretty enough. And what does it matter what the woman was, so long as she was beautiful."

"I don't quite agree with you there," she returned, with what I chose to consider a forced laugh.

By this time her saddle was firm on Lilith, and in an instant she was mounted. Brotherton moved to ride on, and the mare followed him. Clara looked back.

"You will catch us up in a moment," she said, possibly a little puzzled between us.

I was busy tightening my girths, and fumbled over the job more than was necessary. Brotherton was several yards ahead, and she was walking the mare slowly after him. I made her no answer, but mounted, and rode in the opposite direction. It was rude, of course, but I did it. I could not have gone with them, and was afraid if I told her so she would dismount, and refuse the mare.

In a tumult of feeling I rode on without looking behind me, careless whither—how long I cannot tell, before I woke up to find that I did not know where I was. I must ride on till I came to some place I knew, or met some one who could tell me. Lane led into lane, buried betwixt deep banks and lofty hedges, or passing through small woods, until I ascended a rising ground, whence I got a view of the country. At once its features began to dawn upon me: I was close to the village of Aldwick, where I had been at school, and in a few minutes I rode into its wide straggling street. Not a mark of change had passed upon it. There were the same dogs about the doors, and the same cats in the windows. The very ferns in the chinks of the old draw well appeared the same; and the children had not grown an inch since first I drove into the place marveling at its wondrous activity.

The sun was hot, and my horse seemed rather tired. I was in no mood to see any one, and besides had no pleasant recollections of my last visit to Mr. Elder, so I drew up at the door of the little inn, and having sent my horse to the stable for an hour's rest and a feed of oats, went into the sanded parlor, ordered a glass of ale, and sat staring at the china shepherdesses on the chimney-piece. I see them now, the ugly things, as plainly as if that had been an hour of the happiest reflections. I thought I was miserable, but I know now that although I was much disappointed, and everything looked dreary and uninteresting about me, I was a long way off misery. Indeed the passing vision of a neat unbonneted village-girl on her way to the well, was attractive enough still to make me rise and go to the window. While watching,

as she wound up the long chain for the appearance of the familiar mossy bucket, dripping diamonds, as it gleamed out of the dark well into the sudden sunlight, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turned to see what kind of apparition would come. Presently it appeared, and made straight for the inn. The rider was Mr. Coningham! I drew back to escape his notice, but his quick eye had caught sight of me, for he came into the room with outstretched hand.

"We are fated to meet, Mr. Cumbermede," he said. "I only stopped to give my horse some meal and water, and had no intention of dismounting. Ale? I'll have a glass of ale too," he added, ringing the bell. "I think I'll let him have a feed, and have a mouthful of bread and cheese myself."

He went out, and had, I supposed, gone to see that his horse had his proper allowance of oats, for when he returned he said merrily:

"What have you done with my daughter, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Why should you think me responsible for her, Mr. Coningham?" I asked, attempting a smile.

No doubt he detected the attempt in the smile, for he looked at me with a sharpened expression of the eyes, as he answered—still in a merry tone—

"When I saw her last she was mounted on your horse, and you were on my father's. I find you still on my father's horse, and your own—with the lady—nowhere. Have I made out a case of suspicion?"

"It is I who have cause of complaint," I returned—"who have neither lady nor mare—except indeed you imagine I have in the case of the latter made a good exchange."

"Hardly that, I imagine, if yours is half so good as she looks. But, seriously, have you seen Clara to-day?"

I told him the facts as lightly as I could. When I had finished, he stared at me with an expression which for the moment I avoided attempting to interpret.

"On horseback with Mr. Brotherton?" he said, uttering the words as if every syllable had been separately italicized.

"You will find it as I say," I replied, feeling offended.

"My dear boy—excuse my freedom," he returned—"I am nearly three times your age—you do not imagine I doubt a hair's breadth of your statement! But—the giddy goose!—How could you be so silly? Pardon me again. Your unselfishness is positively amusing! To hand over your horse to her, and then ride away all by yourself on that—respectable stager!"

"Don't abuse the old horse," I returned. "He *is* respectable, and has been more in his day."

"Yes, yes. But for the life of me I cannot understand it. Mr. Cumbermede, I am sorry for you. I should *not* advise you to choose the law for a profession. The man who does not regard his own rights, will hardly do for an adviser in the affairs of others."

"You were not going to consult me, Mr. Coningham, were you?" I said, now able at length to laugh without effort.

"Not quite that," he returned, also laughing. "But a right, you know, is one of the most serious things in the world."

It seemed irrelevant to the trifling character of the case. I could not understand why he should regard the affair as of such importance.

"I have been in the way of thinking," I said, "that one of the advantages of having rights was, that you could part with them when you pleased. You're not bound to insist on your rights, are you?"

"Certainly you would not subject yourself to a criminal action by foregoing them, but you might suggest to your friends a commission of lunacy. I see how it is. That is your uncle all over! *He* was never a man of the world."

"You are right there, Mr. Coningham. It is the last epithet any one would give my uncle."

"And the first any one would give *me*, you imply, Mr. Cumbermede."

"I had no such intention," I answered. "That would have been rude."

"Not in the least. *I* should have taken it as a compliment. The man who does not care about his rights, depend upon it, will be made a tool of by those that do. If he is not a spoon already, he will become one. I

shouldn't have *iffed* it at all if I hadn't known you."

"And you don't want to be rude to me."

"I don't. A little experience will set *you* all right; and that you are in a fair chance of getting if you push your fortune as a literary man. But I must be off. I hope we may have another chat before long."

He finished his ale, rose, bade me good-bye, and went to the stable. As soon as he was out of sight, I also mounted and rode homewards.

By the time I reached the gate of the park, my depression had nearly vanished. The comforting powers of sun and shadow, of sky and field, of wind and motion, had restored me to myself. With a side glance at the windows of the cottage as I passed, and the glimpse of a bright figure seated in the drawing-room window, I made for the stable, and found my Lilith waiting me. Once more I shifted my saddle, and rode home, without even another glance at the window as I passed.

A day or two after, I received from Mr. Coningham a ticket for the county ball, accompanied by a kind note. I returned it at once, with the excuse that I feared incapacitating myself for work by dissipation.

Henceforward I avoided the park, and did not again see Clara before leaving for London. I had a note from her, thanking me for Lilith, and reproaching me for having left her to the company of Mr. Brotherton, which I thought cool enough, seeing they had set out together without the slightest expectation of meeting me. I returned a civil answer, and there was an end of it.

I must again say for myself, that it was not mere jealousy of Brotherton that led me to act as I did. I could not and would not get over the contradiction between the way in which she had spoken *of* him, and the way in which she spoke *to* him, followed by her accompanying him in the long ride to which the state of my mare bore witness. I concluded that, although she might mean no harm, she was not truthful. To talk of a man with such contempt, and then behave to him with such frankness, appeared to me altogether unjustifiable. At the same time their mutual familiarity pointed to some foregone intimacy, in which, had I been so inclined, I might have found some excuse for her, seeing she might have altered her opinion of him, and might yet find it very difficult to alter the tone of their intercourse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN LONDON.

My real object being my personal history in relation to certain facts and events, I must, in order to restrain myself from that discursiveness the impulse to which is an urging of the historical as well as the artistic Satan, even run the the risk of appearing to have been blind to many things going on around me which must have claimed a large place had I been writing on autobiography instead of a distinct portion of one.

I set out with my manuscript in my portmanteau, and a few pounds in my pocket, determined to cost my uncle as little as I could.

I well remember the dreariness of London, as I entered it on the top of a coach, in the closing darkness of a late autumn afternoon. The shops were not all yet lighted, and a drizzly rain was falling. But these outer influences hardly got beyond my mental skin, for I had written to Charley, and hoped to find him waiting for me at the coach office. Nor was I disappointed, and in a moment all discomfort was forgotten. He took me to his chambers in the New Inn.

I found him looking better, and apparently, for him, in good spirits. It was soon arranged, at his entreaty, that for the present I should share his sitting-room, and have a bed put up for me in a closet he did not want. The next day I called upon certain publishers and left with them my manuscript. Its fate is of no consequence here, and I did not then wait to know it, but at once began to fly my feather at lower game, writing short papers and tales for the magazines. I had a little success from the first; and although the surroundings of my new abode were dreary enough, although, now and then, especially when the winter sun shone bright into the court, I longed for one peep into space across the field that now itself lay far in the distance, I soon settled to my work, and found the life an enjoyable one.

To work beside Charley the most of the day, and go with him in the evening to some place of amusement, or to visit some of the men in the chambers about us, was for the time a satisfactory mode of existence.

I soon told him the story of my little passage with Clara. During the narrative he looked uncomfortable and indeed troubled, but as soon as he found I had given up the affair, his countenance brightened.

"I'm very glad you've got over it so well," he said.

"I think I've had a good deliverance," I returned.

He made no reply. Neither did his face reveal his thoughts, for I could not read the confused expression it bore.

That he should not fall in with my judgment would never have surprised me, for he always hung back from condemnation, partly, I presume, from being even morbidly conscious of his own imperfections, and partly that his prolific suggestion supplied endless possibilities to explain or else perplex everything. I had been often even annoyed by his use of the most refined invention to excuse, as I thought, behavior the most palpably wrong. I believe now it was rather to account for it than to excuse it.

"Well, Charley," I would say in such case, "I am sure *you* would never have done such a thing."

"I cannot guarantee my own conduct for a moment," he would answer—or, taking the other tack, would reply: "Just for that reason I cannot believe the man would have done it."

But the oddity of the present case was that he said nothing. I should however have forgotten all about it, but that after some time I began to observe that as often as I alluded to Clara—which was not often—he contrived to turn the remark aside,and always without saying a syllable about her. The conclusion I came to was that, while he shrunk from condemnation, he was at the same time unwilling to disturb the present serenity of my mind by defending her conduct.

Early in the spring, an unpleasant event occurred of which I might have foreseen the possibility. One morning I was alone, working busily, when the door opened.

"Why, Charley—back already!" I exclaimed, going on to finish my sentence.

Receiving no answer, I looked up from my paper, and started to my feet. Mr. Osborne stood before me, scrutinizing me with severe gray eyes. I think he knew me from the first, but I was sufficiently altered to make it doubtful.

"I beg your pardon," he said coldly—"I thought these were Charles Osborne's chambers." And he turned to leave the room.

"They *are* his chambers, Mr. Osborne," I replied, recovering myself with an effort, and looking him in the face.

"My son had not informed me that he shared them with another."

"We are very old friends, Mr. Osborne."

He made no answer, but stood regarding me fixedly.

"You do not remember me, sir," I said. "I am Wilfrid Cumbermede."

"I have cause to remember you."

"Will you not sit down, sir? Charley will be home in less than an hour—I quite expect."

Again he turned his back as if about to leave me.

"If my presence is disagreeable to you," I said, annoyed at his rudeness, "I will go."

"As you please," he answered.

I left my papers, caught up my hat, and went out of the room and the house. I said "Good morning," but he made no return.

Not until nearly eight o'clock did I re-enter. I had of course made up my mind that Charley and I must part. When I opened the door, I thought at first there was no one there: there were no lights, and the fire had burned low.

"Is that you, Wilfrid?" said Charley.

He was lying on the sofa.

"Yes, Charley," I returned.

"Come in, old fellow. The avenger of blood is not behind me," he said, in a mocking tone, as he rose and came to meet me. "I've been having such a dose of damnation—all for your sake!"

"I'm very sorry, Charley. But I think we are both to blame. Your father ought to have been told. You see day after day went by, and—somehow—"

"Tut, tut! never mind. What *does* it

matter—except that it's a disgrace to be dependent on such a man? I wish I had the courage to starve."

"He's your father, Charley. Nothing can alter that."

"That's the misery of it. And then to tell people God is their father! If he's like mine, he's done us a mighty favor in creating us! I can't say I feel grateful for it. I must turn out to-morrow."

"No, Charley. The place has no attraction for me without you, and it was yours first. Besides I can't afford to pay so much. I will find another to-morrow. But we shall see each other often, and perhaps get through more work apart. I hope he didn't insist on your never seeing me."

"He did try it on; but there I stuck fast, threatening to vanish, and scramble for my living as I best might. I told him you were a far better man than me, and did me nothing but good. But that only made the matter worse, proving your influence over me. Let's drop it. It's no use. Let's go to the Olympic."

The next day, I looked for a lodging in Camden Town, attracted by the probable cheapness, and by the grass of the Regent's Park; and having found a decent place, took my things away while Charley was out. I had not got them, few as they were, in order in my new quarters before he made his appearance; and as long as I was there few days passed on which we did not meet.

One evening he walked in, accompanied by a fine-looking young fellow whom I thought I must know, and presently recognized as Home, our old school-fellow, with whom I had fought in Switzerland. We had become good friends before we parted, and Charley and he had met repeatedly since.

"What are you doing now, Home?" I asked him.

"I've just taken deacon's orders," he answered. "A friend of my father's has promised me a living. I've been hanging about quite long enough now. A fellow ought to do something for his existence."

"I can't think how a strong fellow like you can take to mumbling prayers and reading sermons," said Charley.

"It ain't nice," said Home, "but it's a very respectable profession. There are viscounts in it, and lots of honorables."

"I daresay," returned Charley, with drought. "But a nerveless creature like me, who can't even hit straight from the shoulder, would be good enough for that. A giant like you, Home!"

"Ah! by the bye, Osborne," said Home, not in love with the prospect, and willing to turn the conversation, "I thought you were a church calf yourself."

"Honestly, Home, I don't know whether it isn't the biggest of all big humbugs."

"Oh, but—Osborne!—it ain't the thing, you know, to talk like that of a profession adopted by so many great men fit to honor any profession," returned Home, who was not one of the brightest of mortals, and was jealous for the profession just inasmuch as it was destined for his own.

"Either the profession honors the men, or the men dishonor themselves," said Charley. "I believe it claims to have been founded by a man called Jesus Christ, if such a man ever existed except in the fancy of his priesthood."

"Well, really," expostulated Home, looking, I must say, considerably shocked, "I shouldn't have expected that from the son of a clergyman!"

"I couldn't help my father. I wasn't consulted," said Charley, with an uncomfortable grin. "But, at any rate, my father fancies he believes all the story. I fancy I don't."

"Then you're an infidel, Osborne."

"Perhaps. Do you think that so very horrible?"

"Yes, I do. Tom Paine, and all the rest of them, you know!"

"Well, Home, I'll tell you one thing I think worse than being an infidel."

"What is that?"

"Taking to the church for a living."

"I don't see that."

"Either the so-called truths it advocates are things to live and die for, or they are the veriest oldwives' fables going. Do you know who was the first to do what you are about now?"

"No. I can't say. I'm not up in church history yet."

"It was Judas."

I am not sure that Charley was right, but that is what he said. I was taking no part in the conversation, but listening eagerly, with a strong suspicion that Charley had been leading Home to this very point.

"A man must live," said Home.

"That's precisely what I take it Judas said: for my part, I don't see it."

"Don't see what?"

"That a man must live. It would be a far more incontrovertible assertion that a man must die—and a more comfortable one too."

"Upon my word, I don't understand you, Osborne! You make a fellow feel deuced queer with your remarks."

"At all events, you will allow that the first of them—they call them apostles, don't they?—didn't take to preaching the gospel for the sake of a living. What a satire on the whole kit of them that word *living*, so constantly in all their mouths, is! It seems to me that Messrs. Peter and Paul and Matthew, and all the rest of them, forsook their livings for a good chance of something rather the contrary."

"Then it *was* true—what they said about you at Forest's?"

"I don't know what they said," returned Charley; "but before I would pretend to believe what I didn't——"

"But I *do* believe it, Osborne."

"May I ask on what grounds?"

"Why—everybody does."

"That would be no reason, even if it were a fact, which it is not. You believe it, or, rather, choose to think you believe it, because you've been told it. Sooner than pretend to teach what I had never learned, and be looked up to as a pattern of godliness, I would 'list in the ranks. There, at least, a man might earn an honest living."

"By Jove! You do make a fellow feel uncomfortable!" repeated Home: "You've got such a—such an uncompromising way of saying things—to use a mild expression!"

"I think it's a sneaking thing to do, and unworthy of a gentleman."

"I don't see what right you've got to bully me in that way," said Home, getting angry.

It was time to interfere.

"Charley is so afraid of being dishonest, Home," I said, "that he is rude.—You are rude now, Charley."

"I beg your pardon, Home," exclaimed Charley at once.

"Oh, never mind!" returned Home with gloomy good-nature.

"You ought to make allowance, Charley," I pursued. "When a man has been accustomed all his life to hear things spoken of in a certain way, he cannot help having certain notions to start with."

"If I thought as Osborne does," said Home, "I *would* sooner 'list than go into the church."

"I confess," I rejoined, "I do not see how any one can take orders, except he not only loves God with all his heart, but receives the story of the New Testament as a revelation of Him, precious beyond utterance. To the man who accepts it so, the calling is the noblest in the world."

The others were silent, and the conversation turned away. From whatever cause, Home did not go into the church, but died fighting in India.

He soon left us—Charley remaining behind.

"What a hypocrite I am!" he exclaimed; —"following a profession in which I must often, if I have any practice at all, defend what I know to be wrong, and seek to turn justice from its natural course."

"But you can't always know that your judgment is right, even if it should be against your client. I heard an eminent barrister say once, that he had come out of the court convinced by the arguments of the opposite counsel."

"And having gained the case?"

"That I don't know."

"He went in believing his own side, any how, and that made it all right for him."

"I don't know that, either. His private judgment was altered, but whether it was for or against his client, I do not remember. The fact however shows that one might do a great wrong by refusing a client whom he judged in the wrong."

"On the contrary, to refuse a brief on such grounds would be best for all concerned.

Not believing in it, you could not do your best, and might be preventing one who would believe in it from taking it up."

"The man might not get anybody to take it up."

"Then there would be little reason to expect that a jury charged under ordinary circumstances would give a verdict in his favor."

"But it would be for the barristers to constitute themselves the judges."

"Yes—of their own conduct—only that. There I am again! The finest ideas about the right thing, and going on all the same, with open eyes running my head straight into the noose! Wilfrid, I'm one of the weakest animals in creation. What if you found at last that I had been deceiving *you!* What would you say?"

"Nothing, Charley—to any one else."

"What would you say to yourself, then?"

"I don't know. I know what I should do."

"What?"

"Try to account for it, and find as many reasons as I could to justify you. That is, I would do just as you do for every one but yourself."

He was silent—plainly from emotion, which I attributed to his pleasure at the assurance of the strength of my friendship.

"Suppose you could find none?" he said, recovering himself a little.

"I should still believe there *were* such. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, you know."

He brightened at this.

"You *are* a friend, Wilfrid! What a strange condition mine is!—forever feeling I could do this and that difficult thing, were it to fall in my way, and yet constantly failing in the simplest duties—even to that of common politeness. I behaved like a brute to Home. He's a fine fellow, and only wants to see a thing to do it. *I* see it well enough, and don't do it. Wilfrid, I shall come to a bad end. When it comes, mind I told you so, and blame nobody but myself. I mean what I say."

"Nonsense, Charley! It's only that you haven't active work enough, and get morbid with brooding over the germs of things."

"Oh, Wilfrid, how beautiful a life might be! Just look at that one in the New Testament! Why shouldn't *I* be like that? *I* don't know why. I feel as if I could. But I'm not, as you see—and never shall be. I'm selfish, and ill-tempered, and——"

"Charley! Charley! There never was a less selfish or better tempered fellow in the world."

"Don't make me believe that, Wilfrid, or I shall hate the world as well as myself. It's all my hypocrisy makes you think so. Because I am ashamed of what I am, and manage to hide it pretty well, you think me a saint. That is heaping damnation on me."

"Take a pipe, Charley, and shut up. That's rubbish!" I said. I doubt much if it was what I ought to have said, but I was alarmed for the consequences of such brooding. "I wonder what the world would be like if every one considered himself acting up to his own idea!"

"If he was acting so, then it would do the world no harm that he knew it."

"But his ideal must then be a low one, and that would do himself and everybody the worst kind of harm. The greatest men have always thought the least of themselves."

"Yes, but that was because they *were* the greatest. A man may think little of himself just for the reason that he *is* little, and can't help knowing it."

"Then it's a mercy he does know it! for most small people think much of themselves."

"But to know it—and to feel all the time you ought to be and could be something very different, and yet never get a step nearer it! That is to be miserable. Still it is a mercy to know it. There is always a last help."

I mistook what he meant, and thought it well to say no more. After smoking a pipe or two he was quieter, and left me with a merry remark.

One lovely evening in spring, I looked from my bed-room window, and saw the red sunset burning in the thin branches of the solitary poplar that graced the few feet of garden behind the house. It drew me out to the park, where the trees were all in young leaf, each with its shadow stretching away

from its foot, like its longing to reach its kind across dividing space. The grass was like my own grass at home, and I went wandering over it in all the joy of the new spring, which comes every year to our hearts as well as to their picture outside. The workmen were at that time busy about the unfinished botanical gardens, and I wandered thitherward, lingering about, and pondering and inventing, until the sun was long withdrawn, and the shades of night had grown very brown. I was at length sauntering slowly home to put a few finishing touches to a paper I had been at work upon all day, when something about a young couple in front of me attracted my attention. They were walking arm in arm, talking eagerly, but so low that I heard only a murmur. I did not quicken my pace, yet was gradually gaining upon them, when suddenly the conviction started up in my mind that the gentleman was Charley. I could not mistake his back, or the stoop of his shoulders as he bent towards his companion. I was so certain of him that I turned at once from the road, and wandered away across the grass: if he did not choose to tell me about the lady, I had no right to know. But I confess to a strange trouble that he had left me out. I comforted myself however with the thought that perhaps when we next met he would explain, or at least break, the silence.

After about an hour, he entered in an excited mood, merry but uncomfortable. I tried to behave as if I knew nothing, but could not help feeling much disappointed when he left me without a word of his having had a second reason for being in the neighborhood.

What effect the occurrence might have had, whether the cobweb veil of which I was now aware between us would have thickened to opacity or not, I cannot tell. I dare not imagine that it might. I rather hope that by degrees my love would have got the victory, and melted it away. But now came a cloud which swallowed every other in my firmament. The next morning brought a letter from my aunt, telling me that my uncle had had a stroke, as she called it, and at that moment was lying insensible. I put my affairs in order at once, and Charley saw me away by the afternoon coach.

It was a dreary journey. I loved my uncle with perfect confidence and profound veneration, a result of the faithful and open simplicity with which he had always behaved towards me. If he were taken away, and already he might be gone, I should be lonely indeed, for on whom besides could I depend with anything like the trust which I had reposed in him? For, conceitedly or not, I had always felt that Charley rather depended on me—that I had rather to take care of him, than to look for counsel from him.

The weary miles rolled away. Early in the morning we reached Ministercombe. There I got a carriage, and at once continued my journey.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHANGES.

I MET no one at the house-door, or in the kitchen, and walked straight up the stair to my uncle's room. The blinds were down, and the curtains were drawn, and I could but just see the figure of my aunt seated beside the bed. She rose, and without a word of greeting, made way for me to approach the form which lay upon it, stretched out straight and motionless. The conviction that I was in the presence of death seized me; but instead of the wretchedness of heart and soul which I had expected to follow the loss of my uncle, a something deeper than any will of my own asserted itself, and as it were took the matter from me. It was as if my soul avoided the sorrow of separation by breaking with the world of material things, asserting the shadowy nature of all the visible, and choosing its part with the something which had passed away. It was as if my deeper self said to my outer consciousness: "I too am of the dead—one with them, whether they live or are no more. For a little while I am shut out from them, and surrounded with things that seem: let me gaze on the picture while it lasts; dream or no dream, let me live in it according to its laws, and await what will come next; if an awaking, it is well; if only a perfect because dreamless sleep, I shall not be able to lament the end-

less separation—but while I know myself, I will hope for something better." Like this at least was the blossom into which, under my after brooding, the bud of that feeling broke.

I laid my hand upon my uncle's forehead. It was icy cold, just like my grannie's when my aunt had made me touch it. And I knew that my uncle was gone, that the slow tide of the eternal ocean had risen while he lay motionless within the wash of its waves, and had floated him away from the shore of our world. I took the hand of my aunt, who stood like a statue behind me, and led her from the room.

"He is gone, aunt," I said, as calmly as I could.

She made no reply, but gently withdrew her hand from mine, and returned into the chamber. I stood a few moments irresolute, but reverence for her sorrow prevailed, and I went down the stair, and seated myself by the fire. There the servant told me that my uncle had never moved since they laid him in his bed. Soon after, the doctor arrived, and went up stairs; but returned in a few minutes, only to affirm the fact. I went again to the room, and found my aunt lying with her face on the bosom of the dead man. She allowed me to draw her away, but when I would have led her down, she turned aside, and sought her own chamber, where she remained for the rest of the day.

I will not linger over that miserable time. Greatly as I revered my uncle, I was not prepared to find how much he had been respected, and was astonished at the number of faces I had never seen which followed to the churchyard. Amongst them were the Coninghams, father and son; but except by a friendly grasp of the hand, and a few words of condolence, neither interrupted the calm depression rather than grief in which I found myself. When I returned home, there was with my aunt a married sister, whom I had never seen before. Up to this time, she had shown an arid despair, and been regardless of everything about her; but now she was in tears. I left them together, and wandered for hours up and down the lonely playground of my childhood, thinking of many things—most of all, how strange it was that, if there were a *hereafter* for us, we should know positively nothing concerning it; that not a whisper should cross the invisible line; that the something which had looked from its windows so lovingly, should have in a moment withdrawn, by some back way unknown either to itself or us, into a region of which all we can tell is that thence no prayers and no tears will entice it to lift for an instant again the fallen curtain, and look out once more. Why should not God, I thought, if a God there be, permit one single return to each, that so the friends left behind in the dark might be sure that death was not the end, and so live in the world as not of the world?

When I re-entered, I found my aunt looking a little cheerful. She was even having something to eat with her sister—an elderly country-looking woman, the wife of a farmer in a distant shire. Their talk had led them back to old times, to their parents and the friends of their childhood; and the memory of the long dead had comforted her a little over the recent loss: for all true hearts death is a uniting, not a dividing power.

"I suppose you will be going back to London, Wilfrid?" said my aunt, who had already been persuaded to pay her sister a visit.

"I think I had better," I answered. "When I have a chance of publishing a book, I should like to come and write it, or at least finish it here, if you will let me."

"The place is your own, Wilfrid. Of course I shall be very glad to have you here."

"The place is yours as much as mine, aunt," I replied. "I can't bear to think that my uncle has no right over it still. I believe he has, and therefore it is yours just the same—not to mention my own wishes in the matter."

She made no reply, and I saw that both she and her sister were shocked either at my mentioning the dead man, or at my supposing he had any earthly rights left. The next day they set out together, leaving in the house the wife of the head man at the farm to attend to me until I should return to town. I had intended to set out the following morning, but I found myself enjoying so much the undisturbed possession of the place, that I re-

mained there for ten days; and when I went, it was with the intention of making it my home as soon as I might: I had grown enamored of the solitude so congenial to labor. Before I left I arranged my uncle's papers, and in doing so found several early sketches, which satisfied me that he might have distinguished himself in literature if his fate had led him thitherward.

Having given the house in charge to my aunt's deputy, Mrs. Herbert, I at length returned to my lodging in Camden Town. There I found two letters waiting me, the one announcing the serious illness of my aunt, and the other her death. The latter was two days old. I wrote to express my sorrow, and excuse my apparent neglect, and having made a long journey to see her also laid in the earth, I returned to my old home in order to make fresh arrangements.

CHAPTER XXX.

PROPOSALS.

Mrs. Herbert attended me during the forenoon, but left me after my early dinner. I made my tea for myself, and a tankard filled from a barrel of ale of my uncle's brewing, with a piece of bread and cheese, was my unvarying supper. The first night I felt very lonely, almost indeed what the Scotch call *eerie*. The place, although inseparably interwoven with my earliest recollections, drew back and stood apart from me—a thing to be thought about; and, in the ancient house, amidst the lonely field, I felt like a ghost condemned to return and live the vanished time over again. I had had a fire lighted in my own room; for, although the air was warm outside, the thick stone walls seemed to retain the chilly breath of last winter. The silent rooms that filled the house forced the sense of their presence upon me. I seemed to see the forsaken things in them staring at each other, hopeless and useless, across the dividing space, as if saying to themselves, "We belong to the dead, are mouldering to the dust after them, and in the dust alone we meet." From the vacant rooms my soul seemed to float out beyond, searching still—to find nothing but loneliness and emptiness betwixt me and the stars; and beyond the stars more loneliness and more emptiness still—no rest for the sole of the foot of the wandering Psyche—save—one mighty saving—an exception which if true must be the one all-absorbing rule. "But," I was saying to myself, "love unknown is not even equal to love lost," when my revery was broken by the dull noise of a horse's hoofs upon the sward. I rose and went to the window. As I crossed the room, my brain rather than myself suddenly recalled the night when my pendulum drew from the churning trees the unwelcome genius of the storm. The moment I reached the window—there through the dim summer twilight, once more from the trees, now as still as sleep, came the same figure.

Mr. Coningham saw me at the fire-lighted window, and halted.

"May I be admitted?" he asked, ceremoniously.

I made a sign to him to ride round to the door, for I could not speak aloud: it would have been rude to the memories that haunted the silent house.

"May I come in for a few minutes, Mr. Cumbermede?" he asked again, already at the door by the time I had opened it.

"By all means, Mr. Coningham," I replied. "Only you must tie your horse to this ring, for we—I—have no stable here."

"I've done this before," he answered, as he made the animal fast. "I know the ways of the place well enough. But surely you're not here in absolute solitude?"

"Yes, I am. I prefer being alone at present."

"Very unhealthy, I must say! You will grow hypochondriacal if you mope in this fashion," he returned, following me up the stairs to my room.

"A day or two of solitude now and then would, I suspect, do most people more good than harm," I answered. "But you must not think I intend leading a hermit's life. Have you heard that my aunt——?"

"Yes, yes.—You are left alone in the world. But relations are not a man's only friends—and certainly not always his best friends."

I made no reply, thinking of my uncle.

"I did not know you were down," he resumed. "I was calling at my father's, and



WILFRID AND CLARA.

seeing your light across the park, thought it possible you might be here, and rode over to see.—May I take the liberty of asking what your plans are?" he added, seating himself by the fire.

"I have hardly had time to form new ones; but I mean to stick to my work, anyhow."

"You mean your profession?"

"Yes, if you will allow me to call it such. I have had success enough already to justify me in going on."

"I am more pleased than surprised to hear it," he answered. "But what will you do with the old nest?"

"Let the old nest wait for the old bird, Mr. Coningham—keep it to die in."

"I don't like to hear a young fellow talking that way," he remonstrated. "You've got a long life to live yet—at least I hope so. But if you leave the house untenanted till the period to which you allude, it will be quite unfit by that time even for the small service you propose to require of it. Why not let it —for a term of years? I could find you a tenant, I make no doubt."

"I won't let it. I shall meet the world all the better if I have a place of my own to take refuge in."

"Well, I can't say but there's good in that fancy. To have any spot of your own, however small—freehold, I mean—must be a comfort. At the same time, what's the world for, if you're to meet it in that half-hearted way? I don't mean that every young man—there are exceptions—must sow just so many bushels of *avena fatua*. There are plenty of enjoyments to be got without leading a wild life—which I should be the last to recommend to any young man of principle. Take my advice and let the place. But pray don't do me the injustice to fancy I came to look after a job. I shall be most happy to serve you."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," I answered. "If you could let the farm for me for the rest of the lease, of which there are but a few years to run, that would be of great

consequence to me. Herbert, my uncle's foreman, who has the management now, is a very good fellow, but I doubt if he will do more than make both ends meet without my aunt, and the accounts would bother me endlessly."

"I shall find out whether Lord Inglewold be inclined to resume the fag-end. In such case, as the lease has been a long one, and land has risen much, he would doubtless pay a part of the difference. Then there's the stock—worth a good deal, I should think. I'll see what can be done. And then there's the stray bit of park?"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. "We have been in the way of calling it the *park*, though why, I never could tell. I confess it does look like a bit of Sir Giles's that had wandered beyond the gates."

"There *is* some old story or other about it, I believe. The possessors of the Moldwarp estate have, from time immemorial, regarded it as properly theirs. I know that."

"I am much obliged to them, certainly. *I* have been in the habit of thinking differently."

"Of course, of course," he rejoined, laughing. "But there may have been some—mistake somewhere. I know Sir Giles would give five times its value for it."

"He should not have it if he offered the Moldwarp estate in exchange," I cried indignantly; and the thought flashed across me that this temptation was what my uncle had feared from the acquaintance of Mr. Coningham.

"Your sincerity will not be put to so great a test as that," he returned, laughing quite merrily. "But I am glad you have such a respect for real property. At the same time—how many acres are there of it?"

"I don't know," I answered curtly and truly.

"It's of no consequence. Only if you don't want to be tempted, don't let Sir Giles or my father broach the subject. You needn't look at me. *I* am not Sir Giles's agent. Neither do my father and I run in double harness. He hinted, however, this very day, that he believed the old fool wouldn't stick at £500 an acre for this bit of grass—if he couldn't get it for less."

"If that is what you come about, Mr. Coningham," I rejoined, haughtily I dare say, for something I could not well define made me feel as if the dignity of a thousand ancestors were periled in my own, "I beg you will not say another word on the subject, for sell this land I *will not*."

He was looking at me strangely: his eye glittered with what, under other circumstances, I might have taken for satisfaction; but he turned his face away and rose, saying, with a curiously altered tone, as he took up his hat,

"I'm very sorry to have offended you, Mr. Cumbermede. I sincerely beg your pardon. I thought our old—friendship may I not call it?—would have justified me in merely reporting what I had heard. I see now that I was wrong. I ought to have shown more regard for your feelings at this trying time. But again I assure you I was only reporting, and had not the slightest intention of making myself a go-between in the matter. One word more: I have no doubt I could *let* the field for you—at good grazing rental. That I think you could hardly object to."

"I should be much obliged to you," I replied—"for a term of not more than seven years—but without the house, and with the stipulation expressly made that I have right of way in every direction through it."

"Reasonable enough," he answered.

"One more thing," I said: "all these affairs must be pure matters of business between us."

"As you please," he returned, with, I fancied, a shadow of disappointment if not of displeasure on his countenance. "I should have been more gratified if you had accepted a friendly office; but I will do my best for you, notwithstanding."

"I had no intention of being unfriendly, Mr. Coningham," I said. "But when I think of it, I fear I may have been rude, for the bare proposal of selling this Naboth's vineyard of mine would go far to make me rude to any man alive. It sounds like an invitation to dishonor myself in the eyes of my ancestors."

"Ah! you do care about your ancestors?" he said, half musingly, and looking into his hat.

"Of course I do! Who is there does not?"

"Only some ninety-nine hundredths of the English nation."

"I cannot well forget," I returned, "what my ancestors have done for me."

"Whereas most people only remember that their ancestors can do no more for them. I declare I am almost glad I offended you. It does one good to hear a young man speak like that in these degenerate days, when a buck would rather be the son of a rich brewer than a decayed gentleman. I will call again about the end of the week—that is if you will be here—and report progress."

His manner, as he took his leave, was at once more friendly and more respectful than it had yet been—a change which I attributed to his having discovered in me more firmness than he had expected, in regard, if not of my rights, at least of my social position.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARRANGEMENTS.

My custom at this time, and for long after I had finally settled down in the country, was to rise early in the morning—often, as I used when a child, before sunrise, in order to see the first burst of the sun upon the new-born world. I believed then, as I believe still, that, lovely as the sunset is, the sunrise is more full of mystery, poetry, and even, I had almost said, pathos. But often ere he was well up I had begun to imagine what the evening would be like, and with what softly mingled, all but imperceptible gradations it would steal into night. Then when the night came, I would wander about my little field, vainly endeavoring to picture the glory with which the next day's sun would rise upon me. Hence the morning and evening became well known to me; and yet I shrink from saying it, for each is endless in the variety of its change. And the longer I was alone, I became the more enamored of solitude, with the labor to which, in my case, it was so helpful; and began indeed to be in some danger of losing sight of my relation to "a world of men," for with that world my imagination and my love for Charley were now my sole recognizable links.

In the fore-part of the day, I read and wrote; and in the after-part found both employment and pleasure in arranging my uncle's books, amongst which I came upon a good many treasures whereof I was now able in some measure to appreciate the value—thinking often, amidst their ancient dust and odors, with something like indignant pity, of the splendid collection, as I was sure it must be, mouldering away in utter neglect at the neighboring Hall.

I was on my knees in the midst of a pile which I had drawn from a cupboard under the shelves, when Mrs. Herbert showed Mr. Coningham in. I was annoyed, for my uncle's room was sacred; but as I was about to take him to my own, I saw such a look of interest upon his face that it turned me aside, and I asked him to take a seat.

"If you do not mind the dust," I added.

"Mind the dust!" he exclaimed,—"of old books! I count it almost sacred. I am glad you know how to value them."

What right had he to be glad? How did he know I valued them? How could I but value them? I rebuked my offense, however, and after a little talk about them, in which he revealed much more knowledge than I should have expected, it vanished. He then informed me of an arrangement he and Lord Inglewold's factor had been talking over in respect of the farm; also of an offer he had had for my field. I considered both sufficiently advantageous in my circumstances, and the result was that I closed with both.

A few days after this arrangement I returned to London, intending to remain for some time. I had a warm welcome from Charley, but could not help fancying an unacknowledged something dividing us. He appeared, notwithstanding, less oppressed, and, in a word, more like other people. I proceeded at once to finish two or three papers and stories, which late events had interrupted. But within a week London had grown to me stifling and unendurable, and I longed unspeakably for the free air of my field, and the loneliness of my small castle. If my reader regard me as already a hypochondriac, the sole disproof I have to offer is, that I was then diligently writing what some years afterwards

obtained a hearty reception from the better class of the reading public. Whether my habits were healthy or not, whether my love of solitude was natural or not, I cannot but hope from this that my modes of thinking were. The end was, that after finishing the work I had on hand, I collected my few belongings, gave up my lodging, bade Charley good-by, receiving from him a promise to visit me at my own house if possible, and took my farewell of London for a season, determined not to return until I had produced a work which my now more enlarged judgment might consider fit to see the light. I had laid out all my spare money upon books, with which in a few heavy trunks I now went back to my solitary dwelling. I had no care upon my mind, for my small fortune along with the rent of my field was more than sufficient for my maintenance in the almost anchoretic seclusion in which I intended to live, and hence I had every advantage for the more definite projection and prosecution of a work which had been gradually shaping itself in my mind for months past.

Before leaving for London, I had already spoken to a handy lad employed upon the farm, and he had kept himself free to enter my service when I should require him. He was the more necessary to me that I still had my mare Lilith, from which nothing but fate should ever part me. I had no difficulty in arranging with the new tenant for her continued accommodation at the farm; while, as Herbert still managed its affairs, the services of his wife were available as often as I required them. But my man soon made himself capable of doing everything for me, and proved himself perfectly trustworthy.

I must find a name for my place—for its own I will not write: let me call it The Moat; there were signs, plain enough to me after my return from Oxford, that there had once been a moat about it, of which the hollow I have mentioned as the spot where I used to lie and watch for the sun's first rays had evidently been a part. But the remains of the moat lay a considerable distance from the house, suggesting a large area of building at some former period, proof of which, however, had entirely vanished, the house bearing every sign of a narrow completeness.

The work I had undertaken required a constantly recurring reference to books of the sixteenth century; and although I had provided as many as I thought I should need, I soon found them insufficient. My uncle's library was very large for a man in his position, but it was not by any means equally developed; and my necessities made me think often of the old library at the Hall, which might contain somewhere in its ruins every book I wanted. Not only, however, would it have been useless to go searching in the formless mass for this or that volume, but, unable to grant Sir Giles the desire of his heart in respect of my poor field, I did not care to ask of him the comparatively small favor of being allowed to burrow in his dust-heap of literature.

I was sitting, one hot noon, almost in despair over a certain little point concerning which I could find no definite information, when Mr. Coningham called. After some business matters had been discussed, I mentioned, merely for the sake of talk, the difficulty I was in—the sole disadvantage of a residence in the country as compared with London, where the British Museum was the unfailing resort of all who required such aid as I was in want of.

"But there is the library at Moldwarp Hall," he said.

"Yes, *there* it is; but there is not *here*."

"I have no doubt Sir Giles would make you welcome to borrow what books you wanted. He is a good-natured man, Sir Giles."

I explained my reason for not troubling him.

"Besides," I added, "the library is in such absolute chaos, that I might with less loss of time run up to London, and find any volume I happened to want among the old bookshops. You have no idea what a mess Sir Giles's books are in—scarcely two volumes of the same book to be found even in proximity. It is one of the most painful sights I ever saw."

(To be Continued.)

THE CLOTHES OF A GHOST.

(THE SPIRIT OF A BEAUTIFUL AND VAIN WOMAN SPEAKS.)

THEY were shut from me in a costly chest,
Though I, in a woman's slight, sad way,
Of the lovely things that I loved the best
Held none, I fear me, so sweet as they—
For I was daintily dress'd!

A precious glimmer of gold was mine,
To coil and charm on my bosom then;
And two great jewels whose restless shine
Troubled the foolish hearts of men,
Who fancied their light divine.

These thin hands wore on their tremulous grace
Such fair little gloves as white as snows;
And softly laid on my dim, fixed face
Were calm, clear colors of white and rose,
In another time and place.

There's a withering, weird half-picture of Me—
No, of my Clothes—on a shadowy wall:
A wonderful painter, they said, was he
Who studied my drapery, that was all,
Not guessing what I might be.

Yet he raved of me in my far, flush'd day,
And thought he knew me, and held me dear;
And now, should I waver across his way,
He would grow as ghastly as I am, with fear,
Though he is so wise and gray!

But my beautiful Clothes were his despair—
They were so well-cut, so charmingly made.
It is best that they were not worn threadbare;
It is best that I did not feel them fade;
It is best—did *he* ever care?

I, a thing too fearfully fine to show,
Or stain the starlight wherein I pass,
Must still have the old, fierce vanity grow,
Must yearn by the water, as by a glass,
For a glimpse of—Nothing, I know!

Oh, my lovely Clothes that I still admire!
They were only fashion'd for moth and rust;
Yet I, their wearer, though scarr'd by fire,
Shall sit with the gentle ghosts, I trust,
Who once wore meaner attire!

For had I been less like the lilies array'd,
They of the field that toil not nor spin,
I had thought of my Father's work, nor strayed
In empty glory, in shining sin,
Far into the final shade.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

LIVING WITH WINDOWS OPEN.

More than any other people in the world, Americans live with their windows open. Less than any people who have homes do they regard their homes as sacredly private. Every family knows its neighbor's affairs; and nothing transpires concerning the most private relations that is not immediately noised abroad, discussed, and judged by meddling and gossiping communities. Homes that should be guarded with the most jealous care are of easy access to strangers, who come with the flimsiest credentials, or with none at all; and every year produces its crop of personal and social disasters which this unwise exposure of the soil gives to reckless or villainous sowing. If a man should wish to see how Americans differ in this thing from other nations, let him try to get into a German or an English family, or even into a French family, abroad. He will at once discover that he has undertaken to do a very difficult thing. No man can obtain an inside view of the economies and habits of a foreign home, and share in its communion, who does not enter it with a record or an introduction and indorsement which place him above suspicion. Students who go to continental Europe to study language, with the natural expectation to accomplish their purpose by entering a French or a German family, find, to their surprise, that nothing but necessity will induce any family to open its sanctities to them.

It will naturally be said that old or mature communities are conservative in this, as in other matters; but we do not see that, as America grows older, it mends in this respect. Indeed, it is certainly and swiftly growing worse. The greed for personalities — the taste for everything relating to the life of individuals — and the base desire to be talked about, were never more prevalent than now. We have only to take up a fashionable paper to learn who has had parties, who attended the parties, who were the belles of the parties, and how they were dressed; and we know while we read that the ladies who gave the parties gave also the information concerning them, and were glad to see the reports in print. Weddings, which should be sacred to kindred and closest friends, are turned into public shows; and trousseaus are inventoried by the daily prints and spread before the country. It is not enough that one's marriage be published when it takes place, but the engagement must be bruited in *Jenkins's Journal*, Jenkins having previously been assured that the announcement would not be offensive, and subsequently repaid by an order for extra papers. The inanities of the Court Journal, over which Americans were in the habit of laughing a dozen years ago, are more than matched by the daily report of the movements of every man of title, or place, or notoriety. When a woman lectures, the reporters understand that the first thing people wish to learn about her relates to her face, figure, and dress; and that is the first thing they write about. The women of the platform — being all very sensible women, and too wise to be vain — are of course offended by this treatment; but it somehow happens that the reports are generally of a flattering character.

It would be possible to get along with all this. A man may become used to smothering his sense of humiliation and disgust when reading the public record of private life, so long as that record is made with the consent, or at the wish, of those to whom it relates; but it happens that we have in America now a prowling, prying, far-seeing, vivacious, loquacious, voracious being known as the Local Editor, who must get a living, and who lives only upon items. If a man sneeze twice in his presence, the local column of the morning paper will contain the announcement that "our esteemed fellow-citizen" is suffering from a severe cold. If a man lose his hat in a high wind, it excites the mirth of the local editor to the extent of a dozen lines. He amplifies an accident that kills, or a scandal that ruins, with marvelous minuteness of detail. His eye is at every man's back door, to see and report who and what go and come. There is nothing safe from his pen. All the private affairs of the community for which he writes are published to that community every day. If a man shoots a dog, or catches a string of trout, or rides out for his health, or is seen mysteriously leaving town on an evening train, or sells a horse, or buys a cow, or gives a dinner-party, or looks sallow, or grows fat, or smiles upon a widow, or renews the wall-paper of his house, he gives the local editor an item. The local editor turns the houses of the community inside out every day, and keeps the windows open by which the secrets and sanctities of every home are exposed to public view.

The local editor is, we regret to say, not without excuse. Occasionally some indignant victim of his prying and publishing propensities scourges or scolds him; but it must be confessed, with sorrow and shame, that his local column finds a greedy market. Instead of frowning upon the liberty he takes with persons and homes, and the details of individual private life, the multitude read his column first of all. That its results

are mischievous and demoralizing in their ministry to neighborhood gossip and scandal, there is no doubt. Among its worst results is the destruction of all reverence for the right of every private man to live privately, and of every home to live with its windows closed. There is unquestionably a desire in a certain sort of private life to get into the papers—a desire to spread all the details of its doings before the world. This life may be "high" or low, fashionable or unfashionable, but it is irredeemably vulgar, and can only disgust every self-respectful and dignified man and woman. Let us protest on behalf of decency against the familiar treatment which the retiring and the unwilling receive in the local column, and in the more ambitious performances of the omnipresent Jenkins. Let us at least have the privilege of repeating the cry of Betsy Trotwood, when her little patch of green was invaded, "Janet! donkeys!"

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

WE have not, from the beginning, entertained an expectation that the French Republic would be permanent, or in any degree harmonious and prosperous. The love of license without law, and not the love of liberty within the bounds of law—law self-appointed, self-respected, and self-sustained—is the animating principle of the French people. Philosophical and impracticable theorists in society and politics, and ambitious demagogues, are the leaders of public opinion and action. They work without harmony of head, or heart, or hand—united only in the attempt to shake off the power that has held them in healthy check and order. The masses of the people, especially in the provinces, follow as they are led. There is no great, overwhelming public opinion which pushes from behind, as in this country. It is entirely a matter of leaders and followers—a few heads leading Paris, and Paris pretty uniformly leading the nation. If the United States were made up of the same materials, in the same proportions, that now constitute the city of New York, they would be in the present condition of France. There is no overwhelming public opinion in New York city that controls its governing politicians. Those politicians lead the masses of the city whithersoever they will; and if the same fact obtained throughout the country, the Republic would be a wreck within twelve months.

There can be no republic where there is faith neither in God nor man. The leaders of the French people are almost uniformly infidels and atheists, who recognize only a single omnipresent, omnipotent fact, namely, universal selfishness. On this they rely; in this they thoroughly believe; by this they direct their action. They believe that every man would gladly stand upon his brother's neck to reach to power. They have no more faith in women than in men, and this fact is recognized and pronounced throughout the structure and machinery of their social life. One of the most striking comments upon their character is their rebellion, upon the first opportunity that presents itself, against all the restraints, appointments, and officers of religion. Witness the recent imprisonment of "servants of a person called God!" They violate churches, desecrate altars, imprison priests, invade and disperse religious houses, and do it all in the sacred name of liberty. That the form of religion which they thus insult has had much to do in making them what they are, there can be no question; but the fact shows that they not only have no faith in the Roman Catholic representation of Christianity, but they have no faith in any Christianity, and no faith in God himself. Contrast the action and feeling of these men with that of the American people during the late civil war in this country. The moment the two sections found themselves engaged in a struggle, both became intensely religious. There were more prayers than oaths on camp and battle-field; and all over the discordant States there was a fresh interest in Christian truth and in Christian institutions. The difference in material for a republic offered respectively by France and America can be seen in nothing more plainly than in this, that when the former is in trouble she rebels madly against every religious restraint, and everything associated with religious restraint; and that when the latter comes to trial her first thought is to fall upon her knees, or devote herself with fresh consecration to religious duty.

The ignorance and superstition of the masses of France have already been sufficiently spoken of in these columns, and, indeed, are taken for granted when we assert that they are the blind followers of powerful leaders, of various aims and names. Since the German evacuation of Paris we have had an exhibition of French republicanism, pure and simple. We have seen a mass of active and leading minds in a huge quarrel for power and the spoils of office. There is no possible reconciliation of these men to one another. There is no spirit of self-sacrifice and self-subordination for the public good. All is discord, anarchy, and blood. What will be the end? A despotism, and nothing but a despotism. The French people are fit for nothing else; and they can live under nothing else. Apparently the most fortunate thing that could happen to them would be a restoration of the empire. Napoleon is quite good enough for them; though why he should desire to return to them is more than we can guess, for he has found empires to be quite as ungrateful as republics proverbially are. We are not among those who sneer at Louis Napoleon. He understands the French people better than any other man living, and, with all his sins, is so much wiser than the majority of the public men of the country, that he is quite worthy to stand at their head. We believe he has a sincere love of France, and a desire for her progress and true glory. We have seen no evidence that he desired the war which has wrought such woe to his people and to him; and we are quite prepared, if his life be continued, to see him recalled to his old home in the Tuileries. Nay, we should greet such a return with gladness, for he has proved himself to be better capa-

ble of taking care of France than she is of taking care of herself. It will be a glad day when France has popular culture and faith enough to maintain a republic; but that day is very far in the future.

THE OLD CABINET.

DEAR OLD CABINET:—You have often kindly chided me for a lack of self-assertion, and I know that by repute I am a man of unusual self-depreciation and modesty.

Well, it always has been so—a bow and an "After you, sir!" I remember, when I was a little fellow, it needed no drilling in courtesy to make me take the scrawniest apple, the littlest stick of candy, the bottom buckwheat cake—nor did I account this any virtue. The big apple, the topmost cake, always belonged, I thought, to my neighbor—who ever manifested a similar conviction.

I will not concede any lack of pluck, however. I was ready, at all times, to fight for my rights; but these rights, it seemed to me, were always those of B, No. 2.

Now that I have grown to manhood it is just the same. It is as natural for me to shrink from stepping up anywhere as No. 1, as it is for the other fellow to step up. Deference always deputes me to the latter end of the cue. The odds in making change—even with a millionaire—are always against me. No one knows with what a pang I present my restaurant check at the cashier's desk when a light appetite has made a little bill. How is the man to live, and support his family, I ask myself, if all his guests are such scrimpsy eaters! Ah, I envy the chap who can hector it over the waiter on the strength of a bill of 15 cents; who can insist, in a loud and lordly way, upon bread—

"With one fish-ball!"

I tell you this, dear O. C., that you may be able to account for what you must think perversity on the part of your friend: to show you how against the grain it goes—trying to avail myself of your advice.

And now I am led to a further confession, which, after what has gone before, will probably surprise you:—I strongly suspect that I am one of the most conceited men on the face of the earth! Of course there are times when the best satisfied person will have a very poor opinion of himself. But if I should frankly tell you the average height of my self-esteem, I think you would open your eyes. I will not enter upon the subject of personal appearance. I doubt if anybody ever stated the exact truth as to his own opinion of his looks, and I am not willing to make myself ridiculous by the attempt. I will only say—and you may draw what inference you please—I am fully convinced that my good Aunt Rebekah Pesimmons herself, who has the most unbecoming face of any member of our family, cherishes a secret, stable belief that there is that in the expression of her countenance which redeems to some extent the obvious faults of feature and complexion; the funniest—unless you call it the saddest—part of it being that Aunt Rebekah P. might perhaps be considered, at times, almost good-looking, were it not for her expression.

I might mention a thousand little instances of self-consciousness and conceit on the part of your very modest friend: parades of exceptional knowledge—treasured compliments. I am seldom, I assure you, out of my mind's eye; and I am very free with mental comparisons greatly to my own advantage. I told you I did not think much of those verses I let you see the other day. But if you had not praised them, I am sure I should have had small opinion of your critical acumen. You would be amused if you knew how much I think about what people will say of me when I am dead. I have been actually tempted to try the experiment of the man who managed to attend his own funeral (although he did have some of the conceit knocked out of him), and I very much covet the experience of those distinguished persons who, having been reported killed by accidents or bears in out-of-the-way places, afterward sit by their cozy firesides and read long and flattering obituary notices of themselves. I confess it has quite troubled me when I have thought how probable it is that in my own "obituary" certain circumstances, in which I take especial pride, will, through ignorance or inadvertence, be omitted. Will my village newspaper biographer, I say to myself, remember that it was I who first drew attention to the importance of securing the Hill Top for the erection of our beautiful town-hall? Will he forget that I have been Vice-President of the Demosthenian Phalanx during two administrations? Will he remember that it was I who was the founder of the State branch of the National Society for the Suppression of Orange-Peels?

I know not why I make this confession, unless it be that I want to tell you how lenient the sense of my own self-esteem makes me with persons whose conceit outblossoms into vanity and positive egotism. I think, when I see an egotist, of good John Newton when he met the fellow going out to be hung, and remembered that by grace alone he had escaped that fate. Yes, we all are conceited enough, and prone to egotism as the sparks fly upward. But a man may accomplish almost every crime in the calendar—in a jaunty, gentlemanly sort of way—and still shine in "good society." Yet if men discover the conceit that is in him, then he has committed the unpardonable social sin. He is a bore, a nuisance, and charity has, in all her wardrobe, no mantle broad enough to cover his offense.

And that is all from

Yours, A. C. M.

A LITTLE flush of pride passed over our souls when the big, square envelope came to hand, with its elegant inclosures, showing that our old and prosperous ac-

quaintance had weighed us in the social balance, and not found us wanting. Let us haste to the wedding! we said to Theodosia on the eventful day; and being divided like sheep from the vulgar goats who swarmed and stared upon the sidewalk, we passed up stately, between star-blazoned policemen, under the bright canopy, into the great, packed, rustling, whispering, gaudy church—a very seventh heaven of fashion, with sweet-scented welcoming cherubs in kid gloves and swallow-tails.

O Deary! We can't begin to tell how fine it was; how beautiful the bride looked in her pearls and diamonds and long train, and vail reaching to the ground, and the three blushing brides-maids! We can't begin to describe the gorgeous floral hangings, the wealth of bouquets, wreaths, emblems, sprigs, sprays, and what not; and the ceremony, so impressive; with everything, indeed, so *couleur de rose* and appropriate and touching, —everybody standing, all of a tremor, on tip-toe, to catch a glimpse of the happy couple as they step briskly down the aisle,—the organ roaring and raging, and squawking and squealing, and whistling and cooing, like a well-assorted un-happy family of wild beasts.

And if the Scene at the sanctuary is indescribable, what can be said of the Reception at the house! For were there not nineteen hundred invitations out, and were there not present the Pickanninies and the Garullys, yes, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top? And was not Mrs. A.'s elegant "point" actually torn from her back by the crowd; and was not the table a marvel of costliness and delicacy, and all mysterious daintinesses! Then to see us all march around in procession, to view the cor—we mean to congratulate the bride, and the man who had won her; then to behold us pushed and jerked and squeezed out into the hall, and up the wide stairway, and into the room where the presents were arrayed on green shelves, and two detectives stood on guard. And such presents—such beautiful, dazzling, unheard-of things—it was enough to make one dizzy.

And what if the bride did look dolefully fagged as she stood there, in her glory, under the bridal bell, and what if Miss B. went away sour and severe, because Miss C., the vain thing, had worn great deal more expensive lace than that Miss B. had ordered months ago for this very affair; and what if the flowers had wire stems; and what if there were more ice-pitchers and cuckoo clocks on the green shelves than any young couple could find use for; and what if a great many people were very mad because they were not invited: and a great many other people, who were invited, spent a great deal more money than they could afford in new dresses and supererogatory presents; what if the bride's father turned pale, next day, when he footed up the cost of the happy occasion; and what if (although the deeper meaning and the human grace could not be altogether furbelowed from sight) it did seem so much like a hollow show and a mournful mockery of sacred things;—was it not a grand affair—a nine-days' wonder—and did not the *Town Titillator* (which, if you were at the wedding, you bought on the sly to see if your name was mentioned) pronounce it, with conscientious discrimination, "*the* event of the season," "McFlimsey Place having seldom beheld its equal in all that goes to make up a brilliant and imposing effect."

Yes, it was a grand wedding. We have attended another one since—a small affair; not to be mentioned on the same day with the McFlimsey Place sensation, except to show by comparison what a surpassing success was the former.—A little way out in the country—rather a rural arrangement altogether; no style at all; very few there beside the family. Bless you! the bride and groom to be were both down at the front door to welcome us when we got in from the train; and we had lots of fun before her brother Bob came to the door,—with a strained, moist brightness in his eye,—and beckoned to her to go up stairs and put on her bonnet—no, it wasn't a bonnet either, just a pretty little traveling hat, trimmed with—something or other, to match the sweetest, neatest, most common sense Quaker-colored suit that ever you saw.

The little church was quite crowded with the villagers, even the tiny, odd choir-loft was full to overflowing, and somebody had built a flowery arbor, odorous of apple-blossoms, just in front of the altar. There they were married; and, as they turned to go, a little girl, all dressed in white and carrying a basket, sprang up like a fairy, no one knew whence, and flitted along the aisle, and down the stone steps in front of them, sprinkling flowers in their path.

Then there was another jolly time at the house, and after much kissing and a few tears, a carriage drove away from the door, followed in mid-air by an old shoe, flung with a will. And so—out under the showery, sunshiny April sky—

> "Across the hills they went
> In that new world which is the old."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE ETHICS OF DRESS.

There are hill-slopes and mountain-tops in New England which glitter just now in a Spring-time broidery of flowers. With every season the flowers vary—now arbutus, now buttercups, now clover; but no change comes to the solid granite which underlies them. Through all seasons and all years it remains the same.

Even so, certain immutable laws underlie all human fashions, changing not with the perpetual flux and sheen of outward life. These laws, of grace, of symmetry, of propriety, are the oracles of our highest cul-

ture and our finest instincts. They are natural laws as well, and the things of Nature conform to them. Willows droop, elm boughs curve accordantly—no humblest flower that blows but recognizes their behest in the shaping and the painting of its cup.

But we are not obedient as the flowers. Acknowledging the law, we forget it. Especially is this true in matters of dress. Fashion twitches this way and that, pulls lines out of their rightful sweep and meaning, overloads, deforms, disguises, and our eyes become demoralized. Hardly do we endure before we embrace; we become a part of all which at first we hated, and the higher law is forgotten.

Wherefore it is to be wished that as, each season, our journals record the caprices of Dame Fashion, some cooler voice in the background might be provided, which should repeat and re-repeat the old code—so easily laid aside, so important to remember. Or, to use another figure, that amid the arbitrary changes and glitter of society, a wise hand should be found to seize and hold up the standard—as valid now as in the days of classic Greece, the standard of correct taste—if haply a few here and there might behold and follow.

This code, worthy to be engraved on tables of brass, runs somewhat after this wise :—

Imprimis. The first instinct about a new fashion is the true one. Don't wait till your eye has lost its accuracy and your judgment its edge. Subject the thing at once to the general rule, and bow to the decision.

2d. What suits one person does not suit another. Know thyself.

3d. Dress should supplement good points and correct bad ones. Thick and thin, long and short, are not all to be subjected to one Procrustean style.

4th. Colors should be harmonious, should be *massed*—should be becoming. *Id est*, many little points or blotches of color sprinkled over a costume produce a disagreeably pied and speckled effect, as of a monstrous robin's egg, or a plum-pudding. One tint should prevail, relieved by a contrasting tint. No amount of fashionable *prestige* can make an unbecoming color becoming. "Nile green" will turn some people into oranges, though twenty empresses ordain its adoption.

5th. Lines should be continuous, graceful, and feminine. It is better to look like a woman (if you happen to be one) than like anything else—even a fashion-plate!

6th. Ornament must be subordinate. Nature, with all her profusion, never forgets this fundamental law.

7th. Above all things, be neat. Dainty precision and freshness is essential to a woman as a flower.

8th. Individuality is the rarest and the cheapest thing in the world.

9th, and lastly, "Stylish" is of all the words in the English language the most deadly. It has slain its thousands.

And now, dear audience—such of you as have been listening—our message is delivered. We have said our little say into ears more or less deaf; and, proceeding after the usual manner of sages, to fly in the face of our own philosophy, are ready to turn with you for a consideration of that congenial theme,

THE SPRING FASHIONS,

In beginning the account of which we are tempted to exclaim with the "Needy Knife-Grinder,"

"Story! Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

Paris, the seat of the oracles, is intent on sterner matters, and the fashionable trumpet so far sends forth but an uncertain blast. Bonnets and round hats have indeed "suffered a sea change," but everything else worn last year can, almost without exception, be worn with equal propriety now.

A certain solid and practical quality to which we alluded a while ago, still characterizes dress in all its departments. Germany takes precedence here as in graver fields. We miss the airiness, the ingenuity, the thousand pretty frivolities of the fallen empire. Everything is rich, heavy, durable. *Ex pede Herculem.*

Skirts are a little longer. They are now expected to remove orange-peel from the sidewalks, whereas in the winter their mission went no farther than straws, sticks, and such trifles. Over-skirts are cut excessively long, and are *bouffant* to an extent undreamed of before. To support the mass and produce a proper quantity of what boys call "stick out," substructures of hair-cloth and steel springs are necessary; we even hear—but tell it not in Gath—elastic sponge mentioned as used for this purpose.

Jackets are a trifle deeper. They still boast those perpendicular slashes, which, on a fat figure, produce the charming effect of the preliminary cuts which release an orange from its imprisoning rind. Bodices are pointed in front and lengthened into postillion basques behind.

Sleeves are wider, fuller: and, which is an improvement, the pretty old fashion of frilled hanging under-sleeves of lace and muslin is revived. Black lace is sometimes used with black silks, and for persons in mourning, fluted ruffles of French organdy edged with footing.

Arm in arm with the wide sleeves, collarettes and capes very naturally have come again into view. These are graceful and becoming to many people, and admit of much variety of form and material. Lace, however, is the favorite wear. Small round capes and jackets of chantilly and fine llama are in use for the street. Dresses and fichus of soft muslin and embroidery trimmed with Valenciennes are much in vogue for demi-toilettes, and, with under-dress of silk, for balls and dinners. Very beautiful and fine over-dresses in black and white llama are also to be had.

For summer mornings there is an infinite variety of pretty things:—percales, lawns, nainsooks, piqués, crisply ruffled, stitched into dainty plaits, embroidered, frilled. Freshness is the essential quality of a June

toilette, and we are disposed to agree with the great man (Lord Chatham was it?) who said there was nothing more delightful in nature than a woman dressed in white sitting under a green tree. Linen suits for traveling are as much in vogue as ever, and can be had in all colors, nut-brown, écru, primrose, pearl-gray, steel, pale-green. For cool afternoons there are innumerable and extremely pretty summer silks of all delicate shades, in hair stripes and "pin-head" cheeks. Embroidered jackets of black cashmere, and grenadine lined with colored silks, are worn *en promenade*.

A strong tendency exists toward the re-introduction of crapes, so fashionable years ago. The Canton crapes are thus far expensive and hard to come by, but stimulated by the demand will undoubtedly make their way to us a little later *via* California. Knots and scarfs of this beautiful stuff are already plentiful, and several of the leading houses exhibit a light glossy material known as "China crape," which is popular for bonnets, over-dresses, and hat-trimmings.

BONNETS.

Bonnets deserve a paragraph to themselves,—if, indeed, they can be said to exist now-a-days,—the thing so called being a compromise between a bonnet and a hat, so nicely drawn that it is hard to say where one leaves off and the other begins. The Gypsy shape prevails, and is extremely becoming to such arch and youthful faces as would accord with the rest of the Gypsy costume and its surroundings. But as there are plain and dignified and elderly persons who would look entirely out of place beside a camp-fire "crossing palms" and telling fortunes, this jaunty, saucy head-dress is ill adapted for universal wear.

Straws—Leghorn, Dunstable, Chip, are the novelties of the season. Round hats are somewhat less worn on account of their close analogy to the bonnet. They are lower and broader brimmed—a scarf of grenadine, silk, or China crape twisted about the crown being a favorite trimming.

SUMMER IN A CORNER.

Dear, generous summer is at hand, of all seasons most lavish and loving. Her full lap holds the blossoms of a world; her prodigal fingers scatter flowers on every side, by dusty highways, on mountain tops, in deep, secluded glens. The daisy's snow she piles in the meadows, and tinges a million fields at once with gold of buttercup and red of clover.

But none the less does she find time for humble nooks, unnoticed spots of earth. And to us who have but a tiny corner, a narrow back yard in which to do her homage, she comes as truly and as affluently as to palace garden or wide savanna.

Do we drop a few seeds, insert a twig? Immediately her warm hands descend in blessing. Flowers have no airs, no pride of rank or place to keep up. Mignonette will bloom and violets nestle, roses open their perfumed hearts, morning-glories climb and twine, and lilies rear their stately heads as gladly in one place as another. Give them but earth, sun, and their beautiful opportunity, and nothing will they care that the family wash flaps on the lines over their heads, or that but a poor board fence separates them from the next door ash-heap.

So let us take courage—we who, pent in cities and narrow lives, feel sometimes that the summer is not for us. The universal Mother knows no distinctions. We are all alike hers, and for every smallest aid to her loving mission she is ready to give tenfold recompense, and

"Make the world more sweet."

A "MODERN IMPROVEMENT."

Here is something from London interesting to those of us who are in perplexity on the subject of choosing husbands and wives!

"THE MATRIMONIAL NEWS, a Weekly Journal devoted to the Promotion of Marriage and Conjugal Felicity."

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"Marriage is such an ancient institution, and has in all ages excited such universal interest among the human family, that in offering to the public a journal specially devoted to the promotion of marital felicity, we feel sure we are only supplying a *national want*.

"Civilization, combined with the cold formalities of society *and* the rules of etiquette, imposes such restrictions upon the sexes, that there are thousands of marriageable men and women of all ages, capable of making each other happy, who never have a chance of meeting either in town or country; therefore the desirability of having some organ through which ladies and gentlemen aspiring to marriage can be honorably brought into communication is too obvious to need demonstration."

Let us pause for breath.—A glance at the advertisements (some 2,000 in number during nine months' circulation!) reveals curious things. Here is a bachelor of fortune, aged 85, who asks to correspond with a young lady! Here is a Mahometan General, with a yearning for an English wife. There is even a youthful nobleman with immense rent-roll, going, as it were, begging. All the gentlemen seem to be handsome and of commanding stature. Most of the ladies own to thirty summers, but (almost without exception) they are reported as looking remarkably young, and having the hearts and manners of eighteen.

When shall we share in this modern improvement? Matrimony Made Easy—or The Old Maids' Appeal—a thousand good names suggest themselves for the paper. Surely somebody will take advantage of so excellent an idea! Who bids?

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE DEATH RECORD for the past month among prominent *littérateurs*, artists, and publicists, has been singularly marked. A half a score might deserve our attention, but we have only space to notice a leading case. The Prince Pückler Muskau, whose long life has been devoted to literary labors and practical work in the line of landscape gardening, died at a ripe old age, occupied to the very last with the thoughts that had controlled his life. Some of the most beautiful rural parks in Germany owe their existence to his fidelity to his favorite art; and his ever-repeated cry of "Woodman, spare that tree," has saved many a primeval forest from the murderous axe, and caused the sandy plain or sterile rock to leave the realm of death, and bloom with vernal or perennial beauty. The Poet Holtei has just published a most pathetic "In Memoriam" to the deceased Prince.

"LA GRANDE NATION" is an expression so frequently used of late, that it is interesting to know that it has been traced up to its paternity. General Bonaparte first used it in Italy in a proclamation regarding the care that the great nation would take of Italy in the future. He repeated the expression in the same year in reply to an address of Talleyrand in the Luxembourg Palace, as follows: "The Directory has succeeded in organizing the 'Grande Nation,' whose territory will hereafter only be limited by the boundaries set by nature itself." In 1805 Napoleon announced to the French Senate the war against Austria, declaring that the nation in this most significant position "would continue to deserve the appellation of 'La Grande Nation;'" and when he crossed the Rhine, he exclaimed to his troops: "You are only the vanguard of the 'Grande Nation.'" At St. Helena the Emperor declared to Las Casas, his biographer, that he was the author of this famous term; and Napoleon the Third, on the occasion of the celebration of the Centennial of his uncle, called the attention of the old invalids to this fact in a proclamation increasing their pension.

HUNGARY is just now favored with a musical court at Pesth, sustained by the greatest living monarch of music, the noted Abbé Liszt. He holds a grand matinée every Sunday immediately after mass, which he conscientiously attends, and there receives the most beautiful ladies from the first families of the land, as well as artists of both sexes, singers and virtuosos. But the faithful must be punctual to the hour, or they receive a severe reproof that he does not hesitate to administer publicly. Louis the Fourteenth scarcely observed more etiquette at his famous court, and, like him, Liszt is surrounded by courtiers, who bow and smile with a view to securing attention from majesty. When the company is assembled Liszt passes with stately gait through his salons, dispensing here a greeting and there a shake of the hand, with an occasional embrace and rarely a kiss on the cheek. This last favor is accorded to those only who deign to kiss his hand. His caprices are sometimes tyrannical, but those who are permitted to listen to his matchless play, feel amply repaid for all the whims of the great artist.

CONSTANTINOPLE has been the scene of a rare literary festival, at which the triumphant victor was no less a personage than the most learned lady Madame Dora d'Istria. At a session of the Hellenic Philological Society, this lady delivered a lecture in modern Greek concerning the Indian Epic, and the labors of Corresto in Turin in the field of Sanscrit literature. This is the first time in the City of the Sultan that a lady has been the prominent figure on a literary occasion.

RUSSIAN ROMANCE is beginning to receive marked attention in Russia, and is pushing its way to the publishers and readers of the Continent. Its subjects are largely taken from the realistic field, and often prove a photographic presentation of the evils of Russian society. Alexander von Fall has just given to the world some of these pictures from Russian life, in which he depicts a scene with the St. Petersburg police, and a dinner with the Governor-General of Moscow. This sphere of literary labor is being cultivated by some of the liveliest and most vigorous pens of Russia as a means of attractively presenting the various social evils of the great realm, and thus gaining a hearing. Turgenieff has made himself heard far beyond the limits of his own country, and the day is not far distant when Russian romances will become the common literary property of the world.

AN Irish celebrity has been revenging the disparagement of his native land in the court circles of London in a manner which must be highly flattering to the Fenian exiles. Being invited to visit the queen, "Master McGrath," accompanied by Lord Lurgan O'Spooner, proceeded to Windsor, and so intense was the curiosity manifested to get a peep at the distinguished individual that a large crowd escorted the party from the station to Windsor Castle, where the spacious entrance hall had been arranged for his presentation to the queen. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold, exhibited the warmest interest in Master McGrath. On Thursday the celebrity had another busy day, commencing with a private entertainment of his own, after which he was photographed. Lady Dartrey and the Countess of Waldegrave each held morning receptions in his honor, which were largely attended, and among the visitors were the Prussian Ambassador and the Countess Bernstorff. In the afternoon Master McGrath went to Marlborough House at the express desire of the Prince of Wales, who, together with the Princess and the children, seemed to enjoy the visit intensely.

One might imagine that Master McGrath was a distinguished savant or a benefactor of the human race—at least a humble hero who had saved the life of somebody worth saving.

He was, in fact, a greyhound who had won two or three races!

THAT England is, in spite of bad laws and bad example, progressing, will be shown by two incidents which have both come in the life and memory of one person now living. In the early part of this century the father of a family, being caught by a press-gang and carried off to sea, left his wife, the mother of several children, in absolute destitution. To relieve the hunger of her children she broke the window of a baker's shop and stole a loaf of bread. She was arrested and put on trial for her life, the law making a forcible entry into a house accompanied by theft, punishable by hanging. The unfortunate wife and mother, besides being of singular personal beauty, enlisted all the sympathy the circumstances entitled her to, but the shopkeepers *en masse* rallied to the prosecution and insisted on an example being made, as such robberies were very frequent and they had hitherto been unable to detect any offender. She was accordingly convicted and hanged. Perhaps Napoleon had heard of this case when he characterized the English as a nation of shopkeepers.

Very recently a woman was put on her trial in London for having, in co-operation with her husband, committed the most daring and considerable robbery of the day. They had taken lodgings in a respectable quarter of the city, to which a clerk brought a quantity of diamonds, when the woman applied chloroform, and having made him insensible, the husband took the goods and they left the clerk master of the premises, the husband escaping to the continent, the wife, after some days, being arrested. The offence was clearly proven, but as by English law the wife lives under the compulsion and on the suffrage of the husband, she is not responsible for what she does while under his influence, and the jury, listening to the sympathies so fruitlessly appealed to in the case of the poor sailor's wife, acquitted her altogether of every offence, and the spectators, the children of those who saw the former hanged and doubtless applauded the hangman, applauded heartily the criminal's release.

It certainly marks a revolution in the sentiments of a nation, and though the conservative element of English society is horror-struck with the prospect of irresponsible crime thus opened to it, what can be more logical than such a verdict! If the woman has no legal standing, no right to her earnings (or her stealings), if she has no right to repel the authority of her husband, and has no escape from it, save by his or her other crime, if even he may use to a certain extent physical violence to compel her to obey him, obedience being her duty, and determining between just and unjust obedience not her privilege, how can she be made justly punishable for her acts when, if she refused compliance, she could be punished by him without recourse to the law, so long as his punishment did not come in a form which gave her a claim to a separation? It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the legal position of the sex in England.

And both these cases, monstrous in themselves, are strictly according to the law of England regulating woman's position. To complete the exposition of its absurdity we may instance the Mordaunt divorce case now pending in London. A woman whose conduct as a wife had been notoriously flagitious, is the subject of an application for divorce. As a certain eminent and necessarily-to-be-revered personage is mixed up in the affair, the suit is stopped under a flimsily made out plea of the lady's insanity, which, by the decision of the judge, estopped the pursuit of a divorce on account of acts committed when there was no insanity; it being patent to the whole world that this is a mere pretext to protect the distinguished personage from the consequences of a more profound investigation.

A TERRIBLE item in the statistics of the British empire is the account of the pauperage of the year just finished. The number of paupers, in-door and out-door recipients of charity, exclusive of pauper lunatics and those who make their living by begging, was not less than 998,010, within a trifle of one million souls recognized paupers on the hands of the guardians of the poor. Add to these the beggars with whom all the considerable cities swarm, the thieves by profession, and then consider the wretched lives of a much larger proportion who maintain independence just free from starvation and the alms-giving community, and we have an idea of the social condition of England sufficiently appalling.

And but for emigration this condition must have been infinitely worse. In some districts, societies for the encouragement of emigration are formed as the sole refuge from starvation or the support by charity of large numbers of the country people who are willing to work, but can find no work to do. The social organization of England, and the accumulation of enormous estates, crowds down from the upper classes a large proportion of their junior scions, who push on those below them, until the organization of the whole is like that of a glacier of which the lower end is pushed down into a perpetual melting and wasting away into death and misery.

AMONGST the curious illustrations of London life is one which may be called the romance of degradation. An inquest held in London on the body of a woman of 63, showed that she was the widow of a crossing sweeper, who, from his fine, soldierly bearing and the vicinity of his crossing to the fashionable quarter of Belgrave Square, made an income of nearly £5 a week, all of which he and his wife spent in drink. They lived in the perpetual enjoyment of the felicity of drunkenness, doubtless finding it the chief good of life. The husband died in its pursuit with the devotion of an enthusiast, and the wife, at the inquest, was so drunk as to be unable to give her testimony. The following day she had her modicum of gin and died. United in life by a sympathy as rare as it was wretched, they were not divided in death, and point the moral of injudicious almsgiving, one of the most prolific and

invincible causes of the degradation and misery of the poor of London.

THE new romantic school of poetry of which Rossetti is father, and Morris the most widely known apostle, has received three new accessions in O'Shaughnessy, Payne, whose works have been some months before the public, and a third, Philip Bourke Marston, who will soon issue a volume of sonnets. He is still a very young man, and, what gives his development a peculiar interest, he is blind from birth. Some of his poems are most touching in their allusion to his condition, as especially a prelude to the collection of sonnets which makes the bulk of the book; but others seem curiously gifted with a mental vision of external objects. The following sonnets will scarcely be credited to a man who never saw sea or sun:—

"I strain my wornout sight across the sea,
I hear the wan waves sobbing on the strand,
My eyes grow weary of the sea and land,
Of the wide deep and the forsaken sea:
Ah love, return, ah! Love, come back to me!
As well these ebbing waves I might command
To turn and kiss the moist deserted sand,
The joy that was, is not, and cannot be.
The salt shore furrowed by the foam smells sweet.
Oh! blest for me if it were now my lot
To make this shore my rest and hear all strife
Die out like yon tide's faint receding beat:
If he forgot so easily in life,
I may in death forget that he forgot."

"Would God that I were dead and no more known,
Forgotten underneath the deep cold main,
Freed from the thrill of joy and sting of pain;
Then I should be with silence all alone
To weep no more for any sweet day flown;
I should not see the shining summer wane,
Nor feel the blasting winter come again,
Nor hear the autumn winds grow strong and moan.
But time, like sea mist screening the far deep,
Should make each hated and loved object dim,
And I should gaze on both with hazy sight.
God granting this I should no longer weep,
But wearied, rest beneath the clear green light,
And surely lose in sleep all thoughts of him."

But a phenomenon of another kind, perhaps equally remarkable, is the advent of a poet who has grown in complete ignorance of the whole hodiernal poetry, whose familiar friends are no younger than Pope, Dryden, Milton, and who, coming from his retirement out into the world to publish his poems, finds it filled with new names and thoughts. Dr. Hake, author of *Madeline and other Poems*, a book which has not been without success in England, is a retired physician, who, having lived in secluded competence, and written some curious psychological stories, published some years ago, came to London to publish his new book. By a curious chain of circumstances he was led to Rossetti for advice and countenance, and the young man, mentor to the white hairs, with the catholic appreciation of excellence characteristic of him, after befriending the literary stranger as he best could, has introduced "Madeline" to the public in a review in the Academy.

Hake's poems are not of the clear inspirations—power they have and poetic intensity, but made what they are by study and the contagion of enthusiasm for great thought. "Madeline" reminds one of the "Masque of Comus," with its abundance of *Dii ex machina*, but not in the happiness of the plot, which is forced and unnatural, with a tinge of the medico-psychological. Yet there is occasionally a passage of real poetical fire, and some examples of diction of a high order. The following are very happy:—

"Consenting rhymes shall touch the brink of bliss,
And end each fairy couplet with a kiss."

* * * *

"The shade of sleep is followed by a beam,
The shade of dream."

Dr. Hake has a most genuine appreciation of nature, and some of his descriptions have a peculiar power and intensity.

In some of his minor pieces there is a tinge of the "Emblems." One called "Old Souls" represents Christ as a tinker, going through the street calling, as is the manner of the trade, "Old souls to mend," and the poet follows him through the windings and highways of human nature with a homeliness and directness of imagery which is most effective. There is, through all of the poem, a deep religious feeling and reverence which reminds one of Herbert, and doubtless readers of the old English poets will find suggestions of all their favorites.

We quote a single other passage from "The World's Epitaph," called the "struggle for immortality:"

"Perturbed, storm-ridden Uranus! how far
Art thou from those who look to thee for rest,
And in the track of elemental war
Would trench the heavens thy stronghold to invest!

Though many try, not facile is the task,
Slow the progression to the good they ask.

* * * *

To spirits orbit-bound hard is the way
Through gusty shadows to the unknown day."

AMONGST the curiosities of the war literature of England of to-day, is a pamphlet called *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*, an allegorical *résumé* of the Franco-Prussian war, a very weak and absurd production on the whole, but very denunciatory of England's course in the war in not having helped France. It has, nevertheless, run through a sale of 184,000 copies, and at least a dozen replies, pro and con, have sold in thousands. On the whole, the English literature of the day is intensely anti-Prussian, and very outspoken. A great deal is honest sympathy for France as the beaten party and the weaker, but the sting of misfortune, the poignancy of regret, lies in the fact that England has lost the only ally on whose strength she could have counted, if not always on her good faith, and the wail for the friend has a tone of proper alarm for the future. There is, no doubt, at this moment a very healthy dread of Russia in all English minds, and an apprehension of a future collision with Prussia in very many, but there is no knuckling down, no deprecation of hostility, and it must be said that England has not shown the white feather before her formidable foes when they were most formidable.

The journals denounce Prussia, and the comic papers caricature the new Emperor with a vigor and gusto that shows either that the people are ignorant of the effect of such irritatives, or indifferent to it. It seems hardly possible that they can comprehend what this constant stinging of opprobrium and insult can lead to with a sensitive and irascible people—it seems more likely that, being thick-skinned to jokes, they don't see why other nations should take practical offense at what they only laugh at, and therefore take the angry feeling which the Prussians now show, and which the Americans have been showing for some time, as the proof of an original hostility.

AMONGST new art publications in London is a portfolio of the etchings of our countryman, James Whistler, which will be brought out by Ellis. The artist is recognized in England as a man of singular and great ability, and his etchings represent the best of his powers. They are of views on the Thames, and are peculiarly fortunate in catching the picturesque character of the queen of English rivers on her muddy throne; barges and barques; smoke-vomiting, pigmy steamers; muddy flats at low tide, and picturesque bridges and warehouses—Wapping and Westminster. The etching is such as perhaps no man since Rembrandt has done, and some picked plates are worthy to be placed with the best works of all periods. They are published at twelve guineas ($60, gold) the set of 16 etchings, only one hundred sets being printed.

THERE are very few questions of psychology that can be referred to scientific experiment. One of these was broached by Sir William Hamilton, and has lately been subjected to experiment by W. S. Jevons. The question is, How many separate objects can the mind grasp at once, so as to apprehend their number without counting them? Sir William Hamilton says that if marbles are grouped together on the floor, one can, at the first glance, correctly estimate their number up to six or seven. A Mr. Jevons, wishing to test this conclusion, spent a day or two tossing a handful of beans into a small and very shallow box. The instant they came to rest he estimated the number that had happened to fall into the box, and then deliberately counted them. With the numbers three and four he made no mistakes; but of 107 cases in which five had fallen in the box, 5 were estimated too high. Of the cases in which six had fallen in, 18 per cent. were wrong; of seven, 44 per cent., and so on with a steadily increasing error until the number thirteen was reached, when more than half of the throws were wrongly estimated. It seems, then, that the number five is beyond the limit of perfect discrimination, and this is curiously confirmed by the fact that the mind refuses in music to accept as rhythm a division of the bar into more than four equal parts. Music has been written in quintuple time, but no musicians have been found able to perform it. In sextuple time there are simply two groups of three beats each.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

WAGNER IN THE BOWERY.

ONE morning about the beginning of April, a civil and well-dressed gentleman ushered us through a swing-door, and up a steep, dark staircase, and so into the auditorium of that most mournful of all places on earth, a theatre by daylight. A few rays of sunshine struggled through an opening in the roof, and came down, freighted with dust, upon the dingy benches. Over the orchestra two great temporary iron branches stretched their black arms, upon each of which blazed a row of gas-burners. Two shabby women chatted together on one of the back benches. A party of musicians sat in a private box, with chairs tilted back and open books. A stray critic wandered about the pit and lobby. The place was the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery. The occasion was a rehearsal of Wagner's "Lohengrin," which, on the following Monday evening, was to be performed for the first time in America. The curtain was up, and the company were at their task. The wicked Ortrud, Countess of Brabant in the tenth century, was busy with her needle at a little table on the left of the stage. She wore a plain street dress and a blue bonnet, and a good, comfortable, honest soul she seemed to be. The acting manager, conspicuous in a glossy hat, darted hither and thither, directing a procession of ill-dressed men and women how to circle properly around the stage. The prompter's hood was removed, and the prompter's head and shoulders, with a candle and a book before them, stuck out comically from the hole in the floor. Parts of three different scenes—a river, a forest, and the inside of a Gothic palace—had been pushed hap-hazard into the grooves, and joined each other in the most amazing manner. Hideous forms of canvas devils, all ready for the evening performance of "Der Freischütz," leaned against the wings. A brick-red witch, riding a gray broomstick, and a pink pig, with his mouth full of fireworks, reposed by Ortrud's little table. The property-man had a hammer and was making a swan. The carpenter was constructing a river. The Knight of the Holy Grail, with a handkerchief around his throat, a short, jaunty coat, and a new silk hat, practised a tender duet with the Princess Elsa, that noble lady wearing a dark silk dress and an ermine cape, with the sort of hat which we believe is called pork-pie. As often as she got a chance she turned away from the song of love, and gave up her mind to three or four patterns of silk trimmings which her maid had just brought in from a Bowery milliner's.

Meanwhile Mr. Neuendorff, by dint of much shouting and many gestures, kept his orchestra up to the work, and drilled the singers in their parts, and, as the morning wore away, evolved order and harmony out of a

chaos of discordant sounds. The wicked Count, to be sure, had to be killed three times, and Elsa was much interrupted in the discussion of her patterns, and long and weary was the march of the maids and nobles of Brabant; but it all came right at last. Mr. Neuendorff shouts to the Princess, "Well done, Madame; I make you a bow," and the manager says, "*Das ist gut;*" and we grope our way out again to the street. We spend the next two days trying to understand the English translation of the libretto, and Monday evening we go back to the Bowery, and find the dingy theatre crowded with hot, talkative, eager Germans, and nearly all the notable musicians of the city—except the Italians, who will not hear German music if they can help it.

At a quarter past eight the lights were turned up, motherly dames put their half-sucked oranges away, a glow of pleasure suffused the faces of the shining, red-handed damsels, and a great crowd of men, smelling of tobacco, came in from the lobby. Then there climbed quickly into the conductor's chair the slim and restless young Neuendorff, who, before he was fairly in his place, gave an impetuous jerk of his head, rapped on the desk, threw his arms right and left over the orchestra, and so set the performance at once a-going.

You could hardly hear the first measures of the overture. Two violins began it in unison—very high, very soft, and, as it might seem, a long way off. The others came in, one by one; and when the band had gathered up its forces there was a mighty rush of harmonies, and clashing of brass and drums, and uproar of the elements, and then it all died away again, receding into the dim distance, and ending with a single high note on the violin. The curtain rose at once on a fine picture of the river Scheldt, tall reeds and marsh-flowers waving by its banks, and the lazy current stretching off to the remote background. Here stood the German Emperor in the midst of his army, and what a shouting and clapping there came up from the audience when the monarch and his Saxons and Thuringians cried out together, "*Mit Gott wohlauf für deutschen Reiches Ehr'!*" Even the singularly inconsequential language of the Emperor, who (if the libretto can be trusted) suddenly injected into his address the following amazing couplet, which had no grammatical connection with anything before or after it, but was a complete and independent sentence by itself—

> "The time is at an end, refused the tribute,
> And with defiance arms the enemy;"—

even this sort of language, we say, could not repress the enthusiasm of the Teutonic spectators. But we are not going to analyze either the plot or the music. Let us only mention that into the Imperial presence come the wicked Count von Telramund and his wife Ortrud to accuse Elsa of the murder of her brother, and that Elsa, wearing white muslin after the manner of all maligned heroines since the beginning of the world, "turns her head skyly," and calls upon an unknown knight, whom she has seen in a vision, to appear and fight her battle. He obeys the summons. The exquisite music of the introduction breaks upon us again, and as the silvery song grows by degrees more loud and full, the good knight Lohengrin, in a bark drawn by a swan, floats down the sluggish current and leaps upon the shore. He is one of the chosen mortals to whom, in the heavenly city of Montsalvat, has been committed the custody of the cup from which the Saviour drank at the last supper. He may leave his sacred charge and revisit mortal scenes for the succor of oppressed innocence; but if his name and character become known his supernatural powers are at an end, and he must return at once to the city of the Holy Grail. The victory of Lohengrin in the wager of battle, his marriage with Elsa, and the wiles by which Von Telramund and Ortrud induce the wife to break her solemn pledge and call upon her champion to divulge his secret, are the incidents of this splendid drama, which Wagner has interwoven with the most poetical and delicious of all his music, and embroidered with the most brilliant and fanciful orchestration.

It is the fashion to say that the obstinate prophet of the new musical revelation has no perception of beauty, and there are cultivated people who make believe they do not like even such musical splendors as the overture to "Tannhäuser." But they must be dull and perverse spirits who cannot feel in this exquisite romance of the Holy Grail the true flavor of poetry, the rare gifts of a great intellect and fine sensibilities. The delicious verses in which Tennyson tells of the famous quest by Sir Percivale and his companions, are not so nearly perfect in their way as the closing scene of this opera, when the Knight, in presence of the Emperor, the court, the army, and the beloved wife from whom he must be separated forever, repeats the legend of the Blessed Cup, and declares his name and rank. With mingled awe, and rapture, and sadness, he begins the mysterious narration in a low voice, half monologue, half song. The wonderful orchestral accompaniment grows more and more eloquent; the declamation becomes impassioned; and the climax of the mysterious announcement is reached in a splendid passage—

> *"Vom Gral ward ich zu euch daher gesandt:*
> *Mein Vater Parzival trägt seine Krone,*
> *Sein Ritter ich—bin Lohengrin genannt!"*

—whereat the chorus (to quote once more the fine language of the English version) exclaims—

> "Hear I his highest kind thus proud,
> Must I shed tears of holy pleasures,"

—which anybody has our full permission to interpret who feels equal to the task.

But now the song of the swan, little fragments of which have run like silver threads through the rich texture of the whole opera, and touched the more brilliant portions with a certain delicate and mournful coloring, is heard again in the dim distance.

> "O never harp nor horn,
> Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,
> Was like that music as it came."

The sound approaches; the boat appears upon the

stream; one tender embrace, and as the song dies away the Knight is borne back to the city beyond the skies, where the Holy Grail is watched by the pure of heart,

> "All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
> Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes."

We do not envy the man who can hear and see this closing scene unmoved.

And what shall we say of American enthusiasm for art, and enterprise in its cultivation, when a work like this has had to wait twenty years to be heard at all on this side of the Atlantic, and at last is only heard in the Bowery?

THE KINDERGARTEN.

THERE are few children who do not give early promise of becoming worthy members of the class that Carlyle worships—the men and women who Do Things. They fall short of the promise in most cases, because their natural propensity is systematically repressed. Every healthy child is by nature a Doer. Activity is at once the effect and the cause of his development. Everything about him is a challenge to his spirit of investigation. Long before he can translate his feelings into words he approaches every object with a question: What are you? What can I do to you? What can you do to me? He pushes and pulls, upsets and sets up—the very incarnation of change; for it is only by changing things that he can find out what they are, what they can do to each other, and what they can do to him. This process of personal investigation continues until the time arrives for his transfer to the primary school. Immediately the course of his development is reversed. Heretofore he has delighted in action; now he must keep still. His life has been in nature, his thoughts employed on men and things. Now his attention is riveted to the most abstract and artificial of human inventions,—the "Art preservative of all arts." Heretofore he has been a creature of sense; light and color have charmed his eyes and inspired his awakening mind; with eager senses he has smelt and tasted, felt and heard, suffered and enjoyed all that his little world has had to offer. Now every sense must be kept in abeyance save sight and hearing, and the activity of these is restricted to the dullest and dreariest exercise. Heretofore pleasure has been the aim of his life; now pleasure is interdicted. He was social by instinct, and talkative by habit; now he is set by himself and forbidden to speak; spontaneity gives place to methodical drill. His tastes and desires are disregarded. The laws of his physical, mental, and moral development are studiously violated—and this is called systematic education. It would be hard to contrive anything more ingeniously perverse.

But custom blinds us to the enormity of such a system. It is only when contrasted with something better, something more in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that men see how absurd it is. And even then the majority plod along in the old way because they are used to it, and look askance at the innovation, until some one of commanding influence pronounces in its favor. Thus Froebel's grand adaptation of culture to the nature and requirements of young humanity has been regarded with indifference or suspicion by German pedagogues of the stricter sort, and left to outsiders to try, until Fichte the younger rises and proclaims that no man ever read the human soul more clearly, or better comprehended its primary requirement, than the despised Froebel; and then all is changed. Froebel becomes the leader of the pedagogical profession, and the Kindergarten is a national institution. As yet but little of Kindergarten literature, and less of its spirit, has filtered into English. Mr. Steiger's list shows only four American and English publications against more than a hundred in German; but these four are recent, and, like straws, show how the wind is setting. The latest is Dr. Douai's little manual for the introduction of Froebel's system into public schools. It is rather suggestive than usable. The real Kindergarten is all life and action. When put into print it is as like itself as a *hortus siccus* is like a flower-garden. Dr. Douai's book, however, is needlessly dry and wooden, that is, the English part. The first section contains some two dozen Kindergarten games, with verses and music—the verses in parallel lines of German and English. Then follow as many "Child-like Songs;" about the same number of pieces of poetry without music; and then a dozen or more little fables. The translations are all rudely done into English, with little charm of rhythm or rhyme. We are thankful to Dr. Douai for his good intentions, but fear that his work will retard rather than hasten the development of the true Kindergarten spirit and practice among us. What is most needed is some thorough-going American, thoroughly in sympathy with the life and spirit of American children, who shall become imbued with the spirit of Froebel through elaborate training in genuine Kindergarten work, and then adapt Froebel's games and working "plays" to the tastes and instincts and spirit of our children. Mechanical copying of methods will not do.

"THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE."

NO one who has once heard, can ever forget the sound of the words "Child Lost! Child Lost!" cried through city streets. The most hardened men and women thrill with horror; are, for the moment, fathers, mothers! But what shall we say of the cry which comes down to us, six centuries old, of the loss of nearly a hundred thousand children in one short eight months? This story, as told in *The Children's Crusade, an Episode of the Thirteenth Century*, by George Zabriskie Gray—Hurd & Houghton—is certainly one of the most marvelous and stirring narratives which the world's history affords. It seems incredible that it has lain so long untold; still more, that it has gone so long unsung. Not Chaucer, not Morris has had so sweet, so sad, so rare a tale in all his verse. How can we believe,—and yet we must, for the historic records, though very meagre, are clear

and genuine,—that in the Summer of 1212 three armies of children, each more than thirty thousand strong, set out from France and Germany, to walk to Jerusalem and rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels! The leaders were children, boys only twelve or thirteen years old: they preached in churches, at shrines, on highways; they sent other children through villages, through towns, bearing a yellow oriflamme and burning candles, and calling on all children to follow. Some of these "minor prophets" were only eight and ten years old; the greater part of the army was under fifteen: in vain parents, friends implored; if the children were kept back by force, they pined and fell ill; the whole movement was like the blaze of a swift spreading fire. It was early in June that Stephen of Cloyes, the leader of the French band, first preached at St. Denys, and before September ended the tragedy was over; hundreds of dead children lay unburied in the Pass of St. Gothard, and along the waysides in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; hundreds more had entered on sad lives among strangers in Genoa, Pisa, and Brundusium; some thousands had returned to their homes, disheartened, demoralized, enfeebled; and the rest had set sail from Marseilles or Pisa for the Holy Land. The most pathetic moment in the whole history is when these weary infants reached the Mediterranean Sea; the Germans at Genoa, and the French at Marseilles. They had been told, and they devoutly believed that the Lord would open a path for them through the sea, as he did for the Israelites of old. Day after day they waited on the shore for the waves to part and let them go on their journey. Day after day, as the glittering blue sea lay unchanged, they lost faith and hope. The German band pushed on undaunted from Genoa to Pisa, and so on, down to the very extremity of the Italian peninsula; at Pisa two shiploads set sail for Palestine, but were never heard from again. At Marseilles, two merchants named Porcus and Ferreus came forward with great show of liberality and Christian enthusiasm, and offered to provide ships for all who would go. This revived the drooping faith of the little crusaders, and was claimed to be the fulfillment of their leaders' promise that the Lord would open a path for them across the sea. Five thousand children went on board the seven ships of the merchants Porcus and Ferreus; they weighed anchor and slowly sailed out of the harbor; the priests on the deck sang "Veni Creator Spiritus;" vessel after vessel took up the chant; the gay banners waved in the wind; the cliffs were crowded with the citizens of Marseilles, and with thousands of the children who had lost confidence in the enterprise, and were unwilling to trust themselves in the ships. It was a wise instinct. For eighteen years no tidings came back of the children who sailed away from Marseilles on that day. Then an aged priest returned and told the tale. Two of the ships had been wrecked on the island of San Pietro, and every soul on board lost. The other five had escaped the storm, only to bear the helpless children to a more cruel fate. Porcus and Ferreus were the blackest of traitors. The children were all sold as slaves to the Mohammedans; some were carried to Alexandria; some to Bujeiah; some to Bagdad; in Bagdad eighteen of them were put to death because they would not abjure the Christian faith. The only memorial left of this army of infant martyrs is an old ruin on the island of San Pietro. It is the ruin of a church built by Gregory IX. on the spot where the little shipwrecked ones were buried. It was called the Church of the New Innocents, and for three centuries was a favorite shrine; finally it fell out of favor; the monks left the island, and when in 1737 a party of Christian captives, escaping from Africa, landed there they found no trace of human habitation excepting this old ruin.

This is the barest outline of a story whose simple truth is more wonderful than any myth or dream has ever dared to be. When the poet comes who is sufficiently in possession of the atmosphere of that olden time to write out in detail the journey of these little crusaders, and who is sufficiently tender and loving to grasp the full significance of their infant courage and devotion, we shall see a poem which will be immortal.

Mr. Gray's narrative does not do justice to the material. It lacks clearness of arrangement, and effectiveness of grouping. But the story has, in itself, such infinite pathos and power, that it can triumph without any adventitious aid from the telling.

NEW NOVELS.

Miss Phelps's writings belong to what may be called the mono-chromatic school. We find startling effects in this class of pictures; neither are they without their fascinations; but they are never accurate reproductions of nature; they have no neutral tints; no soft shadings; they wrench all things into their sharp black and white; therefore they are essentially untrue, however faithfully real shapes may be portrayed. All through life, the difference between truth and lie is quite as much a thing of color as of shape; in pictures of life it is the same; and just here is the subtle, not easily definable, but immortal difference between him who paints with God's colors and him who paints with his own. Just here is the great artistic failure of this age; just here the temptation to facile shows, attractive semblances, stimulating dreams, touches men and women of imagination, and makes them, partly through greed of effect, partly by reason of overwrought nerves and brains, write, paint, sing unnatural things.

Miss Phelps's new story (*The Silent Partner*, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston) has less of this fault of atmosphere than some of her preceding stories. But the same tone is there. There is certainly nothing startling or improbable in the plot. A rich young lady finds herself, on the death of her father, heiress to a large interest in a cotton-mill. She rouses suddenly to a realization of the sufferings of the operatives, endeavors, in vain, to become an active partner in the firm, and is obliged to content herself with being a "silent" one. She breaks off her engagement to her

lover because she finds him worldly, and unsympathizing in her new interests. She devotes herself in great measure to works of benevolence among the employés of the mill, and finds herself, as might be expected, very busy and very happy; too much so even to fall in love with the only man within her reach who seems to have the heart of a man in him. The pictures of life among the mill people are of the dark and harrowing order; every one, no doubt, justified by extracts from "testimony," and "reports," and every one fit material for a story intended solely as a satire or an appeal. But if the story is to be judged as an artistic creation, or as a study of real life, we say that neither Sip Garth nor Nynee Mell will answer for a typical factory girl, any more than Fly Silver for an average young lady of Massachusetts; also, that while salient points of catastrophe and horror do occur in life, and must be seized upon, and wrought into any work which is to be truly dramatic, yet prolonged catastrophe, unintermitted horror, and perpetual salient point, do not characterize life,—and spoil the dramatic effect of any narrative.

When the monochromatic style is applied to descriptions of scenery, or mention of unimportant incidents, its peculiarities are more easily seen to be bad. When we are told that Miss Kelso, sitting in her library, was "swathed to the brain in folds of heat and color," and that she "rose with a little crouch like a beautiful leopardess," we smile. But when we come, in an account, which is on the whole strongly written, of a freshet, to the statements that "an avalanche of dead white spray chewed the malachite and umber," and that "on the beautiful madness of the river, up where the baby souls of the cascades had transmigrated into camels, a long, low, brown streak appeared," we smile no longer.

It is all the harder to be patient with writers of this school, because they have really so much power. A truer and more healthful coloring would place them among masters. Their keen perceptions of wrong, their exquisite sensitiveness to pain or pleasure, their earnest endeavor to teach the right, would then become the swift, sure weapons of good work.

ONE of the most incomprehensible things which have been done in literature for many a day, is the selection of the nursery rhyme about the little pigs that "went to market," etc., as the opening motto for the story of *Reginald Archer* (by Mrs. Anne M. Crane Seemuller, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston). "Humpty Dumpty," as motto for a history of the Great Plague in London, or "Little Bo Peep," as introduction to the most tragic chapter of the French Revolution, would seem equally pertinent and becoming.

If this novel had been called "The Sad Life and Untimely End of Mr. Lecherous, with some Account of his most Distinguished Mistresses," its sale would have been diminished probably, or at any rate directed into its legitimate channels, but there would at least have been the merit of honesty in the title.

It is not possible to protest too strongly against the book. Strip the story of all its drapery—and there is, forsooth, but very little drapery to be stripped—there remains simply the history of a handsome, healthy, heartless, systematic, notorious libertine, who spends his whole time and energy in seducing women in all grades of society, to all grades of wickedness. He lives for a time on money earned by his elder brother. He then marries a pure, unsuspecting little girl, who is rich; marries her solely and avowedly for the sake of her fortune; changes instantly and adroitly "from the lover he had necessarily appeared, to the cool, courteous, and unrestrained husband he intended to be," and resumes his barely interrupted career as a ——, there is no masculine correlative to the word courtezan; therefore we leave the sentence unfinished! The scene of Mr. Archer's operations is, we are told, one "of the great cities of the Atlantic Coast," "one of the centers of American civilization, in which the national character is fully exhibited."

On the occasion of Mr. Archer's marriage (in church), we are told that "many beating hearts under dumb lips throbbed fearful protest," and "asserted their claim upon this man to be stronger and truer in the sight of God and nature than that of the woman at his side," and that "smile, sneer, sorrow, and savage anger passed like a wave over that sea of countenance"!

On the occasion of Mr. Archer's introduction in a ball-room (in this center of American civilization) to Mrs. Van Arsdale, the last of his mistresses, we are told that "as he raised his head their eyes met, and that strange slight look of mutual recognition and understanding which always flashes between such a man and woman flashed swiftly between them, and the beginning of the end had come!" also, that as Mrs. Van Arsdale happened to be a fool, and Mr. Archer a clever man, he would have tired of her instantly, except that "he had openly entered the lists, and his reputation did not suffer him to leave, or to remain, except as winner. Incapable of love at any time, coolly critical of the woman before him, and conscious of her absolute worthlessness, except as a fine animal, he and his intimates well knew the work for the next few months which this night was carving out."

Sentences like these are unfit to quote, except as justification of the severity of our condemnation. It sounds almost trivial to add, that they seem nearly as bad artistically as they are morally; and that in fact a great part of the book is not one whit above the cheap melodramatic style which characterizes the lowest order of novels.

It may be also superfluous to complain that the evident teaching of the story is that women, average women in society, are no better at heart than the hero of this narrative, and are unkindly treated in being held to any stricter standard of behavior than men.

Mr. Archer is at last shot dead by the husband of Mrs. Van Arsdale. This kind of retribution having become so common in real life as to be no longer a

very effective moral agent even there, it is hardly possible to suppose that a writer of such cleverness as Mrs. Seemuller could expect to point any lesson of holy horror in so cheap a way. But as this is the only moment in which Mr. Reginald Archer is not described as having a much better time than anybody about him, the moral of the history must be found here, if at all. That such a book as this should be "dedicated to a beloved husband," and introduced by a doggerel from Mother Goose, can only be accounted for on the supposition that the author has been in some inexplicable way, and to a wholly inexplicable degree, blinded to its nature and bearing.

Sixty-six years are a great many to crowd into four hundred and sixteen pages. And nobody can live sixty-six years without meeting a great many people not worth mentioning; therefore it must be said that if Mrs. Jewett's book (*From Fourteen to Four-score*, Hurd & Houghton, New York) had set out on life under a lighter numerator, one would open it with more courage. But it is something to be able to say of the book that it has only one villain in it, and he is not the hero, and does not enjoy himself; that its lesson is of gentle, steady well-doing; and that the religious spirit of some of its characters is portrayed with genuine fidelity and skill.

It is always a pleasure to see Miss Alcott's name on the title-page of a story. She is coming at last into fair recognition as a writer of good, wholesome, brisk, every-day little stories, with "no nonsense in them," as boys say of girls they like. She does not aim to be artistic, or finished, or eloquent; and yet she is sometimes all three. Her *Three Proverb Stories*, just reprinted by Loring, Boston, are capital illustrations of her peculiar style. "Kitty's Class Day" is as perfect a little picture as any French painter in "genre" ever painted. Not a New England girl to-day in a college town but has had just such "times" over a gown for "commencement."

The Hollands, by Virginia T. Townsend, is another reprint by Loring of an old story which is by no means without merit. Miss Townsend's stories have suffered in public esteem from the company they have kept. One looks for no good, thing out of the novelette class of newspapers and fourth-rate magazines. But Miss Townsend certainly writes better than many women who have much more reputation than she; the atmosphere of her stories is simple and wholesome, and that is, in these days, cause of gratitude.

MORALS, MIND, AND MATTER.

Herbert Spencer says, "Morality is essentially one with physical truth; it is a kind of transcendental physiology." Dr. Holmes says (*Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston): "The moral universe includes nothing but the exercise of choice: all else is machinery." But as Dr. Holmes, in the earlier pages of his essay, distinctly asserts that this very exercise of choice, *i. e.*, willing, depends upon "sound brains" being "supplied with fresh blood," it is probable that there would be no antagonism between him and Spencer on the question of moral accountability. Few men can handle this endlessly interesting problem with a finer touch than Dr. Holmes; and this fascinating little book is an excellent witness to his skill. It aims at nothing beyond suggestions; he wittily compares it to the hammer-taps given by the railway men, during pauses of the trains, to the car-wheels, "to try if they are sound," and modestly adds, "that his light blows may at least call the attention of able and better equipped inspectors." Narrow minds have been alarmed at Dr. Holmes's method of treating this class of subjects. They show a total want of comprehension of its real atmosphere. One is tempted to recall to such minds that even the Lord himself is said to pity us, because he "remembereth our frame;" not wholly because we repent, and "believe in" any one creed; but because we "are dust." If that passage of Scripture does not as clearly as anything of Spencer's, Holmes's, or Huxley's, imply that there is a connection between physical and moral health, and "mechanism of thought and morals," it does not mean anything. No doubt the idle and unfaithful can find in this truth, as they can in any other, if they choose to pervert it, soothing rather than stimulus, hindrance to well-doing rather than help; it would be a very comfortable thing to ascribe all our sins, big and little, to a sudden shifting of molecules in our left leg, and our great-grandfather responsible for it, at that! But earnest souls find in it no justification of moral inertia, but a tremendous incentive to a religious care of the bodies which may perchance drive them to commit sin; no increase of charity for their immoralities, but rather a sterner severity of self-reproach for them, since each one is seen to have its physical coefficient of almost equal guilt. Whoever does not learn from Dr. Holmes's writings a lesson of new conscientiousness, new fear of physical as well as moral ill-doing, has read them to little purpose.

What Dr. Holmes treats lightly and glancingly for a popular audience, Dr. Maudsley discusses systematically and with professional thoroughness, in three lectures delivered last year before the Royal College of Physicians, London. The first is devoted to an exposition of the physical conditions of mental function in health. The second studies certain forms of degeneracy of mind, their causes, and their relations to other disorders of the nervous system. The third treats of the relations of morbid bodily states to disordered mental functions. These inquiries into the connection and mutual dependence of mind and body, with an appendix containing a sharp review of a lecture by the Archbishop of York on the "Limits of Philosophical Enquiry," and a pretty long essay on the Theory of Vitality, make up a compact and valuable book entitled *Body and Mind* (D. Appleton & Co.). Even more forcibly than Dr. Holmes, Dr. Maudsley urges the duty of observing faithfully all the instances which mental phenomena offer for inductive inquiry, and of striving to realize the entirely new aspect which an ex-

act study of the nervous system gives to many problems of mental science. No attempt is made in the lectures to discuss the bearings of the views broached on any system of philosophy.

POETRY.

A GOBLET richly fashioned and daintily chased, and brimful of the true wine of poesy, is *Old Song and New*, by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston; by which we mean, not that the neat volume, which comes from the press of J. B Lippincott & Co., is remarkable for the elegance of its externals, but, that the form of Mrs. Preston's poems is in the highest degree artistic, while the thoughts they embody are deep and tender. *Old Song and New* is, indeed, "of imagination all compact," and the structure of the verse is always happily adapted to the theme, be this scriptural or pagan. Nine of the pieces of the earlier part of the volume are drawn from Hebrew story, and five from the mythology of ancient Greece, while the other contents are made up of ballads, sonnets, and religious lyrics. It will thus be seen that the topics are varied, and we can add that but little examination is required to see that the manner of treatment accords with this variety. A profound sentiment of religious faith permeates and vitalizes all that Mrs. Preston has written, but her music is not a monotone, and is at times as jocund, sportive, and capricious, as at others it is grave, earnest, and elevated. Of the poems in classical metres, it is not extravagant to declare that they are inferior to none that have been written in our day. "The Quenched Brand" is the longest, and, perhaps, the best of these, and tells the story of Meleagros, Althea's son, whose death had been decreed by the fates, but was averted by the woman's tact of his mother. It presents the only blemish we have detected in the five Grecian experiments, the employment of "Mandragora" with the accent on the penultimate. Many passages there are which we would gladly quote to justify the high praise we have given these poems, such as the fine descriptive passage of the return of Jephthah in "The Daughter of the Gileadite," and the concluding stanzas of "Rabboni," which represent Mary at the tomb of Our Lord. "Equipoise," from the sonnets, might also be profitably given, to show how ingeniously and gracefully Mrs. Preston writes in the *terza rima*.

The Two Brothers, and Other Poems, by Edward Henry Bickersteth, M.A., is the title of a volume of verse lately published by Robert Carter & Brothers. The high reputation won by Mr. Bickersteth in his *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*, will secure for this collection a very wide acceptance, and yet we cannot but think its publication unwise. Many of the poems contained in it are the immature productions of college days, and in the first two—that which gives the name to the volume, and that entitled "The Things That Are"—he appears to the greatest disadvantage. The rapt, devotional spirit of Mr. Bickersteth, the ease of his versification, and the tenderness with which it is burdened at times, are remarkable; but he wants the *vis vivida*, the undefinable something, the light, the gleam, the consecration of the inspired singer; at least this gift does not appear in the poems, beautiful as many of these are, that make up the present collection. There is a dreamy spell in some of the stanzas, wherein he seeks to interpret the music of Beethoven, but we like best the hymns, which are the simplest and least imaginative of all his pieces. The book is very handsomely printed, and will be prized by the many friends of Mr. Bickersteth in the United States for the fine portrait of him in steel engraving which forms the frontispiece.

THE same excellences that characterized the first volume of Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation of *Faust* are to be found in the second: an intelligent comprehension of the purpose of the great work, a conscientious painstaking in the performance of his task, and a rare felicity of versification in reproducing in English metrical forms the rhythm and movement of the original. As a mere question of popularity, Mr. Taylor might well have contented himself with having given us the First Part of *Faust*, since the interest of the poem ends therewith for the great multitude of readers; but his literary *amour-propre* would not have been satisfied had he left the Second Part untranslated. The Germans themselves are but little acquainted with this Second Part, and it is wholly unknown to the English mind, or only so far known as the translation of one act may make it. Passages of it are so obscure that it has been suggested that Goethe himself did not know what he meant by them; and for general reading, as a source of entertainment, the whole Second Part is but little better adapted than tables of logarithms. Mr. Taylor does not pretend to have reached a perfectly clear understanding of these involved and enigmatical passages, but he supplies the text with very copious notes, by which the student will be greatly assisted in solving the puzzle for himself. Taking the two volumes together, we may regard them as a contribution to English literature of which America may be proud, and as having secured for their author a lasting fame.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

We have some charming books for the children on our list this month, among which we place first and foremost *Max Kromer: a Story of the Siege of Strasburg*, 1870 (New York: Dodd & Mead). It is written by an Englishwoman, Hesba Stretton, and gives a vivid and fearfully interesting sketch of the horrors of the siege, combined with a pleasant story of family life. *Opportunities*, by the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, is a sequel to *What She Could*, which we had occasion to notice in February as one of Miss Warner's best books. The continuation of the story is still better than its beginning, and we can only repeat our conviction that in writing for children Miss Warner has found her most appropriate work. *The Woodruff Stories*, by Rev. F. R. Goulding (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), are just the thing to

attract boy-readers. The set of three volumes, called respectively, *Nacouchee*, *Sapelo*, and *Sal-o-quah*, come in a neat case, and would make a charming birthday present. They are stories of life in camp among the Cherokees. *Emma Parker; or, Scenes in the Homes of the City Poor*, by the author of *Witnessing for Jesus* (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is a discussion, under cover of a story, of the ways by which the poor of our cities may be reached most effectively—the author's main thought, put into the mouth of one of the personages of the story, being: "Give our houses Christian landlords, and all the rest will come right." Edward Eggleston's *Book of Queer Stories and Stories Told on a Cellar Door*, and *Mr. Blake's Walking-Stick* (Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Publishing Co.), are as quaint as their titles, —crisp in style and wonderfully suggestive. Mr. Eggleston is a "born story-writer," for big as well as little folks, and, what is better still, his stories never lack point and purpose.

FROUDE'S "CALVINISM," ETC.

"CALVINISM was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which has appeared, and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion, and man be as the beasts that perish." This is the key-note of the address delivered by Mr. J. A. Froude, at the university of St. Andrew's, on the 17th of last month, and just published by Charles Scribner & Co. It is a brilliant little essay, full of paradoxes and surprising statements, but abounding in food for serious thought, as well as in the graphic and picturesque literary art for which the author is distinguished. His theory is, that at intervals from the beginning of time, when the world has grown corrupt, and religion, ceasing to be a sense of moral duty, has become a system of outward ceremonies and observances, there has arisen "a spirit of revolt against untruth," sweeping corruption before it and bringing back mankind to a nobler life. We trace this spirit in the departure of the Chosen People from the land of Egypt, the rise of the Persian reform under Zoroaster, the stoicism of the Romans, the spread of Christianity, the crusade of Mahomet against the wickedness of the Eastern churches, and, finally, the Calvinistic spirit of the Reformation. Calvinism, however, according to Mr. Froude, is already going the way of the movements which preceded it. The power which animated our fathers has waned. What shall next arise? This question is not for us to answer; but we are sure that a new reform must come, for the perpetual protest against wrong is nothing but "the inflashing upon the conscience of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed."

The Struggle for Neutrality in America (Charles Scribner & Co.) is the title of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's address, delivered before the New York Historical Society last December, and now printed in pamphlet form. One does not often read so sound and valuable a discourse, which is at the same time, in the popular sense of the word, so interesting. Mr. Adams has the rare faculty of concealing the laborious process by which he has mastered his subject, and yet presenting it with such judicious detail, lucid statement, and logical arrangement, that the reasoning is perfectly clear without fatiguing the listener. The right of a nation to be neutral in times of war is now so generally admitted, that Mr. Wheaton declares it "an incontestable attribute of sovereignty;" but it was not always so, and Mr. Adams shows in this lecture that the recognition of the principle is one of the benefits for which the world is indebted to the United States of America. At the beginning of our career we laid it down as a cardinal maxim of our policy; we supported it through many dangers, and it was at last established at the cost of war. We cannot undertake to follow Mr. Adams in his masterly exposition of the successive crises to which the neutrality doctrine was exposed, the perils which assailed it abroad and at home, from the time of Washington and Citizen Genet to the time of William H. Seward and Mason and Slidell, or the diplomacy by which we finally carried our point and incorporated this great principle with the international code. It is a comprehensive and philosophical review of a long and important contest, and its interest is heightened by vivid portraitures of the statesmen who exerted the most influence upon the question—portraitures in which Mr. Adams displays keen analytical power, wise judgment, and great felicity of expression.

THERE is nothing like a little human interest to attract the popular mind. The ordinary reader cares, for example, very little about the planet Mars as a planet; but let it be treated as a possible world, more or less fit for human habitation, and it becomes an object of interest at once. The ultra-scientific may look upon such a treatment of the subject as altogether incompatible with a proper regard for science, and perhaps be right—from their point of view. The multitude, however, are not scientific; they make no direct assaults upon the citadel of knowledge. The results of scientific research must come to them indirectly. For this reason we believe that books like *Other Worlds than Ours* (D. Appleton & Co.) are of very great utility. Their speculations may be fanciful, their logic not always immaculate, but they will be read by a large class to whom a systematic treatise would be offered in vain. Mr. Proctor is a practical astronomer of considerable merit, well up in the science, an independent thinker, and a very entertaining writer. His book is well worth reading.

HOLDING the encouraging theory that the history of the human race has been on the whole a history of development and progress, not of fall and degradation, Sir John Lubbuck has brought together, in his *Origin of Civilization* (D. Appleton & Co.), a wonderful variety of testimony bearing upon barbaric art and ornaments, marriage and relationship, religion, character and morals, language, law, &c., illustrative of the primitive condition of man and the progress of development. From the facts and arguments produced

he deduces the conclusions:—That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors; that the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism; and that from this condition several races have raised themselves. Sir John sweeps a wide field for facts, quoting from some two thousand original observers of savage life and character. Whatever opinion may be had of his belief that the characteristics of primitive man are to be discovered in existing savages, the book is valuable as a condensed account of the manners and customs of our "poor relations."

"The Wonder Library" (Charles Scribner & Co.) has just been enriched by a volume on *The Wonders of the Heavens*, translated by Mrs. Norman Lockyer from the French of Camille Flammarion. An excellent work is being accomplished, by means of this Library, in the dissemination of scientific truths in a popular form. No volume in the entire series is better calculated to this end than the present; at once interesting in subject, graphic in treatment, and replete with pictorial illustration.

All who did not have the good fortune to hear Mr. Dickens read will find a rare compensation in the *Pen Photographs* of his readings, "taken from life," by Kate Field, and just brought out by James R. Osgood & Co. There is something quite uncommon in the loyalty and devotion of Miss Field; she attaches an interest to all the belongings, sayings, doings, looks, gestures of Mr. Dickens; every utterance of his is a more exquisite song than the others, and from the moment he steps upon the platform until he leaves it, nothing escapes her keen recognition. Thus, with the help of a drawing, she minutely describes the odd-shaped reading-desk Mr. Dickens brought with him to America, and she makes the reader apprehend the peculiar inflections of his elocution by tricks with the types, after the manner of Mr. Charles Reade. It may be said, indeed, that her pen pictures of the readings could not properly be called photographic if they omitted any fact of the evening, however trivial, and her particularity is, therefore, to be taken for high art. Excepting this, and with allowance for the enthusiasm of a devotee, we may commend the little book as bright and lively, and well calculated to entertain all classes of readers.

Ghardaia, or Ninety Days Among the B'ni Mozab, by G. Naphegyi, M.D. (G. P. Putnam & Sons), is a narrative of adventure among the tribes of the Sahara. The first question that most readers will ask themselves about it is: How much of the story is true? For our part we are puzzled to answer. Dr. Naphegyi professes to have journeyed some thirty years ago from Tlemcen, across the Atlas range, into the great desert, as far as the Mozabite city of Ghardaia, situated in an oasis more than three hundred miles south of Algiers. He traveled under the protection of an Arab chieftain conducting to his desert home a young and beautiful sister who had been brought up under the care of Abd-el-Kader. The romantic maid and the young Christian doctor fell in love with each other, and who knows what might have happened had not our author wandered away from the caravan, fallen into the hands of a hostile tribe, and suffered horrible tortures before he regained his liberty? He escapes. He wanders alone among the Atlas Mountains. He has a terrible fall. He is tenderly cared for by a little Arab community. He falls in with a renegade from Lyons, whose history is equivalent to a condensed French novel. He reaches Ghardaia at last; and when the curtain falls we see him on his knees at the grave of the chieftain's sister. Probably the fiction—if it is a fiction—is founded upon an actual experience of the author's life; but its ambiguous character is a serious defect. The pictures of life in the desert are pretty well drawn, though Dr. Naphegyi makes no pretense to a literary style.

THERE is something wonderfully fit in Hans Christian Andersen's writing his own life (*The Story of My Life:* Hurd & Houghton); for who else will ever have the opportunity? Is not Andersen the very genius of Fairy Tale consigned to perpetual youth? It seems to us that our grandfather must have read "The Ugly Duckling" in his childhood, just as our grandchildren are now reading it. There is a word which we think likely our readers applied very promptly to the portrait of Anderson which we published in connection with "Lucky Peer," and now fronts this handsome volume; we are not afraid to repeat it—*homely*, and if ever there was a life which was homely in the best sense of that word, a word that will keep its color however often washed, it is Andersen. From his childhood in the little house in Odense, through all the queer experience of his boyhood to the present time, when he is perpetually flitting from one household to another, royal, ducal, or plain citizen, he keeps that homely soul of his which treats all the world as sitting at his fireside. That Andersen is egotistic is plain enough, but it is not the egotism which is born of selfish conceit, but the egotism of a child that has never learned to say *I* but keeps on saying *me*, or speaking of himself in the third person, as somebody whom he is earnestly interested in. The autobiography shows Andersen so frankly that there is really little left to find out about him, one would think, for we not only know what Andersen thinks of himself but what others think of him, and what he thinks of what others think of him! We are struck with this fact, that in his immediate surroundings Andersen, in the course of his life, has passed through one period when he was petted as an amusing original; through another when he was disliked by many who had at first amused themselves with him, and that now, where he is known most intimately he is esteemed most highly. We think this will be found to be the effect upon the reader of this singular autobiography. He will begin by sympathizing with the struggling lad; he will become impatient of his excessive unbosoming of himself; but at last will lay down the book with a hearty respect for him, and a conviction that there is sterling worth in the man, and that he is worthy of the love which has been given

him. The book could not be Andersen's without being enlivened by humor and gayety; the reader will also be brought into speaking acquaintance with almost every eminent name in European literature and art.

THE Rev. Dr. Burr, of Lyme, Connecticut, has made a sudden reputation of late by two attractive—perhaps we might even say brilliant—books on the evidences of Christianity. He has just published a third, through the press of Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston. *Ad Fidem* is a rapid, popular, and eloquent summary of the arguments for the inspiration and importance of the Bible. It is not written for the scientific student; it consists, in fact, substantially of a series of parish lectures, with quite as much exhortation as argument; but it is founded upon careful research, and is believed to represent the latest developments of Biblical scholarship. Dr. Burr's opening chapters are devoted to what he calls a preparation of the ground, —an effort to bring his readers to that state of mind in which evidences can be fairly weighed and truths duly appreciated; and then he proceeds to set forth and illustrate, not the whole argument in support of the Bible, but a few of the strong points which he has found effective in his own pulpit ministrations. Here is no pretense of originality or appearance of scholastic learning; but Dr. Burr has what is much better for his purpose, a forcible style, a dexterity in the use of striking figures and examples, and a remarkable gift of seizing and retaining the interest of his readers. He is not exactly a polished writer; but he is clear, earnest, rapid, vigorous, and, above all, entertaining.

WHOEVER has walked through the picture galleries of Italy and Germany with only guide-books in his hands, and small memory of legend and history in his brain—sighing, perhaps, at thought of Mrs. Jameson's many-paged volumes left at home—will welcome the *Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art*, by Clara Erskine Clement (Hurd & Houghton). Compact, clear, systematic, full, the book exactly meets and exactly fills a real need. It is all the better in its place, for making no more aim at style than a dictionary does. In fact, it might almost have been called a dictionary, as it is sensibly arranged in an alphabetical order. It has four divisions: "Symbolism in Art," "Legends and Stories illustrated in Art," "Legends of Place," and "Ancient Myths Illustrated in Art." The second one is the most valuable (and the greater) part of the book. Not a saint is left out, from A to Z; from Abbondio to Zenobia. May both their souls rest in peace. The work is fully and finely illustrated, and is truly one of the most useful and valuable books of the year. No one should go abroad without it.

A VERY entertaining little satire is *Ginx's Baby*, which has run through several editions in England, and has been brought out for the American reader by George Routledge & Co. It is intended to enforce attention to the dangers and evils produced by the masses of English pauperism. Ginx is a "navvy," or out-door laborer, who, being unable to provide for his thirteenth child, sets out to drown it, but eventually hands it over to a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy. "Ginx's Baby" thereafter becomes a bone of contention between Romanists and Protestants, between neighboring parishes, and between political clubs, until at last the child, grown to manhood, throws himself into the Thames, and by suicide meets the fate Ginx had originally designed for him. The story is highly dramatic, and the discussions of the Evangelical Committee, the parish boards, and the gentlemen at the Club are full of humor. The fault of the book is that it leads no whither, suggests no remedy for the ills it points out, and avows no policy beyond a vague anti-Malthusian idea that the State must take care of all its people, and that every pair of impecunious Ginxes in England is justified in bringing thirteen Ginxes into the world, without knowing or caring what is to become of them. Happily for us in America, the problem of "Ginx's Baby" has as yet no more than a speculative interest for our statesmen.

IT is difficult to say in what department of letters Professor James Russell Lowell has been most successful. To many he is most delightful as an essayist, and he has never appeared to better advantage in this character than in *My Study Windows*, lately published by James R. Osgood & Co. The subjects of the thirteen essays contained in this volume are various, social, æsthetic, biographical, but all are treated with a firm and cunning hand, and with that certain dogmatism of the Professor which lends piquancy to our interest by inspiring us with a perpetual protest against his assumptions. Even in those passages where we are in perfect accord with him, we involuntarily except to the oracular manner in which he enounces the law, and this feeling keeps the mind constantly excited; whereas, with a less stimulating exercise, it might become weary or indifferent. There is great robustness in Professor Lowell as a writer, and his thoughts are commonly as healthful as his style. But now and then, in the opulence of his fancy, a passage occurs in his prose which should have been in his poems, as where he so beautifully puts in the mouth of Cowley the phrase that after a snow-storm "what was unsightly" in the landscape "has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if Nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it."

PENTELICAN marble flowed at Landor's touch, and, as of its own accord, ran into faultless forms when he wrote his *Pericles and Aspasia* (Roberts Brothers). We know of nothing in literature more ideally perfect than this Greek poem in English. Landor's Atticism in diction, style, and thought is matchless—is a miracle. No writing in our language, or in any language, if we except the Greek itself, which this book almost is, were better worth study as a model in expression. It is a volume to read piecemeal. Its point, its wit, its bloom of fancy and of phrase, its tireless thought, its exquisite finish in form, make it necessary that you should read slowly and at intervals, if you would keep your sense and relish of them vivid. We must not let such classics as these die.



1. The Discovery.



2. The Pursuit.



3. Strategy.



4. The Capture.

THE STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF PEGASUS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II. JULY, 1871. NO. 3.

PHILADELPHIA.



CHESTNUT STREET BRIDGE, OVER THE SCHUYLKILL, PHILADELPHIA.

To a traveler nothing is more interesting than the varied aspects and characters of the different cities of the world. Tastes in architecture, ideas of comfort and luxury, contrast as strangely as costumes and complexion. The cities of Asia and Europe, of South America and the United States, are not only constructed on entirely different plans, but present entirely different modes of life. Different nations, though bordering on each other, exhibit almost equal dissimilarities. Paris and London, Hamburgh and Petersburgh, are totally unlike. We expect to find these contrasts; and they form one great excitement of travel. Although we are not surprised to see dissimilarities even in cities of the same nation, if located in opposite climates, as Boston and New Orleans, yet it seems strange that those within a few hours' travel of each other should often present the contrasts they do. Rome and Naples, almost on the same isothermal line, bordering on the same sea, and inhabited by the same people, are totally unlike, both in aspect and character. The whole appearance of the former is sombre and sad, and the inhabitants, walking constantly under the shadow of its ancient ruins, seem to have caught their influence, and wear a serious, grave look. Naples, on the other hand, with its cheerful palaces and sunny clime, is bubbling over with fun and life, that become contagious, till one is ready to echo the saying, "*Vedi Napoli e poi muori.*"

Similar though not so striking contrasts are exhibited in our own land. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, though within a few miles of each other, connected by commerce and trade and blood, each has its own peculiar and marked characteristics. Differing in

the plan on which they are laid out, they differ also in their architecture, tastes, and mode of living. There must be some powerful cause which makes cities bordering on each other, and composed, as they are, of men of all kinds of character and tastes, appear as if each was run in a separate mould. Some of the causes that have given Philadelphia its peculiar features are very apparent. A city founded by William Penn, the Quaker, and his associates, could hardly be laid out otherwise than methodically; while its industries, so different from those of New York, would naturally affect the character of its inhabitants. But, in one respect, our Northern Atlantic cities are all alike. The inhabitants began to build as if they were cramped for room. Though sterile farms stretched away miles beyond where any one dreamed the city would ever extend, yet the streets were made narrow and confined. In the lower part of New York to-day, there is not room for the vehicles that traverse them. So in some of the older portions of Philadelphia you will find similar evidence that the inhabitants seemed to think it was necessary to economize space.

Every city has something which is its peculiar boast and pride. Boston has its Bunker Hill, and Faneuil Hall, and Common; New York its Fifth Avenue, and palatial residences, and Park; and Philadelphia its Independence Hall. In this respect, Philadelphia outranks all other cities of the continent. Faneuil Hall is called the cradle of liberty, but Independence Hall gave birth to the great charter of human rights. Until 1776, the fundamental principle of all governments was either divine right or force. Savages and barbarians ruled by force, civilized nations by divine right. Monarchs stamped on their very coins, "*Gratia Dei.*" But Independence Hall promulgated a new political gospel: "The just powers of rulers are derived from the governed." This was something more than a declaration of national independence; it was the utterance of a great principle, that in a few years sent revolution rolling the length of the South American continent and convulsed Europe. Never did the walls of a human structure witness a scene of such thrilling interest—a scene destined to have such an effect upon the human race—as did this old hall, when it was debated whether there should be launched forth on the world the great doctrine of "government by consent." It was a simple truth, apparently harmless, yet at this day Europe heaves to it as to the throbs of an earthquake. It will ingulf kings and dynasties, and sweep away in time the last vestige of feudalism. Not the old Roman Forum, nor the Palace of the Cæsars, "where the barbarian has long since stabled his steed," nor the Parthenon, nor any other structure fraught with glorious memories and thrilling associations, deserves to be held in such sacred, reverential remembrance as old Independence Hall.



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

In the Hall proper, the very room in which the Declaration was signed, the venerable, cracked "liberty-bell" is kept as a sacred relic. Here also is the old high-backed pew from Christ Church, in which Washington, Lafayette, and Franklin used to sit. As a companion-piece to these is a curious bit of marquetry in the form of a chair, which is composed of a portion of a mahogany beam taken from the house of Columbus, near the City of St. Domingo; fragments of the famous Treaty-Tree of Penn; pieces of his old cottage, and of the old frigate Constitution and

ship of the line Pennsylvania, together with a portion of a chair used by Penn and a lock of Chief Justice Marshall's hair. A valuable collection of national portraits adorns the apartment.

Of the other old buildings in Philadelphia, two are worthy of special note. One of these is Christ Church, not far distant from this venerable old Hall. The original building was erected in 1695, when the city contained but four or five thousand inhabitants. But the city increasing, it was found necessary to erect a larger edifice, and in 1727 the first stone of the present church was laid. The bells were cast in England, and brought over free of charge by Captain Budden, in his ship Myrtilla. In acknowledgment of this generosity, ever after, when his ship, returning from her voyage, was seen coming up the river, these bells were set ringing a glad welcome. The workman who hung them also refused all remuneration, requesting only that at his death they should be muffled and tolled free of charge.

The old church is a fine piece of architecture. The interior has been partially modernized, but it is now to be restored as nearly as possible to its condition at the time of the Revolution. In the graveyard adjoining, Bishop White and Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, rested until recently in the same vault. A few months ago the remains of the Bishop were taken up and placed beneath the chancel. The principal graveyard of the church is situated, however, at some distance from it, on the south-east corner of Fifth and Arch Streets; and there may be seen the unpretending tomb of Benjamin Franklin.

The other old building is Carpenter's Hall, distinguished as being the place in which the first Congress assembled. They are both much visited by strangers.

Philadelphia has several fine modern public buildings. The U. S. Mint is of the Ionic order, copied from a Grecian temple at Athens. It has a very valuable collection of coins, embracing those of almost every period of the world and every nation, from Solomon down to Pilate. This is free to visitors. The Custom House is an imitation of the Parthenon at Athens. Girard College is, however,



NEW MASONIC TEMPLE, ON BROAD STREET.

by far the most impressive building in the city. Like those last mentioned, it is modeled after a Greek temple. This splendid edifice, as is well known, was founded by Stephen Girard, a native of France, who bequeathed $2,000,000 to carry out his plan for erecting an institution for the education of orphan children, with further provision for the maintenance of the college. The main building stands in a lot of 45 acres, and is surrounded by thirty-eight marble columns, fifty-five feet high and six feet in diameter. It is 218 feet long, 160 feet wide, and 97 feet high. There are six side-buildings, also of marble. Some four or five hundred orphan children are assembled here, the number being increased according to the means at the disposal of the institution. The branches taught are the same as those pursued in our best schools, except that the study of foreign languages is limited to the French and Spanish. Mr. Girard, in his will, provided that orphans might be admitted between six and ten years of age, and the meritorious ones remain till between fourteen and eighteen, when they were to be bound out to some useful occupation. By the same will, clergymen of all denominations are forbidden even to visit the college, in order that the "tender minds of the orphans" may be kept "free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce." At the same time the



UNION LEAGUE BUILDING.

teachers are enjoined to "take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry; adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the excluding clause, it is gratifying to know that, owing to the solicitude of Christian officers, the children have not been deprived of thorough religious instruction and training. The institution does a vast amount of good. It not only educates a great number of poor unprotected children, but gives them honest employment, and thus relieves society not only from a dangerous element, but also from a heavy burden.

Totally different from this in style and effect is the new Masonic Temple on Broad street, which is yet unfinished. The old hall not being capacious enough to accommodate the order, it has commenced the present splendid structure. The workmen have been engaged on it for more than two years, and we believe it is not expected to be completed till 1873. It occupies a lot 250 by 150 feet, and is of solid granite. From the large portion already completed one can get a very good idea of the massive character of the structure. It is in the Norman style, and will require very skillful treatment in the way of towers, balconies, pinnacles, &c., to keep it from having too heavy an appearance. The Norman style is not fitted for city building; it requires elevated ground, and scenery to correspond. It is to cost $750,000. The Methodist Church adjacent,—on the south-east corner of Broad and Arch—is built of white marble, and is celebrated for its stateliness and grace. There are several interesting public edifices in this section of the city, near Penn Squares,—which have themselves been stripped of trees, and lie barren and forlorn, pending a final decision as to their occupancy by the new municipal buildings.

The Union League Club House is near by, a fine building in the French style. Its parlors, reading-room, restaurant, and sitting-rooms, etc., are finely arranged, and some of them elegantly furnished. It has an especial interest now, as being the temporary depository of valuable works of art belonging to the old Academy of Fine Arts. Paintings by Stuart, Peal, Sully and others adorn the walls, while busts, statues, etc., are scattered in profusion around. The League was not formed for political, but patriotic purposes, it having equipped and sent several regiments into the field during the war; nor does it now consider itself a party organization. Its library is select, though not large, and the Club has become one of the distinguishing features of the city.

The mention of the Academy reminds us that Philadelphia has been dstinguished for its great artists, from Benjamin West down. Among those living, Sully, Rothermel, the Moran brothers, W. T. Richards, Hamilton, Schussele, Waugh, and E. D. Lewis have a wide reputation.

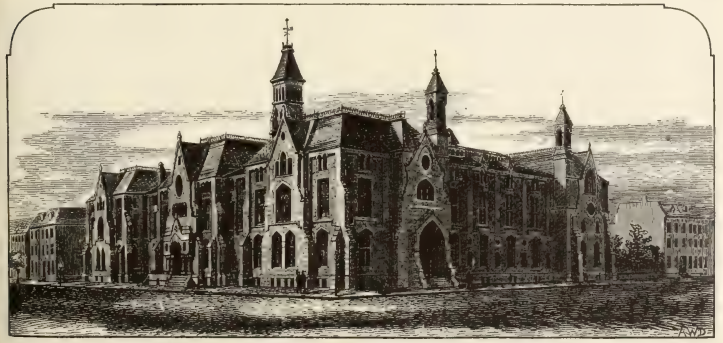
Close to the League is a building which would hardly arrest the attention of the passer-by, but is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting in the city—the Academy of Natural

Sciences. One could spend days here without becoming weary. It is the largest museum of its kind in the United States, and is said to have the largest and most nearly perfect collection of shells in the world, while it ranks third in that of birds.

The varieties of human skulls, gathered from every corner of the earth and every tribe of man, are ranged in ghastly rows on the shelves. They were purchased from the executors of Dr. S. G. Morton, and now reach the enormous number of 1,300, and are the finest collection in the world. There is also a perfect skeleton of a whale. There is one saurian or lizard here complete, twenty-five feet long, with hind legs, we should judge, eight or ten feet in length. The fore legs are short, showing that he must have moved by leaps, like a kangaroo, while, supported by his strong tail, he could stand up and pull boughs or fruit, or whatever he fed on, from shrubs and low trees. Near him are the remains of a second lizard, that was carnivorous. We will not attempt to give the dimensions of this monster reptile, but one can imagine his size when informed that, according to Prof. Cope's theory, he fed on the twenty-five feet lizard. A reptile whose ordinary breakfast was a lizard twenty-five feet long and nearly half as high is quite worthy to live in the same country as the mastodon.

The third reptile is what might be considered the veritable sea-serpent. It is, at least, serpent-like, and the preserved skeleton is about fifty feet long. Its neck is twenty feet in length, from which the body suddenly swells out, crowned by a dorsal fin. A portion of the end of the tail is missing, and if it kept on elongating in the same extraordinary manner as the neck, there is no telling how long the animal might have been. Prof. Cope told us that this great length of neck was doubtless to enable him to lie on the surface and fish in deep water, or *vice versâ*, and that he found some fossil fish between his ribs, showing what his diet was. But it would be impossible, even in a separate article, to notice a tithe of the interesting objects in this invaluable collection. We had only one regret in walking through it, and that was, that it was not placed in a better building. The space is too limited and the rooms are too dark. Everything is crowded, and much imperfectly seen. A new building is in contemplation, and it is to be hoped that it will not be delayed. The liberal Philadelphians should put their hands into their pockets at once, and erect the proposed edifice; for this splendid collection is not merely an ornament to the city, but an honor to the country.

The Franklin Institute is another valuable institution of the city. This is devoted to science and the mechanic arts. It has a library of 15,000 volumes, all on scientific subjects, and among them an entire collection of British patents. These, we believe, with the exception of the Congressional library,



PROPOSED NEW ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.



THE LEDGER BUILDING.

can be found in only one other library in the country. Drawing is taught here, and a regular course of lectures delivered the most of the year. Both the design and actual working of this institution are admirable. It increases vastly the amount of skilled mechanical labor, and thus elevates the workingman. It issues, also, a regular monthly journal, edited by Prof. Henry Morton and Dr. William H. Wahl, so that all the newest discoveries and inventions are at once available to the members.

Philadelphia abounds in good libraries. Mercantile libraries, both from their design and scope, always possess a peculiar interest in our great cities. Embracing in their membership clerks, mechanics, and that whole class which is to constitute the business, active men of the city, they assume a more popular character than those that are chiefly for reference. Besides, they are circulating libraries, sending their volumes broadcast through the city. The Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, until two or three years ago, had a wandering existence; but it has now a grand edifice, its first floor having an area of over 24,000 square feet—larger than any other library building in America. It contains over 50,000 volumes, exclusive of three hundred and forty-five periodicals and papers. Sometimes over a thousand books are loaned out in a single day, while the daily average is nearly 500. The internal arrangements are complete in every respect. A large debt has been accumulated in putting this library on such a splendid footing; but we hope its own increased receipts and the liberality of the people will soon liquidate it.

The Philadelphia Library, on Sixth street, is known as the oldest public library in America, having been founded in 1731. It is the largest in the city, and one of the largest in the country—being particularly rich in old books. The Loganian (a library of reference, free to all) is held in trust by the Directors of the Philadelphia Library, and abounds in classical works. The Apprentices' is the only free lending library in the city. There are, besides, the libraries of the American Philosophical and the State Historical Societies, the Athenæum, two excellent libraries belonging to the Friends, &c., &c.

The new University of Pennsylvania, to be located in West Philadelphia, if finished on the plan projected, will be one of the finest college buildings in the country.

The Lincoln Institute, on South Eleventh street, has been founded since the war. Its object is to maintain and educate the orphans of soldiers who fell during the recent war, and afterwards provide them with employment, or a trade that will enable them to support themselves. Though other States have done the same thing, Philadelphia has the honor of taking the lead in this noble charity. The Academy of Music is an elegant structure, capable of seating 2,900 people, and is probably not surpassed by any building of the kind in the country. Its first story is of brown stone; the second, of pressed brick with brown-stone dressings, the whole presenting an imposing appearance, with its front of one hundred and forty feet and depth of two hundred and thirty-eight.

The Merchants' Exchange is another handsome building; indeed, Philadelphia has many fine public edifices, which simply to name, without having space to notice in detail, would be tedious and useless. But if there be one that is more particularly identified with the city, in the view of strangers, it is that of the *Public Ledger*, on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets. This splendid building has been so often described that it is familiar to the reader. From the boilers and presses in the basement, to the business rooms on the first floor, and editors' rooms above, and on to the designer's, engraver's, and type-setting rooms, it is complete in all its details. Nor does the attraction stop here; from the lofty roof a splendid panoramic view is obtained of the city, enclosed in its vast extent by the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, that throw their arms around it in a bright embrace, and meeting at Point Breeze, join hands and move off together to the distant sea.

The Continental Hotel is another fine building, and has a sort of national reputation for the lavishness of its table, and the many luxuries and comforts it affords to the traveler. The Girard House, near it, is on the same general plan of magnificence. Philadelphia abounds in fine churches, but as a piece of architecture the Roman Catholic Cathedral surpasses them all, in the grandeur of its proportions and imposing effect. It is built of red sandstone, the floor being laid in white Italian marble. The dome swells two hundred and ten feet into air, reposing grandly over the structure below.

Philadelphia is noted for its multiplied benevolent institutions, which deserve a separate notice, and indeed cannot be treated properly in any other way. But there are two that are so identified with the history of the city from its foundation, that they cannot well be omitted—Christ Church Hospital and the Pennsylvania Hospital. The first was founded by Dr. Kearsley, who died in 1762, bequeathing a certain building to be appropriated to an infirmary, to be called Christ Church Hospital. He was a remarkable man, and was the chief architect of Christ Church and the old State House. This first hospital could accommodate only eight persons. In 1785 it was necessary to build a larger one. The growth of the city necessitating increased facilities, it was enlarged from time to time, until in 1856 the corner-stone of the present structure, in West Philadelphia, was laid. It occupies two squares, and is capable of accommodating one hundred persons. It is an asylum for poor aged widows, and designed especially for those of the Episcopal church.

The movement for the establishment of the Pennsylvania Hospital was set afoot by Dr. Thomas Bond, in 1750, who undertook to raise funds by private subscription, and brought to his aid Benjamin Franklin. But not succeeding in this, a petition for help was made to the Provincial Assembly, and two thousand pounds currency, after much debate, was appropriated to the undertaking, provided an equal sum were raised by private contributions. At first, a private house was hired for a temporary hospital, but in 1755 the corner-stone of the present structure was laid. A few years ago it became necessary, in making some repairs, to dig an area in front of the east wing, in doing which this corner-stone was uncovered, and on it was found the following inscription, prepared by Franklin:—

"In the Year of CHRIST
MDCCLV.,
GEORGE the Second happily reigning
(for he sought the happiness of his people)—
Philadelphia flourishing
(for its inhabitants were public-spirited)—
This Building,
By the Bounty of the Government,
And of many private persons,
Was piously founded
For the Relief of the Sick and Miserable.
May the God of Mercies
Bless the undertaking!"

Ten years later, Franklin would, doubtless, have left out the first parenthesis; but there it stood, the old patriot's endorsement of George the Second.

Among the curious things connected with its history, it originated the great painting of "Christ Healing the Sick," by West Its managers, while soliciting private subscriptions, thought of West, then in England, and



LESLIE'S ROW.

asked him to contribute a picture towards its fund. Christ healing the sick at once suggested itself to him as a proper subject for this humane institution, and the painting was finished. The English, however, would not let it go out of the country, and he was compelled to paint a copy, which was sent to the hospital. It was put on exhibition, at twenty-five cents admittance, and netted, over all expenses, $15,000 to the hospital—a handsome contribution from the artist.

We cannot follow its interesting history; but, in process of time, the crowded state of the institution rendered it impossible to care for the insane patients properly, and in 1836 a hundred acres of land, some two or three miles from the city, having been purchased, the present Insane Asylum was built, the first, we believe, ever established in this country. There is a building at each extremity of the lot of 100 acres, one for males and the other for females. Cultivated grounds, workshops, green-house, museums, gymnastic hall, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, rooms devoted to music, and every device that ingenuity or long experience could suggest, are here found to soothe, amuse, and restore those from whom the light of reason has fled.

When first opened, only 140 patients could be received; now 470 can be accommodated; and from 97 patients it has gone up to 340, the present number. From a single piano—probably the first ever used in a hospital for the insane in this country—it has made additions, till now it has twenty-three pianos, three cottage organs, six melodeons, and various other musical instruments.

The Episcopal Hospital, in the northeastern part of the city, is one of the handsomest and best arranged hospital buildings anywhere to be found. There are also Catholic and Jewish hospitals; a Children's Hospital, Will's Hospital for the Blind, an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, &c., while still another hospital is about to be established under Presbyterian auspices.

There is one other charity in the city we should like to say a good deal about, if we had space—the "Society for Relieving the Miseries of Public Prisons." There should be one in every city. This society has an agent, Mr. Mullen, whose duty it is to visit daily every prison cell, and ascertain the condition and needs of the inmates. The innocent find in him a friend and deliverer, and the helpless and ignorant an advocate.

Philadelphia has long been recognized as a center of medical learning, and her medical

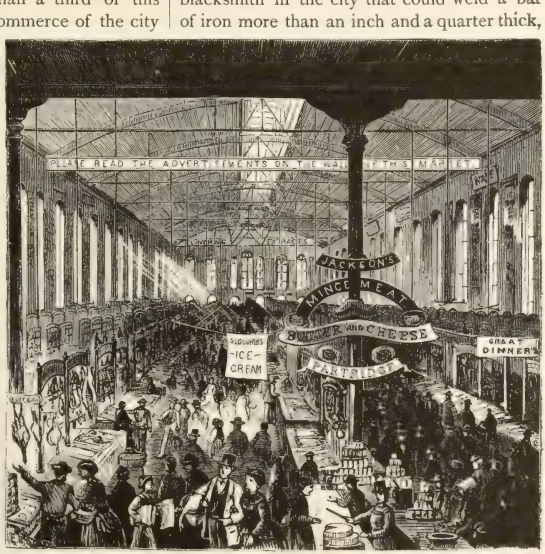
schools have been attended by foreign as well as American students. The medical department of the University of Pennsylvania is the oldest medical college in the country, having been established in 1765, and until some years ago was the only one whose diplomas were recognized by the medical colleges of Europe. It has graduated in all, up to 1870, eight thousand. The Jefferson Medical College divides the honors with the University; there is a Female Medical College, which has sent out a number of graduates; the Homeopathists have an excellent institution, and there is a College of Pharmacy.

The prison and penitentiary system of Philadelphia cannot be entered upon at present. The city can boast several fine bridges; the one over the Schuylkill at Chestnut street—of iron and stone—being a beautiful as well as solid structure.

Statistics show on what the wealth and prosperity of the city rest. Last year, manufactures of all kinds amounted to $251,663,217, while her exports, all told, were estimated to be only $16,640,478. Her iron foundries alone produced more than a third of this amount. But that the commerce of the city will increase with its natural growth and the tapping of the West with railroads, there is no doubt—at least this is the faith of the enterprising gentlemen who have boldly projected a line of steamers to Liverpool.

The Port Richmond Iron Works, fronting on Richmond street, of the firm of G. P. Morris & Co., cover, with their various buildings, five acres of ground, making the place a little world of activity in itself.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works on Broad street have a national reputation. Founded in 1831, they have grown to colossal proportions, and employ eighteen hundred men. It takes eighteen hundred men one day to complete, set up, and make ready for service a single locomotive. Thus, these works could turn out three hundred engines a year; in fact, in twelve months, ending last October, they actually sent off two hundred and sixty-seven, which, one after another, went dashing over the country. Although Mr. Baldwin, the founder, is dead, the works still bear his name, for they are the creation of his inventive genius and indomitable perseverance. Previous to the spring of 1831, only two locomotives had been built in this country, and those at the national foundry of West Point. In that spring Mr. Baldwin made a miniature engine, with two cars, capable of seating four persons, and placed it on a track laid in Peale's Museum, where it was surrounded by curious crowds. The next year he received an order from the Germantown Railroad Company for the construction of a locomotive for their road. Although but a single American mechanic had succeeded in building one of any use, he boldly undertook it. At the time there was not a blacksmith in the city that could weld a bar of iron more than an inch and a quarter thick,



INTERIOR OF FARMERS' MARKET.



WAGONS TO HIRE.

and no one thought of attempting to weld a tire five inches wide and an inch and a half thick. The only machine for boring out a cylinder was a chisel fastened in the end of a stick, to which a crank was fitted and turned by hand. He had no proper tools, no patterns, no models, but, confidently relying on his genius and resolution, he went to work, and in six months had it finished and placed on the road. Crowds gathered along the line to see this self-moving monster drag a train of cars after it. It was a great success. Soon after there appeared in the city papers the following notice:

"NOTICE.—The engine (built by Mr. Baldwin) with a train of cars will run daily (commencing this day) when the weather is fair. * * * When the weather is not fair, the horses will draw the cars the four trips."

It is not yet forty years since this extraordinary notice appeared in the press of a city into which, now, a dozen railroads run, along which hundreds of locomotives thunder.

It is singular how the simplest contrivances are often overlooked, while those requiring the most consummate skill are wrought out. Here was a man who could, almost without tools, from his own ingenious brain construct a locomotive, and yet the simple remedy of a "sand-box," to keep the wheels from slipping, never occurred to him. The principle he doubtless had seen applied a score of times to keep the human foot from slipping on the ice, but he never thought of adapting it to this case, and so in wet weather the locomotive was stabled and the horses turned out, and *vicè versa* in fair weather.

From that time the reputation of the works was established, until now it is doubtful if they have their equal in the world. A stroll through them awakens novel and often sublime emotions. Amid the din and clatter and thunder of machinery and ponderous hammers, the law of order is seen to prevail over all. Each part is made in a separate building or room, and one sees only a pile of rivets here, boilers there,—heaps of smoke-stacks and a confused collection of wheels and tires that resemble chaos. But at a given word these detached bones of the monster move from diverse points to a common center—the erecting shop—each to find its appropriate place in the body that is to be formed. As part is fitted to part, everything is found adapted accurately to that which it is to join, and rapidly the ponderous thing takes form and swells into huge proportions. When completed, men take hold of the drivers and roll them once or twice backward and forward, to see that all is clear. Steam is then turned on, and the drivers are sent whirling at a speed that would carry a train thirty miles an hour. Then the inspector advances, and, like a skillful doctor when he examines a patient, lays his hand on the pulse of the engine. The fingers now press the piston-rod, and now the connecting arms, drivers, and cylinder-heads, to see if there is any jar or disturbance. If there is none, the engine is declared fit for use, and is lowered down upon the rails and rolled out by the side of the railroad, ready to be sent to its point of destination.

Philadelphia has the reputation of having had constructed within her limits some of the



HORSERADISH MAN.



SCENE ON MARKET STREET.

largest men-of-war in the world, among them the old *Pennsylvania*, of 120 guns. The U. S. Navy Yard at League Island, on the Delaware, was given in 1862 to the Government by the city, as a naval station for the construction of iron-clads. The U. S. Arsenal and Asylum are fine buildings, and present an imposing appearance from the river.

What is called West Philadelphia, lying west of the Schuylkill, is on higher ground than the old city, and its houses are more picturesque. It presents a striking contrast to the latter, and is very beautiful. The city itself is probably, in territory, the largest in the world, for it embraces the entire county, and contains one hundred and twenty-six square miles, twenty of which are built solid. Although enclosed in the main between two rivers, the Delaware and Schuylkill, like New York between the Hudson and East river, it is not bounded by them. The Schuylkill is less of a barrier than the Thames to London or the Seine to Paris. Hence it can spread indefinitely, and to-day, though much less in population, has more houses than New York city. It has 114,303 dwelling-houses, of which 101,688 are of brick or stone, and the remainder, 12,615, of wood. With the exception of 6,948, these are all small two-story and three-story buildings.

The Philadelphians build on the ground rather than in the air, as they do in New York, and one is not compelled to go up five or six long flights of stairs to reach a lawyer's office; in fact, it is not many years since there were no separate buildings for law offices, these being in one part of the dwelling-house, as those of physicians are to-day in New York.

This spaciousness of territory enables Philadelphia to carry out a system of building, in one respect, that makes it unlike all other cities of the world, viz.: the putting up of small houses for the accommodation of the poorer class.

Among all the various objects of attraction with which the city abounds, there is nothing calculated to interest one so deeply as this class of buildings. The city, at least for itself, has solved the difficult question how to provide suitable homes for the poor. Peabody's plan for the poor of London, and the most improved system proposed in New York, while they add much to the comfort of the laboring class and reduce their expenses, fail in the great point—to secure a *home* for them. Huge caravansaries, however commodious, do not do this. There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than one meets of a summer evening in a block of tenement houses in New York, even those considered above the average in appearance and comfort. They are huge blots on the city, and one can scarcely wonder that the inmates are glad to get out of them at every opportunity, and seek the open country or even the drinking saloon.

Philadelphia has but few tenement houses. Each household has its own dwelling, which is its home. The houses are small, but complete. There are two rooms on the first floor, besides a kitchen. On the second floor are bed-rooms and a bath-room; thus making a snug little home for the young mechanic or frugal laborer. It seems, at first, that there could be no improvement on this arrangement, but a great one has been adopted. A single block was set apart for the erection of small houses, and as those who would occupy them would not use carriages, it was proposed that a way for carrying in coal, groceries, etc., should be made in the rear of the buildings, while in front nothing but a flagged

sidewalk should be left for the public travel, the whole street being covered with green-sward, making a little park for the occupants of the houses. Mr. Leslie has taken a deep interest in the subject, and is carrying out this beautiful plan on a more extensive scale.

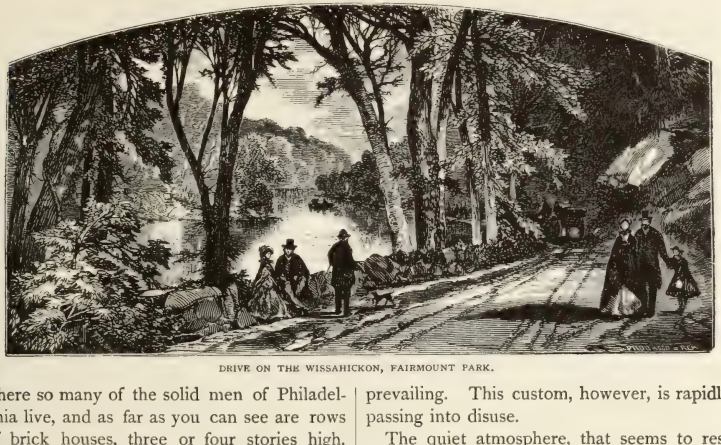
Houses of the cheap and comfortable sort are for sale to the occupants at reasonable prices, thus tempting them to lay by yearly of their earnings that they may become owners. This is frequently done, and hundreds are constantly becoming householders—independent men — giving them, consequently, a sense of increased importance and responsibility as citizens. These pleasant, quiet homes are rented, we are told, at from $150 to $400 per annum.

In all other cities the great question has been how to give this class cleanly, comfortable, safe apartments. In Philadelphia it has been, how to give them pleasant, attractive *homes*. Home influence is the strongest on earth in keeping a man from dissolute companionship and the grog-shop, and from becoming a mere vagrant on the Sabbath-day. Even though he never enters a church, there is a pulpit in his own house, and the preacher, the sweet restraining influences of home. These insensibly, in time, draw him towards the place of worship, just as they draw him away from unhallowed places and associations. It is impossible to over-estimate the effect of this home influence on the morals and character of a great city, not to mention the amount of suffering it prevents and the happiness it confers on families. Especially to the American mechanic and laborer is this possession of a home of vital importance. Without it his restless nature is very likely to draw him into companionships and occupations that mar or destroy his character. Whether New York, with its circumscribed limits and its extremely poor population, can ever carry out this system as thoroughly as Philadelphia, is doubtful; but certainly something might be done, perhaps on Long Island, if rapid, cheap transit could be established.

The home feeling seems to rule very strongly in the erection of all their houses in Philadelphia. It is true, on Walnut street modern palatial residences are going up, and under the influence of increasing wealth and a ruinous fashion it may in time rival Fifth Avenue, where people do not build homes for their own comfort, but objects of admiration for other people to gaze at. Palaces furnish grand sights to spectators, but poor homes to the inmates. Take Arch street,



THE DOG SHELTER.



DRIVE ON THE WISSAHICKON, FAIRMOUNT PARK.

where so many of the solid men of Philadelphia live, and as far as you can see are rows of brick houses, three or four stories high, plain and neat in style, without any basements, and hence without areas and flights of steps. They are almost flush with the sidewalk, and sitting so flat on the ground, present, at first, a singular appearance to one accustomed to the high steps and iron railings in front of New York houses. The parlors being so close to the ground and sidewalk, the lower windows are protected by solid white shutters, which contrast singularly with the green blinds of the upper stories. But there is something snug, comfortable, and home-like about them, that renders them peculiarly attractive.

A beneficent and admirable regulation, adopted in 1855, has prevented the opening of any new street, court, lane or alley of less than twenty-five feet in width. It has, moreover, compelled all the old courts, lanes, &c., when widened, to be made twenty feet wide, no matter what the former width; while every new dwelling-house must have an open space attached to it, in the rear or at the side, equal to at least twelve feet square.

The custom of keeping a piece of crape suspended from these white shutters for several months after the death of an inmate of the house, causes a great many of these mournful badges to be hanging out at the same time, so that a stranger might think that in some blocks a fearful epidemic was prevailing. This custom, however, is rapidly passing into disuse.

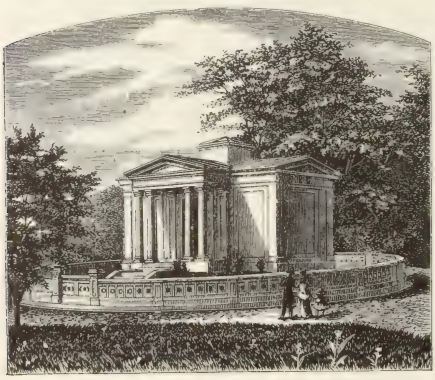
The quiet atmosphere, that seems to rest on its homes, pervades also the active life of the city. The hurrying, jostling crowds that block the lower end of Broadway are not seen. Men move as if they had time to do all that is necessary. You are not carried away by that restless, feverish existence that makes New York boil like a caldron. In the latter city, men all seem to be only getting ready to live, as if they had no time to enjoy existence until they had reached a certain goal, towards which they were driving under a full head of steam. Such a high pressure accomplishes great material results, but makes life to the individual a lamentable failure.

In Philadelphia, on the contrary, the inhabitants seem to be settled down to a fixed plan of life, that must move on the even tenor of its way till the end. A Philadelphian, we should say, lives nearly twice as long in one year as a New Yorker. This same quiet influence, which doubtless comes from the Quaker origin of the city, marks its public travel. The city is laid out like a checker-board, with rail-tracks in every principal street, and the cars go up one and down the other, unpacked by jostling crowds, while the shouts and curses of conductors to obstructing carts, and retorted curses, are not heard. To the passengers the conductors are courteous and pleasant; there is no jar or

disturbance anywhere, and everything goes on like clockwork.

There are several things in Philadelphia that are quite peculiar to it. Instead of dummies or four-horse teams to draw the baggage-cars that descend through Market street into the city, a string of fine mules, a dozen or more in number, stretch in single file before them. The long line will extend sometimes nearly half a block. This Market street is the great thoroughfare of the city. Made wide originally for the purpose of accommodating the market wagons and stalls that every morning lined its sides and were strung along its center, it now, these being removed, furnishes space for four parallel railroad tracks. Numerous markets have taken the place of the street market, and are constructed on principles very different from and much better than ours. The Farmers' Market, for instance, on this street, runs entirely through a square, from street to street, and occupies a large portion of it in width—the whole vast building enclosing but a single room. This we should judge is some fifty feet high, and is lighted from above. Two open frames extend the entire length, making three long aisles, or rather, one would say, *avenues* of flesh and vegetables. The outside ones are devoted to vegetables and poultry, the central part to meat. Looking down this vast meat temple, one gets a new idea of the carnivorous tendencies of his race. The airiness and ventilation of such an ample building must tend to make the meat, especially in the summer-time, much sweeter and fresher than if confined in such close quarters as the Fulton Street Market furnishes.

Philadelphia has established one institution which must rejoice the heart of Mr. Bergh. Stray dogs that remained unclaimed were formerly disposed of by beating their brains out with a club, in full view of the other terrified animals. The "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" took up the matter a year ago, and erected a building in the pound, in which is a "smothering-room," where the dogs doomed to death are destroyed. This will hold fifty or sixty, and is made very tight. When the victims are all assembled, carbonic acid gas is introduced by an ingenious process, which in a few minutes stretches the whole without pain or struggle, lifeless on the floor. A man then takes away the carcasses to an establishment, where he boils them down to obtain the fat, which he sells. The whole matter is under the charge of the woman's branch of the society, which numbers among its members some of the most respectable ladies of the city, by whose agents much suffering in various ways is prevented. This certainly is a praiseworthy institution, for if any animal is entitled to humane treatment it is the dog—the most affectionate and faithful of all dumb beasts.



THE DREXEL MAUSOLEUM, WOODLAND.

Philadelphia has one advantage over most of our cities—it need never fear a lack of water through a drought, for it has the whole Schuylkill to draw from. Building a dam 1,600 feet long across the stream, and cutting a race through the solid rock 400 feet long and 90 wide, the city erected an immense building in which nine enormous wheels drive equally enormous pumps. The total pumping capacity of all the city's works is 82,032,103 gallons per day; total reservoir capacity 152,654,788 gallons. The proposed reservoir in the East Park will hold 750,820,688 gallons; the average daily consumption is 37,249,385; and there are 488 miles of pipes, a greater length than in any city in the world except



VIEW ON THE SCHUYLKILL FROM WEST LAUREL HILL; MANAYUNK ON THE RIGHT.

London. There are several fountains around the Fairmount works, which are encompassed with a beautiful gravel walk and shrubbery. From this point a fine view of the city is obtained, the center of which is only a little over two miles distant, while the Park stretches away to the north and west.

Laurel Hill Cemetery adjoins the park. This becoming too straitened for the city, a company was formed to establish a new one called West Laurel Hill Cemetery. It is about a mile from Laurel Hill. It contains one hundred and fifty acres of naturally picturesque land, which is laid out artistically, and bids fair to equal, if not surpass, its namesake. Woodland is another beautiful cemetery in West Philadelphia, and contains one of the finest mausoleums in the country, belonging to the well-known Drexel family of bankers.

There are many things in Philadelphia worthy of imitation, and among them one which deserves the attention of every city in the land. About two years ago some humane citizens had their sympathies aroused in view of the suffering and inconvenience caused by the want of water in the streets. Although the Schuylkill yielded its abundance to the city, public fountains, where the weary passer-by or the tired beast could quench his thirst, were unknown. Instead of going to the city authorities and waiting their slow action, Dr. Swann invited a number of ladies and gentlemen to meet at his house, to take into consideration the propriety of forming a society for the erection of fountains along the streets and thoroughfares of Philadelphia. It was resolved to open at once subscription-books, and solicit subscribers who would agree to pay five dollars annually towards erecting fountains and keeping them in order, and when a hundred names were obtained, to organize a society. In a few days the requisite number was secured, the organization perfected, and, in process of time, a charter was obtained from the Legislature. Work was now commenced and pushed rapidly forward. According to a report made last year, the society, from private funds alone, had erected one hundred and seventeen fountains and ninety-nine troughs. The officers of the society who had charge of the enterprise received no pay. So grateful were all classes for this inestimable boon, that they have carefully protected these fountains, so that not

one has received injury even from thoughtless boys. These fountains are made of iron, granite, or marble, and many of them are the voluntary gifts of wealthy ladies and gentlemen. Some of them show great artistic taste, and are ornamental as well as serviceable. At three of these fountains count was kept of the number of persons who drank at them during one day, and it was found to exceed seventeen thousand. At six fountains more than a thousand horses and mules drank in a single day. Who can estimate the amount of suffering prevented, and comfort supplied, in various parts of the city, by this free water? Philadelphia is noted for its charities, but she has scarcely one more worthy of support than this.

It is strange that this subject has not been taken up by our city governments, and fountains erected as a public improvement. Plenty of fresh cool water to drink is more essential to the health and comfort of the people than parks and fine drives. New York should have five hundred of these scattered over the island, and we do not believe anything could be undertaken for which the inhabitants would so cheerfully be taxed to pay the expense.

In many little things as well as great, Philadelphia has its peculiarities. These are often quite essential to human comfort. In the umbrella stands in the hotels and in the neighboring stores, you see umbrellas labeled "for sale" and "to let." Now, an umbrella is one of the most essential and yet most troublesome articles to a traveler. He can pass in cars from place to place without it, yet he cannot step out of his hotel a single block, if it rains, without one. At the same time, to carry one a thousand miles for such a contingency is no slight annoyance. It is always slipping or getting lost or tripping somebody up, and one is eternally looking after his umbrella. We are not sure but the adoption of this Philadelphia custom would add as much to a traveler's comfort as the introduction of checks to baggage did.

Philadelphia is not noted for so many new fashions and innovations as New York, yet she also is throwing off her old shell. It sounds odd to see gravely stated in Watson's Annals, published in this city in 1830, such remarkable innovations as these :—

"The vending of clothing for gentlemen, ready made, is a new enterprise."

"Bouquets of flowers is new ; so also bouquets on center tables."

"It is new to put letters under an envelope ; it is a useless adjunct, and will destroy the evidence of post-marks to letters—*the courts will some day complain of this.*"

"Paving foot-ways with flag-stones is a new affair adopted from New York, where they have not good bricks."

If Philadelphia never adopts anything worse from New York than this, she will be the good old Quaker city for some time to come.

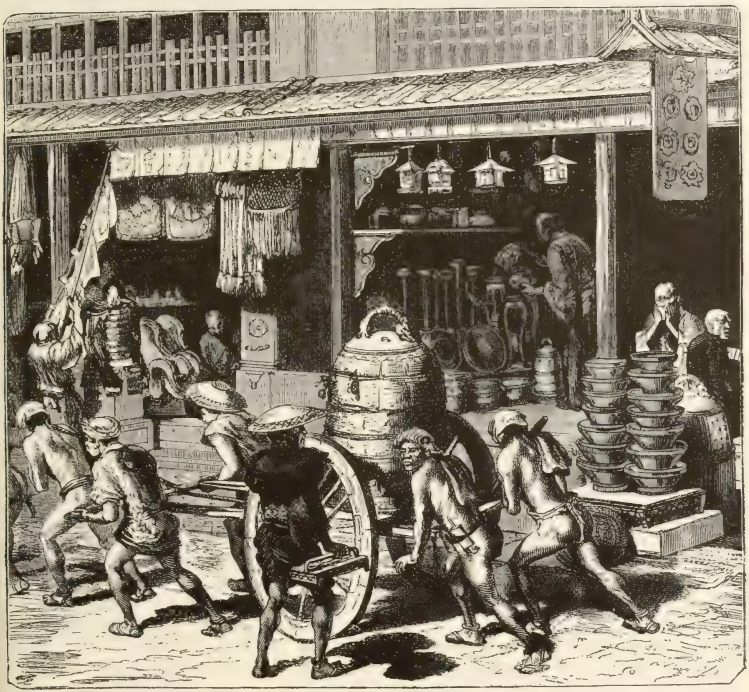
In one thing the annalist of the Quaker city somewhat surprises us. He says: "Steeples, wherever built, were universally white, so as to be best seen farthest, and among trees. Lately has come up a new conceit of having them brown and chocolate—*Aheu.*"

Philadelphia is a real lovable old city—a good place to live in, and we hope the horoscope cast for her in 1783, by the astrological Jacob Taylor, may prove true :—

"Full forty years have now their changes made,
Since the foundation of this town was laid.
When Jove and Saturn were in Leo joined,
They saw the survey of the place designed ;
Swift were those planets, and the world will own,
Swift was the progress of the rising town.
The lion is an active regal sign ;
And Sol beheld the two superiors join.
A city built with such propitious rays
Will stand to see old walls and happy days ;
But cities, kingdoms, men in every state,
Are subject to vicissitudes of fate.
An envious cloud may shade the smiling morn,
Though fates ordain the beaming sun's return."

Perhaps those who are getting up the line of steamers think the next to the last line refers to New York, and the last to Philadelphia.

JAUNTS IN JAPAN.



A STREET SCENE IN JAPAN.

Not stopping here to recall the unpleasant circumstances connected with the first acquaintance of Americans with the Japanese, some twenty years ago, we will attempt to describe Japan as it appeared pending the terrific struggle which preceded the downfall of the Tycoonate, and consequent extinction of an ancient dynasty. The Tycoon (Stotsbashi) incurred the deadly hostility of the rich daimios, or feudal lords of the south, who being alarmed by the concessions made to foreign demands, headed by Satsuma, Chioshu, and others, availed themselves of the modern appliances of war, and were soon enabled to gain a decisive triumph, at once usurping the reins of government. The Tycoonate was abolished, and the Mikado, a mere puppet in the hands of the conquerors (having first been kidnapped for the purpose), was recognized supreme ruler, in whom concentrated all the powers before represented by distinct sovereignties, the temporal and spiritual.

At the time of which we write, strong fortresses had been razed; battle-fields were still reeking with the effluvia of decaying bodies; places of execution bore traces of recent decapitations, while foreign ships-of-war congregated in all the principal harbors like vultures awaiting their prey. For the white man to venture from the foreign settlements beyond the limits defined by treaty stipulations, was to

expose himself to the sword-blades of lawless "ronins."

One delightful morning in July, 1868, we had long been straining our eyes, gazing from the steamer's deck, in the vain attempt to descry the shores of the Orient,—when, finally, the bold, blue promontory of Cape Awa broke upon our vision, followed by a glimpse of the sacred Mount Fusiama, "its snowy shoulder against the arch of blue:"

* * "What a heart-delight they feel at last—
So many toils, so many dangers past—
To view the port desired."

Ah! what comes here, gliding over the flashing brine? A nondescript craft with square sail and enormous poop passes almost within hail, its decks filled with coppery-looking men, in primitive habiliments,—plainly, with none at all,—every face radiant with good nature, every bald pate tipped with its glossy roll of hair and pomatum, projecting over the brow like the hammer of a percussion gun. The nationality of this grotesque group of navigators could not be mistaken. Like clouds of bees sallying from their hive, so do the myriad sails of Japanese fishermen fleck the waters of every bay when the day breaks, and we had seen a live Japanese, the *avant-courrier* of the fleet. A gorgeous landscape now unfolded to view. Earth, sea, and air seemed invested with new wonders. Yonder, perched high on rocks and half buried in exuberance of foliage, is a structure of exquisite grace, devoted to pagan rites, and where pennons and huge banners overtopping the trees indicate the observance of a religious festival.

An unexpected turn in the steamer's course brings us in full view of Yokohama; the shipping at its anchorage, a formidable fleet; the Bund, or shore-line, marked by a succession of fine mansions, go-downs (warehouses), etc., while flags, supported by towering masts, designate the respective foreign legations. As our anchor plunges to the bottom, the steamer is at once surrounded with boatmen, whose toilet, to foreign eyes, is anything but presentable, but who nevertheless press their attentions, with clamorous din, on all wishing to go ashore. Confounded by vehement jabber and gesticulations, the passenger with difficulty comprehends that the "scindo" wants five "tempos," or a quarter boo, for the use of his sampan, which coins (the former an elliptical brass piece not quite as large as the cover of a saucepan) the purser, or some friend familiar with the currency of the realm, will gladly supply. Once transferred to the sampan, you find yourself swiftly propelled landward by from two to half a dozen stalwart men standing upright and working heavy scull oars, the swaying motion of their bodies being attended by a stentorian shout at every stroke. This profuse expenditure of lung-power, it may as well be observed, accompanies all sorts of muscular effort among the Japanese. For example, one of the most noticeable objects on arriving at a seaport town is the clumsy hand-cart used in moving goods, with two or three men at each end, all of whom shout lustily in alternation, keeping step to the music. The heavier the burden the louder the yell. New-comers are apt to be shocked by such an amount of noise and nudity.

As steamers at Yokohama usually stop only long enough to shift cargo before passing on to Hiogo and Nagasaki *en route* for China ports, passengers are advised to search out that particular locality known as "Curio-town" without delay, there to select curiosities from the native shops. The famous temple Hachiman, and the bronze statue Daiboots, in the charming valley of Kamakura, some twenty-five miles distant, also claim attention. Scarcely less interesting is the fish-market, where you immediately recognize all sorts of specimens in ichthyology, equal to the best displayed in the cabinets of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. The varied styles of form and color in vogue among the dandies of the deep would confound the most skilled designer of Paris fashions. And such monsters! Shrimp vie in size with lobsters, and other classes of *crustacea* attain to the magnitude of dragons, fearful to behold and worse to swallow. Oysters are not deficient in size, but are coppery in flavor.

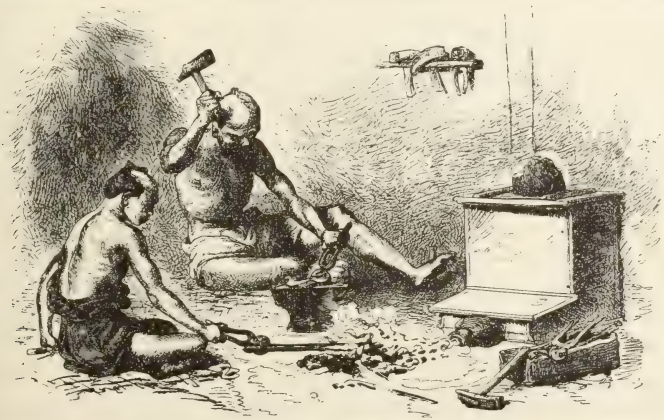
The Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan, bears a striking resemblance in various respects to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. Both are prolific storm-breeders, and both serve as a magnificent domain for the pis-

catory tribes. The tepid waters of the tropics sweep along the coast of Japan in mighty volume toward the northeast, and striking our own Pacific shore, carry rich freights of food to the salmon of Columbia River. In like manner the Gulf Stream chafes the coast of Florida,—where the markets of St. Augustine and Jacksonville are provided with fish similar in kind to those seen at Yokohama,—and thence rebounds toward the coast of Great Britain. In both these ocean currents the porpoise and flying-fish disport themselves, and at night are seen the phosphorescent lights which convert the waves into billows of fire.

From the fish-market we will now wend our way to Curio-town, if so fortunate as to escape from the wretched crew of beggars and cripples who make that place a favorite resort, and cry incessantly for "Tempo sinjo" with outspread palms.

Taking it for granted that the time of our visit is "steamer day," as on such occasions the assortment of merchandise is most complete, and displayed to the best advantage, we soon find ourselves among groups of newly-arrived passengers curiously examining the various wares. In blandness of manner the Japanese merchant cannot be surpassed. Seated on a neat mat-covered floor, elevated say two feet above the street level, his heels for a chair, and attired in a calico gown with flowing sleeves, he salutes his customer with suasive voice, "O-hi-a," which might be considered synonymous with "How are you?" Even though no purchase were intended, it would be hard to resist an overture so pathetic. But take heed lest you outrage common propriety by treading on that bleached straw matting or polished floor with dirty boots. Conform to the usages of the country, and if you desire a closer inspection, off with those leathern integuments, no matter if you capsize in the operation or burst a blood-vessel.

If, by a stretch of courtesy, the trader signifies that so much trouble is needless, then step daintily, lest violence be done to good-nature. To learn the price of an article you say *I-ko-rah*, "how much?" Invariably an exorbitant figure is named, which, if you have been initiated by some thoughtful friend, will be repelled with feigned astonishment. The merchant at once responds, "How much you give?" One-half the price asked will be a reasonable offer, by way of compromise. A profound consultation then takes place among the several traders interested, all of whom, by this time, will have emptied their pipes and risen, some one of their number meanwhile rapidly shuffling on wires the little balls of a calculating machine. If your offer is accepted, several nods of the head and a simultaneous



JAPANESE BLACKSMITHS.

clapping of the hands signify assent. If rejected, make no more than a trifling concession, for if by any chance you are permitted to leave the store without a bargain, a messenger will probably be despatched in hot pursuit, saying, "Can do!" A porter is at once instructed to deliver the goods. For the latter service volunteers are always at hand. To attempt to carry one's own package would not only be a flagrant case of *infra dig.*, but operate as a direct challenge to the whole horde of burden carriers along the street.

The wares most prized are the bronzes from Osaka, the basket ware of Nagasaki, and "egg-shell" porcelain, silks from Miako, tortoise shell, daimio lacker, etc. Few large warehouses for general merchandise are seen anywhere, excepting the fire-proof structures used as depots for rice and silks. The latter are peculiar in having no goods visible, unless called for from sample-books in the hands of every clerk, of whom scores are sometimes employed. Viewed from the street, the large space within presents a scene of industry, in the many moving forms, which might compare well with our largest Broadway bazars, but the buildings occupied in no instance have claim to architectural merit; stores and dwellings, in this respect, displaying a tiresome uniformity. Liability to destructive earthquakes, if there were no other reason, forbids an ambitious style. Aside from notions of safety, lowly dwellings well comport with the views of the Mikado and other high functionaries, who can never submit to the humiliation of being *looked down* upon by their subjects. In their presence the upper stories must be hermetically closed. The accompanying engraving well represents the appearance of various classes of artisans to be seen at work in their daily employments.

It is noticeable that in Yokohama the foreign merchants have devised a plan by which the vagaries of nature, in occasionally shaking up the foundation of things, are resisted with a good degree of success. No hesitation is felt in running up walls of squared stone to the height of two stories, but the precaution is taken to erect an interior structure of strong bamboo poles in such a manner as to insure a permanent stability. Buildings more ordinary are made by putting up a frame-work of stout bamboo, then interlacing the whole, outside and in, with light canes, the intervening space being filled with a mixture of earth and straw. An outside boarding, overlaid with diagonal squares of dark slate and white mortar, produces a checker-board effect, reminding one of the New York Academy of Design. The inhabitants of "Frisco," whose perturbations in real estate have become so troublesome of late, might learn from these methods of the Japanese something of practical value.

Among about four-score foreign firms doing business in Yokohama are a number representing houses in London and New York, whose arrangements savor of Oriental luxury and elegance. Fronting on the Bund, which overlooks the bay, are the "go-downs," or substantial warehouses of stone (already mentioned), surrounded by thick walls, the latter graced by massive portals bearing sculptured figures and inscriptions, while near by are the private residences, with accommodations for coolie servants, culinary implements, etc., at a convenient distance—the whole forming a magnificent group of buildings. At such places as these the cockney flourishes in stately grandeur, his presence always indicated by a lively demand for soda cock-tails, cigars, and other creature comforts, which obedient "Johnny" is prompt to supply. The heaviest business done in the regular line is generally turned over to a Chinese shroff or comprador, who receives say $50 or $60 per month.

In the view here given we see represented one of the canals common to almost every Japanese city, only a slight variation in the structure of adjacent buildings being needed to exhibit truthfully the mercantile parts of either Yokohama, Yedo, or Osaka. The craft seen, however, is only the inferior kind known as cargo boats, in which masts are erected at pleasure. The hour is at mid-day, in hot weather; the boats lie against the banks empty and deserted; no clamor or sound comes up from the bosom of the populous city.

On essaying to make the much desired trip to Yedo, as originally contemplated, I found



NOON SCENE ON A JAPANESE CANAL.

the difficulties insuperable. In the disordered state of the country, to persist would be foolhardy in the extreme. The English minister, Sir Harry Parke, peremptorily refused to grant passports to British subjects. Therefore, taking good counsel of the diplomatic representative of the United States, I presently found myself headed for Osaka, "the Venice of Japan," or city of three hundred bridges. Authorities best informed agreed that after Yedo no part of Japan would so richly reward the tourist. The city was populous, boasting of something like 350,000 inhabitants, and in many respects entirely unique. Retaining as yet its aboriginal characteristics unchanged by foreign contact, there could be seen the primitive type of Japanese character and institutions, as perpetuated through unknown centuries. Two days' steaming was sufficient to complete a voyage of 345 miles to Hiogo, or Cobi. There, after climbing the superb mountains, in the rear, to the "Moon Temple,"—a temple, by the way, which surpasses in interest all others I saw in Japan,—I acted on the advice of the United States consul at that port, and chartered a neat little sailing craft to make the trip of sixteen miles across an arm of the beautiful Suonada, or great inland sea of Japan, to the mouth of the Yodo River, on which Osaka is built. With our lateen sail stretched out on long bamboo poles, to catch every whiff of the light summer breeze, we were gently wafted over the rippling waters. Here was a situation for a New Yorker, in the difficult search for something new under the sun. Eight thousand miles away from home and friends, in the heart of a pagan country, among a peo-

ple whose hatred of the foreigner was only surpassed by their hatred of each other. These thoughts aside, our chief solicitude was to gain the opposite shore before nightfall, and so cross in safety the dangerous bar where Admiral Bell, U. S. N., had been drowned a few months previous. This feat was accomplished without serious adventure.

As our boat glided along the grassy banks beyond the fort that guards the entrance at Temposan, we hardly kept clear of hundreds of junks going up from the sea; and as the stream narrowed, further progress would have been impossible had not the larger number made fast to either shore, where they formed a dense mass of shipping five or six tiers deep. We followed the tortuous channel nearly three miles before coming to a thickly inhabited region, though the multitudinous lights and voices on shore, and occasional shouts of "peggy, peggy" (a derisive epithet applied to foreigners by mischievous boys), gave evidence that we were approaching a dense center of population. At length we came in sight of the first bridge, one of those great structures of timber on stone abutments which are seen on every hand, spanning the two branches into which the Yodo is here divided, and twelve parallel canals. We rested almost beneath the over-arching shadow for a time, watching the incessant stream of pedestrians passing and repassing, their course marked by innumerable brightly colored lanterns indicating the prince to whom the bearer held allegiance. Then we concluded to try our luck ashore, but were met at the outset by a furious rebuff from a junk-owner, who gave us to understand that nobody with boots on could pass over the deck of his vessel; so we contented ourselves by reaching shore in some other way. No sooner were our white faces and strange garb recognized in the streets than the entire town seemed seized with consternation. Boys ran and shouted; lights in shop windows were suddenly extinguished; doors closed violently, and in the crowds gathered at street corners we noticed the glistening lackered hats worn by the "yaconins," for whose keen-edged swords we had no liking. Further observation showed that the entire section of the city through which we strolled was occupied by a national institution of disreputable character known as the "gancarro." The streets were ablaze with light, and resounded with harsh music and bacchanalian voices. Arranged in jovial groups behind the perpendicular bars of open windows, thousands of young women displayed themselves in elaborate toilet, painted and bedizened, their stupendous headdresses, with combs like the arms of a wind-mill, always conspicuous. Nowhere outside of Japan could such a spectacle be found. The "gancarro," in fact, seems to constitute the main basis of the social fabric, its functions being substituted, to an



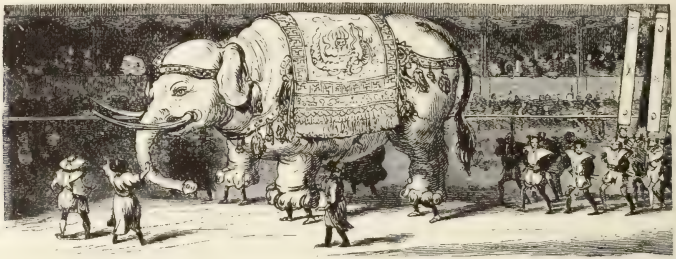
A JAPANESE STABLE.

extent almost general, for the offices of the parental relation. In other words, the government, by giving sanction to vice, assigns to it a position among legitimate branches of trade, at the same time making it an important source of revenue. The approval of public sentiment is still more evident in the fact that the inmate of the "gancarro" is a candidate for matrimony, quite as eligible as any other, as she is more likely to have received mental culture, and to have attended more carefully to personal appearance. When married she resumes her former rank in society, although the keepers of the gancarro are in perpetual disgrace.

Ever memorable will be that moonlit night spent among the junks of the Yodo, and that nocturnal stroll ashore. With dawn we commenced "doing" the city. The first novelty enjoyed was a sail in the passenger boats, always in waiting, like the *cabriolet* of Paris or New York hack. Shoes off, lest the dainty straw mat should be soiled, you ensconce yourself in the afterpart of the little craft, a miniature canal-boat with pointed prow, the joiner-work of which is faultless, without knot or nail-head, or sign of paint, the whole glistening in the beauty of natural woods. Adjusting the lattice most favorably to exclude the sun and catch the breeze, you calmly survey the world of life on each side—every house a microcosm. What more enjoyable on a warm summer's day! For miles the aqueous way is overhung by houses perched on stone piers, the balconies above often ornamented with pendent baskets of moss or vines, while wild aquatic fowl, such as herons, ducks, &c., disport themselves unconcernedly, without fear of molestation, within reach of your oar. Even the black crow, proverbially timid, is at home among the shade-trees of a Japanese city. To shoot a bird in Japan insures condign punishment, as most of the tribe are valuable scavengers.

Our next exploit was the ascent of the Pagoda, the most central and elevated of a pile of ancient temples sacredly devoted to "monstrous unbaptized fantasies," &c. Paying the usual "cumshaw" to the bald-shaven priest, who is pleased to have foreigners do their full share in helping the sacerdotal treasury, we ascended by well-worn ladders the maze of timbers, glad to escape from the gathering crowds, and at last looking out upon a scene seldom equaled. Below us was a populous city, but so spread out that the compact rows of dwellings enclosed broad cultivated fields, each proprietor apparently as secure in the possession of his crops as if stealing were unknown. Along the thoroughfare were jostling crowds, but just in the rear the landscape was dotted over with hay-stacks, and well-poles for the distribution of liquid manure, while in the distance we could discern the Tycoon's castle and palace, with clumps of large trees here and there designating either the location of religious temples or palaces of leading "daimios." Once more mingling with the common herd of humanity below, we proceeded to inspect various fine specimens of masonry connected with the temples, also numberless specimens of turtle, foxes, cranes, &c., nearly all of them cut from granite, and enshrined here as objects sacred in Japanese mythology. In one place we discovered a walled reservoir perhaps one hundred feet square, crowded with living turtles of all sizes. Another was all a-bloom with the sacred lotus, among their broad leaves and swaying stems stork and heron haughtily strutting. A number of pretty damsels languidly gazing from their cottage windows near by, in unconscious *déshabillé*, and quite at home among the blossoms and pure white storks, gave a fairy-like aspect to the scêne.

But we must not linger. More wonderful were the ruins of the Tycoon's palace, all the combustible portions having been destroyed when Stotsbashi fled from Osaka to Yedo, at the commencement of the recent war. The walls rise from a broad moat, in stupendous masonry, to a height from which we looked with bewildered brain. By careful measurement, the largest stone visible was ascertained to be no less than thirty-six feet in length (or about the same as the granite columns of the Custom House in Wall street), seventeen broad, and seven thick, the sides clean split. Others were of dimensions less formidable, said to vary according to the power of the princes by whom the several stones were contributed,



PROCESSION OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

somewhat after the plan adopted in collecting materials for the Washington monument. It is not now known how these stones were transported or where quarried.

Speaking of general appearances, it should be remarked that cities in Japan are not imposing, as pride there finds expression chiefly in the extent of territorial domain and a powerful retinue. Even the so-called "palaces" have little to distinguish them from the barracks of the common soldier, their beauty consisting rather in spacious grounds and display of horticultural taste. In fact, except among the privileged classes, ostentation might provoke jealousy and its natural consequence—confiscation, or possibly an excuse for slicing off one's head.

The dwelling-houses of Yedo will not bear a comparison with those of Osaka, the latter being for the most part two stories in height, covered with tiling, and often beautifully stained to resemble black walnut, or finished in lacker of sparkling black; whereas Yedo is essentially a city of thatched roofs, and the streets are unpaved. An estimate of the cost of ordinary dwellings in Yedo (as I have it from an English architect, the builder of the "American Hotel," there) gives 250 boos, or less than $150, as a fair average. This sum does not appear so trifling when we consider that about twenty-five cents is fair compensation for a day's labor.

Nevertheless, when we come to speak of picturesque effects, of exquisite combinations of natural scenery and horticultural embellishments, of sylvan nooks, swarded lanes, superb hedgerows, and shaded vistas, intermingled with tiny lakelets about which large wild birds are always flitting on lazy wing, or complacently viewing their own shadows as reflected on liquid emerald, or here and there little summer houses, just large enough for two, peering above the mass of verdure,—in these respects Yedo is peerless among cities of either hemisphere. But this description does not apply to the city at large, the most densely populated parts presenting to the eye, when viewed from a distance, little more than a dreary ocean of low gray roofs. Of the thirty-six square miles covered by the whole, one-third is occupied by the residences of "daimios" or temples for pagan rites, which hold exclusive possession in their respective locations.

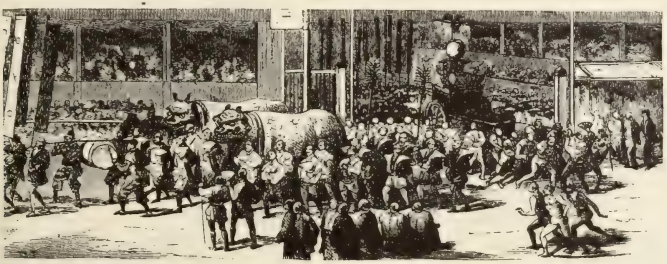
A brief descriptive reference to the most noteworthy religious temples may suffice for present purposes. The site chosen is invariably the most picturesque, often on some mountain summit, secluded by the gloom of ancient forests. The approaches are by broad paved walks, and a succession of gateways with stone images are placed on each side at irregular intervals, usually in niches cut from the natural rock—the embankments near every sacred shrine bristling with tiny paper flags on bamboo sticks, each inscribed with prayers. Ascriptions to the gods are rendered with signal fluency by twirling wooden wheels fixed to a frame-work at the roadside, so that by a single jerk the prayers attached are repeated without either waste of breath or precious time. A modern improvement might be introduced by attaching a small steam-engine.—In several instances (we have specially in mind the fine group of temples which crown the hill back of Hiogo) the final approach is made by steep

flights of stone steps, or rather successive flights, up the side of the mountains, handsome plateaux supported by massive stone abutments occurring at convenient intervals for rest. At these latter points the priests have fixed their dwellings, beneath the shadows of rocks and foliage. The temples have an imposing front, ornamented by exquisite wood carvings in the heavy timber, which, in point of execution, would bear comparison with the best specimens of Swiss art, and for elaborate designs have no equal. Figures of writhing dragons, leaping tigers, of storks and pheasants with gorgeous plumage; things supernal, terrestrial, and infernal, all are commingled in a master-piece of skill.

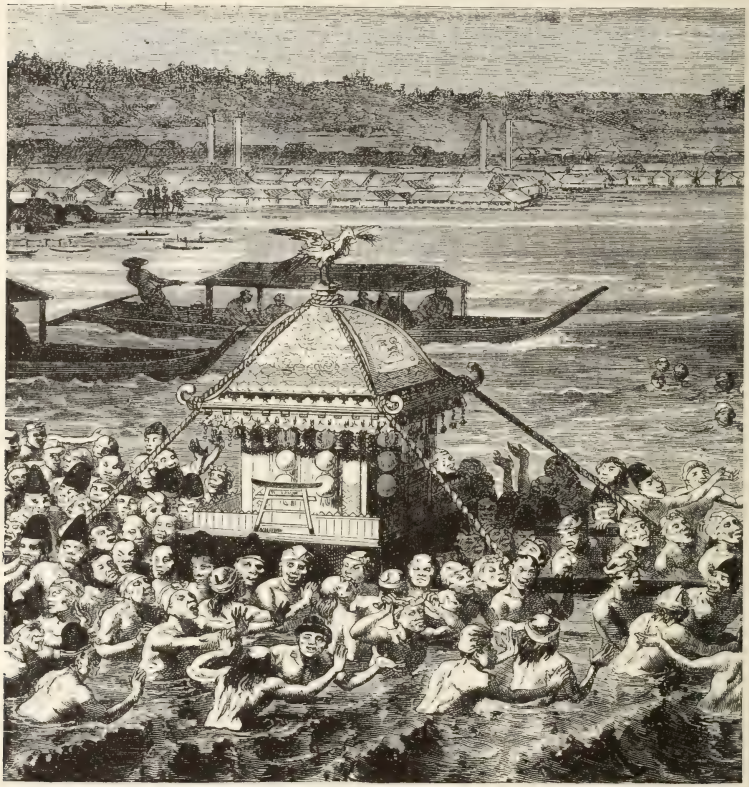
But, with all this painting of sepulchres and washing of platters, the forms of worship are simple enough; as a devout kneeling on the stairway, with spatting of hands and jerking of the cord and tassel overhead (to arouse the gods, who peradventure may be asleep), constitute the usual rites, hands and face being first cleansed at the neighboring water-tank. Our own mischievous "betto," or foot-runner attending the horses, on one occasion seized the rope irreverently, making a prodigious clatter of gongs, but his pranks were treated by the solemn "bonzes" (priests) as unworthy of notice.

For the drama the Japanese manifest much fondness, but their representations are truly formidable in length. Performances commence about the time laborers usually go to their daily toil, and continue until night. Next day the same subject is resumed, like a new chapter in a novel, so that often a week expires before the conclusion is reached. All the parts are acted by males.

The passion for festivals is insatiable, the entire population abandoning themselves to these enjoyments with a gusto of which none can have a conception who have not been present as witnesses. The canopies of scarlet and gold transported through the streets on men's shoulders are prepared with unstinted labor, and exhibit an exhaustless fertility of design. So, too, of all sorts of costumes and typical devices employed on such occasions. All ends seem to be directed to that which is humorous and grotesque. The accompanying illustrations present with fidelity scenes attending the "Matsuri of Sarroo," or New Year's festivities, in which the "Tigers of Coree" and the "Procession of the White Elephant" are conspicuous. The colossal elephant is made of pasteboard, and is moved by fun-loving fellows whose feet can be seen protruding from the legs of the artificial monster. A company of musicians lead the advance, with braying of trumpets, clash of cymbals, and flying of banners. Cultivators of the soil, who rank second only to the privileged classes, being producers, are attached to a car drawn by oxen, the king of domestic animals—the car itself surmounted by a symbol of the choicest fruits, together with the form of a demi-god, through whose instrumentality these luxuries were introduced into Japan. Six other cars are in the train, variously filled, special honors being lavished on rice (which grain constitutes the basis of currency, the price of "itziboos" varying with the abundance of the crop), and the whole are under the escort of a company of priests.



NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES.



FÊTE OF THE SEA-GOD.

In the height of the ovation a pair of terrible monsters, each with the head of a tiger and horns of a bull, appear on the scene, and from the whole performance immense funds of enjoyment are obtained. The "Fête of the Sea-God" is also graphically depicted by the artist. The beggarly fishermen are bearing the shrine of their divinity across a shallow arm of the sea, with frantic gestures and clamor. Fêtes in honor of the gods are of constant occurrence, and their observance in communities where foreigners are settled is regarded by the latter as an insufferable nuisance.

Crucifixion and burning being the penalty for incendiarism; crucifixion and spearing, by transverse thrusts, for murder; and instantaneous beheading for grand larceny and crimes of like magnitude, the Japanese may justly be said to have a bloody code. The engraving herewith represents a parricide conducted by a yaconin guard to the place of execution, called Tobi, about a mile and a half from Yokohama, on a side street diverging from the road to Yedo. An inscription, showing the nature of the crime, is carried by a banner-man in advance.

Married women, so summary is the punish-

ment for infidelity, have reason to shelter themselves from the possible imputation of faithlessness to their matrimonial engagements. There have been made public to citizens of Yokohama but two instances of adultery in several years, and in both cases (as remarked by one of the oldest mercantile residents there) the guilty parties were killed, and the husband acquitted of blame. The law demands that the husband shall kill both of the offenders, or take the chance of losing his own life at the hands of an avenger among his wife's kindred. In Yedo not long ago, as stated by the local newspapers, the beautiful wife of a painter had many lovers. At last the evidence of criminal conduct amounted to conviction in the mind of the husband; but the latter was incapable, among so many, of inflicting retributive justice upon all, and accordingly (so the account reads), one morning each guilty man found fastened to his doorway a ghastly fragment of the being he recently admired. It is added that the infuriated husband was never seen afterwards.

Much might be said of the social life of the Japanese, which, in almost every respect, is an anomaly. The further investigation is extended, the more deeply impressive are the incongruity of things, and the originality of whatever pertains to the national character. Beginning with the household—men attend to infants, while women labor in the field. Daughters are, to a great extent, a merchantable article—their value depending on the fiscal advantages which parents may derive from an alliance in matrimony. Where Europeans are best known, the highest ambition is to rear an attractive girl suited to the foreign demand, the engagement to be for a term of years, in consideration of a few hundred dollars, which, to the Japanese of the humbler grades, is equivalent to a magnificent fortune. The principal employment of these Japanese is the adorning of the "wives" hair and playing on musical instruments. They cannot be blamed for having little aptitude in the care of household furniture and other personal effects, as the native Japanese dwelling ordinarily consists of little more than bare walls; and as for wearing apparel, none could be more indifferent: when none at all best suits the temperature of the body, men and women alike divest themselves of it. On a warm day, women permit their loose wrappers to slip from the shoulder to the waist; and until they have learned something of the fastidiousness of foreigners in regard to covering the body, their exposure to observation is of the least possible concern, not being in any way associated with the conventionalisms of modern society. On a festive occasion, Japanese ladies are elaborately dressed and painted—the coiffure receiving special attention; but ordinarily they manifest, in their persons, little desire for ostentatious display.

Respecting influences at work in Japan tending to the overthrow of paganism, and to the elevation of the race in all that constitutes an enlightened people, there is strong ground for hope. The Japanese are exceedingly impressible; they acknowledge the overwhelming superiority of other powers, and seek to possess themselves of all modern acquisitions in science and mechanical appliances which may contribute to their advancement: in these respects contrasting hopefully with the stubborn self-sufficiency of their celestial neighbors.

The latest religious phase in Japan is the remarkable hostility manifested by the new government toward the sect of Buddha,



A PARRICIDE ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.

which adopts the views prevailing in India, while the old Shinto religion of the Japanese empire is espoused with a new zeal. As the former most truthfully represents the intelligence of the country, the threatened upheaval augurs nothing good, unless we detect premonitions of the coming of an enlightened Christianity, which is by no means improbable. We remember asking a prominent Japanese official (contractor for building the iron-clad Stonewall) to explain the difference between the two leading sects. "Ugh!" said he, with an expression of disgust, "the Shintos worship snakes!" Should the government persist in the course indicated, the bronze statue of Daiboots will fall under the blows of the iconoclast, and a large proportion of the temples of Japan will need another Hercules, as in the days of the Augean stable. But the ancient orders of the priesthood, the horde of hairless "bonzes," whose livings depend on the maintenance of the existing status, and who still exert a powerful influence with the masses, will yield only after a desperate struggle.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

THE STORY OF A FOURTH OF JULY.

WHENEVER one writes with photographic exactness of frontier life, he is accused of inventing improbable things.

"Old Davy Lindsley" lived in a queer cabin on the Pomme de Terre River. If you should ever ride over the new Northern Pacific when it shall be completed, or over that branch of it which crosses the Pomme de Terre, you can get out at a station which will, no doubt, be called for an old settler, Gager's station; and if you would like to see some beautiful scenery, take a canoe and float down the Pomme de Terre River. You will have to make some portages, and you will have a good appetite for supper when you reach the old Lindsley house, ten miles from Gager's, but its present owner is hospitable.

A queer old chap was Lindsley the last time I saw him. I remember how he took me all over his claim and showed me the beauties of Lindsleyville, as he called it. His long iron-gray hair fluttered in the wind, and his face seemed like a wizard's, penetrating but unearthly. That was long before the great tide of immigrants had begun to find their way into this paradise through the highway of the Sauk valley. Lindsleyville was a hundred and fifty miles out of the world at that time. Its population numbered two, Lindsley and his daughter. The old man had tried to make a fortune in many ways. There was no sort of useless invention that he had not attempted, and you will find in the Patent Office models without number of bee-hives and cannons, steam cut-offs and baby-jumpers, lightning churns and flying machines on which he had taken out patents, assured of making a fortune from each one. He had raised fancy chickens, figured himself rich on two swarms of bees, traveled with a magic lantern, written a philosophic novel, and started a newspaper. There was but one purpose in which he was fixed: which was to guard his daughter jealously. To do this and to try the experiment of building an Utopian city, he had traveled to the summit of this knoll on the right bank of the Pomme de Terre. There never was a more beautiful landscape than that which Lindsleyville commanded. But the town did not grow, chiefly because it was so far beyond the border, though the conditions in his deeds intended to secure the character of the city from deterioration were so many, that nobody would have been willing to buy the lots.

At the time I speak of, David Lindsley had dwelt on the Pomme de Terre for five years. He had removed suddenly from the Connecticut village in which he had been living because he discovered that his daughter had, in spite of his watchfulness, formed an attachment for a young man who had the effrontery to disclose the whole thing to him by politely asking his consent to their marriage.

"Marry my daughter!" choked the old

man; "why, Mr. Brown, you are crazy. I have educated her upon the combined principles of Rousseau, of Pestalozzi, of Froebel, and of Herbert Spencer. And you! you only graduated at Yale, an old fogy mediæval institution! No, sir! not till I meet a philosopher whose mind has been symmetrically developed can I consent for my Emilia to marry."

And the old man became so frantic that, to save him from the mad-house, Emilia wrote a letter, at his dictation, to young Brown, peremptorily breaking off all relations; and he, a sensitive, romantic man, was heart-broken, and left the village. He only sent a farewell to his friends the day before he was to sail from New Bedford on a whaling voyage. He carried with him the impression that an unaccountable change of mind in Emilia had left no hope for him.

To prevent a recurrence of such an untoward accident as this, and, as he expressed it, "to bring his daughter's mind into intimate relations with nature," the fanatical philosopher established the town of Lindsleyville, determined that no family in which there was a young man should settle on his town-plot, unless, indeed, the young man should prove to be the paragon he was looking for.

Emilia's motherless life had not been a cheerful one, subjected to the ever-changing whims of a visionary father, with whom one of her practical cast of mind could have no point of sympathy. And since she came to Lindsleyville it was harder than ever, for there was no neighbor nearer than Gager's ten miles away, and there was not a woman within fifty miles. There is no place so lonesome as a prairie; the horizon is so wide, and the earth is so empty!

Lindsley had spent all his own money long ago, and it was only the small annuity of his daughter, inherited from her mother's family, the capital of which was tied up to keep it out of his reach, that prevented them from starving. Emilia was starving indeed, not in body, but in soul. Cut off from human sympathy, she used to sit at the gable window of the cabin and look out over the boundless meadow, until it seemed to her that she would lose her reason. The wild geese screaming to one another overhead, the bald-eagles building in the solitary elm that grew by the river, the flocks of great white pelicans that were fishing on the beach of Swan Lake, three miles away, were all objects of envy to the lonesome heart of the girl; for they had companions of their kind,—they were husbands and wives, and parents and children, while she—here she checked her thoughts lest she should be disloyal to her father. To her disordered fancy the universe seemed to be a wheel. The sun and the stars came up and went down over the monotonous sea of grass with frightful regularity, and she could not tell whether there was a God or not. When she thought of God at all, it was as a relentless giant turning the crank that kept the sky going round. The universe was an awful machine. The prayers her mother taught her in infancy died upon her lips, and instead of praying to God she cried out to her mother. Un-protestant as the sentiment is, I cannot forbear saying that this talking to the dead is one of the most natural things in the world. To Emilia the dimly remembered love of her mother was all of tenderness there was in the universe, the only revelation of God that had come to her, except only the other love, which was to her a Paradise lost. For the great hard Fate that turned the prairie universe round with a crank motion had also, so it seemed to her, snatched away from her the object of her love. This disordered, faithless state was all the fruit she tasted of the peculiar education so much vaunted by her father. She had eaten the husks he gave her and was hungry.

I said she had no company. An old daguerreotype of her mother and a carefully hidden photograph (marked on the back in a rather immature hand: "E. Brown") seemed to answer with looks of love and sympathy when she wetted them with her tears. They were her rosary and her crucifix; they were the gifts of a beclouded life, through which God shone in dimly upon her.

This poor girl looked and longed so for the company of human kind that she counted those red-letter days on which a half-breed voyageur traveled over the trail in front of the house, and even a party of begging and

beggarly Sioux, hungry for all they could get to eat, offering importunately to sell "hompoes"—moccasins—to her father, were not wholly unwelcome. But the days of all days were those on which Edwards, the tall, long-haired American trapper, fished in the Pomme de Terre in sight of the Lindsley cabin. On such occasions the old man Lindsley would leave his work and stay about the house, and watch jealously and uneasily every movement of the trapper. On one or two occasions when that picturesque individual, wearing a wolf-skin cap, with the wolf's tail hanging down between his shoulders, presented himself at the door of the cabin to crave some little courtesy, Lindsley closed the front door and brought out the article asked for from the back, like a mediæval chieftain guarding his castle. But all the time that poor Emilia could hear the voice of the tall trapper her heart beat two beats for one. For was it not a human voice speaking her own language? And the days on which he was visible were accounted as the gates of paradise, and the moments in which he spoke in her hearing were as paradise itself.

This churlish, inhospitable manner made Lindsley many enemies in a land in which one cannot afford to have enemies. Every half-breed hunter took the old man's suspicious manner as a personal affront. "He thinks we are horse-thieves," they said, scornfully. And Jacques Bourdon, the half-breed who had "filed on" the claim alongside Lindsley's, and even claimed unjustly a "forty" of Lindsley's town-plot, had no difficulty in securing the sympathy of the settlers and nomads, who looked on Lindsley as a monster quite capable of anything. He was even reported to have beaten his daughter, and to have confined her in the wilderness that he might keep her out of an immense fortune which she had inherited. So Lindsley grew every day in disfavor in a region where unpopularity in its mildest form is sure to take a most unpleasant way of making itself known. Emilia knew enough to understand this danger, and she was shaken with a nameless fear whenever she heard the sharp words that passed between her father and Bourdon the half-breed. The resentment of the latter reached its climax when the decision of the land-office was rendered in favor of Mr. Lindsley. From that hour the revenge of this man, whose hot French was mixed with relentless Indian blood, hung over the head of the old man, who still read and wrote, and invented and theorized, in utter ignorance of any peril except the danger that some man, not a fool, should marry his daughter.

The fourth of July was celebrated at Gager's. People came from fifty miles round. Patriotism? No! But love of human fellowship. The celebrated Pierre Bottineau and the other Canadians and half-breeds were there, mellowed with drink, singing the sensual and almost lewd French rowing songs their fathers had sung on the St. Lawrence. "Whiskey Jim," the retired stage-driver, and Hans Brinkerhoff and the other German settlers, with two or three Yankees, completed the slender crowd, which comprised almost the entire population of six skeleton counties. And the ever-popular Edwards was among them, his tall, grave face and flowing ringlets rising above them all. A man so ready to serve anybody as he, was idolized among frontiermen, whose gratitude is almost equal to their revenge. Captain Oscar, the popular politician, who wore his hair long and swore and drank, just to keep in with his widely scattered constituents, whom he represented in the Minnesota Senate each winter (and who usually cast half a dozen votes apiece for him), made a buncombe speech, and then Edwards, who wouldn't drink, but who knew how to tell strange stories, kept them laughing for half an hour. Edwards was a type of man not so uncommon on the frontier as those imagine who think the trapper always a half-horse, half-alligator creature, such as they read of in the Beadle novels. I knew one trapper who was a student of numismatics, another who devoted his spare time to astronomy, and several traders and trappers who were men of considerable culture, though they are generally men who are a little morbid or eccentric in their mental structure. All Edwards' natural abilities, which were sufficient to have earned him distinction had he been "in civilization," were concentrated on the pursuits of his wild life, and such a man always surpasses the coarser

and duller Indian or half-breed in his own field.

After a game of ball, and other sports imitated from the Indians, the *bois brûlés** began to be too much softened with whiskey to keep up athletic exercises, and something in their manner led Edwards to suspect that there were other amusements on the programme into the secret of which he had not been admitted.

By adroit management he contrived to overhear part of a conversation in which "poudre à canon" was mixed up with the name of Lindsley. He inferred that the blowing up of Lindsley's house was to finish the celebration of the national holiday. Treating Bourdon to an extra glass of whiskey, and seasoning it with some well-timed denunciations of "the old monster," he gathered that the plan was to plant a keg of powder under the chimney on the north side of the cabin and blow it to pieces, just to scare the monster out, or kill him and his daughter, it did not matter which. Edwards praised the plan. He said that if it were not that he had to go to Pelican Lake that very night he would go along and help blow up the old rascal.

Soon after this he shook hands all around and wished them *bon voyage* in their trip to Lindsleyville. He winked his eyes knowingly, playing the hypocrite handsomely. Oscar and Bottineau left in different directions, the Germans had gone home drunk, and only "Whiskey Jim" joined the half-breeds in their trip. They took possession of an immigrant team that was in Gager's stable, and just after sunset started on their patriotic errand. They were going to celebrate the fourth by blowing up the tyrant.

Meantime Edwards had taken long strides, but his moccasin-clad feet were not carrying him in the direction of Pelican Lake. Half the time walking as only "the Long Trapper" could walk, half the time in a swinging trot, he made the best possible speed toward Lindsleyville. He had a start of the half-breeds, but how much he could not tell; and there was no time to be lost. At the summit of every knoll he looked back to see if they were coming, crouching in the grass lest they should discover him.

Lindsley received him suspiciously as ever, and positively refused to believe his story. But by using his telescope Edwards soon convinced him that the party were just leaving Gager's. The dusk of the evening was coming on, and Lindsley's fright was great as he realized his daughter's peril.

"I will fight them to the death," he said, getting down his revolver, with an air that would have done honor to Don Quixote.

"If you fight them and whip them, they will waylay you and kill you. But there are ten of them, and if you fight them you will be killed, and this lady will be without a protector. If you run away the house will be destroyed, and you will be killed whenever you are found. But what have you here! a magic lantern?"

The old gentleman had, before Edwards' arrival, taken down the instrument to introduce some improvement which he had just invented. When Edwards stumbled over it and called it a magic lantern he looked at him scornfully.

"A magic lantern!" he cried. "No, sir, that is a dissolving view, oxy-calcium, pantosciostereoscopticon."

"With this we must save you and your daughter from the half-breeds," said the trapper, a little impatient at this ill-timed manifestation of pedantry. "Get ready for action immediately."

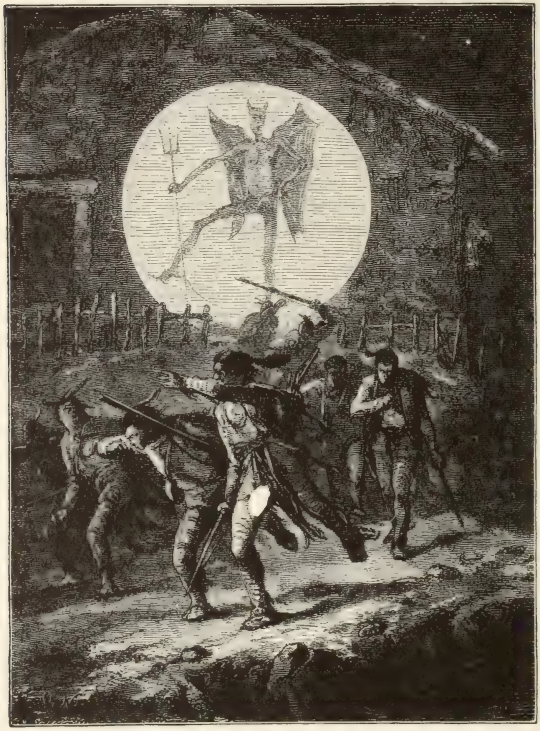
"I have no oxygen gas."

"Make it at once," said Edwards. He picked up some papers marked "Chlor. potass." and "Black oxide."

"Here is your material," he said.

"Do *you* understand chemistry?" asked Lindsley. But the trapper did not answer. He got out the retort, and in five minutes the oxygen was bubbling furiously through the wash-bottle into the India-rubber receiver. Edwards stood at the window scanning the road toward Gager's with his telescope until it grew dark, which in that latitude was at about ten o'clock. Then the magic lantern was removed to the little grass-roofed stable, in

* *Bois brûlés*, "burnt wood," is the title the half-breeds apply to themselves, in allusion to their complexion.



"LE DIABLE! LE DIABLE!"

which dwelt a solitary pony, and by Edwards' direction the focus was carefully set so that it would throw a picture against the house. Edwards selected two pictures and adjusted them for use in the two tubes.

The half-breeds were not in haste, and in all the long hour of suspense Emilia, hid in the barn with her father and young Edwards, was positively happy. For here was human companionship, and a hungry soul will gladly risk death if by that means companionship can be purchased. It did not matter either that conversation was out of the question. It is presence and not talk that makes companionship.

But hark! the *bois brûlés* are on the bank of the river below. Emilia's heart grew still as she heard them swear. Their *sacr-r-r-r-r-é* rolled like the rattle of a rattlesnake. They were coming up the hill, quarreling drunkenly about the powder. Now they were between the house and the stable, getting ready to dig a hole for the "poudre à canon."

"I'll give them fireworks!" said Edwards in a whisper.

A picture of Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of "Morning" having been previously placed in the instrument, Edwards now removed the cap, and the beautiful flying female figure, with the infant in her arms, shone out upon the side of the house with marvelous vividness.

"By thunder!" said Whiskey Jim, steadying himself, while every hair stood on end.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the *bois brûlés*, who had never seen a picture in their lives except in the cathedral of St. Boniface, at Fort Garry. "*Mon Dieu! La Sainte Vierge!*" And they fell on their knees before this apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and crossed themselves and prayed lustily.

But "Whiskey Jim" straightened himself up, and hiccoughed, and stammered "By thunder!" and added some words which, being Saxon, I will not print.

"The devil!" cried Jim, a minute later, starting down the hill at full speed, for, by Edwards' direction, the light had been shifted to the other tube in such a way as to dissolve the "Morning" into a hideous picture of the conventional horned and hoofed devil. The picture was originally meant to be comic, but it now set Jim to running for dear life.

"*Oui, c'est le diable! le diable! le diable!*"

cried the frantic *bois brûlés*, breaking off their invocations to the Virgin most abruptly, and fleeing pell-mell down the hill after Jim, falling over one another as they ran. Quick as a flash Edwards threw about him a sheet which he had ready, and pursued the fleeing Frenchmen. Jim had already seized the reins, and on the plan of "the devil take the hindmost," was driving, at a pace that would have done him credit in the Central Park, up the trail toward Gager's, leaving the half-breeds to get on as best they could. Bourdon stumbled and fell, and Edwards lavished some blows upon him that must have satisfied the *bois brûlé* that ghosts have a most solid corporeal existence.

Then Edwards returned and captured the keg of powder. He assured the Lindsleys that the superstitious half-breeds would never again venture within five miles of a house which was guarded by the Holy Virgin and the Devil in partnership. And they never did. Even the Indians were afraid to approach the place, pronouncing it "Wakan," or supernaturally inhabited. They regarded Lindsley as a "medicine-man" of great power.

But what a night that was! For Edwards stayed two hours and made the acquaintance of Lindsley and his daughter. And how he talked, while Emilia thought she had never known how heaven felt before; and the old man forgot his inventions, and did not broach more than twenty of his theories in the two hours. He was so much interested in the tall trapper that he forgot the rest. Edwards ate a supper set out by the hands of Emilia, and left at three o'clock. He was at Pelican Lake next morning, and no man suspected his share in the affair except Gager, who had sense enough to say nothing. And Emilia lay down and dreamed of angels about the house. One was like Thorwaldsen's "Morning," and the other wore long hair and beard, and was very tall!

This abortive attempt to make a sky-rocket out of Lindsley's cabin wrought only good to Emilia at first. The father was now wholly in love with the trapper. He praised him at all hours.

"He is a philosopher, my daughter. He understands chemistry. He lives in the arcana of nature and reads her secrets. No foolish study of the heathen classics; no training after mediæval fashion in one of our colleges, which are anachronisms, has perverted his taste. Here is the Emile worthy of my Emilia," he would say, much to the daughter's annoyance.

But when Edwards came the hours were golden. Hanging his wolf-skin cap behind the door, and shaking back his long locks as he took his seat, he would entrance father and daughter alike, from his entrance to his exit, with his talks of adventure. From the time of his first visit new life came to the heart of Emilia; and Mr. Lindsley, whose every whim the trapper humored, was as much fascinated as his daughter. But now commenced a fierce battle in the heart of Emilia. Edwards loved her. By all the speech that his eyes were capable of, he told her so. And by all the beating of her own heart she knew that she loved the brown-faced, long-haired trapper in return. But what about the fair-eyed student, who for very love and disappointment had gone to the Arctic Seas? He was not at hand to plead his cause, and for this very reason her conscience pleaded it for him. When her soul had fed on the words of the trapper as upon manna in the wilderness, she took up the old photograph and the eyes reproached her. She shed bitter tears of penitence upon it for her disloyalty to the storm-tossed sailor, but rejoiced again when she saw the tall figure of the trapper coming down the trail. A desolate and lonely heart cannot live forever on the memory of a dead love. And have ye not read what David did when he was an hungered? Do not therefore reproach a starving soul for partaking of this feast in the desert.

And so Emilia tried to believe that Brown was long since dead—poor fellow! She shed tears over an imaginary grave in Labrador with a great sense of comfort. She tried to think that he had long since married and forgotten her, and she endeavored to nurse some feeble pangs of jealousy toward an imaginary wife.

Now it was very improper doubtless in Brown to come to life just at this moment.

One lover too many is as destructive to the happiness of a conscientious girl as one too few. If Emilia had been trained in society, her joy at having two lovers would have had no alloy save her grief that there were not four of them. But it was one of the misfortunes of her solitary and peculiar education that she had conscience and maidenly modesty. Wherefore it was a source of bitter distress and embarrassment to her that, at the end of a long letter from a neighbor who had taken a notion after years of silence to write her all the gossip of the old village, she found these words: "Your old friend Brown did not jump into the sea at grief for his rejection, after all. He has written to somebody here that he is coming home. I believe he said that he loved you all the same as ever."

The greatest grief of Emilia was that she should have been so wicked as to be grieved. Had she not prayed all these years, when she could pray at all, for the safety of the young student? Had she not prayed against storms and icebergs? And now that he was coming her heart smote her as if he were a ghost of some one whom she had murdered! Whether she loved him, or Edwards, or anybody, indeed she could not tell. But she would do penance for her crime. And so when next she heard the quiet voice of "the long trapper," asking for her, she refused to see him, though the refusal all but killed her.

Poor Edwards! How he paced the shore of Swan Lake all that night. For when love comes into the soul of a solitary man, it has all the force that all the thousand interests of life have to one in the busy world. How terrible were the temptations that sometimes assailed the religious eremites we can never guess.

Sunset of the next day found Edwards in the Red River Valley, far on his way toward Fort Garry, bent on spending the rest of his life as a "free trader" in British America. As for Emilia, she was now in total darkness. The sun had set, and the moon had not appeared. Brown might be dead, or she might not love him, or he might never find her. And she had thrown away her paradise, and there was only blackness left.

Edwards had already come within a few miles of Georgetown, where he was to take passage in that strangest of all the craft that ever frightened away the elk, the little seven-by-nine steamer "Anson Northrup," when, as he was striding desperately along the trail, he was suddenly checked by a thought. He stood five minutes in indecision, then turned and began to walk rapidly in the opposite direction. At Breckinridge he found a stage, and getting out at Gager's, he went down the trail toward Lindsley's.

Now Davy Lindsley had been in a terrible state of ferment. When he had found the philosopher, "the uncontaminated child of nature, the self-educated combination of civilized and savage man," his daughter had perversely refused him, and the old man had taken the disappointment so to heart that he was in a state bordering on frenzy.

"Misfortune always pursues me!" he began, when he met Edwards under the hill. "Fifty times I have been near achieving some great result, and my ill luck has spoiled it all. You see me a broken-hearted man. To have allied my family with a child of nature like yourself would have given me the greatest joy. But—how shall I express my grief?" And here the old man struck a pathetically tragic attitude and drew out his handkerchief, weeping with a profound self-pity.

"Mr. Lindsley, do you know why Miss Lindsley has become so suddenly displeased with me?" asked the trapper, trembling.

"Miss Lindsley, sir, is perverse. It is the one evil trait that my enlightened system of education, drawn from Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Herbert Spencer, and combined by my own genius—it is the one evil trait that my system has failed to eradicate. She is perverse. I fear, sir, she is yet worshiping the image of a misguided youth, who, filled and puffed up with the useless learning of the schools, ventured to address her. I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Mr. Lindsley, can I see your daughter alone?"

The old man thought he could. But she was very perverse. In truth that very morning Emilia had, in a sublime spirit of self-immolation, vowed that she would love none but the long-lost lover, and that if Brown

never came back she would die heroically devoted to him, and thus she had sacrificed to her conscience and it was appeased. But right atop this vow came the request of Edwards for an interview. Was ever a girl so beset? Could she trust herself? On thinking it over she was afraid not; so that it was only by much persuasion that she was prevailed on to grant the request.

While Edwards talked she could but listen, frightened all the time at the faintness of her solemn resolution, which had seemed so irrevocable when she made it. He frankly demanded the reason for her change of conduct toward him. And she, like an honest and simple-hearted girl, told the other love story with a trembling voice, while Edwards listened with eyes down-cast.

"This was five years ago?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And the young man's name?"

"Was Edward Brown."

"Curious! I think," he said slowly, pausing as if to get breath and keep his self-control, "I think if my hair were cut off short and parted on one side, as Edward Brown wore his, instead of in the middle, and if my whiskers were shaven off, and if the tan of five years' exposure were gone from my face, and if I were five years younger, and two inches shorter, I think—" he paused here and looked at her.

"Please say the rest quickly," she said in a faint whisper. For the setting sun was streaming in at the west window upon the face of the trapper. His hair was thrown back, and he was looking in her eyes with a look she had never seen before. But he dropped his head upon his hand now and looked at the floor.

"It might be—" he spoke musingly, "it might be that Edward Brown failed to reach his ship in time at New Bedford, and changed his mind and came here, and that after Emilia came he watched this house day and night till his heart came nigh to bursting. But I was going to say," he said, rousing himself, "that in case the years and the tan and the hair could be taken off, and this trapper coat changed into one of finer cut and material, and the name reversed, that Browne Edwards the trapper would be nearer of kin than a twin-brother to Edward Brown the broken-hearted student."

What Emilia did just here I do not know, and if I did I should not tell you. To faint would have been the proper thing. But, poor girl! her education had been neglected, and I think she did not faint. When the old philosopher came in he was charmed with the situation, and that evening, when they two walked together on the bank of the Pomme de Terre, Emilia pointed to the stars and said: "Do you know that in all these years God seemed to me a cruel monster turning a crank? And to-night every star seems to be an eye through which God is looking at me as my mother used to. I feel as though God were loving me. See, the stars are laughing in my face! Now I love Him as I did my mother. And to-night I am going to read that curious story about Christ at the wedding."

For God, who is love, loves to find his way to a human heart through love. And Edwards, who had been in bitterness and rebellion during the years of his exile, listened now to the voice of love as to that of an angel whom God had sent out of heaven to bring him back home again. And love became the Revealer of God to him also.

Mr. Lindsley is an invalid now. Lindsleyville belongs to Browne Edwards and his wife. And old Davy has made a will on twenty quires of legal cap, bequeathing to his son-in-law all his right, title, and interest in certain and sundry patents on churns, cannons, bee-hives, magic lanterns, flying-machines, &c., together with some extraordinary secret discoveries. And the old gentleman is slowly dying in the full conviction that he is bequeathing the foundation of an immense fortune to his son-in-law, and more wisdom to the world than has ever been contributed to its stock by all that have gone before. And he often reminds Emilia that she has to thank him for getting so good a husband. If it hadn't been for him she might have married that sickly student.

UNDER THE ELMS.

SHALL I tell you how it is under the Elms,
This beautiful summer day?
How the trees droop over the velvet grass
Where the sunlight and shadows play?
What the flowers to the elms, and the elms to the skies,
In their own sweet voices say?

I would I might picture to you the scene
Each day on my memory penned,
That the green, and the gold, and the azure tints
A greeting soft might send,
And the rural calm to your weary heart
A soothing cheer could lend.

But a magical change has come under the Elms,
As I write at my window here;
And the sunny air, that was calm and still,
Is ringing with voices clear,
And the laughing chorus that floats to me,
Falls in melody on my ear.

There's a glancing of curls through the clustering leaves,
Of a golden and chestnut hue,
And a gleaming of eyes from the swaying grass,
That are hazel, and gray, and blue;
The asparagus bed yields a wonderful crop
Of aprons, and ribbons, too.

A tree branches out in a curious way,
With arms and ankles of snow;
And the terrace has sprouted a little frock,
Mid the clover and chickweed low;
And the candy-tuft, in a fleecy heap,
Two dimpled hands doth show.

Each branch and each leaf, every blade and flower,
Seems bright with a radiant glee,
And the merry picture of jubilant life
Is a beautiful one to see;
While the voices, rippling the quiet air,
Sing a wonderful song to me.

For again the branches seem arching high
To where the blue is spread,
And the waving spires of asparagus
Meet over my stooping head,
And the world again is a play-ground vast,
And the cares of life are fled.

The ladder that reaches the lowest branch
Seems a staircase to the sky;
My paper-dolls, locked in each other's arms,
Safe under a plantain lie;
And what if the dog before the door
Should mistake me for a fly!

O children, you have stolen my heart,
And carried my brain off, too!
And ruefully dear are your flashing eyes,
The hazel, and gray, and blue!
Give me back my senses, you little thieves,
Or I will be after you!

BACK-LOG STUDIES.

I.

THE fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England; the hearth has gone out; the family has lost its center; age ceases to be respected; sex is only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills; there is no more toast-and-cider; the young are not allowed to eat mince-pies at ten o'clock at night; half a cheese is no longer set to toast before the fire; you scarcely ever see in front of the coals a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and start, shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time; scarce are the gray-haired sires who strop their razors on the family Bible, and doze in the chimney corner. A good many things have gone out with the fire on the hearth.

I do not mean to say that public and private morality have vanished with the hearth. A good degree of purity and considerable happiness are possible with grates and blowers; it is a day of trial, when we are all passing through a fiery furnace, and very likely we shall be purified as we are dried up and wasted away. Of course the family is gone, as an institution, though there still are attempts to bring up a family round a "register." But you might just as well try to bring it up by hand, as without the rallying-point of a hearth-stone. Are there any homesteads nowadays? Do people hesitate to change houses any more than they do to change their clothes? People hire houses as they would a masquerade costume, liking, sometimes, to appear for a year in a little fictitious stone-front splendor above their means. Thus it happens that so many people live in houses that do not fit them. I should almost as soon think of wearing another person's clothes as his house; unless I could let it out and take it in until it fitted, and somehow expressed my own character and taste. But we have fallen into the days of conformity. It is no wonder that people constantly go into their neighbors' houses by mistake, just as, in spite of the Maine law, they wear away each other's hats from an evening party. It has almost come to this, that you might as well be anybody else as yourself.

Am I mistaken in supposing that this is owing to the discontinuance of big chimneys, with wide fireplaces in them? How can a person be attached to a house that has no center of attraction, no soul in it, in the visible form of a glowing fire, and a warm chimney, like the heart in the body? When you think of the old homestead, if you ever do, your thoughts go straight to the wide chimney and its burning logs. No wonder that you are ready to move from one fire-placeless house into another. But you have something just as good, you say. Yes, I have heard of it. This age, which imitates everything, even to the virtues of our ancestors, has invented a fireplace, with artificial, iron, or composition logs in it, hacked and painted, in which gas

is burned, so that it has the appearance of a wood fire. This seems to me blasphemy. Do you think a cat would lie down before it? Can you poke it? If you can't poke it, it is a fraud. To poke a wood fire is more solid enjoyment than almost anything else in the world. The crowning human virtue in a man is to let his wife poke the fire. I do not know how any virtue whatever is possible over an imitation gas log. What a sense of insincerity the family must have, if they indulge in the hypocrisy of gathering about it. With this center of untruthfulness, what must the life in the family be? Perhaps the father will be living at the rate of ten thousand a year on a salary of four thousand; perhaps the mother, more beautiful and younger than her beautified daughters, will rouge; perhaps the young ladies will make wax-work. A cynic might suggest as the motto of modern life this simple legend—"Just as good as the real." But I am not a cynic, and I hope for the rekindling of wood fires, and a return of the beautiful home light from them. If a wood fire is a luxury, it is cheaper than many in which we indulge without thought, and cheaper than the visits of a doctor, made necessary by the want of ventilation of the house. Not that I have anything against doctors; I only wish, after they have been to see us in a way that seems so friendly, they had nothing against us.

My fireplace, which is deep, and nearly three feet wide, has a broad hearth-stone in front of it, where the live coals tumble down, and a pair of gigantic brass andirons. The brasses are burnished and shine cheerfully in the fire-light, and on either side stand tall shovel and tongs, like sentries, mounted in brass. The tongs, like the two-handed sword of Bruce, cannot be wielded by puny people. We burn in it hickory wood, cut long. We like the smell of this aromatic forest timber, and its clear flame. The birch is also a sweet wood for the hearth, with a sort of spiritual flame and an even temper—no snappishness. Some prefer the elm, which holds fire so well; and I have a neighbor who uses nothing but apple-tree wood—a solid family sort of wood, fragrant also, and full of delightful suggestions. But few people can afford to burn up their fruit-trees. I should as soon think of lighting the fire with sweet-oil that comes in those graceful wicker-bound flasks from Naples, or with manuscript sermons, which, however, do not burn well, be they never so dry,—not half so well as printed editorials.

Few people know how to make a wood fire, but everybody thinks he or she does. You want, first, a large back-log, which does not rest on the andirons. This will keep your fire forward, radiate heat all day, and late in the evening fall into a ruin of glowing coals, like the last days of a good man, whose life is the richest and most beneficent at the close, when the flames of passion and the sap of youth are burned out, and there only remain the solid, bright elements of character. Then you want a fore-stick on the andirons; and upon these build the fire of lighter stuff. In this way you have at once a cheerful blaze, and the fire gradually eats into the solid mass, sinking down with increasing fervor; coals drop below, and delicate tongues of flame sport along the beautiful grain of the fore-stick. There are people who kindle a fire underneath. But these are conceited people, who are wedded to their own way. I suppose an accomplished incendiary always starts a fire in the attic, if he can. I am not an incendiary, but I hate bigotry. I don't call those incendiaries very good Christians who, when they set fire to the martyrs, touched off the fagots at the bottom, so as to make them go slow. Besides, knowledge works down easier than it does up. Education must proceed from the most enlightened down to the most ignorant strata. If you want better common schools, raise the standard of the colleges, and so on. Build your fire on top. Let your light shine. I have seen people build a fire under a balky horse; but he wouldn't go—he'd be a horse-martyr first. A fire kindled under one never did him any good. Of course you can make a fire on the hearth by kindling it underneath, but that does not make it right. I want my hearth-fire to be an emblem of the best things.

II.

It must be confessed that a wood fire needs as much tending as a pair of twins. To say

nothing of fiery projectiles sent into the room, even by the best wood, from the explosion of gases confined in its cells, the brands are continually dropping down, and coals are being scattered over the hearth. However much a careful housewife, who thinks more of neatness than enjoyment, may dislike this, it is one of the chief delights of a wood fire. I would as soon have an Englishman without side-whiskers as a fire without a big back-log; and I would rather have no fire than one that required no tending—one of dead wood that could not sing again the imprisoned songs of the forest, or give out in brilliant scintillations the sunshine it absorbed in its growth. Flame is an ethereal sprite, and the spice of danger in it gives zest to the care of the hearth-fire. Nothing is so beautiful as springing, changing flame—it was the last freak of the Gothic architecture men to represent the fronts of elaborate edifices of stone as on fire, by the kindling flamboyant devices. A fireplace is, besides, a private laboratory, where one can witness the most brilliant chemical experiments, minor conflagrations only wanting the grandeur of cities on fire. It is a vulgar notion that a fire is only for heat. A chief value of it is, however, to look at. It is a picture, framed between the jambs. You have nothing on your walls, by the best masters (the poor masters are not, however, represented), that is really so fascinating, so spiritual. Speaking like an upholsterer, it furnishes the room. And it is never twice the same. In this respect it is like the landscape view through a window, always seen in a new light, color, or condition. The fireplace is a window into the most charming world I ever had a glimpse of.

Yet direct heat is an agreeable sensation. I am not scientific enough to despise it, and have no taste for a winter residence on Mt. Washington, where the thermometer cannot be kept comfortable even by boiling. They say that they say in Boston that there is a satisfaction in being well dressed which religion cannot give. There is certainly a satisfaction in the direct radiance of a hickory fire which is not to be found in the fieriest blasts of a furnace. The hot air of a furnace is a sirocco; the heat of a wood fire is only intense sunshine, like that bottled in Lacrimæ Christi. Besides this, the eye is delighted, the sense of smell is regaled by the fragrant decomposition, and the ear is pleased with the hissing, crackling, and singing—a liberation of so many out-door noises. Some people like the sound of bubbling in a boiling pot, or the fizzing of a frying spider. But there is nothing gross in the animated crackling of sticks of wood blazing on the hearth; not even if chestnuts are roasting in the ashes. All the senses are ministered to, and the imagination is left as free as the leaping tongues of flame.

The attention which a wood fire demands is one of its best recommendations. We value little that which costs us no trouble to maintain. If we had to keep the sun kindled up and going by private corporate action, or act of Congress, and to be taxed for the support of customs officers of solar heat, we should prize it more than we do. Not that I should like to look upon the sun as a job, and have the proper regulation of its temperature get into politics, where we already have so much combustible stuff; but we take it quite too much as a matter of course, and, having it free, do not reckon it among the reasons for gratitude. Many people shut it out of their houses as if it were an enemy, watch its descent upon the carpet as if it were only a thief of color, and plant trees to shut it away from the mouldering house. All the animals know better than this, as well as the more simple races of men; the old women of the southern Italian coasts sit all day in the sun and ply the distaff, as grateful as the sociable hens on the south side of a New England barn; the slow tortoise likes to take the sun upon his sloping back, soaking in color that shall make him immortal when the imperishable part of him is cut up into shell ornaments. The capacity of a cat to absorb sunshine is only equaled by that of an Arab or an Ethiopian. They are not afraid of injuring their complexions. White must be the color of civilization; it has so many natural disadvantages. But this is politics. I was about to say that, however it may be with sunshine, one is always grateful for his wood fire, because he does not maintain it without some cost.

Yet I cannot but confess to a difference be-

tween sunlight and the light of a wood fire. The sunshine is entirely untamed. Where it rages most freely it tends to evoke the brilliancy rather than the harmonious satisfactions of nature. The monstrous growths and the flaming colors of the tropics contrast with our more subdued loveliness of foliage and bloom. The birds of the middle region dazzle with their contrasts of plumage, and their voices are for screaming rather than singing. I presume the new experiments in sound would project a macaw's voice in very tangled and inharmonious lines of light. I suspect that the fiercest sunlight puts people, as well as animals and vegetables, on extremes in all ways. A wood fire on the hearth is a kindler of the domestic virtues. It brings in cheerfulness, and a family center, and, besides, it is artistic. I should like to know if an artist could ever represent on canvas a happy family gathered round a hole in the floor called a register. Given a fireplace, and a tolerable artist could almost create a pleasant family round it. But what could he conjure out of a register? If there was any virtue among our ancestors—and they labored under a great many disadvantages, and had few of the aids which we have to excellence of life—I am convinced they drew it mostly from the fireside. If it was difficult to read the eleven commandments by the light of a pine-knot, it was not difficult to get the sweet spirit of them from the countenance of the serene mother knitting in the chimney corner.

III.

WHEN the fire is made, you want to sit in front of it and grow genial in its effulgence. I have never been upon a throne,—except in moments of a traveler's curiosity, about as long as a South American dictator remains on one,—but I have no idea that it compares, for pleasantness, with a seat before a wood fire. A whole leisure day before you, a good novel in hand, and the back-log only just beginning to kindle, with uncounted hours of comfort in it—has life anything more delicious? For "novel" you can substitute "*Calvin's Institutes*," if you wish to be virtuous as well as happy. Even Calvin would melt before a wood fire. A great snow-storm, visible on three sides of your wide-windowed room, loading the evergreens, blown in fine powder from the great chestnut-tops, piled up in ever-accumulating masses, covering the paths, the shrubbery, the hedges, drifting and clinging in fantastic deposits, deepening your sense of security, and taking away the sin of idleness by making it a necessity, this is an excellent background to your day by the fire.

To deliberately sit down in the morning to read a novel, to enjoy yourself, is this not, in New England, (I am told they don't read much in other parts of the country), the sin of sins? Have you any right to read, especially novels, until you have exhausted the best part of the day in some employment that is called practical? Have you any right to enjoy yourself at all until the fag end of the day, when you are tired and incapable of enjoying yourself? I am aware that this is the practice, if not the theory, of our society—to postpone the delights of social intercourse until after dark, and rather late at night, when body and mind are both weary with the exertions of business, and when we can give to what is the most delightful and profitable thing in life, social and intellectual society, only the weariness of dull brains and over-tired muscles. No wonder we take our amusements sadly, and that so many people find dinners heavy and parties stupid. Our economy leaves no place for amusements; we merely add them to the burden of a life already full. The world is still a little off the track as to what is really useful.

I confess that the morning is a very good time to read a novel, or anything else which is good, and requires a fresh mind; and I take it that nothing is worth reading that does not require an alert mind. I suppose it is necessary that business should be transacted; though the amount of business that does not contribute to anybody's comfort or improvement suggests the query whether it is not overdone. I know that unremitting attention to business is the price of success, but I don't know what success is. There is a man, whom we all know, who built a house that cost a quarter of a million of dollars, and furnished it for another like sum, who does not know anything more about architecture, or painting, or books, or history,

than he cares for the rights of those who have not so much money as he has. I heard him once, in a foreign gallery, say to his wife, as they stood in front of a famous picture by Rubens: — "That is the Rape of the Sardines!" What a cheerful world it would be if everybody was as successful as that man! While I am reading my book by the fire, and taking an active part in important transactions that may be a good deal better than real, let me be thankful that a good many men are profitably employed in offices and bureaus and country stores in keeping up the gossip and endless exchange of opinions among mankind, so much of which is made to appear to the women at home as "business." I find that there is a sort of busy idleness among men in this world that is not held in disrepute. When the time comes that I have to prove my right to vote, with women, I trust that it will be remembered in my favor that I made this admission. If it is true, as a witty conservative once said to me, that we never shall have peace in this country until we elect a colored woman president, I desire to be *rectus in curia* early.

IV.

THE fireplace, as we said, is a window through which we look out upon other scenes. We like to read of the small, bare room, with cobwebbed ceiling and narrow window, in which the poor child of genius sits with his magical poem, the master of a realm of beauty and enchantment. I think the open fire does not kindle the imagination so much as it awakens the memory; one sees the past in its crumbling embers and ashy grayness, rather than the future. People become reminiscent and even sentimental in front of it. They used to become something else in those good old days when it was thought best to heat the poker red hot before plunging it into the mugs of flip. This heating of the poker has been disapproved of late years, but I do not know on what grounds; if one is to drink bitters and gins and the like, such as I understand as good people as clergymen and women take in private, and by advice, I do not know why one should not make them palatable and heat them with his own poker. Cold whiskey out of a bottle, taken as a prescription six times a day on the sly, isn't my idea of virtue any more than the social ancestral glass, sizzing wickedly with the hot iron. Names are so confusing in this world; but things are apt to remain pretty much the same, whatever we call them.

Perhaps as you look into the fireplace it widens and grows deep and cavernous. The back and the jams are built up of great stones, not always smoothly laid, with jutting ledges upon which ashes are apt to lie. The hearthstone is an enormous block of trap rock, with a surface not perfectly even, but a capital place to crack butternuts on. Over the fire swings an iron crane, with a row of pothooks of all lengths hanging from it. It swings out when the housewife wants to hang on the tea-kettle, and it is strong enough to support a row of pots, or a mammoth caldron kettle on occasion. What a jolly sight is this fireplace when the pots and kettles in a row are all boiling and bubbling over the flame, and a roasting-spit is turning in front! It makes a person as hungry as one of Scott's novels. But the brilliant sight is in the frosty morning, about daylight, when the fire is made. The coals are raked open, the split sticks are piled up in open work criss-crossing, as high as the crane; and when the flame catches hold and roars up through the interstices, it is like an out-of-door bonfire. Wood enough is consumed in that morning sacrifice to cook the food of a Parisian family for a year. How it roars up the wide chimney, sending into the air the signal smoke and sparks which announce to the farming neighbors another day cheerfully begun! The sleepiest boy in the world would get up in his red flannel nightgown to see such a fire lighted, even if he dropped to sleep again in his chair before the ruddy blaze. Then it is that the house, which has shrunk and creaked all night in the pinching cold of winter, begins to glow again and come to life. The thick frost melts little by little on the small window-panes, and it is seen that the gray dawn is breaking over the leagues of pallid snow. It is time to blow out the candle, which has lost all its cheerfulness in the light of day. The morning romance is over; the family is astir; and member after member appears with the morning yawn, to stand before the crackling fierce

conflagration. The daily round begins. The most hateful employment ever invented for mortal man presents itself; the "chores" are to be done. The boy who expects every morning to open into a new world, finds that to-day is like yesterday, but he believes to-morrow will be different. And yet enough for him, for the day, is the wading in the snow-drifts, or the sliding on the diamond-sparkling crust. Happy, too, is he, when the storm rages and the snow is piled high against the windows, if he can sit in the warm chimney-corner and read about Burgoyne, and Gen. Fraser, and Miss McCrea, mid-winter marches through the wilderness, surprises of wigwams, and the stirring ballad, say, of the Battle of the Kegs :—

> "Come, gallants, attend and list a friend
> Thrill forth harmonious ditty;
> While I shall tell what late befell
> At Philadelphia city."

I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house—rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars—did not aspire to. "John," says the mother, "you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat." But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. "Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood." How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all.

The fire rests upon the broad hearth; the hearth rests upon a great substruction of stone, and the substruction rests upon the cellar. What supports the cellar I never knew, but the cellar supports the family. The cellar is the foundation of domestic comfort. Into its dark, cavernous recesses the child's imagination fearfully goes. Bogies guard the bins of choicest apples. I know not what comical sprites sit astride the cider-barrels ranged along the walls. The feeble flicker of the tallow-candle does not at all dispel, but creates illusions, and magnifies all the rich possibilities of this underground treasure-house. When the cellar-door is opened and the boy begins to descend into the thick darkness, it is always with a heart-beat as of one started upon some adventure. Who can forget the smell that comes through the opened door;—a mingling of fresh earth, fruit exhaling delicious aroma, kitchen vegetables, the mouldy odor of barrels, a sort of ancestral air,—as if a door had been opened into an old romance. Do you like it? Not much. But then I would not exchange the remembrance of it for a good many odors and perfumes that I do like.

It is time to punch the back-log and put on a new fore-stick.

FREE-TRADE AND PROTECTION.

Legislations for the public wealth commonly begin at protection, which is a kind of first thought in states and statesmanship. With as much of enthusiasm as even Henry Clay could inspire in a young brain made for him and the tariff, I at least began there. Perhaps I would not have advocated the old English statute requiring the burying of the dead in woolen, as a way of fostering the woolen manufacture. Perhaps I would not have encouraged the manufacture of silks and cottons, by offering bounties on their exportation. But I had no doubt of the wisdom of laying on duties, to increase by so much the prices of articles bought, in a way of promoting their production at home. Shall we not be creating thus, by our own industry, the same articles, making just so much of gain in the total of our wealth? Shall we not also keep the gold at home, and the balance of trade in our favor? No matter if the industries now spent on the new manufacture have before been making other products to sell, that were buying abroad twice as many of the goods now manufactured; industries have no value and might as well be expended as not.

In this rather cheap-looking philosophy, young blood made up in heat what was wanting in argument, and the debate went on, by speech and pen, in stage-coach, and club,

and society, till the heat began to go down and consideration to rise. It was as if an Adam Smith were born inside of the "first-thought" philosophy, beginning there to muster the laws of trade, and even to meditate a show of science. Is there anything plainer, the said Smith would be asking, than that it is bad economy not to obtain everything as and where it can be obtained cheapest? And if we can buy abroad cheaper than we can make at home by our own immediate industry, what are we doing when we undertake, in this manner, to produce for ourselves, but using our industry at a disadvantage? For if we can buy the articles wanted abroad cheaper than we can make them, our industry has, by supposition, gotten something else wherewith to make the payment, with a good percentage over. And if it is objected, that so we lose the whole given quantity of money from the total of the public wealth, does it make that total smaller to send out a million of dollars in money and receive back two millions in goods; when the one million sent out, gotten by our industry, buys for us what would cost just twice the amount of industry at home? What producer could ever think it wise to produce in the least productive way, and at the greatest cost? Thus, if we can barter abroad one barrel of flour for two yards of cloth, shall we make the cloth at home at such disadvantage that the barrel will pay for but a single yard? Had we not better put more hands to making flour and fewer to making cloth, instead of the contrary?

Balked at every turn by such kind of intractable suggestions, what wonder is it that the Young Protectionist philosopher begins at length to feel that he is debating himself out of his arguments, and is going clean over, in spite of himself, to be swayed by another set of convictions. He resolves, accordingly, that a little farther onward, he will graduate into something better. It is done; and he is henceforth to have just as much less respect for the first thought way of protection, as he values more his escape from it. Having now implicit faith in the science, he writes free-trade, not only as the supreme fact of statesmanship, but as the moral law of all commerce, and almost of religious liberty and communion. He has come now to the end where he may rest. No change of color, he is sure, in the subject, and no riper stage of thought can open still another chapter, requiring still another transition to reach it.

Let us see, as I shortly was compelled to see. Nothing is wanted but a bare suggestion of the fact, which by and by arises, that the issue joined between Free-Trade and Protection is, for the most part, fictitious; and he sees it as plainly as need be. Where the controlling reasons of legislation are only reasons of profit and loss, as in trade, the issue joined is a good one, and beyond a question is decided rightly. This, says Protection, is the way of profit, or increased wealth—make what you can and save your money. Free-Trade replies, Make what you can make cheapest, buy where you can buy cheapest; take the law of best advantage—best that is in trade—and abide by it as by the laws of astronomy.

Well, then, it did, after a long time, come to me to ask, Is there nothing in the world but trade? Is good bargaining the total concern of states and statesmanship? We spend money for education, and what does it buy? Intelligence, some may answer; but that is only a figure of speech, we really buy nothing. The money is sunk, and intelligence is left; there is no trade in the matter, and no trade value concerned. We go to war for our liberties and the integrity of our institutions, expending moneys without count and industries without measure. Do we this in trade? None of us will have any such thought. We sink so much of money wealth, and expect to have, in place of it, a weal immeasurable that is no money weal at all. So, also, we build, we beautify, we fortify; and here again we sink the money weal for what has no trade value. Besides, we want a name, and, what is more, that invisible, intangible, inappreciable thing called honor. We can go a long way round and spend much for it, but we cannot buy it; trade brings no such commodity. Public security again, the security of law and liberty, that which anchors permanence and order, is there any losing trade we would not make to keep it, any sale of it that we would make for the total riches of the globe?

How then is it that free-trade science is going, as we hear, to settle peremptorily all

the great questions of public economy? For if we set ourselves down to it as the test of economy, and say it is final, is there nothing to be done or thought of in the world, we are by and by obliged to ask, that is out of economy and rightly spurns it? May not the worst economy sometimes be the best? To be fostering modes of production, where the trade-scale balance shows only disadvantage, wears a bad look certainly, as respects the matter of economy. But how many and vast supplies are wanted, that must not be left to the uncertainties of trade; where to higgle over the expense would be even a contemptible weakness. This is true in particular of all the supplies that are needed for the equipment of the state of public war. Without these no people is a proper nation, or at least by any possibility a strong one. Therefore these we must not only have, but must have the way of making, ourselves, at any cost.

Led along in this transitional way, am I any the less sure of the free-trade doctrine that I see it so often passing clean out of range, and leaving so many questions undecided. It seems, in one view, and will by and by more largely appear, to settle nothing. It is good against protection, as propounded in terms of direct profit; but protection is at liberty still to invoke public help on other grounds, where the computation of trade-profit shows a disadvantage. There is still a vast realm of interests, wants, and public considerations that so far overtop all trade-profit issues as to even sink them out of sight. Instead, therefore, of going bravely on, as I at first expected, to settle everything by the science, I saw it drifted quite away and stranded, as it were, on a side shore, which the currents of legislation scarcely touch. And yet, in still another view, the currents of the world are in it. It ennobles commerce and the nation by inducing a more fit conception of the communion of the sea. It justifies commerce by revealing the beneficent law in which all peoples and climes are made complementary to each other. It makes the trade of the world a law of good neighborhood for the world, showing the peoples all working for each other, and forbidding them, by mutual jealousies and mutual plunder, to make hostility, injustice, and poverty their common lot. Nay, it even organizes a kind of neutral beneficence, that answers some of the conditions of brotherhood, and offers a good analogy to interpret the highest and most holy.

Under these mental transitions, which almost any mind working in fair intention is likely to pass, it comes, at last, to be concluded, that protection, thrown out in its first argument, the argument of profit, has a large field yet to be occupied; and that free-trade, gaining the same argument, gains it only for such field as the argument of trade profit covers. The practical questions remain, for the most part, still to be decided by other and different considerations. All the greater pity it is that so many politicians, and so many presses, still keep on tugging at their old war, and badgering each other in their old arguments, as if the particular measures of tariff adjustment contended for could be tested, or very much affected any way by such arguments. We have the fanatics of protection citing still their figures on one side, and fanatics of the free-trade lifting their unmeaning flag of revenue reform on the other—the latter a little more violent of the two, because they have so much science to boast that nobody regards because it has no application—not perceiving, as they ought, on both sides, that revenue is supreme just now over both, and the question of protection, or no protection, none but a matter of subordinate consequence.

Conceding now, or even holding scientifically, the real disadvantages of protection, under the laws of trade and tested by the rules of commercial profit, it by no means follows that the question of protection is ended. It may still be soundly justified under conditions of loss. When the advocates of protection claim it as a matter of clear advantage, and make no concession of cost or loss in the transaction, their argument is so far false, and has even a look of nonsense beside. Only a little better is the reply of the free-trade advocates, when they deny the possible right of protection because it involves a loss. Let us glance along over this field and note some of the cases where protection

is vindicated, though the disadvantage, as in trade, is conceded.

1. When it is incidental as regards duties imposed for revenue. Every nation must have revenue to meet its expenditures, and sometimes large revenue. It could be raised by direct taxation. But that is a method inconvenient and unpopular, and one that will, in fact, be avoided where it can be. If raised by imposing duties, the prices of the articles thus levied on will be correspondently increased, and these additions of price will be so much of encouragement given to their production. And it will be no violation of the free-trade doctrine if the duties are not laid equally *pro rata*, but in a way to fall most heavily on luxuries, and most encourage the industries of production. And so deep in the terms of reason, so closely bound up with beneficence, is this way of distinction, that it has been universally assented to by our statesmen, and been formally voted by our popular conventions of all parties for the last twenty-five years. It comes back in almost the same terms, repeating the same jingle of words, till we even know what is coming before it is said. So far the right of protection is granted when it is in fact made up only by contributions of loss; that is, by taxation.

2. When the duties to be laid are like to be only a temporary loss. The proposition is, or may be, to raise the price of a manufactured article for a time, in the expectation that advances in skill, and machinery, and a more secure place in the market—where conspiracies abroad cannot break in to crush out the capital invested—will by and by, or perhaps in a very short time, afford us the same articles at prices largely reduced. Even Adam Smith saw this; conceding that "a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and, after a certain time, may be made at home as cheap, or cheaper, than in the foreign country." (Wealth of Nations, vol. i., p. 448.) And what have we ourselves discovered, in hundreds of instances, but exactly this, that the losses or taxation prices we expected did not come, but that the articles protected have been cheapened, some of them, too, from the very first. Who could have imagined that our rough-handed, half-trained mechanics would be able to hold successful competition with the skilled workmen of Europe in the manufacture of an article as delicate as the watch? And yet we are getting our watches now at scarcely more than half the former price, and are even selling watches at a profit in the open market of the world. We consented to make a loss, but the gain came along too soon to let us distinctly see it.

3. When it may be justified as a retaliatory, measure. When some other nation shuts out our products by protective or prohibitory duties, we may properly enough shut away theirs. Or if they compel our goods to come in their bottoms, we may compel theirs to come in ours. Only we must understand that our measure is a war measure, making all cost and no gain, save as we may hope to compel the abandonment of their exclusive policy and conquer thus a more free market. In this case we are in fact fighting for free-trade by protection.

Sometimes a foreign nation may conspire with its own producers to break down our market, or our home production for it, by giving a temporary bonus for the exportation of given articles. Then, to save our own investments, we may lay duties exactly equal to their bonus, and get the very state of free-trade by doing it; when, of course, the rewards they give as prizes are contributed by them to our taxes.

At the same time it is no proper matter of retaliation, or counter-legislation, that another people are able to produce at a cheaper rate than we. No matter what the cause may be, the fact is only to our advantage. If they do it by the help of cheap labor, happy are we that we have dear labor. If they have a better soil, or a softer climate, do they not have them for us? It may be that they do it by means of a lottery; no matter for that, if we get the prizes.

4. When the munitions of war and equipments for it require to be thus provided. The great mind of Washington was not too slow to make this discovery. And what did we also discover in our war of 1812, but that we had nothing to equip the war? Having no woolen manufacture, we could

not clothe our soldiers; we could not even make a blanket. We had been free-traders, buying all such things because we could buy them cheaper; but we now discovered, how soon, that we might better have been making blankets at double the cost for the last fifty years. The same was true of saltpetre for gunpowder; of guns, and cannon, and swords; and iron and steel out of which to make them. A nation that is to be a power must have at least a sufficient supply of iron made at home, no matter what the cost, to arm itself for war. We began also to make the discovery, shortly, that the very insignificant article of salt, coming in short supply, was nearly a dead necessity—one of the munitions of war—and that manufacturing it for ourselves at double the cost would have been a true advantage.

5. When the saving of investments already made demands it. Thus we had large investments of capital made in New England during the war of 1812, into which we were drawn to supply the urgent demand of the time; the faith of the government being naturally assumed to repay the service rendered, by such adequate protection afterwards as might be necessary. From being a trading people we were converted thus to being partly a manufacturing people; so that, when the war was over, we found ourselves converted also from being a free-trade into a protectionist people; for the change was made necessary to save our investments. Whereupon we met on all sides the taunt of inconsistency; asking what had become of our free-trade arguments; had we not set ourselves against protection, and what has turned us now to this new advocacy but the main-chance argument of selfishness that is always first with us? As if it were possible for a wise nation to let large properties perish, for any small percentage of protection; above all for a just nation, saved in its dark day by volunteer advances of capital to refuse the care of it, and make answer only by a taunt upon the consistency that asks that care! Or, taking a different example, we are supposed to be just about abolishing the present small duty of nine cents a bushel on salt. Assuming that the current price of salt will be reduced by only one half the duty, that is, by four and a half cents a bushel, then, for that very small advantage, we consent to let our many millions of investment in salt manufacture take their chance, and, it may be, totally perish. Perhaps they will not; I only chance to know that they are running on a very small margin of profit. But if they should, and we should find ourselves at war with England some five years hence, and our supplies by sea cut off, what could we do but make all our investments over again; for salt is as much a necessity of war as gunpowder. Our petty saving turns out thus possibly to be a very absurd way of economy. We had better pay ten cents more a bushel on salt to the end of the world than to encounter any such risk.

6. Protection, though it be a losing bargain, as in trade, is generally necessary in states that are young, in order to their full organized development. We were a young nation in the war of 1812, and we very soon discovered, in facts already referred to, the lowness of our organization, and the very incomplete scope of our industrial equipments. Our products were not various enough to make us a complete nation. It is often urged as the special advantage of young nations, that they can have the benefits of free-trade, without trouble from the shock that must be given to old artificial investments; but we had another kind of shock to bear that was far more perilous, from the scant equipment in which our previous free-trade practice had left us. Perhaps we were gaining in wealth by such trade, but we were miserably unprepared by it for the stress of our great public trial.

There must also be a large variety in products and trades, or modes of industry, to raise complexities enough for allowing the full sense of society. A people must have manifold relationships to feel each other as parts in a common unity. If they have only a few trades and occupations, as most young peoples have, they cannot have public consciousness enough to give them a history—any more than a body can be fully conscious that is only, or all, leg. They are like the wholly pastoral race of Tartars, roaming over their wastes, living every man by what feeds every other's life; organized, therefore, if at all, in

but the faintest manner, and scarcely conscious of being at all national. A colony, beginning to be a state or nation, may have been living almost wholly by a single article of production, because it has brought the readiest and the largest profit—be it cattle, or corn, or cotton. They ought, of course, on free-trade principles, to continue. Which, if they do, they will inevitably make sure of their insignificance. Such a people are only doubles or repetitions of each other—too much alike, too little complementary one to another, to have any real interpenetration, such as makes a conscious whole. They can have no public will, or sentiment, or cause, or counsel. Their interest is too completely identical to make even their agreement significant. Instead of being a body kept in force by an immense, almost infinite interplay of nerves, ducts, tissues, secretions, excretions, yielding new muscle and bone, oils, lubrications, sanitary self-medications—every organ necessary somehow to every other, and all necessary to all—instead of being thus a body, they are one that has only the bone-making function, or that has a huge overgrown liver organ, packing it full, and pumping its one deluge of bile into the eyes, the skin, the brain, supplying never what is wanted, but only more of what is not wanted, and organizing really nothing. Hence the immense interest a young State may have, in even making heavy loss from its wealth, to stimulate, in disregard of all free-trade maxims, such trades and ways of skilled production as will yield the needed variety. Otherwise their one art or production leaves them only a guild and not a nation. And guilds are the weakest of all organizations, save as they are sprinkled in among other guilds and get strength from the reactions and counteractions of other dissimilarities. Thus a one-guild nation may seem to be high and strong enough to make brave stand for their one thing, but when they are put to some long struggle, as nations are in their wars, the one-thing fire, be it for cotton or anything else, is too flashy to hold; whereas the organization framed by diversities and reciprocities, stands fast in the interlock of functions that make common cause, being components together in a full endowed body.

In this complexity of organization, too, we have the possibilty of great sentiments and a great public love, without which no people is either strong or great. Dovetailed in unity by their manifold arts and industries, their sense of country, cause, name, and profoundly conjoined interest, prepare them for a great historic consciousness. We have many fine things to say of grit, mettle, dash, and I know not what other brave incidents that carry applause, but, after all, the best and grandest way of spirit belongs to that complete organization that is, at once, the possibility of great sentiments, and is itself vitalized in the same. And it must be a very niggard statesmanship that goes after free-trade, caring only to buy at the cheapest rate and forswearing the honor that belongs to a truly great people, because it must be gotten at too great cost.

And we must not forget to notice here how many greater things than wealth, and more to be desired, there are—nay, more to be desired, in the long run, for the sake of wealth itself, if that were any fit motive. Strictly speaking, there is no money value in anything but money; and yet whatever good comes round, after many turns, to yield money, has, in some sense, that kind of value. Works of art, going into the souls of a people, kindle sentiments in them, by which all their powers are stocked with beauty, and made fruitful; and so come, at last, to be worth more, even money-wise, than placers of gold. A great poet is worth more, in the computations of public wealth, than any largest millionaire; for if he may yield but a single short lyric that has the force to kindle a nation's feeling, and becomes its national hymn, he brings in a vaster wealth than whole convoys of ships laden with the riches of the world. In it, he buys courage, enthusiasm, constancy, victory, all that conserves the order, knits the strength, concentrates the love of the State—what no largest largesses in gold can either buy or outweigh. And if this should seem to be a mere appeal to fancy, let some State, especially one that is young, lay itself into the work of universal education, making vast expenditures for it—all dead consumption by the free-trade law—what will be seen, a quarter-century or half-century after, but that it has made every man

of its people now two men, by the intelligence put into him, every soldier two soldiers, every army two armies, doubling all its works, engines, possibilities, and magnitudes of history. That people ought now to sell for as much more, if we can speak of that, as they are worth more to themselves—but no matter if they would not. Enough to see, as we certainly may, that statesmanship is not used up under any mere question of wealth and trade, by whatever name it may be called. Indisputable as I think the free-trade science certainly is, in its own small field, it is not everything, nor the test of everything. It simply shows what the law of money-profit and loss may be, as in trade, and so far it settles one of the great questions important to be settled, and always had in view. One, but not all. True statesmanship will make loss, without scruple, for ends that require it, and some of these will even be the highest and most valued. A thousand things that cost money and will pay it back never, save as it is merged and lost sight of in long circuits of causation, he will bravely counsel and decisively execute; and what forbids, if it be so, that he should often make large cost in the protection of industries that are not profitable, save as they add variety, and beget the much needed sentiments of confidence, and fires of public devotion. Any more absolute use of the free-trade principle, admitting the soundness of it, is even unintelligent.

Free-trade, as we have now seen, settles nothing as regards the matter of protection, save the unprofitableness, or bad economy of it; and then the further question may follow whether, on one account or another, the nation had best sacrifice somewhat of economy or profit, with a view to ultimate results of higher consequence. Of this I think we can no longer doubt. It must be done where protection is necessary to the full martial equipment of the state, within itself and out of its own products; and it should be done where the varieties of industry and production are too few to generate those complementary functions which are necessary to a full organization—as will very commonly be true in a young nation just emerging from its colonial or emigration state. This was our condition at the beginning of the present century, but now we can hardly be called a young nation longer. We have our varieties of production now made up, and are so far advanced in this way that we have already taken our place with the oldest nations of the world. It is no longer required of us, therefore, to be nursing new industries artificially, to any great extent. The arguments for protection are now mostly gone by. We are getting our revenue also by a levy on importations, which operates of itself a kind of universal protection, and about as much of it in degree as can be any way desirable. The questions we have now on hand, therefore, relate mainly to the discriminations to be made, or not made, in favor of certain specified industries. It results, in this manner, that we are not debating at all the original question between free-trade and protection, but only the particular rates and degrees of protection—how much on this? how much on that? In this mill the lobby forces at the Capitol are all the while grinding, to work out a better per cent. for this or that product. They log-roll, as it is called, in combinations of causes or even of party forces; they work by pledges of political rewards; they find how sometimes it is charged to administer a fee. They grab at every most ill-proportioned largess the chances give them, or the twist of political extortion allows them to get.

Commonly, the struggle now is not so much between free-trade and production, as between protections—between the wool-growing interest, for example, and the wool-manufacturing, which are making both demands exactly opposite. In the case of iron the contest is threefold, one party demanding the protection of the iron manufacture by a raising of the prices; a second demanding a reduction of the price in favor of the ship-building interest; a third demanding the right to buy foreign-built ships because it is cheaper than to build. Even the coal trade puts the party vote of Pennsylvania over against all the arts, and steam-working engines of land and sea, and makes out what is called a case for protection; standing meanwhile on beds of deposit that are only too cheaply mined to yield good prices, without adding in what the tricks of anarchy may cost.

It is not to be denied in this view, that protective imposts, in so many forms, complicate the difficulties and exasperate the conflicts of legislation; and it is even a fair ground of objection to all attempts at protection, that they involve this necessary mischief.

The proposition is, it may be said always, that the government shall sit as for the distribution of patronage among its pensioners—or, in our case, to bestow largesses and pay back rewards, for the votes that have earned so much of prize-money represented in them. And yet there is nothing in the particular case of protection, which is not encountered in every other matter of personal advantage. The rampages of greediness are quite as violent, and the rushes of clamor not a whit less boisterous in the distributions of public office. The great government contracts offered are sought by what arts of intrigue and public bribery. Must we, therefore, have no offices and contracts? or shall we consent to have them and, if possible, have them awarded fairly, as may best promote the public good? No government can ask to be clear of such annoyances; for it has to do, at all points, with the greediness of men, and is ordained partly for that purpose. So in this matter of protection, violations of truth, and justice, and even decency, must be taken as they rise, and be handled as they best can be. Could every claim of protection be grounded in right and prosecuted in good behavior, it would certainly be more agreeable, and the task of protective legislation would be delivered of many difficulties and discomforts. But if it cannot be so, then the law-makers must be only more careful not to be overborne, or deceived, and must carry their hand firmly enough to enforce the conviction that only truth and good manners can have any hope of success. The rapacity of the game may in this way be reduced, or very effectually quelled.

On the whole, it may be seen and should be distinctly noted, that the question of protection, as it now stands before our Congress, is at just the point where it must have arrived under free-trade philosophy itself. The legislator under this philosophy must sometimes forswear economy and break loose from all the laws of trade. He must study organization, sentiment, intelligence, and sometimes complementary functions, and varieties of art, as if he were himself the devotee of protection. But if he is a man of one idea so completely as to think that, running up the free-trade flag and marching under it, he has gotten by all these other cares and questions, he is more of a bigot than a statesman, and is far as possible from being a properly qualified law-giver. There ought to be no rational man who denies the free-trade argument; but there is ample room after that for inquiring when it is applicable, as also when it is not. In protection there is no science, but there may be sense; and should be sense enough to see that extravagant helps are the most fatal of hindrances.

It is often assumed that free-trade has a great moral significance. Perhaps it has when another world is ready for it. Getting rid of war and the perils that require munitions of war: getting our nationalities duly unfolded by varieties of production and a complete education; all public debts also liquidated and put out of the way; then free-trade and the liberties of the sea universally acknowledged, will undoubtedly do much to morally ennoble the world. And yet what is wanted now, is not so much to be farther amused by these pictures of ultimate benefit, as to have the science unfolded in a way to justify measures transcending mere issues of trade and to give it the place which belongs to it in a genuine statesmanship.

A FÊTE-DAY AT MALMAISON.

It seems to be one of the inconsistencies or coquetries of human nature to cling to that which is "ready to vanish away;" and so now we cling to Paris, those of us who are so fortunate as to have seen her in the full flower of her magnificence. We feel that we did not admire her half enough; we linger wistfully in her boulevards, and parks, and gardens, and around her grand columns, now falling to dust; but nowhere, perhaps, more regretfully than in the shady walks and echoing rooms of Malmaison.

Paris stretches her finger-tips far into the outlying country, and every town and village responds to her heart-thrills. Malmaison sprang up at the touch of her glory and splendor, and why should it not be desolated in these days of her eclipse? At all events, it seems fitting, with a sort of melancholy logic, that Paris herself should deal the death-blow.

But how brilliant, and without omen of disaster, it all was on that soft May morning, with its puzzling promises of rain and shine, when we drove to the Western Station and bought our tickets for the little town of Rueil.

The lights and shadows were playing chase with the children under the pleasant conventional shades of the gardens of the Tuileries. A morning shimmer trembled on the obelisk and fountains and great rampant horses of the Place de la Concorde, across the long bridge, and up the Champs Elysées, with their sunny paths, and tufts of green, and tinted mist of early buds and spray of fountains,—away to the great Arch around its circle of far sky. The stream of gay, restless life had begun to pour down the Boulevards, where the windows already shone with jewels and silks and a thousand fascinations, and the restaurants stood with open doors, giving the most appetizing glimpses of their cosiness of little tables, with snowy cloths and tempting breakfast.

All was sparkling, festival-like,—no squalor, no apparent discontent, not a minor tone anywhere. Such disagreeable, unpopular things were not allowed in Paris. They were forced back into the hidden places, into dark, hopeless hearts; but they have spoken since, and even then they did make a sound in the air. Listening attently, one had a sense of hollowness, of ghastly unreality sometimes, under all the plausible, beautiful surface; a sort of half fancy of a sound of doom, under the roar of equipage and tumultuous life. It was difficult for a New Englander to find exactly the right anodyne for the moral sense in this bewildering Paris. It pressed just enough to make it very refreshing at times to find one's self out in the pretty country, a little prim, perhaps, but with the ever sweet and fresh touch of nature upon it, so healing, so true, even in artificial France. So it was not in the least desolate to glide along in our comfortable railway carriage, away from all the splendor, through the scattering suburbs and lingering trail of houses, out into more open spaces, never empty of human life and dwellings, to be sure, as in this country, but still rural, and now just flushing up in their Spring beauty of green and blossom.

We found the station of Rueil to be some little way from the town; but as there was only a rather unattractive omnibus for conveyance, and the distance was not great, we decided to walk through the lane connecting the station with the town,—no bowered English lane, but a French *ruelle*, thinly shaded and straight, yet with a straggling air, in spite of its straightness. So we felt no very poignant regrets when we came to the end of our road, and to the entrance of the quaint little paved square or market-place. Across this lay the way to Malmaison; and if now we had gone right on without pause, we should have taken our guide, gone through Malmaison as a sort of duty-work, consulting the instructive Murray to find out what emotions it was proper to have; and should probably have ended by not having any, but have been as devoid of feeling as we often were, just when we knew that our hearts ought to be melted within us. For, to tell the truth, the edge had been taken off our appetites by much sight-seeing, and we had become sadly numb and unsensitive. Why is it that the best things take us so unawares? We go after them, we court them, and they fly

like shy birds. But when the mind is quite bare of expectation and goes quietly on its way, there comes some unlooked-for incident, some surprise of light and sound, some grace of atmosphere,—and suddenly the soul is thronged with visitants, delightsome, sometimes holy, that leave behind them a blessed remembrance for a lifetime. In this direction lie some hints as to the attainment of happiness, and that special form of it known as European travel. A little less of strenuous pursuit, a little more of *laisser-aller*, would probably prevent a good deal of disappointment in both quarters.

So we discovered this day, trudging, with hearts quite off their guard, along the road to Rueil, and came on something not down in Murray or Baedeker, which we were faithfully carrying under our arms.

At our left, on the corner of the market-place, stood a small Gothic church in dark stone, such as may be seen in almost every French town. This one was the burial-place of Josephine, however, and besides had a beautiful carved portico, the gift of Cardinal Richelieu, some three hundred years ago; and so we meant to take a look at it on our return. But as we were passing we saw the leathern curtain at the door swinging back and forth as one after another slipped in; and as it let souls in it let sweet organ-music out, all the sweeter, the more entreating, that it came so in wafts and breaks of sound. We could not resist; we too lifted the curtain, and found just standing-room left at the back of the church.

It was a fête-day,—Ascension-day. The church was quite thronged with peasants in their picturesqueness of costume—men in blouses, women in snow-white frilled caps, and masses of children in white holiday dresses; and up by the altar, where the priests were intoning the service, and the boys throwing upward films of incense from the silver balls, which they swung back and forth on crimson cords,—there, in the far-off fragrant dimness, was Josephine herself. We saw her kneeling,—she also in white—marble white,—movelessly prostrate among her people, the very descendants, probably, of those who had shared her bountiful goodness. Many are the sweet traditions of her walks among them, in those days when her own sorrow and deprivation made her always kindly heart yet more alive to the needs of others. In those days, too, when the dazzling blaze of earthly glory no longer blinded, she had turned more to the heavenly consolations as she understood them, and knelt, with a wistful heart, in the little church where Te Deums had so often resounded for the victories of Napoleon.

Both lives are finished now; and as we saw her white, motionless form, our thoughts were lifted upward by the thought of the day that was being commemorated, and by the solemn music that poured down from the high organ-loft, as if out of the answering sky somewhere; and we could not help feeling how short it all was,—the glory and the sorrow,—and the hereafter seemed all.

After service the church soon emptied itself, and we were almost alone; but the music floated sweetly on, while we walked up the vacant aisle to the altar and stood close by the marble Empress. She was kneeling there in the quiet remoteness, in her coronation robes, emblems, we trust, of a crowning more enduring and blessed,—the heavenly crowns have no thorns. On the side of the monument, just above the arch and pillars which support it, was this simple inscription: "Eugène and Hortense to Josephine." It was more than half a century since she had been laid away there, in that same sweet month of May, whose springing grasses and opening blooms make it so easy to believe in new life and happy resurrections. Yes, we shall always be thankful for this chance of travel that turned our footsteps into that quiet burial-place, on the fête-day of Ascension. How could one help catching some of the deeper meanings of that sad, brilliant history, or feeling an "attendrissement du cœur" that should prepare him to view more sympathetically the home where were passed the happiest and the bitterest days of that eventful career?

Across the market-place; then through a street of the town, and past some fine mansion-houses with steep roofs, and with high stone walls inclosing their pretty gardens, of whose spring attire we caught glimpses through the iron gates; then a lane,—a real lane with its falling veil of young green,—an

avenue between ranks of trees, a wide, high gateway, a straight piece of gravel walk, and we found ourselves before the door of Malmaison. A somber-looking place too, it must be confessed, seeming to bear the burden of a memory; with that wonderful expressiveness that all historic houses have, as if they were on the point of telling you their story. Malmaison had no beauty of architecture, none of the piquancy of the French château, with its turrets and peaks and high chimneys. You saw, at a glance, that it was no mansion of an old family estate, but a place of summer pleasure; and that was its charm,—many a delightful summer was written upon its front. It was so spread out, and so low in proportion, that you felt at first as if it were all ground floor, and its great windows, now tightly closed, had been made to let in as much as might be of air and light and all outer beauty. It was impossible not to wish that they might stand wide once more, and the house be filled with soft summer breezes, and scent of flowers, and the brilliant throng, where one most graceful and beautiful presence should give harmony to all, and he of the massive head and pale, inscrutable face be the master. But instead of that, the closed blinds had the look of seals, and the door opened, and then shut with a clang behind half a dozen Americans.

In the outer vestibule was a guide in waiting, a soldier, I believe, and forbidden to receive fees, which may have accounted for his extraordinary gloom and reticence; or, perhaps, the profound melancholy of Malmaison had sunk into his spirit, though I incline to the former hypothesis. However that may be, he seemed to us a fit exhibitor of the grave, silent house, and under his awe-inspiring escort we entered the interior of the building.

The floors of the corridors and most of the rooms were bare and waxed, and our footsteps echoed in a ghostly way through the darkened rooms. We were allowed, though, to open some of the blinds at the back, and let in the blessed daylight upon the dead memories, and look out upon the paradise of lawn and garden, more park-like and luxuriant than the old French style of landscape gardening usually allowed.

Nothing can be more desolate than a European palace or dwelling, when once it is thrown open to the public. Everything is made proper, and safe from vandalism; only the stately furniture remains, and is ranged in solemn order round the wall, like a house made ready for a funeral. The little knick-knacks and signs of personal taste are all withdrawn; the animating soul is gone,—only an outline, a bare skeleton, is left. So that the amount of impression you get depends entirely on whether your imagination happens to be on the *qui vive* or not.

We remember well ending off a wearisome day through the monotonous miles of palace at Versailles, with a visit to the Petit Trianon. It seemed to us, overstrained as we were, as empty as the celebrated cupboard of Mother Hubbard. We said to ourselves, "Marie Antoinette, the beautiful, the martyred, has lived here; in this room she sat; here she slept; down that path she wandered; and this was her favorite seat,"—but our minds gave forth no more response than a muffled drum. It seems to be all a matter of chance; but fate had been very propitious to us this day at Rueil. In the little church there, we had come near to Josephine, and freshened all our thoughts of her; more than that, won new thoughts of her, in a perfectly natural, effortless way, and so we did not lose her altogether out of this empty, echoing Malmaison.

The wing at the left of the entrance was entirely occupied by the library, which had been the special room of Napoleon. After the divorce, Josephine kept it all exactly as he left it—the pen and paper on the desk, the map spread out, where he was studying his campaign. She allowed no one to enter, dusting and airing the room herself, so that it looked to us, perhaps, much as it did during the latter part of her lifetime. It was a large room, with floor of polished wood, and with immense windows on three of its sides. The one at the back looked out on a green stretch of undulating lawn, with clumps of trees here and there. The room itself was evidently a mental workshop. There were book-cases, a writing-desk, some chairs—nothing more; it had been amply furnished long ago with thoughts and deeds. Just after we entered,

the rain, which had been long threatening, poured down. It dashed wildly against the great windows, and the wind sighed mournfully outside,—the very air seemed a sigh in that wonderful room,—such genius, such beauty, such gigantic selfishness, such sorrow, such great things that were, and the greater things that might have been!

At the other end of the house, on the right of the entrance, were the parlors and reception-room of Josephine. There were not many of them,—only three, if I remember rightly; and they were of moderate size, except the room in the wing, which corresponded in shape and proportions to the library of Napoleon. The furniture here had a look of by-gone elegance. The hand of time had been silently at work on it, and the embroidered flowers on the chairs had grown quite pale, almost colorless under its touch. Faded too were the roses in the embroidery that lay unfinished in Josephine's work-basket, and the needle was rusting just where she had left it, in a rose half done. There was an old-fashioned piano in the room, which had still some music upon it—an old French song lying open, I remember. There were also flower-vases standing about everywhere, and outside, through the wide windows, showed the park, and gardens beyond, where Josephine had delighted to spend many of her summer hours, and had worked with veritable rake and pruning-knife. Everywhere little vanishing suggestions of tastes genuine and even simple. Ah well! the heart of an empress beats, probably, much like any other heart, and longs, not unlikely, for those home and heart-joys which are the portion of happier women. Happiness is a strange, evasive thing,—comes not on call, wears no visible crown, hides itself away much like some flowers, whose presence is revealed only by their perfume. Happy women, wearing unseen crowns, envy not, but pity rather, those royal sisters of yours who are so often weary with the weight of gold on the head, and of lead in the heart.

But our guide, solemn as he was, left little time for moralizing, and led the way to the upper story. The exterior had so much deceived us, that we were surprised, on climbing the resounding staircase, to find so much room. There was Josephine's suite of private apartments, bath-rooms and boudoir, dressing and sleeping rooms. These too looked stripped and desolated, emptied of life; but some little signs were left, that indicated an elegant and refined taste. The tints were delicate and well chosen, and there were exquisite china vases, and a bronze clock and candlesticks on the mantel-piece of the boudoir. In the state bedroom remained the fading traces of a certain grandeur. It was tapestried in deep red, and one end of the room was circular in form, and contained the massive bedstead. Here it was, in that far-off May-time, that Josephine passed away from all the joys and sorrows of this most mortal life.

It was a tranquil evening, we are told, and the year, all abloom, breathed its fragrance and bird-song in at the open window; but the faithful dying heart turned far away to him, the great faithless one, who was testing even then, at Elba, the possibility of failure,—and the word "Napoleon" was her last breath. The Emperor Alexander, who stood by, exclaimed, "She is no more!—that woman whom France has named the beneficent, that angel of goodness, is no more!" Thousands of her people came for a last look at their lifeless benefactress. It was the last reception at Malmaison; and then she was borne out and laid away to rest by the high altar in the church at Rueil.

We pictured it all to ourselves, as we sat in the vestibule, waiting for the rain to cease. The birds were singing in the wet branches, and the newly-awakened flowers were sweetening the air, just as it had been fifty years and more ago, and the fragrance of a name also still lingered there. As when, in some old home, you open a drawer long closed, and a scent comes out, of lavender or rose, the breath of some long-ago time, stirring a thousand unnamable feelings, and you shut it again in a dream; so with us at Malmaison, and so, as the sun came out, the door shut behind us, and we left the avenue and the lane, with its glistening trees, and the fine old houses standing in their quickening gardens, and passed the church on the corner of the market-place once more, breathing a "Re-

quiescat," and carried the dream with us back into the hot life of Paris.

And now they tell us that the last resting-place has been disturbed by the sounds of war; that the old church at Rueil, in its hoary age, has not proved too hallowed a place for the plunge of shot and shell; so, even in death, the uncrowned Empress, the unmarried wife, has not found an enduring quiet. Is it that there is no rest to any one that has ever shared the name or fate of that baleful genius who has left his splendid and fiery track across all Europe? Does the spell of that name reach across the tomb? Well, if the marble shrine in the sheltered sanctuary has failed our tempest-tossed Josephine, may the chances of war at least spare that other memorial of her, standing as fair and white in the very streets and dust of Paris itself.

Some weeks after the day at Malmaison, when the season had come to its perfection, and Paris was in the height of its out-door summer existence, we went up one evening to Trocadero, that height above the Champs de Mars, which the Emperor had made into a garden-like upper terrace, where all the world might rest and look down upon that great city, and all the mighty works he had done in it. Truly, it was a fair sight, the utmost that the world could do, and we felt as if the kingdoms thereof were being shown to us. We could mark the trail of the Seine with its majesty of bridges; below us, spread out the Champs de Mars; and the distant pavilions of the Tuileries mounting above the tree-tops, and many a spire and tower and glistening façade caught the last rosy tints of the day. That tender departing light always seemed a little incongruous in Paris, like a holy benediction in a gay and thoughtless assembly; but it was beautiful; and, after all, those heavenly benedictions of light and color and air, and many another besides, descend from arms stretched wide. They do not discriminate; they fall alike upon the just and the unjust, and only the soul itself can shut them out.

Under these beneficent heavens we lingered till past twilight, when the million glittering lights coming out below, made the city all asparkle, or ran hither and thither on the carriages, like will-o'-the-wisps. Then came the calmer luster of the moon, a resplendent moon, bright and high enough almost to lean its shining face down over the darkest and narrowest streets, and drive the darkness out. Our way homeward, or rather hotelward, led us, however, through the great new avenues, down which the light poured like a stream. One of these, the Josephine avenue, is among those laid out and named by the present, or rather late, Emperor. It crosses the very spot where Josephine had erected a convent or charity school for girls, and a statue of her had been set to mark the place of her kind deed. We did not know this till, suddenly, we saw a white, glancing figure, tall and graceful, bending its head graciously down toward us in the moonlight; and then some one told us the story. The pure white light, the lovely, almost yearning attitude, the sweet mystery of the evening, the quiet spot so apart from the glare of the city, and the thought of the good deed, all threw an indescribable charm about the place, and seemed to set the seal upon the delightful impressions received in that day of shower and shine at Malmaison.

But, fortunately, delightful impressions are not the only witnesses. History has given her weightier sanction, and her wandering sister, Tradition, has never ceased to throw beautiful flowers on that grave. If in sad, mortal fashion some stains are to be seen, sympathy may well drop an effacing tear, for the sake of one who loved much, not with the blind egotism of passion, but with a loyal and self-sacrificing heart.

SAMSON'S RIDDLE SOLVED.

THE LION-CUP *versus* THE LION-CUB.

It is now more than thirty centuries since Samson "twisted" his riddle at the marriage festival in Timnath. Did the Philistines *untwist* it? Has the world ever guessed it? These are questions which should interest every Biblical scholar, and, I am confident, will do so, as they proceed with me in the inquiry I am making. I start with the proposition, confidently stated, that Samson smashed a "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath, but rent no "young lion" there; and that the true rendering of the Hebrew text, in the words translated "and behold, a young lion roared against him," is, or should be, "and behold, the *lion-cup* (or 'wine-press') called loudly, inviting him." And to the correctness of this rendering I invite not only the attention of the general reader, but the best oriental scholarship of the country.

The riddle of Samson occurs in the 14th chapter of Judges, and is familiar (the common version of it) to almost every child, certainly to every Sabbath-school child, in Christendom. The historical narrative represents Samson as rending a young lion in the vineyards of Timnath, and afterwards as finding a swarm of bees and honey in its carcass, and then as taking the honey therefrom, eating himself, and giving to his parents to eat. And, upon the strength of these seemingly miraculous incidents, he puts forth his riddle to the thirty companions brought in to be his attendants at the feast. It is this:—

> "Out of the eater came forth meat,
> Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

The generally received solution of this "cup-question," or riddle, and the one which his Philistine companions were supposed to have guessed, after ploughing for seven days with "Samson's heifer," is this:—

"Out of the lion (which, when living, *was* an 'eater') came forth honey (or a 'meat'), and out of the strong (or the lion as he was *when* living) came forth sweetness, or the honey Samson had taken and eaten."

It is true that the correctness of this solution was, in most bitter and terrible irony, conceded by Samson:

> "If ye had not ploughed with my heifer,
> Ye had not found out my riddle."

But this will appear, from a thorough examination of the chant or song in the original, to have been only a "concessive retort" made by Samson, and that in a poetical distich, answering in rhythmical quantity to their interrogative solution, which was also a poetical distich.

Samson loved, it seems, a young and no doubt beautiful Philistine girl, living in Timnath, a village only about two miles and a half from Zorah, where his parents resided. He had probably seen the girl often, as the text informs us that "she pleased him well." His parents objected to the match, or alliance, for the reason that she was the daughter of an uncircumcised Philistine, a detested race of oppressors in Israel. He had been told that no Philistine woman, no matter what her protestations of affection might be, would ever prove true to an Israelite husband, if her own race demanded an act of infidelity or perfidy on her part. They were a people as treacherous as they were oppressive, with this perfidious *taint* of the race so deeply and universally rooted that there was no exception to be found "from Dan to Beersheba," or within the whole range of territory covered by them, and made detestable by their oppressions at the time referred to in the narrative. This is no doubt what Samson had repeatedly been told. One of the objects of propounding his riddle, therefore, may have been to test the truthfulness and sincerity of this young girl's professions. He knew that the Philistines would endeavor to extort the secret from her, and the mulct or forfeit was made a large one to increase their importunity in this direction, and the more effectually test the virtue and integrity of the young wife. The sequel shows his sagacity in this respect, for we are told that she wept during the seven days because he would not tell her the riddle, and

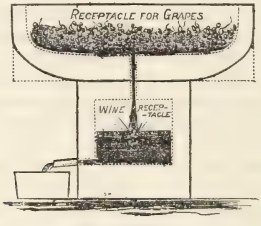
that on the seventh day she "lay sore upon him" until he disclosed to her the secret, that is, communicated what she supposed to be the solution, which she immediately made known to her people. On the evening of the seventh day, "before the sun went down" (that is, just in time to save them from the forfeit), they asked him:

> "What is sweeter than honey?
> What is stronger than a lion?"

Then comes Samson's indignant and cutting retort, or concessive reply, which was far more truthful than polite to the future Mrs. Samson, and so the riddle portion of the chant ends. The Philistines had not guessed his riddle, but they had guessed enough to satisfy our hero that they had "ploughed with his heifer," and he immediately goes down to Ashkelon, slays thirty Philistines, takes their garments, covered no doubt with blood, and, returning, flings them down at the feet of his attendants, as the price of their treachery. He then leaves both wife and Philistines in disgust, and returns to his home in Zorah.

This is the story as told, or the dramatic part of the chant known as the fourteenth chapter of Judges. And in order to give the true rendering of the fifth, eighth, and ninth verses of this chapter, and at the same time avail myself of brevity in the exposition, I will lay down a few preliminary propositions, from which no well-informed Biblical scholar will dissent:—

1. The Book of Judges is purely a historical narrative, interwoven with chants or songs for dramatic effect, but in no instance running into



THE WINE-PRESS.

either allegorical or prophetic pictures or representations, such as characterized the prevailing bent of the oriental mind at the time the book was written. As a collective history of the Judges, it covers a period of which it is difficult to fix the precise chronology. The book commences with a reference to Joshua's death, and resumes the narrative in almost the concluding words of the history preceding it. In other words, it is rigidly historic in its character, and not allegorical.

2. Samson was dedicated to be a *Nazarite* for life, that is, he was not to touch *wine*, nor any *dead body*, from the day of his birth to the day of his death. This was a peculiar consecration, bearing a striking resemblance to that of a high-priest. The "angel of the Lord" had indicated to his mother that he should bear this priestly office; his parents had dedicated him to it, and, when he arrived at an age to comprehend the nature of the obligation, he undoubtedly took the Nazaritic vow upon him—one of the most sacred and inviolable that could be administered.

3. The *mission* of Samson was (as divinely predicted) to *commence* the deliverance of Israel out of the hands of the Philistines.

4. In every instance in which "the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him" (except that erroneously rendered in regard to the "young lion"), it was with a view to the destruction by him of the property or lives of the Philistines, or to his deliverance out of their hands.

5. Samson being a *Nazarite*, his greatest "enemy" (not excepting the Philistines themselves) was the "wine-press."

6. Stripped of their diacritical signs, vowel-points, and the *matres lectionis*, the Hebrew words translated "young lion" (Judges xiv. 5) are *KPR-ARTH;* the first meaning either a *cup* or a *cub* (cub of a lion), and the second meaning *lions* (for the word is plural) distinctively. And the proper translation of the text is, the "*cup* of the lions," or "lion-cup," and not the "*cub* of the lions" or "lion-cub."

7. The stone wine-press in Samson's time was cut out of solid rock. It consisted of two blocks of stone, one of which was about ten feet broad and three feet thick, with a receptacle eight feet square and fifteen inches deep, for depositing the grapes, and this rested upon another block or standard, about five feet square, with a wine receptacle four feet

broad and three feet deep, and about two feet below the grape receptacle —thus presenting to the eye the appearance of a *gigantic cup* cut from the solid rock. Such a wine-press, with the lower corners of the upper block rounded off to present a pleasing effect to the eye, would bear a striking resemblance to a cup or goblet.

This was the "lion-cup" in the vineyards of Timnath. The dimensions are those given by Robinson of an ancient wine-press found by him, cut out of the living rock. But all vineyards did not furnish a "living rock" from which to cut such a press, and where the stone had to be brought from a distance, it undoubtedly took this form and shape, corresponding with presses known to have been cut from the living rock.

8. The Hebrew language was originally written with consonants only, there being no provision in their orthographic system for the representation of vowel-sounds. The *a*, or *Aleph*, was itself a consonant, but the weakest of all in expression, being equivalent to the light breathing of *h* in our word *hour*. This letter, with the *vav* and *yoth* (*v* and *y*), came in time to supply the place of vowels, and received the names of *matres lectionis*, or the *mothers* or *aids* of reading. Nordheimer, in his Critical Grammar of the language, says, in speaking of these consonantal vowels, that they are inclined to lose their consonantal power entirely, and *are frequently rejectable in words*, or convertible the one into the other. They are servile letters, mutable in their character, and liable to disappear for want of consonantal strength. They are frequently found wanting in their proper place in words, especially in the older Phœnician inscriptions, showing that they might, or might not, have been used by the writer of the dramatic chant in question, and that their appearance in the MSS. coming down to our time may be due to the subsequent transcribers, as the accents and vowel-points were due to the Masoretes. Gesenius, who is the highest authority on this point, asserts that the Phœnicians were in the habit of dropping the *matres lectionis* in their monumental writings, and he adds that this omission constitutes one of the chief difficulties of reading these inscriptions. The celebrated "Mesha stone," recently discovered, and the oldest inscription of any length which has as yet been brought to light, fully confirms this opinion of Gesenius. This stone must have been inscribed in the reign of King Mesha, who was ruler of the Moabites about the year 900 B. C., which takes us back to within 260 years of the time when Samson propounded his riddle. In the very first lines of this stone, we find the letter *yoth* omitted in the name *Mesha*, and *vav* in the name



SAMSON AND THE LION, FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

Chemosh. Had the inscription upon this stone passed through the hands of the Masoretes, or the earlier transcribers of the synagogue-rolls, these consonantal vowels would have been added, and with a subsequent loss of the stone, the highest oriental scholarship of our day would be inadequate to pass judgment upon the question of their original use in the two words named. What is true then of the accents and vowel-points is measurably true of the *matres lectionis*,' that is, they were dropped where their consonantal strength was not sufficiently discernible by the ear to make their appearance essentially a guide to sound. A comparison of the earlier with the later MSS. will show an enlarged use of the *matres lectionis* by the transcribers, as a comparison of the earlier with the later Phœnician inscriptions will undoubtedly show their enlarged use, as the language advanced in vowel strength.

9. The Hebrew language did not undergo the change effected by the introduction of the accents and vowel-points until about the commencement of the sixth century. Before that time all the vowel strength of the language was locked up in the *matres lectionis*, or feebly expressed through them. The Masoretes (or learned Rabbins transcribing the Old Testament) then sought to give authoritative and intelligible uniformity to the reading of the Scriptures, and adopted the present system of accents and vowel-points for that purpose. These, with the *matres lectionis*, make two words from *K P R*, namely, *kephir*, "the cub of a lion," and *kephor*, "the cup." And it may be stated here, as a matter of information to the general reader, that the Hebrew and Phœnician are essentially the same language, or, at least, but different dialects of the same language. The oldest known Bible MS. now in existence is a Pentateuch roll, originally brought from Derbend, in Daghestan, which was transcribed about the year 580 A.D. All MSS. back of that date have been lost to the world, and the Hebrew scholar is now limited in his researches to the learning developed during the Masoretic period, and to such Phœnician inscriptions as have come down to us in various forms from different periods of time.

Bearing these several propositions or preliminary statements in mind, and the principles governing the Hebrew language as therein stated, it will be apparent, I think, as we proceed, that it was the "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath that Samson rent, on the occasion referred to in the text, and not a "young lion."

The original of the text as it comes to us from the Masoretes is: *hinnëh kephir-arâyoth shoëg likrâtho*, translated in the King James version, "and behold, a young lion roared against him." The translation for which I contend, and that which is essential to the true exposition of the riddle, is this: "and behold, the lion-cup (cup of the lions) raging ('strong drink is raging,' Prov. xx. 1) in his presence," or "at his meeting;" or, more literally, "behold, the lion-cup called loudly to invite him."

The original consonants used to represent the two words, *kephir-arâyóth*, to the eye, as well as the consonantal sounds expressing them to the ear, were *KPR-ARTH.* That the *vav* and *yoth* were not originally used in writing these words, as they appear in the chant, and that they were not used by Samson, except the more effectually to conceal the *pun*, or play upon words, by which he sought to mislead the Philistines, is manifest, I think, from other portions of the chant, as well as from the solution so provokingly sought to be drawn out by Samson. The first of these words, as I have stated, means either a *cup* or a *cub* (cub of a lion), and the second means *lions* distinctively, as it has the plural form. The two words together make either "the lion-cup" (wine-press) or "the lion-cub." The original, or root-word, *KPR*, means "to cover," and was applied to a young lion because it was "covered" with shaggy hair, and to a cup because it had a "cover." For the same reason, no doubt, it was applied to a wine-press, because it was carefully "covered" at all seasons of the year. Besides, the wine-press was, in shape, like a gigantic cup, and having the strength of a lion to overcome the mightiest, especially in a prolonged encounter, it would naturally be called the "lion-cup of the vineyard." This name would be not only strikingly figurative, but strongly

suggestive of the qualities or characteristics of the wine-press. This point is not only definitionally strengthened, but overwhelmingly sustained, by the two words translated "carcass" in the 8th verse. The first of these is *mapeleth*, and means the "ruin" or "fallen heap," terms entirely applicable to a "smashed wine-press," but not to the decayed or decaying carcass of a lion. Dropping the *matres lectionis* from the second word rendered "carcass" in the same verse (the 8th), and we have the Hebrew consonants *GTH*, or *the same word rendered "wine-press" in the 6th chapter of the same book (Judges), 11th verse*, where "Gideon threshed wheat *in* (not *beside*) the wine-press (*GTH*) to hide it from the Midianites." This would seem conclusive of the point already hinted at, either that the *matres lectionis* were not used by the writer of the chant, or that they were so used as to deepen the pun or play upon words, which included the double idea of a "lion-cub" and "lion-cup." The 8th verse should therefore read, "and he turned aside to see the fallen heap of the wine-press; and behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in it" (or, literally, in the "lion-cup"). And this was the most natural place in the world for a swarm of bees to take shelter in, if the upper or grape receptacle only had been destroyed, as the lower or wine receptacle would furnish them as perfect a "hive" as could be cut from the living rock. The saccharine fermentation of the grape is always a most tempting sweet to the honey-bee, and if immediately after the vintage season, there would be this additional temptation to its ordinary rock resort in that region.

This dramatic chant or song (for it is manifestly such in the original) is remarkable for its *puns*, or play upon words. A purely consonantal language gives great scope and facility for this sort of enigma, much greater, in fact, than is possible with a multiplicity of vowel-sounds superadded to those that are consonantal only; and this is true, whether the pun is presented to the ear in sound or to the eye by letter. The solution of Samson's riddle turns, in fact, upon an ingenious pun. The words *KPR-ARTH* are so played upon by Samson, or so "twisted" by him, as to mean one thing in his own mind, and another to his wife and her people. He had actually destroyed the "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath. If cut from the living rock, it was a most valuable piece of Philistine property. It was no doubt a matter of much curiosity and speculation with them to know how it had been destroyed. As Samson rent it "with nothing in his hands," there could have been no external evidences of violence, and they must have supposed that a bolt from heaven shivered or rent it in pieces. At all events, they were ignorant of Samson's miraculous strength, and had not the remotest idea that he could have done it. In putting forth his riddle, therefore, he is evidently tantalizing them with the loss of their wine-press, as he afterwards tantalized them, through Delilah, with reference to the source of his great strength.

What he tells his wife on the seventh day is, that he had rent a *KPR-ARTH* in the vineyards of Timnath, and that he had afterwards turned aside to see its fallen body, "and behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in it." The play upon the several words used is so ingenious that she understands him to mean a "a lion-cub," and not a "lion-cup." For, after she had communicated with the Philistines, they ask not what is stronger than a *KPR-ARTH*, but what is stronger than an *ARE*, using the singular form of the noun for *lion* only, and losing sight entirely of the pun, or *double entendre*, by which the substantial or basis fact of the riddle had been communicated.

And this solution of the riddle does no injustice to the Bible Hercules. Had the wine-press of Timnath been cut out of the solid rock, it would have required a much more Herculean feat to rend it in fragments (make a "fallen heap" of it) than it would to have rent a "young lion." It was, no doubt, in the vintage season of the year when he first went down to Timnath with his parents. The wine-press might then be full of grapes and flowing with new wine, with no one to tread it. If called the "lion-cup," as it undoubtedly was, it would then literally "roar against him," that is, it would strongly challenge him to an encounter, he being a Nazarite

and the wine-press his chief "enemy" or tempter. The word *shoëg* may mean either the *raging* of persons or things, as *the raging of wine when it is red in the cup.* The language is somewhat figurative, but the meaning is readily deducible, and certainly not far-fetched in this instance. And here we are told that the "spirit of the Lord (which only led him to act against the Philistines) came mightily upon him," and he rent the wine-press as he would have rent a kid. This makes the first act of the Bible Hercules the destruction of Philistine *property*, the second the destruction of *life*, and so on afterwards alternately of property and life, until the grand climax of his career—the destruction of both together in the Temple of Dagon.

"It was of the Lord (so says the text) that he sought an occasion against the Philistines," a circumstance that even Samson's parents did not know. The rending of a lion in the hedged vineyards of Timnath would have been no act of destruction against the Philistines. It would rather have been a help to them. With his Nazaritic vow upon him there might have been a double motive in his smashing the wine-press, or the "lion-cup," as it "called loudly inviting him." It was, as has been said, his *enemy*, and his mission was to overcome enemies with a fierce destruction. Not so if it had been a young lion laying waste a Philistine vineyard. His "mission" would have required that he should use the lion, as he afterwards did the foxes (jackals), for the destruction of Philistine property. It was no act of hostility on his part literally to "trample upon the young lion" where he then was. He should have encouraged their migration thither from the jungles of the Jordan, or from the mountains to the north of Zorah.

"But he told not his father or mother what he had done." And why? Had he actually rent a young lion, it would have been the most natural thing in the world for him to tell his parents of it. But to have smashed a wine-press in the vintage season, when filled with grapes and flowing with new wine, might have been regarded by them as a technical violation of his consecration vow. It would be "touching the fruit of the vine," which he was sworn not to do; and *hence* his silence with his parents as to what he had done. And again, when he turned aside, on his second visit to Timnath with his parents, to see the "ruin" or "fallen heap" of the wine-press (translated "the carcass of the lion"), and found a swarm of bees and honey therein, "he told them not that he had taken the honey out of the wine-press." And here was a more powerful reason still for his secrecy, as his consecration vow forbade his touching anything coming from such a source.

Some of the commentators on the Book of Judges have been greatly troubled to explain how Samson could have stripped the thirty slain Philistines of their garments at Ashkelon, "without touching their dead bodies," which, as a Nazarite, he was forbidden to do. But *non constat* that he stripped them *after* they were dead. And yet it seems not to have occurred to these commentators, that to go into the "dead body" of a lion and eat honey therefrom was equally a forbidden act by the law of the Nazarites, and much more defiling to his priestly office.

These banquet riddles, or "cup-questions," as they were called, were the favorite devices for pastime and amusement at marriage festivals, their design being to pleasantly while away the seven days' continuance of the feast. They were contrived to puzzle and perplex the attendants, and rewards and mulcts were generally coupled with them in order to add zest to the entertainment. Samson says, "I will twist you a *twister*," and he certainly did; for he succeeded in not only puzzling his attendants, but in propounding a riddle which *it has taken the world three thousand years to guess!*

And now that the true rendering has been given to the riddle portion of the chant, this Phœnician tradition becomes the simplest piece of *naturalism* in the world, so far at least as the *habits* of the honey-bee are concerned, and one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the Bible to the *incipient* believer is removed. The honey-bee, as is well known, is one of the neatest, cleanliest, and most fastidious insects in the world, both in its habits and in its choice of a location to deposit honey. It never yet went into the dead body

of a lion or any other animal for such a purpose, and never *will*, until an Almighty fiat shall change its entire nature and habits. The plea of a miracle, or the interruption of the laws of nature, will not suffice in this case. It must have required a continuous and constantly-working change in the laws of nature, which negatives the idea of a miracle. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego might temporarily abide the violence of fire, with the Lord to quench it, but to become a race of salamanders and permanently live in fire thereafter, would be simply an exchange of one law of nature for another, without the slightest definitional feature of a miracle attaching to it. It would be simply the transference of the arctic whale to the tropical seas, with such a permanent change in his physical nature as would adapt him to other and different conditions of life. Miracles always cease where nature resumes sway.

But the rendering I have given to the riddle portion of the chant meets all the conditions of the four several distichs in which the "cup-question," or enigma, is anticipated, put, guessed, and retortively answered. For the original *premise*, or antecedent proposition on which the riddle is based, is a poetical distich; the enigma, as put, a poetical distich; the stolen solution of the Philistines, a poetical distich; and the concessive retort of Samson, a poetical distich.

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

That is, out of the "wine-press," which consumes (figuratively "eats") grapes by the million, came forth "wine," one of the three leading "meats" of the Bible ("corn, *wine*, and oil"), and out of the strong (or the "lion-cup," capable of overcoming the mightiest potentates of the earth in a prolonged encounter) came forth sweetness, or the honey Samson had taken and eaten from the "ruins of the wine-press."

This was the riddle as Samson understood it, and as he ingeniously and tantalizingly put or punned it to the Philistines. He as much as says, "Guess, if you can, who smashed your wine-press! I 'twist you this *twister*'—give you this pun or *double entendre*—this play upon 'lion-cup' and 'lion-cub'—and let me see if you have wit enough to guess it."

They never dreamt that their "lion-cup" had been rent by human hands. It was too Herculean a feat for any mortal man to accomplish, and nothing short of a thunderbolt from their terrible Dagon could have done it; and so they ineffectually plough with Samson's "heifer" (*honey-fugle* with his wife) to guess the riddle. The Philistines "ploughed" for only seven days without guessing the riddle, but the ingenious writer of the chant has left the world to plough ineffectually with the same "heifer" for more than thirty centuries without guessing it.

A TARTAR LOVE-SONG.

Blow, Wind, blow!
And carry news of me
Away to Astrabad,
Where dwells my dear Sakina,
And, soon as you have seen her,
Your wings in her bosom throw,
And say, "A Tartar lad
Has sent this kiss to thee!"

A PLEA FOR CHINESE LABOR.

THE vexed question of the American Housekeeper of the present day is the question of "*Help*." No other is so engrossing or so unanswerable. We venture to assert that the trials of our American women in forming and maintaining an orderly and well-arranged household have not been paralleled since the Home has been an institution of human existence, and that they have been almost sufficient to make her regret that happy barbaric epoch when her skin-clad ancestress sat in her hut of mud, and ate her food without the aid of modern implements or the preparatory discipline of fire.

Just now the meeting of Labor and Capital on the western shore of our Western Hemisphere engages a wide-spread attention. So possible does it now appear that Chinese labor may become a feature of our manufactories and homes, that I propose to inquire into the reasons which dispose our housekeepers to hazard the trial of a new element in their kitchens, in place of the turbulent one that now holds sway there.

For there can be no doubt of the fact that there is an increasing desire among the women who have the management of servants and households to give trial to the "heathen Chinee." The great and growing trouble in our domestic machinery arises from want of willing and efficient service there. I am convinced, after much observation, inquiry, and experience, that this is not only the complaint of indolent and inefficient mistresses, who do not know the alphabet in the science of housekeeping, but that it is equally the trial of thorough and well-balanced housewifes, who are capable of doing with their own hands all kinds of domestic duties if they possess physical strength, and have no social requirements which impinge on the time which household service requires. Daily I see cultivated and intelligent women sit down to talk over their troubles with "help," with the very same engrossing interest which we used to fancy was only felt by the dawdling, inefficient creature who employed servants only to abuse them. Literature and art are often left untouched while a group of fine women discuss the manifold incapacities of the domestics who infest their kitchens; while they report, with wondering comments, the invaluable qualities of servants they have met in England or on the Continent; the touching anxiety these trans-Atlantic treasures show to retain a place which American help would scorn; and latterly, after all this, comes the final winding-up in this sentence: "It is said we shall soon have the Chinese in our kitchens. I hope so. They may be better, and they *can't* be worse."

In a visiting tour last summer, in the houses of old friends in New England, I found in five out of six households in which I was for a few days a guest, that there were no servants in the house, and the ladies of the family were doing their own work,—in every case, not from choice, but from necessity. All had ample means and commodious houses, with modern conveniences; all had the same story to tell, with modifications.

At A—'s house there were two daughters, fine, charming girls; with cultivated musical tastes, fond of reading, thoroughly-trained housekeepers, and, what was best of all, they had robust and splendid health. The house was large and handsome, governed by good taste and good order. They have four or five in their family, and as it 'is such a delightful home to visit, there is always a guest or two, sometimes three or four, in the house. Yet all the long hot summer not a servant had been with them long enough to lighten the household labor. All summer, through the hard days, the two young ladies had cooked and swept and dusted, and even washed and ironed at unheard of hours, that they might have leisure to give to their guests. They were always well dressed, always ready to go for a drive, or to play a duet on the piano. I confess their management was little short of a miracle, and I know one rarely gets such dinners as those in which grace and intellect lend a share in the preparations. But while I praised some of their marvels of dainty cookery, Christine said, with a heavy sigh:—

"Yes, there is a pleasure in doing such offices for one's friends, but the truth is, I am

all overworked, and well-nigh tired to death. I have no time to read or to practice some music which I am starving for. And look at my hands! I sleep in gloves every night to keep them barely presentable. Yet it is hopeless to think of getting even the worst of Irish help. We are close by a large manufacturing town, and if we get a girl, she stays just long enough to turn everything topsy-turvy, and then departs with her luggage for the factories, leaving us to clean house after her. Miriam and I have resolved we will not have another Bridget in our kitchen, and there is nothing better to be got. I read all the newspapers say on the Chinese labor question. If I can get a Chinaman I shall at least give him a trial. Certainly they cannot be worse than our present set of servants."

Mrs. B— was even more to be commiserated. Early in the summer she shut up her house, gladly dismissed her two incapable domestics, and went to the Springs in the hope of restoring her failing health. When I saw her she had waited a weary month, using every endeavor to do without girls till she could find those in some degree competent for their positions. Quite a number of the usual slovenly sort, with their democratic manners and manifold requirements, had offered themselves.

"But up to this time," said the little woman, wearily, "I can't make up my mind to take any of them. My house is nearly all newly furnished, and is spick and span clean from garret to cellar. How can I let them come in and spoil everything, and know that I am all the time living in an atmosphere of dirt and disorder? If I were only strong enough, I would rather do all the work myself."

Here she opened the door of the servants' room, a large pleasant chamber with bright carpet and pretty cottage furniture, and asked piteously, "How *can* I endure to put a dirty Irish girl, with perhaps a host of attendant vermin lurking in her bags and bundles, into a nice room like this? Yet if I should venture to suggest personal cleanliness as a requirement, she would leave in high dudgeon. I declare," she added, as if her audacity almost startled her, "I believe I'd try a Chinaman, if I knew where to get one."

The other homes of which I saw the inside workings were all in similar case. The only exception among the half-dozen was the adorable Eleanor, who never makes any bad bargains, and whose porringer is always fortunately adjusted to catch all the porridge which falls from her sky. Her cook and chambermaid are colored, of the real "valuable old servant" species, and they have been with her for years. Her house shone like silver and gold; affairs in her kitchen went on like well-oiled machinery, and she could not understand how other people had so much trouble in their housekeeping.

When I returned to New York city, I was constantly reminded of a witty story which appeared a year or two ago in one of our current magazines. It was of a foreigner from India or Japan, who, struck by the apparent absence of government machinery, set himself at work to discover who were the rulers of the American people, and after filling many note-books and industriously comparing notes, he concluded that the American government was made up of families, each of which was controlled by a despotic power, unseen and hidden, called "Biddies," or the "Irish help," which was more absolute and tyrannical than that of an Eastern autocrat.

My friend Sophronia has a new house half an hour's ride from New York city. Every thing in it is a miracle of elegance and convenience, and her kitchen especially is a thing of beauty to the soul of a housekeeper. It is a light and airy room, covered with shining oil-cloth which rivals a Brussels in beauty. Adjacent is the dining-room, and at the back capacious pantries and a laundry perfectly fitted up. The whole looks like a paradise for cooks and housemaids.

Yet Sophronia lives a little distance from the great city, and few of the "ladies who do housework" can be found obliging enough to leave the city even during the hottest summer months. Most of the time during the past summer, my friend, who has three young children, has toiled like a galley-slave, in nursery, parlor, and kitchen, that she might lighten the labors of the single servant she has been able to secure. A few weeks ago,

Bridget announced that she was going in town to spend Sunday "with her cousin." It was the hottest day of the year, and Sophronia had a sick headache, but she dared utter no remonstrance; only hoped feebly that Bridget would be back by Monday morning.

Monday passed, and Tuesday, and Bridget came not. At length Sophronia determined to go in town and inquire about her. It was barely possible she might be ill.

She found her way to the cousin's abode, which was in the very dirtiest part of a dirty avenue. When she attempted to enter, the stench was almost unbearable. In the room, which seemed to be parlor, dining-room, and kitchen united, she discovered Bridget, sitting in the midst of several filthy children. On being pressed as to her reasons for not coming back, the girl at length answered doggedly:

"I didn't mean to come back again, ma'am. I've noticed a good many times lately, when you have helped me clear the table in the dining-room, you have put out the victuals as if you expected me to eat in the kitchen, and that hurted my feelings. I never lived with no one that expected me to eat in their kitchen, and if I ain't fit to eat in the dining-room, you may please yourself with another girl."

Sophronia looked about for one moment at the dirt and disorder apparent in the cousin's "dining-room." She noted the bare table, propped up against the wall, on which was the remains of the miserable breakfast from which they had just risen, and recalled her kitchen and its comfortable appointments. Then she said meekly:

"You know, Bridget, I can't be left in this way this hot weather, with all the children. If that is all, it shall not part us. You need never eat in the kitchen hereafter. If you like, take your food into the parlor, or the library, and eat it there. Only come back till the hot weather is over."

And on this Bridget marched triumphantly back with her mistress.

When Sophronia told me this story, I cried out that I would not have taken her; that now her exactions would be redoubled, and she would be the actual mistress of the house.

"I know it," answered Sophronia. "She rules me with an iron sway. But what can I do? She is comparatively neat. I think she is honest, except in respect to trifles of tea and sugar, which she occasionally smuggles off to her cousin. I cannot do all my own work. My neighbors are worse off than I. A change might be from the frying-pan into the fire."

All these facts I have stated are not isolated; they are representative. The American woman at the head of a family lives under a succession of dynasties in her kitchen which are constantly changing, and of which it is difficult to decide upon the worst. The domestic appears, induced perhaps by such an advertisement as follows, which we clipped, with its accompanying remarks, from a weekly paper:

WANTED—A RELIABLE, INTELLIGENT person to be one of the family. Must be fond of children, and to have the care of them; ages, four to ten. Also, to do sewing, and to *take an interest* generally.

Best of reference required.

Address "Banker."

The amount of wages—we beg pardon, salary—is not mentioned. Probably the "person," being one of the family, would be allowed to call for whatever pocket-money she wanted. As for duties, in old times they would have been those of child's nurse, seamstress, and maid-of-all-work. But these terms involve the idea of domestic service, an idea inadmissible in a free country. Hence the reliable, intelligent Bridget is respectfully informed that she must be fond of children, and "to" have the care of them; also, "to" do sewing, and—whatever else she is told to do. This last requirement, however, is by no means expressed in such brutal words as we have chosen, but is wrapt up in a model euphemism, the polite phrase being "*to take an interest* generally."

She states the privileges, asks how her room is furnished, and if the servants have no better place than the kitchen in which to receive company. An acquaintance told me she lost the opportunity to engage two Irish girls, who came highly recommended, because she could not consent to give up a small room off the dining-room, which she used for her sewing-room, as a "servant's parlor," and the girls would come on no other condition.

If their questions are all answered satisfactorily, the girls take the place and invest it with their luggage. Usually the longest time

of investiture is five or six months, or a season. At the end of this time they change, even when no cause for dissatisfaction is alleged, because, as one of them explained, "there are always plenty of places to be had, and it is pleasant to have a change in a body's life, and to see the *insides of so many* houses."

It is necessary to make some protest against the existing state of affairs. At present the balance of power is held in our kitchens. The protest we want to make is in favor of the introduction of Chinese labor there.

Already this imperturbable Oriental has found his way as far into this Western Hemisphere as the shoe factories of Massachusetts. In New Jersey his venerated pigtail and his ivory chop-sticks are beginning to excite the admiration of the inhabitants of some of the manufacturing towns. Let a few be imported here and put on trial as domestic cooks, chamber-maids, and laundresses.

It is true that the vices of the lower and ignorant classes are alleged against them; that they are accused of inability to tell the truth and a tendency to petty thieving. But I venture to believe that the mistress is rarely found who discovers truth enough in her Hibernian domestics to build a bridge from their minds to her own, and there is hardly a kitchen in the land which has not a leak of teas and sugars and other small articles, in sufficient quantities to endanger its safety. Besides, it is declared by all who have means of knowing that these Eastern heathen do not understand the meaning of waste, and that they dispense cleanliness and order in their domains. And if these last-named rare Christian virtues can become common in our kitchens, we may fondly hope for a Utopia into which all the other virtues will swarm.

Supposing ourselves, however, to have effected a desired reform in our households, there is still a consideration which we must strongly urge upon ourselves—that our new servants shall not be spoiled by bad management on the part of the mistresses. For as certainly as there are two horns to a dilemma, so surely on each of them must hang a conclusion. If that very class whom we often see in England, under the guise of patient and enduring drudges, sometimes obsequiously servile, are here transformed into indifferent and impertinent servitors, refusing to be ruled even by the gentlest sway, there must be some objective causes for the change.

It is true that the difference between democratic and aristocratic systems of society marks greatly the difference between the employers and the employed. Under a government which affirms grandly that *all* are free and equal, it is difficult to make one class understand that equality does not mean level in wit, good-breeding, and culture. So exaggerated are the democratic ideas instilled into some of our newly-landed foreigners, that Bridget is sometimes surprised that her American mistress is not willing to lend her best shawl to be worn to "mass," and will resent the use of her tooth-brush and other toilet materials. Denied these little privileges, she flounces off with: "Shure an' I thought in this country one person was as good as another!" The American woman, familiar and affable by nature, does not draw so defined a line as she might between herself and the persons whom it is necessary she should control, if she wishes to be mistress in her own house, and so encourages the natural disposition to reduce all persons and things to their own level, which is characteristic of a portion of our foreign population.

The other day Mrs. Greatheart, in a shopping expedition at Stewart's, was accosted by a huge, overdressed Irishwoman, who advanced towards her with both hands extended in a gush of welcome. "I don't think I know you," said Mrs. Greatheart, drawing back. "O yes, 'm, I'm the *lady* who lives at Mrs. Lacroix's, next door to yees." It was her neighbor's laundress, whom she had sometimes seen in the area! "I never lived with but one LADY in America," said an Irish girl, naïvely, who had been several years at service in New York. "She was born in England. SHE never let me sit down in her presence."

There are two points on which I shall touch, in which woman might help reform somewhat the present wretched system of domestic service. The first is by having herself a thorough comprehension of the household details in the house of which she

is mistress. There has been so much said on this point that to urge it is like breath wasted, but I believe if all the housewives in the country could combine in a grand strike, a species of "trades union," and send away every cook, chambermaid, and laundress, till she had mastered all the details of housework, and knew practically what it all meant, the result would be a glorious one. For every well-ordered, thrifty, and economical household is not only an individual triumph, but a national benefit.

The second point for reform is the manner in which servants are engaged, and the rules which subsist among women in employing them. Among men of business there is a code so rigid, that if a clerk, porter, or errand-boy were known to be dismissed by his employer for dishonesty, insolence, or glaring incapacity, he would find it difficult if not impossible to get another situation. If a man hires a book-keeper or clerk, in almost all cases he desires references as to capacity, and his recommendations are generally accurate and exact. There is no such code of honor or sensible dealing among women. If Mrs. A—— sends away her girls for any cause, however grave, it is quite as likely that her neighbor next door will take them without inquiry. Sometimes it is found Mrs. A—— will recommend a girl glaringly incapable to a new place, because she is too good-natured to be frank about her. It would take too long to enumerate instances which show a complete lack of justice and good sense in this respect among women. Until this is reformed, and we deal with each other as men of business do, in recommending and dismissing those who have places in their offices or counting-rooms, our troubles will increase rather than diminish.

This is the age when much is expected of woman. She must be the ornament of society as well as the mistress of a well-ordered household. She must know how to cook the dinner, talk politics, nurse the children, deliver lectures, write books, and keep up with the daily newspapers. She must unite in herself the qualities of Martha and Mary, of Penelope and Aspasia. It becomes her, then, to look carefully to all the means to lighten her arduous duties, lest one day she shall go down under them, or fall suddenly into ruin, like "The One Hoss Shay," and the world will all at once find itself without its mistress.

MY HUSBAND'S FIRST LOVE.

SHE was coming to make us a visit; so said the letter that my husband, Walter Etheridge, of the law firm of Masons & Etheridge, tossed carelessly into my lap, after a rapid glance at the daintily written pages.

She was Miriam Delamater.

And Miriam Delamater was my husband's first love.

Now Walter and I had never talked about the matter. How could I talk about it? I *would* not. More than once, when we were first married, he had spoken to me of his father's ward, with whom he had grown up from boyhood, and who had been almost as a sister to him. But my lip, even during our blissful honeymoon, had curled incredulously as he said this, and I had speedily turned the conversation into a different channel.

But I knew all about it, nevertheless. I had learned that long before he had known me his love had bowed at the shrine of this stately maiden, this peerless blonde beauty. I knew that I had not been his first love, and that this girl, this Miriam Delamater, had been.

And now she was coming to see us!

I wondered if Walter did not perceive that I was troubled, and if he did not share in some degree, as a man's nature might, my own unrest? But no. He sat sipping his coffee and running his eye over the latest despatches from the seat of war, as placidly as ever. Presently he rose.

"Metz holds out well," he said, "but the siege cannot last much longer. When did Miriam say she was coming?"—and he took up the letter.

"To-morrow—no, to-day," I answered, as we glanced down the page together. "This

is the 13th. She will be here on the evening express."

"That suit of Englesby's comes on at one o'clock," he said, taking up his hat, "and I fear we shall not be through at five. But never mind. I will manage to meet her at the depot somehow. I am glad she is coming, Barbara. You are so lonely sometimes, and she is a very superior woman. I am sure you will like her."

He kissed me hastily, and hurried away to the office.

Heaven save the mark! If there was anything on earth that I did not like, it was a "superior" woman!

But there was little time for thinking or regretting. A wail from the nursery summoned me up-stairs to the relief of my good, faithful Hannah, who was trying to quiet the baby while her thoughts were in the kitchen.

"I'm glad you've come, Miss Barbara," she said. I shall be only Miss Barbara to her—the child she had loved and tended—as long as we both live. "This boy's a-teethin', just as true as preachin'. He'd never worry so if he wa'n't. But take him, child, for the bread is riz, and it's time it was in the oven."

It was a hot, breathless morning. Sitting down by the window with little Allie on my lap, I re-read Miss Delamater's letter, lingering longest over this passage :—

"Do give my love to your wife. I remember hearing the young men rave about Barbara Wilson's grace and beauty years ago. Now that you have crowned her queen of hearts, I am doubly anxious to know her."

I doubted whether the fair writer had even so much as heard of me until the day when, standing beneath the shadow of St. Peter's, with the blue skies of Rome above her head, and its storied hills around her, news had come to her that her old friend and companion had taken unto himself a wife. As for the raving about my "grace and beauty," in the quiet country home where Walter had found me, that mode of procedure was not the fashion. Perhaps I did my coming guest great injustice, but I felt as if the pretty speech was made simply for effect; and I fear it hardened my heart against her.

I tried to feel that there was a species of indelicacy, a lack of true womanly feeling indicated by the approaching visit. How could she thus thrust her unwelcome presence—unwelcome at least to me—into our home? But a moment of reflection showed me the absurdity of that idea. Walter's father had been her guardian. As boy and girl they had played together, sang together, studied together. Whether or no any warmer feeling had ever found lodging in her heart, there could be little doubt that she cherished for him something closely akin to a sisterly affection. It was right that, after her five years of travel, she should, if she wished, come to his home as to a brother's, and find welcome there.

And as for my good, noble, true-hearted husband, could I not trust him?

So I thrust the demon of jealousy into my heart's darkest closet, and turned the key upon him. No ray of light should visit him; no breath of air should strengthen and vivify him; no voice should break the silence to which I committed him. He should die there, unshrined and unaneled.

Allie betook himself to his nap at last, and then, "on hospitable thoughts intent," I went in pursuit of Hannah. The dark mood of the early morning had passed, and I flew about my small house only intent upon making it fair and presentable to eyes that had seen so much, and a pleasant resting-place for feet that had wandered so far. The guest-chamber was swept and garnished, the parlor was made fresh and sweet with the soft, wandering airs of summer, and the breath of roses and heliotropes. The baby was tied into his high-chair, and pounded away upon the kitchen table, while Hannah and I tossed together light, golden drifts of sponge-cake, and moulded jellies clear as amber. We roasted a chicken —and ourselves as well—that it might be ready to slice for supper; and, through much tribulation and stress of body and mind, I prepared a salad after an approved French recipe that I had never tried before.

Doubtless I did twice as much as I should have done that day; twice as much as was in any way needful. But I was a young wife, a young housekeeper; and I could not bear that Miriam Delamater's critical, fastidious

eyes should find any lack in my home or its appointments that forethought or labor of mine could supply.

"Look your prettiest to-night, Babette," Walter had said, when he went out after dinner; "I'll have Miriam here by a quarter past five at the latest."

I meant that evening, of all evenings in the year, to leave myself ample time to make such a toilette as my husband best liked. But the moments flew apace, and when at last I took Allie and went up to my chamber it was long after four.

The child was uncomfortably warm and tired from his long confinement in the high-chair; and his little frock was creased and soiled, for Hannah had given him all sorts of things to play with. Hastily stripping him, I gave him a bath, arrayed him in fresh garments, and brushed the golden-brown hair that coiled about my fingers in a host of tiny curls. Then I placed him on the bed, to keep him out of harm's way, and began my own preparations.

But Master Allie raised his voice in wild lamentation and refused to be comforted, although I gave him my best bracelets and my watch-chain. He had been left to his own devices long enough, he thought, and no coaxing or cajolery sufficed to restore his good-humor.

I called Hannah.

"Dear me, Miss Barbara! I'd come if I could, goodness knows. But the biscuits 'll burn to cinders if I leave 'em, and besides, I'm picking over the raspberries for tea."

"Then you must cry, Allie," I said, desperately, as I turned to my dressing-table, and tried to arrange my hair with hands that trembled so that I could not perform my task. Braids would not stay in place, and curls were incorrigible.

It was just ten minutes past five, and I was still in my dressing-sack, with my hair upon my shoulders, after a third attempt to put up the heavy mass, when I heard the sound of wheels. A moment more, and there were footsteps in the hall below, and my husband's voice called,

"Barbara! Barbara!"

Allie screamed louder than ever, and I answered as well as I could from out the din,

"I will come presently—as soon as I can."

I heard the two walk into the parlor, and in another minute Walter came bounding upstairs two steps at a time. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes bright as with some hidden joy.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, as his eye took in the state of the case; "anybody sick? Is Hannah dead? or what's up?"

"I am tired to death," I answered, "and Allie is cross as the mischief, and Hannah's busy, and—I am not dressed."

"So I see," he said, curtly. "You ought to have begun earlier, instead of fussing so long in that confounded kitchen."

Now I knew this as well as he did; but I did not care to be told of it just then. So, woman-like, I began to "weep a little weep."

"There, there!" exclaimed Walter, "don't go to crying now, and spoil your eyes. I wanted you to look your very best to-night, and I am so disappointed, Barbara! I'll go down town to-morrow morning and get another girl, if things go on at this rate."

This was Walter's standing threat; while at the same time he knew, and I knew, that one servant was all we could afford. And one would have been enough, even in this emergency, if I had not been too ambitious. His words stung me to the quick.

"Go back to Miss Delamater," I said, "and have Hannah show her to her room. Supper will be ready by the time she is dressed—and so will I. I am sorry I was not ready to receive your friend, Walter; but by the time she has been married two or three years, and has a fretful baby on her hands, she will have learned to make allowances."

Diverted by his father's entrance, Allie stopped crying. Pride and a little spicing of anger gave me strength and calmness, and I was soon dressed.

Miss Delamater accepted my apologies with gracious sweetness, praised the house and the baby, and the beauty of the little village nestling among the hills. She congratulated Walter upon his patriarchal dignity, and told him that he wore his new honors as if "to the manner born." Then we went out to supper; and while she did full justice to the biscuits and cold chicken, she remarked

to him that she perceived he had done wisely in choosing a wife from the country. Country girls devoted themselves so much more exclusively to domestic affairs that it could not be doubted that they made better housekeepers than those who had been taught to regard literary and social culture as the "one thing needful."

Was there latent sarcasm underlying her soft words? I could not tell. But I felt shy and ill at ease, and I was glad when I could rise from the table and lead the way back to the parlor. My good Hannah came for Allie presently, and I was at liberty to devote myself to my guest.

I had often heard that Miriam Delamater was beautiful—that there was some rare, subtle charm about her by which men's hearts were lured from out their bosoms almost without their knowledge or consent. But I was not prepared for all that was revealed to me that night. It was not the beauty of girlhood, but that of complete, superb womanhood. She was full five years older than myself; nearly as old as Walter, in fact. I seemed to myself a mere child beside her—a child physically, intellectually, and spiritually.

The shaded lamp was turned low until the room was filled only with a soft radiance almost like moonlight. The windows were open, and the muslin curtains fluttered gently to and fro in the scented airs that stole up from my lilies and heliotropes and violets in the garden below. Miriam half sat, half reclined, in a high-backed crimson chair, against which her magnificent hair of "paly gold" gleamed in the tender light. I do not know what she wore—some diaphanous tissue woven of mist and sunbeams, I think; but it was worn with a careless ease and grace that made it seem a part of herself.

Walter sat in a corner of the sofa near her, and their talk wandered back to his father's house, and the days when they were children together. Her words vivified and glorified whatever they touched; and their past, warmed into life by her breath, seemed as beautiful as a dream. The present paled before it.

I withdrew to a table in a far corner of the room, and seemed to busy myself with the last *Scribner*. Do not think that they purposely overlooked me, or ignored my presence. But they talked of persons and things of which I knew nothing, and so—foolishly, perhaps—I glided away from them.

But I could not read. Gradually the current of talk drifted round to Miriam's life abroad. How she glowed and sparkled then! How like a leaf torn from some old romance seemed the story of her sojournings in Venice, in Florence, in Rome, in Dresden, in Paris, in Berlin! Her great violet eyes kindled and their light deepened and darkened as she spoke of the old cathedrals, the storied castles, the art and architecture which it had been the dream of my life to see, but which I probably never should see until this mortal had put on immortality, and my disembodied spirit should be free to wander at will.

Walter hung on her words, her looks, as one enchanted. I did not wonder at it; I could not blame him. But ah! how it hurt me!

I stole softly out of the room and up-stairs to my chamber, while they were wrapped in some dream of Michael Angelo or Raphael. Taking a lamp, I walked straight to the large mirror that overhung my dressing-table. Walter had been wont to call me his gypsy queen—his brown-eyed fairy, and the like. I had been praised, sometimes, for a certain dark, oriental style of beauty; and I had been glad, for his sake. But I was little and brown, with small, irregular features. I needed the cosmetic of joy; and to-night there was no color in my cheeks, no luster in my eyes. I looked old and worn and faded; and that woman down stairs, with her eloquent words, her witching glances, her peerless beauty, was weaving her old spells about my husband, and luring his heart away from me.

If I looked old then, I must have been a perfect Methuselah—or whatever the feminine of that venerable name may be—before the first of September. Miriam Delamater's presence chafed and harassed me beyond measure. There was nothing in her sayings or doings that I could deliberately, and in the broad, clear light of common sense, quarrel with.

She and my husband met upon the frank, free footing of old friends. Surely I had no right to find fault with that? And it was not her fault that she was fairer, calmer, stronger, and more self-poised than I. *She* was not to blame that the wondrous charm of her voice, her face, her manner was so potent; or that her grace, her quiet self-possession, her rare conversational powers oppressed me with a vague, yet painful sense of inferiority, and made me silent and constrained in her presence. It was only that I was weak and childish, incapable of sustaining myself, and of commanding my husband's admiration. Thus I reasoned with myself in the night-watches, and strove to be generous, if not content.

But my heart rebelled. This guest of ours, whether willfully or no, did come in between my husband and myself. There were no more long confidential talks for us in the still twilights; there were no sweet, familiar words at noonday; there were no brisk rides or walks in the breezy mornings. For wherever we were, there was Miss Delamater; and she was a born diplomat and believed in monopolies.

Then, too, I was physically worn and wretched. The addition of this one member to my household added wonderfully to my domestic cares and labors. Miriam Delamater had the art of appearing exceedingly helpful —even officiously so. I do not doubt in the least that Walter thought her a great assistance to me; and blessed her for her sisterly aid and counsel. But the truth was, she was utterly helpless and inefficient when it came to the practical, daily recurring needs of life. To make a bad matter worse, she did not know this, and was always volunteering (in Walter's presence, mind you) to do some stupendous deed in the housekeeping or culinary line; which, when once begun, Hannah or I were forced to finish. For my lady was sure to become exhausted before she had made an end to her beginnings, while she claimed credit for having done whatever she had undertaken.

During all these dreary weeks, Walter was never unkind or impatient with me. But he could not understand matters. He could not comprehend my "whims and humors," as he called them; and I kept my own mouth closely sealed. I doubt if I made myself very charming in those days; and I suspect, now, that he was as thoroughly puzzled as a man ever was by his wife's demeanor. He would come in fresh and vigorous from his earnest, eager work, to find Miss Delamater in the parlor ready to talk to him—or with him —of books, of art, of noted men whom she had met, of famous places she had seen. She kept his whole intellectual being in healthy action. By and by a little pale, spiritless woman would come stealing in, and sit silently in the shade.

Sometimes it was the little woman's own fault that she was not brighter and fresher. Sometimes a spirit of dumb submission that was yet far from being patience took possession of her, and she would not strive to make herself as charming as she could, and as she had through all her wedded life till now. Sometimes she was silent when she might have talked well and wisely—as well, perhaps, as the more brilliant woman whom she allowed to eclipse her. Sometimes she willfully threw her husband in the way of temptation by being still, and cold, and passive herself, when this old friend of his was most attractive, most winning.

I see all this now, but I did not see it then. I only felt that I was wretched, and I believed that Miriam Delamater was the cause.

One morning at the breakfast table allusion was made to Bryant's poem to the Fringed Gentian; and Miss Delamater remarked that she did not know the flower.

"What! not know the Fringed Gentian?" said Walter, turning round quickly. "Well, I advise you to make its acquaintance before you go flower-hunting again 'on the Alps and the Apennines.' I will bring you a blossom to-night, if I can find one. It must be in bloom by this time."

"No, thank you," she answered, carelessly. "If I see the flower at all I want to see it in its native haunts. No single blossom for me, if you please."

"Then what say you, Barbara? Let us go up to the head of the lake this afternoon, toward sunset, and we can reap a harvest of

gentians. Meldon's woods must be filled with them."

I did not particularly care to go; but I had still enough common-sense remaining to know that the walk, and the sweet, fresh evening air would do me good. So we went, all three of us.

I am not going to describe our walk on the shores of that lovely lake, the glorious sunset sky, the opaline gleams, the tints of purple and rose, amethyst and amber, that glorified cloud and wavelet and mountain. Even my perturbed spirit felt that "it was good to be there." We lingered so long that when we entered the woods the sun was slowly sinking —a globe of fire behind the crest of Mount Victory.

The first frosts had come, and the leaves were beginning to fall. But, bright with "heaven's own blue," the gentian "looked through its fringes to the sky" from every damp and shaded nook. We found them on every side of us; and wandered on, lured by seemingly richer specimens just beyond, until we were checked by the gathering darkness. I looked up, and a single star shone down upon me through a parting in the trees. But even as I looked a dense cloud swept over it.

Walter and Miss Delamater were at a little distance. He was showing her a spot where the May-flowers were largest and sweetest in the spring. I called to them.

"Walter! Miriam!" I said. "It is getting late, and I believe it is going to rain. We must hurry home."

They came back to me hastily. But before we had taken a dozen steps the wind swayed the tops of the pine trees, a sullen, angry roar came from the deeper woods into which we had not penetrated, and it became evident that one of the sudden, violent tempests of autumn was upon us.

We hurried on, while it grew darker and darker every moment, and the soughing and shrieking of the wind and the creaking of the tossing boughs raised a bewildering tumult about us. Taking a hand of each, Walter tried to urge us forward. But our feet became entangled in the brakes and underbrush, and we made slow progress.

"Hark! is that thunder?" said Miriam, under her breath.

"It is too cold for a thunder-storm," Walter answered. "It is only the wind."

Even as he spoke a fearful gust tore our hands apart. Denser darkness, darkness that could be felt, fell about us; we could not see an inch before our faces—we could not see each other.

Suddenly the air was filled with flying particles, and crash after crash resounded from the forest. We were in the very path of the tornado. Great trees fell prostrate to the right and to the left of us, and huge branches were borne like straws on the wings of the tempest. Stricken to the ground, crouching there in dire extremity, we waited for what might come.

But high above the roar of the elements, the fierce beating of the storm, I heard my husband's voice.

"Barbara! Barbara! Barbara!" I heard it through the darkness, and could not answer him.

Barbara—not Miriam—even in that supreme moment when soul spoke to soul, and we stood upon the confines of the other world!

. . . . . .

When I returned to consciousness I was in a darkened room, and there were two or three strange women about me. I tried to move my left arm, but could not. It was bandaged from the shoulder down. Walter knelt at the foot of the bed.

The women went out.

I cannot tell you about it. Some things are too sacred to be made subjects of common speech. But I knew that night by my husband's tears and caresses, by the silent kisses that his trembling lips pressed upon my cold ones, by his few scarce articulate words of thanksgiving, by his whispered prayers, how grievously I had wronged him by my jealous doubts.

I learned more, by and by, after Miriam had gone, and my bruised arm had got well. One day I told him all I had thought and felt and suffered. For a long time he sat silently, with his hand clasping mine. Then he said,

"I want to show you something, Barbara," and left the room.

He came back presently with a little blue

velvet case in his hand. There was something in his face that I had never seen there before; something that showed that his whole being was stirred to its inmost depths.

"I want to show you something," he repeated. "You are wholly mistaken about my feeling for Miriam. Rumor coupled our names, as was but natural. But I never loved her, even when we were boy and girl together, with any other than a quiet, brotherly affection. If I had I should have told you before I asked you to be my wife. But I want to show you this picture of the young girl who *was* my first love. There must never be any more concealments between us, Barbara. You must read my heart to the very last page."

My hand trembled so that it was with difficulty I unfastened the clasp.

It was my own likeness—a little, miserable, worn, faded vignette, taken in my early girlhood; and under the glass were a withered flower or two—the first I had ever given him. I looked up. There were tears in his eyes.

"That is a relic of my callow days," he said, half laughing. "I stole that picture long before you dreamed that I loved you; and I have been ashamed to show you the poor old thing, so magnificently encased in blue and gold. But it tells the whole story, my Barbara. You shall keep it henceforward, and study it at your leisure whenever you are inclined to be jealous of your husband's first love."

I believed every word he said. But yet—I hope we shall never have another visit from Miriam.

EDSON'S MOTHER.

We were deep in our diet-lists and the disentanglement of those dark and mysterious phonetics which seem the special province of ward-masters and hospital stewards, when a tap fell upon the door.

"Come in," ejaculated H., with a resigned voice. "My dear, if I should be found dead in my bed to-morrow, carve upon my tomb the words, 'Milk-porridge'—I have just come across a thirteenth way of spelling it."

"If you please, mum," said the little orderly, respectfully waiting for the end of the sentence, "Edson's mother has came."

"Has she, indeed, poor soul? Where have you put her, Paul?"

"Down stairs, mum, in the offis—she's takin' on awful!" (this by way of mild suggestion).

"Who is Edson?" asked H., as I folded up my papers.

"That Maine man in ward P—, don't you remember? who has twice been so desperately low. This time the doctor says there is absolutely no chance for him. I wrote his friends last week, but hardly hoped he would live to see them."

Down stairs I went, making on the way a quick instinctive picture of the person I was about to see. "Given a man—to evolve his wife and mother"—is a problem which possesses undying interest for the female mind—at least for mine. A hospital affords unlimited black-board for demonstration of that sort; and though my lines are always getting into tangles, and A and B refusing to equal C, still I worked on undiscouraged. What though our weakly, nervous little drummer proved to possess a parent of the ancient Roman type, majestically double-chinned, whose air, as she sat by his bedside, was as that of a royal eagle condoling with an invalid peewit? What though Sergeant T——, the tawny-bearded and lion-faced, who had ejaculated "Thunder!" and "O pshaw!" with such unction over Dora in *David Copperfield*, turned out the lawful owner of a Dora of his own?—I persisted in my little problem, and a vision of the sinewy, reserved Maine man crossing my mind as I ran down stairs—his mother must be like him, I thought; of the same type, angular, self-contained, strong. This idea full in my mind, and my heart brimming with sympathy, I opened the office door. A gurgling sound as of a faucet imperfectly turned met my ear, and before me sat—what?

My first impression was wonderment that

anything so big and so helpless should have been suffered to come from Maine alone. Tall, and enormously fat—that quivering, aimless fat which suggests absence of bones underneath; a tight string of gold beads encircling her neck below a terrace of chins; a pair of blue, lack-luster eyes, from which a stream of tears was dripping; two limp, appealing hands crossed on her lap,—such was Edson's mother! I stopped—struck dumb for one instant by my own excessive folly—then, rallying, hastened forward.

"I am glad you could come, Mrs. Edson,—we had hardly hoped it; and I am thankful to say you are in time to see your son. He is perfectly conscious, though very weak."

The poor old woman gave a series of strange gulps and the tears ran faster, but she said nothing.

"Would you like to go at once to the ward, or will you rest a while first, and drink a cup of tea? I think that will be the better plan, unless the delay is too painful for you."

The fat neck slowly shook the fat head. I rang the bell, and while Mrs. Edson composed herself on the creaking lounge, essayed a little comfort.

"The doctors say that your son has wonderful rallying-power. They do not speak encouragingly of him now, but you know he has revived twice before when almost as low as this, so it is just possible—"

The maternal head was slowly shaken afresh. "Oh no, he ain't a-goin to git well," she sobbed. "I ain't prepared for that."

"It is wise not to be too hopeful, still—"

"His pa's made all the arrangements," she interrupted; "the body's to be took on by Pratt's Express. Pa's spoke to the man, and all."

At this juncture tea appeared. I made her a cup, and when she appeared somewhat quieted and refreshed, proposed taking her to her son. To my surprise she hesitated and hung back.

"You'll go, too?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"I can't be left alone. I should just go all of a heap if I was," she asserted.

The evening was clear and cool. Little rosy clouds were floating above a soft, daffodil-hued sunset. "Retreat" was sounding; the flag came, slowly fluttering in heavy folds, down its tall staff. The officers were grouped on the piazza of headquarters; altogether the place wore its pleasantest aspect. I pointed out these things to my companion, hoping to interest her; but she scarcely listened, and clung to my arm in a way which promised ill for the coming interview.

"Remember," (impressively — my hand on the latch), "that your son is very, very weak. You *must* control yourself. If you cry, or agitate him, it may cost his life!"

"P" was our crack ward. Its perfections had cost both time and labor. I was justly proud of them, and trusted its aspect of comfort and order would soothe Mrs. Edson's nerves. But as we passed up the long, light room, with its spotless floor, its neat rows of pallets with trim blue counterpanes and snowy pillows, its walls hung with gay prints, and rocking-chairs "atilt with heroes," her trepidation increased. We reached the screened bed—I held her back.

"Edson!"

Slowly the heavy lids unclosed.

"Here is something pleasant. Your mother has come all the way from Maine to make you a visit! Would you like to see her now?"

The lips formed an inaudible "yes." I motioned Mrs. Edson to advance,—to my surprise she hung back and refused to stir. Her eyes wildly sought after the door; she seemed so ready for escape that I seized her arm. It was actually necessary to exert some strength to propel her round the corner of the screen and into her son's line of vision. Anything so inert and heavy I never imagined before. I guided her hand to his helpless fingers, seated her by the bedside, and after a word or two moved away to leave them in greater freedom.

Mrs. Edson clutched my dress.

"Don't!" she gasped—"don't go."

"Only to speak to this man close by," I said, wonderingly.

"Oh don't! I can't be left alone of him. I'm afraid!"

"Afraid of what!"

"I'm afraid," was the only answer.

She was reasonless as a child—or as several dozen children rolled into one. I could neither calm nor convince, so remained perforce, "making conversation," and trying to hide from the sick man the spectacle of his agitated parent. The scene at last became too ludicrous and too painful for endurance. I conveyed Mrs. Edson, nothing loath, to the far end of the ward, and left her in the little nurse's room, under charge of "Mary," promising to call and take her away when I had finished my rounds.

Ah, those rounds!—that slow passage from bed to bed; those mute looks of recognition and regard; the strange friendship which united those who suffered and those who served; how unreal and far away they seem in these days of peace and reaction! how impossible! and yet how bracing are they to memory, when,

> "Sad with the breath of that diviner air,
> That loftier mood,"—

we turn back to catch a pulse of the inspiration which once tingled in our veins, and which carried a whole nation on its impetuous tide for four wonderful years.

Going back to Edson after a while, I surprised a look of relief in his impassive face.

"Is—my—mother—gone?" he whispered, a long pause between each word.

"Yes. She seems very tired to-night. To-morrow she will be rested and able to be a comfort to you, I hope."

The next day and the next our patient was very low. His life hung by a thread, the doctor said, and the ward surgeon shook his head gravely when I ventured a word of hope. But there was something in the man's indomitable eyes which forbade despair. Plainly as eyes could speak they said, "I mean to live." Once he asked for his mother. It was not easy to persuade her to enter the ward again, but we said she *must*, which coercion we afterwards regretted, for she moaned and cried hysterically every moment of the time, and clutched my dress tightly, to prevent any stirring from her reach. Her gulping sobs arrested her poor son's attention at length.

He was evidently distressed. "Don't—mother—" he said feebly more than once, and at last, summoning all his strength for the effort, he beckoned me nearer, and gasped in an almost inaudible voice: "Miss ——, if—my—mother—doesn't—go away—I—shall—die."

We hurried Mrs. Edson away, and this was the last interview between them. A boat-load of wounded arrived that night, and for a day or two I was too busy to pay further attention to her. The nurses reported that she spent her time in the linen-room, collecting and putting in order her son's clothing; and I was glad that her maternal anxiety should find so safe and practical an outlet.

The fifth day came. Early in the morning bad news arrived from ward P. Edson was dying. We broke the tidings as gently as possible to his mother, and proposed that she should go to him, but she showed such misery of reluctance that I forbore to press the point, and hurried down alone. Doctor —— met me with a very grave face. The ward was awfully quiet; the laughs and merry chatter had hushed to silence; the men grouped about the stoves wore solemn, expectant faces; a few were peeping round the corner of the screen within which lay Edson, with gray, set features, unconscious of us all, drifting fast on that dark, retreating tide whose reflux brings no vestige from the other shore. I watched him a moment, and still an instinct whispered of hope.

"Might I not give him some champagne, doctor?"

"Certainly, if he can take it, but I fear it will be of no use."

I persevered; slowly and painfully, drop by drop, pouring it between the stiffening lips; the muscles of the throat moving ever so slightly, but enough to prove that it was swallowed. Spoonful after spoonful—hour after hour. The clock struck eleven. It was the time for the daily boat; her whistle sounded down the bay. A change of hue was coming into the still, gray face on the pillow. It was not more lifelike perhaps, but it was less like death—and my hopes rose. Just then Mrs. Smith, good "Mary" of ward P, flew up the room at a pace very different from her usual noiseless prowl, and whispered:—

"What *do* you think? Mrs. Edson is going!"

"Going!

"Yes, in the boat. She says it is of no use to stay! And she wants to speak to you a minute."

I thrust the spoon and glass in her hands and almost ran out of the ward. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Edson, bonneted and shawled, with a big bundle beside her, and her bag in her hand. She looked fairly alive, for the first time since her arrival at the hospital, and greeted me with a voice that was loud and voluble:—

"Yes, Miss ——, I'm goin'. My old man's lonesome enough, I reckon, and I'd better be getting along toward home. I've taken poor Charles's things. He won't need 'em any more, and it's best they should go. His shirts is all here, exceptin' one which the lady in the linen-room couldn't find, and there's some new flannel ones which come from the store in P., and hain't never been used; them I shall return; the folks can't say nothing against takin' them back, under the circumstances, and they're too small for Pa and John. And about Charles, Miss ——; his Pa was a-speakin' to the man at Pratt's Express about carryin' on him up to Pequasset; and he said he would attend to it for twenty-eight dollars. It's a good deal of money; but we've 'lotted to spend it. I s'pose he can be boxed up here."

I bowed, fairly unable to speak.

"Please direct, 'Care Samuel P. Jacks, Providence,'" she went on. "He's brother-in-law to Pa's sister, and he'll see to having it put aboard the cars all straight. And Pa'll send the money for the express. It has got to be paid beforehand, the man says."

The boat stopped at the dock, her blue smoke curling aloft in the crisp October air. Mrs. Edson collected her parcels.

"That's all, I reckon. Good-by, Miss ——. I shall al'ays say and stick to it that Charles was well cared-for by you. Of course a hospital can't be like home. We all know that!" Dispensing these final words as a benediction, she shook her vast skirts and moved away. Ten minutes later the "Thos. Beecher" steamed up the bay, and that was the last of Edson's Mother.

Or not quite the last. Strange to say, after two days of desperate exhaustion our patient rallied for the third time. I never saw so iron a will. He resolved to live, and he did live. This time the rally was a final one. For days he subsisted upon champagne. How many dozen he drank I cannot now remember. I know their value more than covered the sum which his frugal parent had "'lotted" to spend upon his mortuary travels. And while he mended, telegraphs came pouring in from "Samuel P. Jacks, Providence": "Surprised to hear nothing of Charles. Hope there is no mistake! Please forward *it* by the boat to-morrow." And all this while the "It" was a "*He*," and beginning to consume beef-steaks in goodly quantity! More embarrassing still was the necessity of accounting to Edson for the disappearance of all his wearing apparel. He actually had nothing but an old army overcoat left to come to life in! We concealed the horrors of the situation as long as we could, but little by little they leaked out.

"I can't think what my mother was about," he said, with a sort of pathetic patience. "If she'd even left my writing-paper I could let her know I was getting well; but she took every sheet, and my pocket-handkerchiefs, and my hair-comb! It's a very strange way of acting!"

Happily it was in our power to relieve his wants. The affluent charities of the time kept our shelves supplied with every necessary and luxury known to man. From these kindly gifts we drew. Three months later, hale and hearty in spite of his missing leg, Edson, no longer an "It," but clothed and in his right mind, took the morning-boat in propria persona, and, without the assistance of Pratt's Express, returned to his native Maine.

We hear from him occasionally. He is well. He has a farm and a wife, and is content and prosperous, though with true New England caution he takes care not to say so. But he has never mentioned his mother, and how he and she settled the perplexing matter of the flannel shirts, we shall never know.

CÆSAR ROWAN.

YES, I heern about de proclamation—
Ole Mas' Linkum's—dessay, boss, it's right;
But fo' seventy yeah on dis plantation,
Young Mas' Jeemes an I have fit de fight—
An' to-day
Whah I've bin I mean to stay.

Don't pe'cisely know how ole I be, sah;
But I 'memb' dat ole Mas' Rowan sed—
"No use tellin' me about ow Cesah;
He was ten when Cousin John went dead—
Ten fo' sho—"
Dat was sixty yeah ago.

Heah I've bin upon de ole plantation
Evvah sence—knew all the folks aroun'.
What's de use o' makin' a noration?
Deh all dead, done gone, an' ondergroun',
So it seems:—
No one lef' but young Mas' Jeemes.

Him an' me were raised by ole Mas' Rowan—
High ole times, boss, mawnin', night, an' noon;—
In de fields we wuhked whah hands were hoein';
In de woods we went to hunt de coon.
Wuhk an' play,
We were pardners ev'ry day.

An' when he growed up, an' went to college
Down at Williamsbu'g, I tell yuh den,
Cesah, he picked up a heap o' knowledge,
Tendin' on him 'mong de gentlemen—
Cesah dah,
Cesah heah, an' everywhah.

Den he mawied—mawied Nancy Merritt—
Ginnul Petah's daughtah from Soufside—
Tell yuh, boss, she had a mighty sperrit,
Beauty—mps! an' full o' grace an' pride;
Eyes so bright,
Fahly lit de house at night.

Young Mas' Randolph he come nex' Decembah,
Chris'mas day, sah—ki! de time was good;
Egg-nogg plenty—dah I *mus'* remembah—
Cesah he got tight—o' co'se he would—
Drunk wid joy,
Kase Miss Nancy had a boy.

Setch a boy as dat when he growed oldah!
Stout an' strong, de maken' of a man;
Dis yeh chin jes' retched up to his shouldah;
I was nowhah 'longside young Mas' Ran'—
Nowhah—no!
An' I ain't a dwarf fo' sho.

Well, one day, I 'membah dat for sahtain,
We sot out wid grist fo' Sinkah's mill;
Young Mas' Jeemes sez, jes' as we were startin'—
"Keep ole Cesah safe!"—Sez he, "I will!
Yes, dat's so!
Bring back Cesah, wheddah no."

Den he smile, Mas' Ran' he smile dat mawnin'
Like an angel—yes, he did, po' boy!
No one seemed to have a mite of wawnin'
What was comin' on to spile our joy.
Down de hill,
On we rode to Sinkah's mill.

Gwine dah, Rocky Branch was high an' roa'in',
Jes' above de mill de bridge we cros';
Puffick taw'ent off de dam was pou'in';
Fall in dah, boss, den you sho done los'.
I rid on;
Down de bridge went—I was gone.

Me an' hoss an' grist an' timbers fallin';
In we went, an' off we all were swep';
Den I heah Mas' Randolph's voice a callin'—
"Hole fas', Cesah!" an' wid dat he leap'—
Nothin' mo'—
Den I loss all else fo' sho.

Seems to me I felt his fingahs tetch me,
Den I knowed no mo' ontwell I heah
Some one say—"De bottle yander retch me!
Gib'm a dram! He'll do now, nevah feah!"
Sez I den—
"Whah's Mas' Randolph, gentlemen?"

Ev'ry one dah seemed to be dumbfounded,
So I raise an' ax agin fo' him;
Den dey tole me young Mas' Ran' was drownded—
Hit his head agin a swingin' limb.
Drownded! dead!
"Po' ole Missus!" den I sed.

Home de kawpse o' po' Mas' Ran' we kerried;
Dah was Missus—not a wuhd she spoke;
But she died de day dat he was buried;
Doctah Gahnett sed heh hea't was broke—
She went dead
Wid a broken hea't he sed.

Sense de day we buried po' Miss Nancy,
Monsus bad times come to young Mas' Jeemes;
Dah he sits all day wropt up in fancy,
Eyes wide open, dreamin' daylight dreams.
But fo' me,
Dun no whah Mas' Jeemes would be.

Heah's de place whah him an' I were bawn in;
Heah we stay, an' heah we pottah roun',
Twell dey tote de pah of us some mawnin',
Way out yander to de buryin' groun';
Dah we'll lay
Waitin' fo' de Jedgemen' Day.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 203.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—(*Continued.*)

He said little more, but from what followed, I suspect either he or his father spoke to Sir Giles on the subject; for, one day, as I was walking past the park-gates, which I had seldom entered since my return, I saw him just within, talking to old Mr. Coningham. I saluted him in passing, and he not only returned the salutation in a friendly manner, but made a step towards me as if he wished to speak to me. I turned and approached him. He came out and shook hands with me.

"I know who you are, Mr. Cumbermede, although I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you before," he said frankly.

"There you are mistaken, Sir Giles," I returned; "but you could hardly be expected to remember the little boy who, many years ago, having stolen one of your apples, came to you to comfort him."

"I remember the circumstance well," he said. "And you were that unhappy culprit? Ha! ha! ha! To tell the truth, I have thought of it many times. It was a remarkably fine thing to do."

"What! steal the apple, Sir Giles?"

"Make the instant reparation you did."

"There was no reparation in asking you to box my ears."

"It was all you could do, though."

"To ease my own conscience, it was. There is always a satisfaction, I suppose, in suffering for our sins. But I have thought a thousand times of your kindness in shaking hands with me instead. You treated me as the angels treat the repentant sinner, Sir Giles."

"Well, I certainly never thought of it in that light," he said; then, as if wishing to change the subject, "Don't you find it lonely now your uncle is gone?" he asked.

"I miss him more than I can tell."

"A very worthy man he was—too good for this world, by all accounts."

"He's not the worse off for that now, Sir Giles, I trust."

"No; of course not," he returned quickly, with the usual shrinking from slightest allusion to what is called the other world—"Is there anything I can do for you? You are a literary man, they tell me. There are a good many books of one sort and another lying at the Hall. Some of them might be of use to you. They are at your service. I am sure you are to be trusted even with mouldy books, which, from what I hear, must be a greater temptation to you now than red-cheeked apples," he added, with another merry laugh.

"I will tell you what, Sir Giles," I answered. "It has often grieved me to think of the state of your library. It would be scarcely possible for me to find a book in it now. But if you would trust me, I should be delighted, in my spare hours, of which I can command a good many, to put the whole in order for you."

"I should be under the greatest obligation. I have always intended having some capable man down from London to arrange it. I am no great reader myself, but I have the highest respect for a good library. It ought never to have got into the condition in which I found it."

"The books are fast going to ruin, I fear."

"Are they indeed?" he exclaimed, with some consternation. "I was not in the least aware of that. I thought so long as I let no one meddle with them, they were safe enough."

"The law of the moth and rust holds with books as well as other unused things," I answered.

"Then, pray, my dear sir, undertake the thing at once," he said, in a tone to which the uneasiness of self-reproach gave a touch of imperiousness. "But really," he added, "it seems trespassing on your goodness much too far. Your time is valuable. Would it be a long job?"

"It would doubtless ake some months; but the pleasure of seeing order drawn from confusion would itself repay me. And I *might* come upon certain books of which I am greatly in want. You will have to allow me a carpenter though, for the shelves are not half sufficient to hold the books; and I have no doubt those there are stand in need of repair."

"I have a carpenter amongst my people. Old houses want constant attention. I shall put him under your orders with pleasure. Come and dine with me to-morrow, and we'll talk it all over."

"You are very kind," I said. "Is Mr. Brotherton at home?"

"I am sorry to say he is not."

"I heard the other day that he had sold his commission."

"Yes—six months ago. His regiment was ordered to India, and—and—his mother——. But he does not give us much of his company," added the old man. "I am sorry he is not at home, for he would have been glad to meet you."

Instead of responding, I merely made haste to accept Sir Giles's invitation. I confess I did not altogether relish having anything to do with the future property of Geoffrey Brotherton; but the attraction of the books was great, and in any case I should be under no obligation to him; neither was the nature of the service I was about to render him such as would awaken any sense of obligation in a mind like his.

I could not help recalling the sarcastic criticisms of Clara when I entered the drawing-room of Moldwarp Hall—a long, low-ceiled room, with its walls and stools and chairs covered with tapestry, some of it the work of the needle, other some of the Gobelin loom; but although I found Lady Brotherton a common enough old lady, who showed little of the dignity of which she evidently thought much, and was more condescending to her yeoman neighbor than was agreeable, I did not at once discover ground for the severity of those remarks. Miss Brotherton, the eldest of the family, a long-necked lady, the flower of whose youth was beginning to curl at the edges, I found well-read, but whether in books or the reviews of them, I had to leave an open question as yet. Nor was I sufficiently taken with her not to feel considerably dismayed when she proffered me her assistance in arranging the library. I made no objection at the time, only hinting that the drawing up of a catalogue afterwards might be a fitter employment for her fair fingers; but I resolved to create such a fearful pother at the very beginning, that her first visit should be her last. And so I doubt not it would have fallen out, but for something else. The only other person who dined with us was a Miss Pease—at least so I will call her—who, although the law of her existence appeared to be fetching and carrying for Lady Brotherton, was yet, in virtue of a poor-relationship, allowed an uneasy seat at the table. Her obedience was mechanically perfect. One wondered how the mere nerves of volition could act so instantaneously upon the slightest hint. I saw her more than once or twice withdraw her fork when almost at her lips, and, almost before she had laid it down, rise from her seat to obey some half-whispered, half-nodded behest. But her look was one of injured meekness and self-humbled submission. Sir Giles now and then gave her a kind or merry word, but she would reply to it with almost abject humility. Her face was gray and pinched, her eyes were very cold, and she ate as if she did not know one thing from another.

Over our wine Sir Giles introduced business. I professed myself ready, with a housemaid and carpenter at my orders when I should want them, to commence operations the following afternoon. He begged me to ask for whatever I might want, and after a little friendly chat I took my leave, elated with the prospect of the work before me. About three o'clock the next afternoon I took my way to the Hall, to assume the temporary office of creative librarian.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PREPARATIONS.

It was a lovely afternoon, the air hot, and the shadows of the trees dark upon the green grass. The clear sun was shining sideways on the little oriel window of one of the rooms

in which my labor awaited me. Never have I seen a picture of more stately repose than the huge pile of building presented, while the curious vane on the central square tower glittered like the outburning flame of its hidden life. The only objection I could find to it was that it stood isolated from its own park, although the portion next it was kept as trim as the smoothest lawn. There was not a door anywhere to be seen except the two gateway entrances, and not a window upon the ground floor. All the doors and low windows were either within the courts, or opened on the garden which, with its terraced walks and avenues, and one tiny lawn, surrounded the two further sides of the house, and was itself enclosed by walls.

I knew the readiest way to the library well enough: once admitted at the outer gate, I had no occasion to trouble the servants. The rooms containing the books were amongst the bedrooms, and after crossing the great hall, I had to turn my back on the stair which led to the ball-room and drawing-room, and ascend another to the left, so that I could come and go with little chance of meeting any of the family.

The rooms, I have said, were six, none of them of any great size, and all ill-fitted for the purpose. In fact, there was such a sense of confinement about the whole arrangement as gave me the feeling that any difficult book read there would be unintelligible. Order, however, is only another kind of light, and would do much to destroy the impression. Having with practical intent surveyed the situation, I saw there was no space for action. I must have at least the temporary use of another room, where the last of the suite of book rooms farthest from the armory had still a door into the room beyond, and I tried it, thinking to see at a glance whether it would suit me, and whether it was likely to be yielded for my purpose. It opened, and, to my dismay, there stood Clara Coningham, fastening her collar. She looked sharply round, and made a half-indignant step towards me.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, Miss Coningham," I exclaimed. "Will you allow me to explain, or must I retreat unheard?"

I was vexed indeed, for, notwithstanding a certain flutter at the heart, I had no wish to renew my acquaintance with her.

"There must be some fatality about the place, Mr. Cumbermede," she said, almost with her old merry laugh. "It frightens me."

"Precisely my own feeling, Miss Coningham. I had no idea you were in the neighborhood."

"I cannot say so much as that; for I had heard you were at The Moat; but I had no expectation of seeing you—least of all in this house. I suppose you are on the scent of some musty old book or other," she added, approaching the door where I stood with the handle in my hand.

"My object is an invasion rather than a hunt," I said, drawing back that she might enter.

"Just as it was the last time! when you and I were here," she went on, with scarcely a pause, and as easily as if there had never been any misunderstanding between us.

I had thought myself beyond any further influence from her fascinations, but when I looked in her beautiful face, and heard her allude to the past with so much friendliness, and such apparent unconsciousness of any reason for forgetting it, a tremor ran through me from head to foot. I mastered myself sufficiently to reply, however.

"It is the last time you will see it so," I said; "for here stands the Hercules of the stable—about to restore it to cleanliness and, what is of far more consequence in a library —to order!"

"You don't mean it!" she exclaimed with genuine surprise. "I'm so glad I'm here!"

"Are you on a visit, then?"

"Indeed I am; but how it came about I don't know. I daresay my father does. Lady Brotherton has invited me, stiffly, of course, to spend a few weeks during their stay. Sir Giles must be in it; I believe I am rather a favorite with the good old man. But I have another fancy: my grandfather is getting old; I suspect my father has been making himself useful, and this invitation is an acknowledgment. Men always buttress their ill-built dignities by keeping poor women in the dark; by which means you drive us to infinite conjecture. That is how we come to be so much

cleverer than you at putting two and two together and making five."

"But," I ventured to remark, "under such circumstances, you will hardly enjoy your visit."

"Oh! shan't I? I shall get fun enough out of it for that. They are—all but Sir Giles—they are great fun. Of course, they don't treat me as an equal, but I take it out in amusement. You will find you have to do the same."

"Not I. I have nothing to do with them. I am here as a skilled workman—one whose work is his sufficient reward. There is nothing degrading in that—is there? If I thought there was, of course I shouldn't have come."

"You *never* did anything you felt degrading?"

"No."

"Happy mortal!" she said with a sigh—whether humorous or real, I could not tell.

"I have had no occasion," I returned.

"And yet, as I hear, you have made your mark in literature?"

"Who says that? I should not."

"Never mind," she rejoined, with, as I fancied, the look of having said more than she ought. "But," she added, "I wish you would tell me in what periodicals you write."

"You must excuse me. I do not wish to be first known in connection with fugitive things. When first I publish a book, you may be assured my name will be on the title-page. Meantime, I must fulfill the conditions of my *entrée*."

"And I must go and pay my respects to Lady Brotherton. I have only just arrived."

"Won't you find it dull? There's nobody of man-kind at home but Sir Giles."

"You are unjust. If Mr. Brotherton had been here I shouldn't have come. I find him troublesome."

I thought she blushed, notwithstanding the air of freedom with which she spoke.

"If he should come into the property to-morrow," she went on, "I fear you would have little chance of completing your work."

"If he came into the property this day six months, I fear he would find it unfinished. Certainly what was to do should remain undone."

"Don't be too sure of that. He might win you over. He can talk."

"I should not be so readily pleased as another might."

She bent towards me, and said in an almost hissing whisper:

"Wilfrid, I hate him."

I started. She looked what she said. The blood shot to my heart, and again rushed to my face. But suddenly she retreated into her own room, and noiselessly closed the door. The same moment I heard that of a further room open, and presently Miss Brotherton peeped in.

"How do you do, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said. "You are already hard at work, I see."

I was, in fact, doing nothing. I explained that I could not make a commencement without the use of another room.

"I will send the housekeeper, and you can arrange with her," she said, and left me.

In a few minutes Mrs. Wilson entered. Her manner was more stiff and formal than ever. We shook hands in a rather limp fashion.

"You've got your will at last, Mr. Cumbermede," she said. "I suppose the thing's to be done!"

"It is, Mrs. Wilson, I am happy to say. Sir Giles kindly offered me the use of the library, and I took the liberty of representing to him that there was no library until the books were arranged."

"Why couldn't you take a book away with you and read it in comfort at home?"

"How could I take the book home if I couldn't find it?"

"You could find something worth reading, if that were all you wanted."

"But that is not all. I have plenty of reading."

"Then I don't see what's the good of it."

"Books are very much like people, Mrs. Wilson. There are not so many you want to know all about; but most could tell you things you don't know. I want certain books in order to question them about certain things."

"Well, all I know is, it'll be more trouble than it's worth."

"I am afraid it will—to you, Mrs. Wilson;

but though I am taking a thousand times your trouble, I expect to be well repaid for it."

"I have no doubt of that. Sir Giles is a liberal gentleman."

"You don't suppose *he* is going to pay me, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Who else should?"

"Why, the books themselves, of course."

Evidently she thought I was making game of her, for she was silent.

"Will you show me which room I can have?" I said. "It must be as near this one as possible. Is the next particularly wanted?" I asked, pointing to the door which led to Clara's room.

She went to it quickly, and opened it far enough to put her hand in and take the key from the other side, which she then inserted on my side, turned in the lock, drew out, and put in her pocket.

"That room is otherwise engaged," she said. "You must be content with one across the corridor."

"Very well—if it is not far. I should make slow work of it if I had to carry the books a long way."

"You can have one of the footmen to help you," she said, apparently relenting.

"No, thank you," I answered. "I will have no one touch the books but myself."

"I will show you one which I think will suit your purpose," she said, leading the way.

It was nearly opposite—a bedroom, sparely furnished.

"Thank you. This will do—if you will order all the things to be piled in that corner."

She stood silent for a few moments, evidently annoyed, then turned and left the room, saying:

"I will see to it, Mr. Cumbermede."

Returning to the books, and pulling off my coat, I had soon compelled such a cloud of very ancient and smothering dust, that when Miss Brotherton again made her appearance her figure showed dim through the thick air, as she stood—dismayed I hoped—in the doorway. I pretended to be unaware of her presence, and went on beating and blowing, causing yet thicker volumes of solid vapor to clothe my presence. She withdrew without even an attempt at parley.

Having heaped several great piles near the door, each composed of books of nearly the same size, the first rudimentary approach to arrangement, I crossed to the other room, to see what progress had been made. To my surprise and annoyance, I found nothing had been done. Determined not to have my work impeded by the remissness of the servants, and seeing I must place myself at once on a proper footing in the house, I went to the drawing-room to ascertain, if possible, where Sir Giles was. I had of course put on my coat, but having no means of ablution at hand, I must have presented a very unpresentable appearance when I entered. Lady Brotherton half rose, in evident surprise at my intrusion, but at once resumed her seat, and turned her chair half towards the window where the other two ladies sat, saying:

"The housekeeper will attend to you, Mr. Cumbermede—or the butler."

I could see that Clara was making inward merriment over my appearance and reception.

"Could you tell me, Lady Brotherton," I said, "where I should be likely to find Sir Giles?"

"I can give no information on that point," she answered with consummate stiffness.

"I know where he is," said Clara, rising. "I will take you to him. He is in the study."

She took no heed of the glance broadly thrown at her, but approached the door.

I opened it, and followed her out of the room. As soon as we were beyond hearing, she burst out laughing.

"How dared you show your workman's face in that drawing-room?" she said. "I am afraid you have much offended her ladyship."

"I hope it is for the last time. When I am properly attended to, I shall have no occasion to trouble her."

She led me to Sir Giles's study. Except newspapers and reports of companies, there was in it nothing printed. He rose when we entered, and came towards us.

"Looking like your work already, Mr.

Cumbermede!" he said, holding out his hand.

"I must not shake hands with you this time, Sir Giles," I returned. "But I am compelled to trouble you. I can't get on for want of attendance. I *must* have a little help."

I told him how things were. His rosy face grew rosier, and he rang the bell angrily. The butler answered it.

"Send Mrs. Wilson here. And I beg, Hurst, you will see that Mr. Cumbermede has every attention."

Mrs. Wilson presently made her appearance, and stood with a flushed face before her master.

"Let Mr. Cumbermede's orders be attended to *at once*, Mrs. Wilson."

"Yes, Sir Giles," she answered, and waited.

"I am greatly obliged to you for letting me know," he added, turning to me. "Pray insist upon proper attention."

"Thank you, Sir Giles. I shall not scruple."

"That will do, Mrs. Wilson. You must not let Mr. Cumbermede be hampered in his kind labors for my benefit by the idleness of my servants."

The housekeeper left the room, and after a little chat with Sir Giles I went back to the books. Clara had followed Mrs. Wilson, partly, I suspect, for the sake of enjoying her confusion.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ASSISTANCE.

I RETURNED to my solitary house as soon as the evening began to grow too dark for my work, which, from the lowness of the windows and the age of the glass, was early. All the way as I went I was thinking of Clara. Not only had time somewhat obliterated the last impression she had made upon me, but I had, partly from the infection of Charley's manner, long ago stumbled upon various excuses for her conduct. Now I said to myself that she had certainly a look of greater sedateness than before. But her expression of dislike to Geoffrey Brotherton had more effect upon me than anything else, inasmuch as there vanity found room for the soles of both her absurdly small feet; and that evening, when I went wandering, after my custom, with a volume of Dante in my hand, the book remained unopened, and from the form of Clara flowed influences mingling with and gathering fresh power from those of nature, whose feminine front now brooded over me half-withdrawn in the dim, starry night. I remember that night so well! I can recall it now with a calmness equal to its own. Indeed, in my memory it seems to belong to my mind as much as to the outer world; or rather the night filled both, forming the space in which my thoughts moved, as well as the space in which the brilliant thread of the sun-lighted crescent hung clasping the earth-lighted bulk of the moon. I wandered in the grass until midnight was long by, feeling as quietly and peacefully at home as if my head had been on the pillow and my soul out in a lovely dream of cool delight. We lose much even by the good habits we form. What tender and glorious changes pass over our sleeping heads unseen! What moons rise and set in rippled seas of cloud or behind hills of stormy vapor while we are blind! What storms roll thundering across the airy vault, with no eyes for their keen lightnings to dazzle, while we dream of the dead who will not speak to us! But, ah! I little thought to what a dungeon of gloom this lovely night was the jasmine-grown porch!

The next morning I was glad to think that there was no wolf at my door, howling *work—work!* Moldwarp Hall drew me with redoubled attraction; and instead of waiting for the afternoon, which alone I had intended to occupy with my new undertaking, I set out to cross the park the moment I had finished my late breakfast. Nor could I conceal from myself that it was quite as much for the chance of seeing Clara now and then as from pleasure in the prospect of an ordered library that I repaired thus early to the Hall. In the morning light, however, I began to suspect as I walked, that, although Clara's frankness was flattering, it was rather a sign that she was heart-whole towards me than that she was careless of Brotherton. I began to doubt also whether, after our first meeting, which she had carried off so well—cool even to kindness, she would care to remember that I was in the house, or

derive from it any satisfaction beyond what came of the increased chances of studying the Brothertons from a humorous point of view. Then, after all, why was she there?—and apparently on such familiar terms with a family socially so far superior to her own? The result of my cogitations was the resolution to take care of myself. But it had vanished utterly before the day was two hours older. A youth's wise talk to himself will not make him a wise man, any more than the experience of the father will serve the son's need.

I was hard at work in my shirt-sleeves, carrying an armful of books across the corridor, and thinking whether I had not better bring my servant with me in the afternoon, when Clara came out of her room.

"Here already, Wilfrid!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you have some of the servants to help you? You're doing what any one might as well do for you."

"If these were handsomely bound," I answered, "I should not so much mind; but being old and tattered, no one ought to touch them who does not love them."

"Then, I suppose, you wouldn't trust me with them either, for I cannot pretend to anything beyond a second-hand respect for them."

"What do you mean by a second-hand respect?" I asked.

"I mean such respect as comes from seeing that a scholar like you respects them."

"Then I think I could accord you a second-hand sort of trust—under my own eye, that is," I answered, laughing. "But you can scarcely leave your hostess to help me."

"I will ask Miss Brotherton to come too. She will pretend all the respect you desire."

"I made three times the necessary dust in order to frighten her away yesterday."

"Ah! that's a pity. But I shall manage to overrule her objections—that is, if you would really like two tolerably educated housemaids to help you."

"I will gladly endure one of them for the sake of the other," I replied.

"No compliments, please," she returned, and left the room.

In about half an hour she reappeared, accompanied by Miss Brotherton. They were in white wrappers, with their dresses shortened a little, and their hair tucked under mob caps. Miss Brotherton looked like a lady's maid, Clara like a lady acting a lady's maid. I assumed the command at once, pointing out to what heaps in the other room those I had grouped in this were to be added, and giving strict injunctions as to carrying only a few at once, and laying them down with care in regularly ordered piles. Clara obeyed with a mock submission, Miss Brotherton with a reserve which heightened the impression of her dress. I was instinctively careful how I spoke to Clara, fearing to compromise her, but she seemed all at once to change her rôle, and began to propose, object, and even insist upon her own way, drawing from me the threat of immediate dismission from my service, at which her companion laughed with an awkwardness showing she regarded the pleasantry as a presumption. Before one o'clock, the first room was almost empty. Then the great bell rang, and Clara, coming from the auxiliary chamber, put her head in at the door.

"Won't you come to luncheon?" she said, with a sly archness, looking none the less bewitching for a smudge or two on her lovely face, or the blackness of the delicate hands which she held up like two paws for my admiration.

"In the servants' hall? Workmen don't sit down with ladies and gentlemen. Did Miss Brotherton send you to ask me?"

She shook her head.

"Then you had better come and lunch with me."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I hope you will *some* day honor my little fragment of a house. It is a curious old place," I said.

"I don't like musty old places," she replied.

"But I have heard you speak with no little admiration of the Hall: some parts of it are older than my sentry-box."

"I can't say I admire it at all as a place to live in," she answered curtly.

"But I was not asking you to live in mine," I said—foolishly arguing.

She looked annoyed, whether with herself

or me I could not tell, but instantly answered,—

"Some day—when I can without——. But I must go and make myself tidy, or Miss Brotherton will be fancying——. She is so suspicious, she will think I have been talking to you!"

"And what have you been doing then?"

"Only asking you to come to lunch."

"Will you tell her that?"

"Yes—if she says anything."

"Then you *had* better make haste and be asked no questions."

She glided away. I threw on my coat, and recrossed the park.

But I was so eager to see again the fair face in the mob cap, that although not at all certain of its reappearance, I told my man to go at once and bring the mare. He made haste, and by the time I had finished my dinner, she was at the door. I gave her the rein, and two or three minutes brought me back to the Hall, where, having stabled her, I was at my post again, I believe, before they had finished luncheon. I had a great heap of books ready in the second room to carry into the first, and had almost concluded they would not come, when I heard their voices, and presently they entered, but not in their mob caps.

"What an unmerciful master you are!" said Clara, looking at the heap. "I thought you had gone home to lunch."

"I went home to dinner," I said. "I get more out of the day by dining early."

"How is that, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Miss Brotherton, with a nearer approach to cordiality than she had yet shown.

"I think the evening the best part of the day—too good to spend in eating and drinking."

"But," said Clara, quite gravely, "are not those the chief ends of existence?"

"Your friend is satirical, Miss Brotherton," I remarked.

"At least, you are not of her opinion, to judge by the time you have taken," she returned.

"I have been back nearly an hour," I said. "Workmen don't take long over their meals."

"Well, I suppose you don't want any more of us now," said Clara. "You will arrange the books you bring from the next room upon these empty shelves, I presume."

"No, not yet. I must not begin that until I have cleared the very last, got it thoroughly cleaned, the shelves seen to, and others put up."

"What a tremendous labor you have undertaken, Mr. Cumbermede!" said Miss Brotherton. "I am quite ashamed you should do so much for us."

"I, on the contrary, am delighted to be of any service to Sir Giles."

"But you don't expect us to slave all day as we did in the morning?"

"Certainly not, Miss Coningham. I am too grateful to be exacting."

"Thank you for that pretty speech. Come, then, Miss Brotherton, we must have a walk. We haven't been out of doors to-day."

"Really, Miss Coningham, I think the least we can do is to help Mr. Cumbermede to our small ability."

"Nonsense!"—(Miss Brotherton positively started at the word). "Any two of the maids or men would serve his purpose better, if he did not affect fastidiousness. We shan't be allowed to come to-morrow if we overdo it to-day."

Miss Brotherton was evidently on the point of saying something indignant, but yielded notwithstanding, and I was left alone once more. Again I labored until the shadows grew thick around the gloomy walls. As I galloped home, I caught sight of my late companions coming across the park; and I trust I shall not be hardly judged if I confess that I did sit straighter in my saddle, and mind my seat better. Thus ended my second day's work at the library of Moldwarp Hall.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

NEITHER of the ladies came to me the next morning. As far as my work was concerned, I was in considerably less need of their assistance, for it lay only between two rooms opening into each other. Nor did I feel any great disappointment, for so long as a man has something to do, expectation is pleasure enough, and will continue such for a long time. It is those who are unemployed to

whom expectation becomes an agony. I went home to my solitary dinner almost resolved to return to my original plan of going only in the afternoons.

I was not thoroughly in love with Clara; but it was certainly the hope of seeing her, and not the pleasure of handling the dusty books, that drew me back to the library that afternoon. I had got rather tired of the whole affair in the morning. It was very hot, and the dust was choking, and of the volumes I opened as they passed through my hands, not one was of the slightest interest to me. But for the chance of seeing Clara I should have lain in the grass instead.

No one came. I grew weary, and for a change retreated into the armory. Evidently, not the slightest heed was paid to the weapons now, and I was thinking with myself that when I had got the books in order I might give a few days to furbishing and oiling them, when the door from the gallery opened, and Clara entered.

"What! a truant?" she said.

"You take accusation at least by the forelock, Clara. Who is the real truant now—if I may suggest a mistake?"

"*I* never undertook anything. How many guesses have you made as to the cause of your desertion to-day?"

"Well, three or four."

"Have you made one as to the cause of Miss Brotherton's graciousness to you yesterday?"

"At least I remarked the change."

"I will tell you. There was a short notice of some of your writings in a certain magazine which I contrived should fall in her way."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have never put my name to anything."

"But you have put the same name to all your contributions."

"How should the reviewer know it meant me?"

"Your own name was never mentioned."

I thought she looked a little confused as she said this.

"Then how should Miss Brotherton know it meant me?"

She hesitated a moment—then answered:

"Perhaps from internal evidence. I suppose I must confess I told her."

"Then how did *you* know?"

"I have been one of your readers for a long time."

"But how did you come to know my work?"

"That has oozed out."

"Some one must have told you," I said.

"That is my secret," she replied, with the air of making it a mystery in order to tease me.

"It must be all a mistake," I said. "Show me the magazine."

"As you won't take my word for it, I won't."

"Well, I shall soon find out. There is but one could have done it. It is very kind of him, no doubt; but I don't like it. That kind of thing should come of itself—not through friends."

"Who do you fancy has done it?"

"If you have a secret, so have I."

My answer seemed to relieve her, though I could not tell what gave me the impression.

"You are welcome to yours, and I will keep mine," she said. "I only wanted to explain Miss Brotherton's condescension yesterday."

"I thought you had been going to explain why you didn't come to-day."

"That is only a reaction. I have no doubt she thinks she went too far yesterday."

"That is absurd. She was civil; that was all."

"In reading your thermometer, you must know its zero first," she replied sententiously. "Is the sword you call yours there still?"

"Yes, and I call it mine still."

"Why don't you take it, then? I should have carried it off long ago."

"To steal my own would be to prejudice my right," I returned. "But I have often thought of telling Sir Giles about it."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I hardly know. My head has been full of other things, and any time will do. But I should like to see it in its own place once more."

I had taken it from the wall, and now handed it to her.

"Is this it?" she said, carelessly.

"It is—just as it was carried off my bed that night."

"What room were you in?" she asked, trying to draw it from the sheath.

"I can't tell. I've never been in it since."

"You don't seem to me to have the curiosity natural to a ——"

"To a woman—no," I said.

"To a man of spirit," she retorted, with an appearance of indignation. "I don't believe you can tell even how it came into your possession!"

"Why shouldn't it have been in the family from time immemorial?"

"So!—And you don't care either to recover it, or to find out how you lost it!"

"How can I? Where is Mr. Close?"

"Why, dead—years and years ago!"

"So I understood. I can't well apply to him, then,—and I am certain no one else knows."

"Don't be too sure of that. Perhaps Sir Giles ——"

"I am positive Sir Giles knows nothing about it."

"I have reason to think the story is not altogether unknown in the family."

"Have you told it, then?"

"No. But I *have* heard it alluded to."

"By Sir Giles?"

"No."

"By whom, then?"

"I will answer no more questions."

"Geoffrey, I suppose?"

"You are not polite. Do you suppose I am bound to tell you all I know?"

"Not by any means. Only, you oughtn't to pique a curiosity you don't mean to satisfy."

"But if I'm not at liberty to say more?—All I meant to say was, that if I were you, I *would* get back that sword."

"You hint at a secret, and yet suppose I could carry off its object as I might a rusty nail which any passer-by would be made welcome to!"

"You might take it first, and mention the thing to Sir Giles afterward."

"Why not mention it first?"

"Only on the supposition you had not the courage to claim it."

"In that case I certainly shouldn't have the courage to avow the deed afterward. I don't understand you, Clara."

She laughed.

"That is always your way," she said. "You take everything so seriously! Why couldn't I make a proposition without being supposed to mean it?"

I was not satisfied. There was something short of uprightness in the whole tone of her attempted persuasion—which indeed I could hardly believe to have been so lightly intended as she now suggested. The effect on my feeling for her was that of a slight frost on the spring blossoms.

She had been examining the hilt with a look of interest, and was now for the third time trying to draw the blade from the sheath.

"It's no use, Clara," I said. "It has been too many years glued to the scabbard."

"Glued!" she echoed. "What do you mean?"

I did not reply. An expression almost of horror shadowed her face, and at the same moment, to my astonishment, she drew it half-way.

"Why! you enchantress!" I exclaimed. "I never saw so much of it before. It is wonderfully bright—when one thinks of the years it has been shut in darkness."

She handed it to me as it was, saying:

"If that weapon was mine, I should never rest until I had found out everything concerning it."

"That is easily said, Clara; but how can I? My uncle knew nothing about it. My grandmother did, no doubt, but almost all I can remember her saying was something about my great grandfather and Sir Marmaduke."

As I spoke, I tried to draw it entirely, but it would yield no farther. I then sought to replace it, but it would not move. That it had yielded to Clara's touch gave it a fresh interest and value.

"I was sure it had a history," said Clara. "Have you no family papers? Your house, you say, is nearly as old as this: are there no papers of *any* kind in it?"

"Yes, a few," I answered—"the lease of the farm—and——"

"Oh! rubbish!" she said. "Isn't the house your own?"

"Yes."

"And have you ever thoroughly searched it?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Not had time?" she repeated, in a tone of something so like the uttermost contempt that I was bewildered.

"I mean some day or other to have a rummage in the old lumber-room," I said.

"Well, I do think that is the least you can do—if only out of respect to your ancestors. Depend on it, they don't like to be forgotten, any more than other people."

The intention I had just announced was, however, but just born of her words. I had never yet searched even my grandmother's bureau, and had but this very moment fancied there might be papers in some old chest in the lumber-room. That room had already begun to occupy my thoughts from another point of view, and hence, in part, no doubt the suggestion. I was anxious to have a visit from Charley. He might bring with him some of our London friends. There was absolutely no common room in the house except the hall-kitchen. The room we had always called the lumber-room was over it, and nearly as large. It had a tall stone chimney-piece, elaborately carved, and clearly had once been a room for entertainment. The idea of restoring it to its original dignity arose in my mind; and I hoped that, furnished after as antique a fashion as I could compass, it would prove a fine room. The windows were small, to be sure, and the pitch rather low, but the whitewashed walls were paneled, and I had some hopes of the ceiling.

"Who knows," I said to myself, as I walked home that evening, "but I may come upon papers? I do remember something in the farthest corner that looks like a great chest."

Little more had passed between us, but Clara left me with the old dissatisfaction beginning to turn itself, as if about to awake once more. For the present I hung the half-naked blade upon the wall, for I dared not force it lest the scabbard should go to pieces.

When I reached home I found a letter from Charley, to the effect that, if convenient, he would pay me a visit the following week. His mother and sister, he said, had been invited to Moldwarp Hall. His father was on the continent for his health. Without having consulted them on the matter, which might involve them in after-difficulty, he would come to me, and so have an opportunity of seeing them in the sunshine of his father's absence. I wrote at once that I should be delighted to receive him.

The next morning I spent with my man in the lumber-room; and before mid-day the rest of the house looked like an old curiosity shop—it was so littered with odds and ends of dust-bloomed antiquity. It was hard work, and in the afternoon I found myself disinclined for more exercise of a similar sort. I had Lilith out, and took a leisurely ride instead. The next day and the next also I remained at home. The following morning I went again to Moldwarp Hall.

I had not been busy more than an hour or so when Clara, who, I presume, had in passing heard me at work, looked in.

"Who is a truant now?" she said. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Here has Miss Brotherton been almost curious concerning your absence, and Sir Giles more than once on the point of sending to inquire after you!"

"Why didn't he, then?"

"Oh! I suppose he was afraid it might look like an assertion of—of—of baronial rights, or something of the sort. How *could* you behave in such an inconsiderate fashion!"

"You must allow me to have *some* business of my own."

"Certainly. But with so many anxious friends, you ought to have given a hint of your intentions."

"I had none, however."

"Of which? Friends or intentions?"

"Either."

"What! No friends? I verily surprised Miss Pease in the act of studying her *Cookery for Invalids*—in the hope of finding a patient in you, no doubt. She wanted to come and nurse you, but daredn't propose it."

"It was very kind of her."

"No doubt. But then you see she's ready

to commit suicide any day, poor old thing, but for lack of courage!"

"It must be dreary for her."

"Dreary! I should poison the old dragon."

"Well, perhaps I had better tell you, for Miss Pease's sake, who is evidently the only one that cares a straw about *me* in the matter, that possibly I shall be absent a good many days this week, and perhaps the next, too."

"Why then—if I may ask—Mr. Absolute?"

"Because a friend of mine is going to pay me a visit. You remember Charley Osborne, don't you? Of course you do. You remember the ice-cave, I am sure."

"Yes I do—quite well," she answered.

I fancied I saw a shadow cross her face.

"When do you expect him?" she asked, turning away, and picking a book from the floor.

"In a week or so, I think. He tells me his mother and sister are coming here on a visit."

"Yes—so I believe—to-morrow, I think. I wonder if I ought to be going. I don't think I will. I came to please them—at all events not to please myself; but as I find it pleasanter than I expected, I won't go without a hint and a half at least."

"Why should you? There is plenty of room."

"Yes; but don't you see?—so many inferiors in the house at once might be too much for Madame Dignity. She finds one quite enough, I suspect."

"You do not mean that she regards the Osbornes as inferiors?"

"Not a doubt of it. Never mind. I can take care of myself. Have you any work for me to-day?"

"Plenty, if you are in a mood for it."

"I will fetch Miss Brotherton."

"I can do without *her*."

She went, however, and did not return. As I walked home to dinner, she and Miss Brotherton passed me in the carriage, on their way, as I learned afterward, to fetch the Osborne ladies from the rectory, some ten miles off. I did not return to Moldwarp Hall, but helped Styles in the lumber-room, which before night we had almost emptied.

The next morning I was favored with a little desultory assistance from the two ladies, but saw nothing of the visitors. In the afternoon, and both the following days, I took my servant with me, who got through more work than the two together, and we advanced it so far that I was able to leave the room next the armory in the hands of the carpenter and the housemaid, with sufficient directions, and did not return that week.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TALK WITH CHARLEY.

THE following Monday, in the evening, Charley arrived, in great spirits, more excited indeed than I liked to see him. There was a restlessness in his eye which made me especially anxious, for it raised a doubt whether the appearance of good spirits was not the result merely of resistance to some anxiety. But I hoped my companionship, with the air and exercise of the country, would help to quiet him again. In the late twilight we took a walk together up and down my field.

"I suppose you let your mother know you were coming, Charley?" I said.

"I did not," he answered. "My father must have nothing to lay to their charge in case he should hear of our meeting."

"But he has not forbidden you to go home, has he?"

"No, certainly. But he as good as told me I was not to go home while he was away. He does not wish me to be there without his presence to counteract my evil influences. He seems to regard my mere proximity as dangerous. I sometimes wonder whether the severity of his religion may not have affected his mind. Almost all madness, you know, turns either upon love or religion."

"So I have heard. I doubt it—with men. It may be with women. But you won't surprise them? It might startle your mother too much. She is not strong, you say. Hadn't I better tell Clara Coningham? She can let them know you are here."

"It would be better."

"What do you say to going there with me

to-morrow? I will send my man with a note in the morning."

He looked a little puzzled and undetermined, but said at length,

"I daresay your plan is the best. How long has Miss Coningham been here?"

"About ten days, I think."

He looked thoughtful, and made no answer.

"I see, you are afraid of my falling in love with her again," I said. "I confess I like her much better than I did, but I am not quite sure about her yet. She is very bewitching, anyhow, and a little more might make me lose my heart to her. The evident dislike she has to Brotherton would of itself recommend her to any friend of yours or mine."

He turned his face away.

"Do not be anxious about me," I went on. "The first shadowy conviction of any untruthfulness in her, if not sufficient to change my feelings at once, would at once initiate a backward movement in them."

He kept his face turned away, and I was perplexed. After a few moments of silence, he turned it toward me again, as if relieved by some resolution suddenly formed, and said with a smile under a still clouded brow,

"Well, old fellow, we'll see. It'll all come right, I daresay. Write your note early and we'll follow it. How glad I *shall* be to have a glimpse of that blessed mother of mine without her attendant dragon!"

"For God's sake don't talk of your father so. Surely, after all he is a good man!"

"Then I want a new reading of the word."

"He loves God, at least."

"I won't stop to inquire,"—said Charley, plunging at once into argument,—"what influence for good it might or might not have to love a non-existence: I will only ask—Is it a good God he loves, or a bad one? If the latter, he can hardly be called good for loving him."

"But if there be a God at all, he must be a good God."

"Suppose the true God to be the good God, it does not follow that my father worships *him*. There is such a thing as worshiping a false God. At least the Bible recognizes it. For my part, I find myself compelled to say either that the true God is not a good God, or that my father does not worship the true God. If you say he worships the God of the Bible, I neither admit nor dispute the assertion, but set it aside as altering nothing; for if I admit it, the argument lies thus: my father worships a bad God; my father worships the God of the Bible: therefore the God of the Bible is a bad God; and if I admit the authority of the Bible, then the true God is a bad God. If, however, I dispute the assertion that he worships the God of the Bible, I am left to show, if I can, that the God of the Bible is a good God, and, if I admit the authority of the Bible, to worship another than my father's God. If I do not admit the authority of the Bible, there may, for all that, be a good God, or, which is next best to a perfectly good God, there may be no God at all."

"Put like a lawyer, Charley; and yet I would venture to join issue with your first assertion—on which the whole argument is founded—that your father worships a bad God."

"Assuredly what he asserts concerning his God is bad."

"Admitted; but does he assert *only* bad things of his God?"

"I daren't say that. But God is one. You will hardly dare the proposition that an infinite being may be partly good and partly bad."

"No. I heartily hold that God must be *one*—a proposition far more essential than that there is one God—so far at least as my understanding can judge. It is only in the limited human nature that good and evil can co-exist. But there is just the point: we are not speaking of the absolute God, but of the idea of a man concerning that God. You could suppose yourself utterly convinced of a good God long before your ideas of goodness were so correct as to render you incapable of attributing anything wrong to that God. Supposing such to be the case, and that you came afterward to find that you had been thinking something wrong about him, do you think you would therefore grant that you had been believing either in a wicked or in a false God?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you must give your father the same scope. He attributes what we are absolutely certain are bad things to his God—and yet he may believe in a good God, for the good in his idea of God is alone that in virtue of which he is able to believe in him. No mortal can believe in the bad."

"He puts the evil foremost in his creed and exhortations."

"That may be. Few people know their own deeper minds. The more potent a power in us, I suspect it is the more hidden from our scrutiny."

"If there be a God then, Wilfrid, he is very indifferent to what his creatures think of him."

"Perhaps very patient and hopeful, Charley—who knows? Perhaps he will not force himself upon them, but help them to grow into the true knowledge of him. Your father may worship the true God, and yet have only a little of that knowledge."

A silence followed. At length—

"Thank you for my father," said Charley.

"Thank my uncle," I said.

"For not being like my father?—I do," he returned.

It was the loveliest evening that brooded round us as we walked. The moon had emerged from a rippled sea of gray cloud, over which she cast her dull opaline halo. Great masses and banks of cloud lay about the rest of the heavens, and in the dark rifts between, a star or two were visible, gazing from the awful distance.

"I wish I could let it into me, Wilfrid," said Charley, after we had been walking in silence for some time along the grass.

"Let what into you, Charley?"

"The night and the blue and the stars."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I hate being taken in. The more pleasant a self-deception, the less I choose to submit to it."

"That is reasonable. But where lies the deception?"

"I don't say it's a deception. I only don't know that it isn't."

"Please explain."

"I mean what you call the beauty of the night."

"Surely there can be little question of that?"

"Ever so little is enough. Suppose I asked you wherein its beauty consisted: would you be satisfied if I said—In the arrangement of the blue and the white, with the sparkles of yellow, and the colors about the scarce-visible moon?"

"Certainly not. I should reply that it lay in the gracious peace of the whole—troubled only with the sense of some lovely secret behind, of which itself was but the half-modeled representation, and therefore the reluctant outcome."

"Suppose I rejected the latter half of what you say, admitting the former, but judging it only the fortuitous result of the half-necessary, half-fortuitous concurrences of nature. Suppose I said:—The air which is necessary to our life, happens to be blue; the stars can't help shining through it and making it look deep; and the clouds are just there because they must be somewhere till they fall again; all which is more agreeable to us than fog, because we feel more comfortable in weather of the sort, whence, through complacency and habit, we have got to call it beautiful:—suppose I said this, would you accept it?"

"Such a theory would destroy my delight in nature altogether."

"Well, isn't it the truth?"

"It would be easy to show that the sense of beauty does not spring from any amount of comfort; but I do not care to pursue the argument from that starting-point.—I confess, when you have once waked the questioning spirit, and I look up at the clouds and the stars with what I may call sharpened eyes—eyes, that is, which assert their seeing, and so render themselves incapable for the time of submitting to impressions, I am as blind as any Sadducee could desire. I see blue, and white, and gold, and, in short, a tent-roof somewhat ornate. I daresay if I were in a miserable mood, having been deceived and disappointed, like Hamlet, I should with him see there nothing but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. But I know that when I am passive to its powers, I am aware of a presence altogether different—of a something at once soothing and elevating, powerful to move

shame—even contrition and the desire of amendment."

"Yes, yes," said Charley hastily. "But let me suppose further—and, perhaps you will allow, better—that this blueness—I take a part for the whole—belongs essentially and of necessity to the atmosphere, itself so essential to our physical life; suppose also that this blue has essential relation to our spiritual nature,—taking for the moment our spiritual nature for granted,—suppose, in a word, all nature so related, not only to our physical but to our spiritual nature, that it and we form an organic whole, full of action and reaction between the parts—would that satisfy you? would it enable you to look on the sky this night with absolute pleasure? would you want nothing more?"

I thought for a little before I answered.

"No, Charley," I said at last—"it would not satisfy me. For it would indicate that beauty might be after all but the projection of my own mind—the name I gave to a harmony between that around me and that within me. There would then be nothing absolute in beauty. There would be no such thing in itself. It would exist only as a phase of me, when I was in a certain mood; and when I was earthly-minded, passionate, or troubled, it would be *no*where. But in my best moods I feel that in nature lies the form and fashion of a peace and grandeur so much beyond anything in me, that they rouse the sense of poverty and incompleteness and blame in the want of them."

"Do you perceive whither you are leading yourself?"

"I would rather hear you say."

"To this, then—that the peace and grandeur of which you speak must be a mere accident, therefore an unreality and pure *appearance*, or the outcome and representation of a peace and grandeur which, not to be found in us, yet exist, and make use of this frame of things to set forth and manifest themselves in order that we may recognize and desire them."

"Granted—heartily."

"In other words—you lead yourself inevitably to a God manifest in nature—not as a powerful being—that is a theme absolutely without interest to me—but as possessed in himself of the original pre-existent beauty, the counterpart of which in us we call art, and who has fashioned us so that we must fall down and worship the image of himself which he has set up."

"That's good, Charley. I'm so glad you've worked that out!"

"It doesn't in the least follow that I believe it. I cannot even say I wish I did:—for what I know, that might be to wish to be deceived. Of all miseries—to believe in a lovely thing and find it not true—that must be the worst."

"You might never find it out, though," I said. "You might be able to comfort yourself with it all your life."

"I was wrong," he cried fiercely. "Never to find it out would be the hell of all hells. Wilfrid, I am ashamed of you!"

"So should I be, Charley, if I had meant it. I only wanted to make you speak. I agree with you entirely. But I *do* wish we could be *quite* sure of it;—for I don't believe any man can ever be sure of a thing that is not true."

"My father is sure that the love of nature is not only a delusion, but a snare. I should have no right to object, were he not equally sure of the existence of a God who created and rules it.—By the way, if I believed in a God, I should say *creates*, not *created*.—I told him once, not long ago, when he fell out upon nature—he had laid hands on a copy of *Endymion* belonging to me—I don't know how the devil he got it—I asked him whether he thought the devil made the world. You should have seen the white wrath he went into at the question! I told him it was generally believed one or the other did make the world. He told me God made the world, but sin had unmade it. I asked him if it was sin that made it so beautiful. He said it was sin that made me think it so beautiful. I remarked how very ugly it must have looked when God had just finished it! He called me a blasphemer and walked to the door. I stopped him for a moment by saying that I thought, after all, he must be right, for according to geologists the world must have been a horrible place and full of the most hideous creatures before sin

came and made it lovely. When he saw my drift, he strode up to me like—well, very like his own God, I should think—and was going to strike me. I looked him in the eyes without moving, as if he had been a madman. He turned and left the room. I left the house, and went back to London the same night."

"Oh, Charley! Charley! that was too bad!"

"I knew it, Wilfrid, and yet I did it! But if your father had made a downright coward of you, afraid to speak the truth, or show what you were thinking, you also might find that when anger gave you a fictitious courage, you could not help breaking out. It's only another form of cowardice, I know; and I am as much ashamed of it as you could wish me to be."

"Have you made it up with him since?"

"I've never seen him since."

"Haven't you written, then?"

"No. Where's the use? He never would understand me. He knows no more of the condition of my mind than he does of the other side of the moon. If I offered such, he would put aside all apology for my behavior to him—repudiating himself, and telling me it was the wrath of an offended God, not of an earthly parent, I had to deprecate. If I told him I had only spoken against his false God—how far would that go to mend the matter, do you think?"

"Not far, I must allow. But I am very sorry."

"I wouldn't care if I could be sure of anything—or even sure that if I were sure, I shouldn't be mistaken."

"I'm afraid you're very morbid, Charley."

"Perhaps. But you cannot deny that my father is sure of things that you believe utterly false."

"I suspect, however, that if we were able to get a bird's-eye view of his mind and all its workings, we should discover that what he called assurance was not the condition you would call such. You would find it was not the certainty you covet."

"I *have* thought of that, and it is my only comfort. But I am sick of the whole subject. See that cloud!—Isn't it like Death on the pale horse? What fun it must be for the cherubs, on such a night as this, to go blowing the clouds into fantastic shapes with their trumpet cheeks!"

Assurance was ever what Charley wanted, and unhappily the sense of intellectal insecurity weakened his moral action.

Once more I reveal a haunting uneasiness in the expression of a hope that the ordered character of the conversation I have just set down may not render it incredible to my reader. I record the result alone. The talk itself was far more desultory, and in consequence of questions, objections, and explanations, divaricated much from the comparatively direct line I have endeavored to give it here. In the hope of making my reader understand both Charley and myself, I have sought to make the winding and rough path straight and smooth.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THREE PIECES OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

FIRST PIECE.

A SURVEY of the States of the Union, and of the Union under the general government, will show to any candid observer that the legislation of the country, in all its departments, is above, rather than below, the average moral sense of the nation. The fact is seen in the inadequate execution of the laws. There are many statutes relating to public morals and civil policy which appear to be the offspring of the highest and purest principles, that stand as dead letters in State and national law, simply because the average moral sense of the people does not demand and enforce their execution. They are enacted through the influence or by the power of men of exceptional virtue, who find, to their sorrow, that while it is easy to make good laws, it is difficult, and often impossible, to execute them. So far as we know, it has never occurred to them to call for the assistance of women in the execution of these laws, nor has it occurred to women to offer their assistance to them for this end. One or two questions, suggested by the discussions of the time, naturally grow out of this statement.

First:—Is it of any practical advantage to have better laws, until the average morality of the people is sufficient to execute those which we have?

Second:—Is it right that women should have an equal or a determining voice in the enactment of laws which they do not propose to execute, which they do not propose to assist in executing, which they could not execute if they would, and which they expect men to execute for them?

Third:—Supposing that women would give us better laws than we have (which is not evident), what would be the practical advantage to them or to us, so long as they must rely upon us to execute them—upon us, who find it impossible to enforce our own laws, some of the best of which are the outgrowth of the pure influence of women in home and social life?

SECOND PIECE.

In national and international life there are policies of action and attitude to be adopted and maintained. These policies sometimes cost a civil war for their establishment or defense, and, not unfrequently, a war with related nations. It so happens, in the nature of the case, that no single nation has it in its power to abolish war. The only way for a nation to live, when attacked by foes within or without, is to fight; and, in the present condition of the world, a national policy which has not behind it the power of physical defense is as weak and contemptible a thing as the world holds. Out of this statement, which we presume no one will dispute, there arise two questions.

First:—Would a lack of all personal risk and responsibility, on the part of those delegated to establish and pronounce the policy of a nation, tend to prudent counsels and careful decisions?

Second:—Is it right—is it kind and courteous to men—for women to demand an equal or a determining voice in the establishment of a national policy which they do not propose to defend, which they do not propose to assist in defending, which they could not defend if they would, and which they expect men to defend for them?

THIRD PIECE.

Mr. Gleason, the Tax Commissioner of Massachusetts, reported to the Legislature of that State in May, that a tax of nearly two million dollars is paid annually by the women of the State on property amounting, at a low valuation, to one hundred and thirty-two million dollars. The fact is an interesting and gratifying one, in every point of view. Naturally it is seized upon by the advocates of woman-suffrage, and brought prominently forward to assist in establishing woman's claim to the ballot. The old cry of "no taxation without representation" is renewed, however much or little of essential justice may be involved in the phrase. Well, if women are, or ever have been, taxed as women (which they are not, and never have been); if they produced this wealth, or won it by legitimate trade (which they did not); if the men who produced it received their right to the ballot by or through it; if nine-tenths of the wealth of the State were not in the hands of business men whose pursuits have specially fitted them to be the guardians of the wealth of the State; if the counsels of these tax-paying women could add wisdom to the wisdom of these men; if the men who produced this wealth, and bestowed it upon these women, did it with distrust of the laws enacted by men for its protection, and with the desire for the social and political revolution which woman-suffrage would produce, in order that it might be better protected; if there were any complaint of inadequate protection to this property on account of its being in the hands of women—if all or any one of these suppositions were based in truth—then some sort of a plea could be set up on Mr. Gleason's exhibit by those who claim the ballot for woman. As the facts are, we confess our inability to find in it any comfort or support for those who seek for the revolution under consideration. On the contrary, we find that the ballot as it stands to-day, with its privileges, responsibilities, and limitations, secures to woman complete protection in the enjoyment of revenues which are proved to be immense, all drawn from land and sea by the hands of men whose largess testifies alike of their love and their munificence.

LOUISVILLE AND SCHOOL REFORM.

An overwhelming popular vote was cast the other day in Louisville, Kentucky, in favor of a single daily session of the public schools, and that of three hours only—from nine o'clock in the morning until twelve.

If the question were submitted in the same way to other communities, we are inclined to think that a similar decision would be arrived at in the great majority of cases. The concurrent testimony of thoughtful men—especially men whose daily experience has taught them the exhausting nature of honest brain-work—has long been that six hours' study a day is far too much for young minds. When children are kept that length of time in school, they must either idle away the greater part of it, or else suffer mental and physical exhaustion. Fortunately, the instinct of self-preservation generally saves them. We say fortunately, for the habit of "sojering," bad as it is, is to be preferred to that premature stiffening of the brain which so often checks the mental development of precocious and overstimulated children, and makes them little better than smart children all their lives—provided it does not put an untimely end to their promising existence.

In mental as well as in physical growth time is a factor not less important than aliment and exercise. To obtain the best results in education the three must go together in just proportions. The forcing process endeavors to dispense with time,—to do in one year what cannot be safely done in less than two. The results are patent to the least observant. As children trained for the circus are apt to suffer for their excessive and untimely development by a stoppage of growth, so the victims to early mental forcing are usually stunted in mind. And when the immature mind is overworked under conditions detrimental to bodily development—inaction, confinement in a vitiated atmosphere, and other evils incidental to most school-

rooms—the candle is burnt at both ends, as the saying is. Both body and mind suffer harm. This is no mere theory: the proofs are tangible to everybody, save, perhaps, some few school officers, whose official pride blinds them to the terrible cost of the temporary brilliancy that seems to redound so much to their credit.

If the problem were simply to accomplish an amount of educational work equal to that done now, the Louisville plan would unquestionably be the wisest one. It is better for the children and more satisfactory to the teachers. But the work now done is not enough; indeed not half enough to meet the necessities of the nation. Scarcely a third of the legal school population of the country is regularly under instruction. So long as this is the case, and so long as fifteen or twenty millions of dollars are called for every year to increase the capacity of the schools, it does not seem to be altogether the wisest plan to allow the vast school-machinery already provided to lie idle the greater part of the time. Short sessions are excellent in themselves, only we need more of them. Instead of a single three-hour session a day in each school-room, there ought rather to be two or three, each with an independent set of pupils. This would at once double or treble the working capacity of the schools without any additional expense. With such a system of double or triple schools, overcrowding would promptly be done away with; teachers would be able to give a much larger amount of individual attention to their pupils; and thousands of children might be added to the number now taught. Besides, the short-time schools would not clash with other and paramount interests, as the schools do now. The poorest children would be able to spare the two or three hours a day required for schooling, and have ample time left for all the labor they are competent to do. The children of the well-to-do would be not less favored. The three hours of every day now wasted in school would be gained for the elementary business training they are now deprived of; or for physical culture, or the pursuit of any branch of literature or art toward which their tastes may incline them, and for which they have little spare time or strength under the present style of schooling.

The only persons likely to object to such a change of system are those inconsiderate parents who send their children to school less to have them taught than to get them out of the way. It is no doubt a comfort to them to have a public governess provided for their unruly offspring; but that is not exactly the original purpose of the public schools; and it may safely be left to the community at large to determine how far the general good may be sacrificed for individual convenience.

RATHER A SLIM RELIGION.

To the ordinary mind and the natural heart personal gossip comes with a relish. People particularly like to hear about the habits, peculiarities, and history of eminent persons—of eminent literary persons more than any other. When such persons die, it usually happens that they leave behind them admirers (with brief notes and long memories), who establish their claim to the public confidence by revealing such private confidence as may have been reposed in them. While there is a legitimate curiosity to be gratified, and a legitimate way of gratifying it in these posthumous revelations, it must be confessed that they are too often made with that copious lack of judgment which the lamented Artemus called "slopping over." It is not a pretty phrase—this of A. Ward—but it characterizes, as no other can, the officious and redundant flatteries of a fame with which the flatterer is proudly happy to associate himself. It sometimes happens, in efforts of this character, that their authors reveal a little of themselves, and unconsciously attribute views and feelings of their own to the subjects of their eulogy. We hope, for the sake of Mr. Hawthorne's reputation, that this has been done by the *littérateur* who has been "whispering" through the trumpet that holds an ocean in its name and a continent in its audience.

We were not aware, until we read it among the revelations of this writer, that the author of *The Scarlet Letter* was a *very* religious man. We knew that he was a gloomy man—or a man whose life was checkered with fitful despondencies. This is fully accounted for by the somberness of his religious "views," as they are whispered to us. We had supposed, from all we have been in the habit of hearing in the quarter from which the whispers come, that the brooding terror of the world hung over Calvinism and Puritanism, and those other lurid isms which redden through the darkness of what is called orthodox Christianity. We have had hints of a broader and a brighter faith. Indeed, there has been a putting on of superior airs, and the exercise of a freer life, and a contemptuous tossing aside of the obligations and duties that spring from the recognition of the doctrine that the world needs saving, and is to be saved—if saved at all—through the power of the life and death of Jesus Christ. The Oracle of this religion is a man who speaks respectfully of Jesus Christ, but thinks he had noticeable weaknesses and made mistakes. The Saint of this religion is one who, instead of entering the abodes of the poor with the message and the blessing of the Master upon his lips, and striving with a great band of Christian workers to lift the multitude out of vice and crime and misery, refused to pay his poll-tax, and went out to see how little a man could live on, amusing himself, meanwhile, by poking around a pond, and writing that which will give the whole world a chance to see how little a man can live on. The Preacher of this religion chooses rather to explode than expound the Bible. The Disciples, especially those of a literary turn of mind (and these are a sort of prudential committee), are not yet complete in their machinery, and, for the present, send all of their number who die straight to the orthodox heaven, and are very angry if their right to a seat there is questioned for a moment.

But we are getting away from Mr. Hawthorne. "I can imagine him," says the writer, "in his quiet, musing way, strolling through the daisied fields on a Sunday morning, and hearing the distant church-bells chiming to service. *His religion was so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew door*, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely described himself as inside a church, *but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards, and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs*. He liked better to meet and have a talk with the sexton than the rector."

There it is, in plain black and white. It was the depth and breadth of his religion that kept him out of the church! He had so much religion that he could not get it into a pew, and shut the door after him! Was he not a *very* religious man? And is not a writer who speaks of his deep and broad religiousness with sympathetic approval a *very* religious man? It is just as well that the Coliseum was blown down. It was not large enough for a single man of this stripe. Nothing but an enormous cemetery without fences could possibly accommodate a religion so deep and so broad as this. There are new uses for Mount Vernon and new offices for the sexton. There is hope, also, for the world, for it would take only a few such men so to fill it with religion that there would be no room for anything else.

But is not this religion a bit gloomy? Isn't it a good deal too gloomy for a world where we need all the sweet society and all the light we can get? There was music in the church. There were dear, pure women and loving, innocent children in the church. There were old, tottering fathers and mothers in the church, with eyes radiant with faith and trust, lifting their voices and souls heavenward, and feeding upon the manna of Christian truth. There were young men and maidens in the church—as beautiful a sight as any healthy pair of eyes can find. There was a man of culture in the pulpit, who was the social and possibly the intellectual equal of the gloomy wanderer in the churchyard, yet the wanderer's religion was too deep and too broad to be shut into a pew door! He preferred to wander among the graves, rather than join himself sympathetically to the worshipers within the walls, and chose to gossip with the sexton rather than listen to the rector. Does any one wonder that with such depth and breadth of religion, manifesting itself in such remarkable ways, Mr. Hawthorne was a sad and gloomy man? Is this sort of thing an improvement on Puritanism? Calvinism? Orthodoxy? Heigh ho! Let us be cheerful.

And now let us say a sober word about this trifling with a dead man's reputation. We know nothing about Mr. Hawthorne's religion. He probably had his hopes and doubts, and fears and questions, like the rest of us. It would be pleasant to know that he closed his eyes at last in the faith which can alone triumph over death, and that, at least, in the intervals of his morbid gloom he experienced its power to bring him peace and consolation. Whatever his religious experiences may have been, he was not a man who would be likely to uncover them to the gaze of others. If it is true that he liked a churchyard better than a church, and a sexton's society better than that of a rector, then the religion which he held, however deep and broad it may have been, was not Christianity, for Christianity is eminently social and cheerful. But we fancy—indeed, we believe—that the attributing to the great novelist the stupidity, bad taste, and worse religion with which he stands charged in the sentences we have quoted, is a piece of injustice and abuse excusable on no ground except the absolute incompetency of the writer to speak of Christianity in any form, and defensible on no ground except that of his contempt for it. When a man gets so bloated with religion that a pew is too small for him, and it becomes impossible to shut the door, it is time he were passed over to the hands of the sexton whose society is so sweet to him.

THE LEGAL-TENDER DECISION.

THE recent legal-tender decision of the United States Supreme Court, reversing the one rendered a year ago, is naturally exciting a good deal of attention throughout the country; and the general opinion seems to be that the action of the court in reopening the matter is, to say the least, unwise. The previous decision, it will be remembered, was to the effect that the Legal-Tender Act of 1862 did not and could not affect contracts that had been made prior to its passage, and that such contracts, therefore, could be legally discharged only in gold or its equivalent. The Court was at that time composed of seven judges, and the decision was sustained by a majority of one—Chief Justice Chase, the original patron of the Legal-Tender system, being in the affirmative. Whether or not the Act was unconstitutional, as applied to contracts made after its passage, was a question not passed upon. By the reversal of the judgment then rendered, it is now declared that the law was constitutional as to all contracts whatever—those entered into before as well as after its passage. As to the latter, indeed, there would scarcely be room for argument, after an opinion sustaining the validity of the former. Without calling in question here the soundness of the position now taken by the court, there are certain weighty considerations against reviving the subject at the present time, which, to the non-legal mind, seem conclusive.

In the first place, the former decision has been accepted in good faith by numerous political and financial corporations; and the interest on their bonds during the past year has accordingly been paid in gold. *The Chicago Tribune* estimates the amount thus paid, in the single State of Illinois, at more than $1,000,000. The losers by the recent decision are, consequently, those who had, at considerable cost to themselves, conformed to the previous one; while the gainers are those powerful individuals and corporations that had

refused to accept the first decision as binding, and there can be no doubt that their success will be a powerful encouragement to resist unpalatable judicial decisions hereafter. 2. The former decision was objected to on the ground that it was sustained by so small a majority—four to three; but the present decision is made by the same majority of one—the vote being five to four. If the idea once obtains possession of the public mind, that the validity of the decisions of the Supreme Court depends upon the fact of its being or not being quite full when they are rendered, it is only a single step to the next idea—that in order to obtain such a decision as the majority of people for the time being may desire, it is only necessary for Congress to add such and so many judges to the court as will secure the desired rendering. And such a result once brought about would be equivalent, we do not hesitate to say, to the destruction of one of the essential coördinate departments of our system of government. 3. If we disregard the dangers of this last, which has been called the arithmetical view of decisions, the action of the court in setting aside so important a judgment within a year after its promulgation, is calculated to weaken the popular respect for our highest judicial tribunal, and thus disturb the balance of our political system. And the case is made still worse by the fact that, in the present instance, the majority is made up by adding to the former minority two newly appointed judges, both of whom are understood to have a personal and professional interest in the change of decision as now accomplished. No one supposes that either of them was consciously influenced by that consideration in giving his opinion; but it is of the greatest importance that the decisions of our courts, especially of the highest, be raised above the possibility of suspicion.

We are not of those who would in the least degree impair the essential powers of the national government; and, in the absence of any constitutional prohibition, we believe the passage of the Legal-Tender Act was perfectly within the powers of Congress as a means of meeting the exigencies forced upon it by the war; but whether it could rightly make the law retroactive is a wholly distinct question, and one that might have been safely allowed to rest as it was left a year ago.

THE OLD CABINET.

We suppose there are few who, after beholding for the first time that remarkable head by Page, in the East Room of the Academy, have not turned away with a sense of outrage. Is this creature (one says to himself) with hair of impossible red, glaring eyes like an animal, sensual lips, the one of whom John, looking upon him as he walked, said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The Scripture verses traced upon the frame appear an impertinence—almost a blasphemy.

This, we think, is generally the first impression. But there is something about the picture that is apt to bring the visitor back again before he leaves the building. We have no sympathy with the man who, after honest study of this face, fails to see toward what great end the painter was striving, or to appreciate with what religious purpose he labored to set forth the truth as he apprehended it—the God-Man as he appeared to those of his own generation, in the flesh, who accepted his Messiahship.

But even when we honor the motive, acknowledge a certain power, an undoubted originality, we cannot be blind to the crudity of color, awkwardness of pose, the strange incongruities; we cannot help asking why there should not be the lion's ears as well as the lion's eyes; we cannot help, in fact, being puzzled. For is not one of the best portraits—if not *the* best—in the Exhibition painted by this very man,—himself just elected President of the Academy?

But while we wonder, a little whisper comes to us that helps to explain the mystery. Nobody yet has seen Page's Christ! The final picture—toward which the present scarcely completed work is but an experiment, though an important one—is yet to be painted. Upon this last all the ripe skill and unabated energies of his later years will be lavished; and when we remember with what ever-fresh and potent enthusiasm, with what conscientious elaboration and pains-taking this artist labors—we may hope for a work no less finished in execution than grand in design, and altogether memorable.

What if, after all, the result may prove anew how futile the attempt of any artist, however great, to produce a representation of the Saviour which shall satisfy. Paint us Our Lord standing with arm outstretched to bless, or to scourge. But let the face be averted—shown only as reflected in that of him he smites or heals.

Yes—it is coming.

Sitting here in the summer twilight, and looking out through the open window, we see and hear the sure signs of its approach—and are heavy-hearted. By our new neighbor's Mansard, glittering in the low sunlight; by the tramp of the laborers passing home from their work on the "Boulevard;" by the fresh odor of upturned clay—we know that slowly but surely the town is marching down upon us; that ere long the little farm will be cut up into streets; rows of prim, modern houses will crowd all about us; the ancient buttonwoods and immemorial poplars will fall; the road will be scooped out deep before the door, and its course changed, leaving the old house perched high and dry above the street, "catacornered" to the front fence,—a stranded hulk: Mrs. Jarley's old-fashioned scuttle bonnet in Madame Alamode's show-window.

Then will be fulfilled that which was spoken long ago in faint prophetic lines on the town map. A street will pass from Myrtle to Bellevue avenue, and lay our pie cherry-trees in the dust; another will run at right angles with this, fill up the pond, and cut us off from the meadow forever.

It was no consolation to poor Elia that he would sleep his last, long sleep in common with patriarch and sage, king and kaiser. It is no use to talk to us about Progress and Improvement. O, proud and potent committee-men, spare our ewe-lambs! What is Improvement to us, with no meadow bank nor brook, no pie-cherries, no pond, no nightly chorus of frogs:—Ay, these last;—you might roll your Juggernaut around and over us, if you would leave the pond, and the single black-heart that stands sentinel at the window. Then, even yet we could sit here in the cool of the summer nights listening to the rustle of the leaves, and to the piping tchir-r-r of the frogs—sweeter than song of nightingales.

But complaint is idle. No thought, no pity for those who stand in the way. The dog that tried to stop the locomotive had no wit at the beginning, and very little body at the end.

They will take all these things from us, and in their place give us—town lots.

EVEN the gypsies have caught the spirit of the times, and travel with all the modern conveniences. They have just been building their fires in the woods, near; and a party of us have been down visiting the camp. Who would have thought it,—in place of the old-fashioned, round top, dingy, canvas-covered affairs we had known in boyhood, with their mystery of dark eyes, here were wagons that reminded one, on the outside, of the Pain-Killer's splendid equipage, and on the inside of first-class state-rooms on Hudson River steamboats—gayly painted, with pretty lace curtains before the beds, sets of drawers, looking-glasses, all manner of little conveniences; the whole comfortable and home-like,—miniature houses on wheels. Instead of the old-time "grid," made of wooden stakes, curved contrivances of iron spanned the fire and upheld the dinner-pot, while a "merry, merry Zingari" was scrubbing the family linen in a civilized wash-tub. Instead of the forlorn nags that, in the old days, were spurred into spasms of activity for the deceiving of purchasers, the men were putting through their paces as sound and handsome animals as you could want to buy or ride behind.

It was while our party were admiring these that we noticed the gypsy woman wipe her arms with her apron and slip a little farther into the woods, followed by Bess. They kneel on the moss together; the woman's face turned from us, Bess's fronting full our way—first curious then eager; black eyes flashing, cheeks now pale, now flushed, as with the play of an aurora; lips half parted; now a troubled look, now a sudden laugh that startles the woods. No words heard—only the low croon of the sibyl, an outburst of questioning and deprecation, and that ringing laugh.

We may as well confess it—we all followed Bess's example and had our fortunes told. On the way home we compared experiences. It was always the same story, told with adaptations and slight variations. For every one there was a lady or a lover waiting—he should be seen within six days or six months. The letter you were expecting would come soon. You were to go on a journey which would have a happy ending; you were to be a "long-lived livyer;" the girls would one day walk on their own carpets, the boys win fortunes; always a blue-eyed girl near you, who was your friend before your face and your enemy behind your back, who would say to some dark-eyed boy one word for you and two words for herself; or a black-eyed boy "at a distant," who would say to a blue-eyed girl two words for himself and one for you—"beware of him, beware!" You were either to have one girl and one boy, or two boys and one girl, or two girls and one boy, or two boys and two girls, and though you begged ever so hard the oracle could not be altered;—Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, may you be blessed in all your adoings and your ajourneyings, and live long and prosper, and not forget the poor gypsy that gave you good luck!

Did we believe it? "Ah, ladies and gentlemen, you must put your faith in what you pays your money for," said the gypsy, and plumped her brown arms into the suds again. It hardly seemed like a real gypsy camp, with those elegant state-rooms, those wash-tubs and iron "grids." They say you don't even have to watch your stables o' nights with these modern gypsies. It was only a great frolic. And besides, nowadays, as all the world knows,

> "Apollo, from his shrine,
> Can no more divine,
> With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
> No nightly trance or breathèd spell
> Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

Perhaps none of us believed a word of it. "But she told me one thing awful queer," said Bess, looking solemn; "I wonder how she knew!" I think we all heard something under the trees there that we didn't mention when we gave in our experiences; and a strange thrill runs through your arm when a gypsy clinches your fingers in her firm hand, and, leaning, gazes into the palm as if she saw your life there as in a mirror. Perhaps the old superstitions do not "go on forever."

As we write, a change is passing over the corner peanut-stands. The pyramids of russets that lately rose on every side, with labeled price atop, are beginning to grow small. The once fine, crisp fruit shrivels and shrinks. Ominous brown spots come upon the sleek surfaces. Apples are at the ebb, but in their place the golden tide of oranges is setting in.

As it is the season of oranges, so is it the season of

orange-peels. Sidewalks are breaking out in little triangular patches of red and yellow. That they do not appear particularly dangerous is one of the "illusions" of which the French find life so full—and it is thus that they serve for the discipline of the self-confident; for the bringing down of the haughty from their high places. But the innocent suffer with the guilty; the blind shoe-string man and the pompous patrician meet the same fate; the treacherous rind is no respecter of persons. The feet of the rich and of the poor alike depart from under them; the skulls of both are incontinently cracked.

In vain the desultory kicks of passers-by send now and then a piece into the gutter. For every peel thus put out of the way two bright new pieces appear, flung by the unthinking.

It is a melancholy spectacle—men and women slipping up in every direction, upon other people's orange-peels.

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as want of heart."

—Little triangular pieces of temper; orange-peels of doctrine, of practice; bits of doubt, of loose thinking, of bad example, left around carelessly; somebody comes along, puts his or her foot upon them, falls and is bruised; bones broken, perhaps. Dignity upset, propriety prone upon the pavement—yes, and many a slip of manners and of morals.

The subject is suggestive. Strange visions loom before us of cracked heads and heels in air; of sudden constellations ourselves have seen in the unwary days. Good friends, the path of life is strewed with orange-peels. Let us be careful where we tread!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE PAIRING SEASON.

"Married in May—
The bride of a day,"

says the old rhyme. But sunshine defies augury. Happy eyes refuse to look for skeletons beneath the tender green of Spring; modern incredulity laughs at ancient saws; and May, with its flowery sisters, June and July, are become distinctively the marrying months of the year.

As the vernal spray deepens on boughs of elm and maple, brown-stone fronts begin, likewise, to put forth leaves—of invitation, engraven on the very best of card-board. Dress-makers' bills swell with the swelling buds; odors of bride-cake pervade and struggle with the faint sweet fragrance of growing things. Tiny homes, which feathered lovers newly wed are busily decorating with sticks and straws, are startled by the switch of silken skirts, on rapid passage "down town" to provide for other lovers. Alas! what voluminous appanage of this world's gear! The very churches take on airs and "trick their beams," and flame over arch and pillar with device and monogram of gaudy flowers; while organs, in whose construction the *stop* has apparently been omitted, peal forth an unintermitting "Wedding March," till that time-honored tune takes rank in our wearied tympanums with "Shoo Fly" and "Old Dog Tray."

Each blossom, as it appears, is pounced upon for a "decoration." Balusters bourgeon; cornice and ceiling, mantel and picture-frame, bud and blossom like Aaron's rod. Snowy roses engarland gas-fixtures, and shy, surprised lilies find themselves wired and imprisoned in "bridal bells."

"All this beauty and peace and sweetness,
All this fragrance, and grace, and dying,"

all these innocent lives poured out to adorn a single hour! But who will venture to regret? What tribute too precious, what symbol too exquisite for that supreme hour which sets the crown on human lives, and opens wide the beautiful gate of that temple whose name is Love?

Happy roses, to lend sweetness to that sweetest moment! Happy violets in the mimic clapper, whose swing elicits fragrance more delectable than sound! Even so; without the assistance of florists, the unwired flowers of Eden smiled on that first fair bridal, when Mr. and Mrs. Primal Man stood, as seen in the Catechism, to receive congratulations from all beasts and birds of earth. No ushers, "no cards," and—wonderful to think of—no *trousseau*.

In our new Eden things are different. Adam and Eve, though doubtless important, are no longer paramount in the ceremony. They are but the occasion—the provocation of a long train of grandeurs and expenses, without which modern marriage would seem impossible; and if the cards, the supper, the gifts, and the gowns could be had as well without bride and groom as with them, it is questionable if the company would not easily agree to dispense with these "leading features," and relegate poor Adam and Eve to single blessedness, or, in fact, no blessedness at all—with most comfortable indifference!

For it cannot be denied that what with fuss, fatigue, and cost, a wedding now-a-days is a bore to most parties concerned. When the cards come in, the family acquaintance groan aloud: "Oh dear, I suppose I must send Emily something! What a nuisance it is! This is the eighteenth wedding present this Spring!" The home is "*bouleversé*" for months; the bride reduced to skin and bone by shopping, dress-making, card-directing, list-compiling, note-writing, "trying-on." There is no time for sentiment—for love-making—for that tranquil bliss which is the dew of souls. Edwin finds Angelina always on the sofa—too tired to talk—too tired to drive—almost too tired to smile. He bides his time, being used to the phenomenon "Girls always get worn out in their preparations," Angelina's mother tells him. In fact, he recollects the

brides of his acquaintance as generally bad-colored and skinny, so it must be "the thing," and inevitable, like Destiny.

For a week before the wedding St. Vitus presides over the door-bell. The bride's person seems attached as by invisible wires to its handle. Each outward twitch produces a corresponding inward twitch. The express-man, waiting for his receipt, catches glimpses of a head with hot, feverish cheeks hanging over the baluster. It is Angelina craning her neck in anxious expectation of "presents." Reluctant opulence knows what is demanded, and showers gems, lace, silver, bijouterie, bronze, in reckless profusion. By and by, human invention being exhausted, the splendors begin to repeat themselves in duplicate or triplicate. As teapots accumulate, paralysis falls on sated desire. But then there are the bridesmaids to be considered, and the bridesmaids' dresses, and the breakfast for the cortége, and the "Last German," and the rehearsal. And though Angelina's back aches dreadfully, and the soles of her feet burn like fire, not a quiet second is allowed her. The bones in her girlish neck are hidden with blonde; strong coffee winds up the exhausted nerves; the symbolisms, once so full of meaning—now so vapid, are mechanically observed; the kiss, the "woven hands," the train of virgins, the ring, the prayer—and, stupefied and delirious with excitement, as the poor Hindoo suttee with "Bhang," the bride is hurried into her new life as fevered, as dulled, and almost as beyond rational reflection as she.

Even quiet country towns have caught the infection. Everywhere are the same wearisome mummeries reiterated, with the additional labor involved by distance from shops and confectioners. The simple village weddings we used to hear about are no more. As well not be married, cry our rustic maidens, as dispense with cards, reception, and bands of music. They even out-Grundy Grundy, and the velvet train and eight bridesmaids of the English princess, are repeated in remote Kalamazoo.

Shall we ever better this? Who knows? Perhaps, when that great revolution comes, so feelingly prophesied now and then by indignant "dailies," when a corrupt judiciary and a monster monopoly are to dangle side by side from city lamp-posts, and bench and bar, pulpit and patriotism, to undergo regeneration, the real meanings of real words will be restored, and the paltry husks be stripped from sacred things. Then the revised dictionary will make its appearance, and no longer reading "Wedding—A crisis of clothes;" "Bride—A peg on which finery is hung;" "Bridegroom—A black object following the bride like a point of admiration!" the dear old definitions will make their appearance again in letters of gold. And then shall

> "Come the world's great bridals, chaste and calm—
> Then spring the crowning race of human kind.
> May these things be!"

A "SHELTERING ARMS."

WHILE we are on the theme, it occurs to us to inform such thrice-happy couples as find themselves, this Hymeneal month, possessed of an embarrassing multiplicity of gifts, that the benevolence of a prominent city firm has provided a place of refuge for these troublesome luxuries and inconvenient conveniences. In the spacious vaults of their magnificent establishment is constructed an asylum for such tea-sets, spoons, trays, crumb-scrapers, tureens, pickle-forks, and "berry" spoons, as prove superfluous, or formidably attractive to burglars. Here in quiet safety these "little wanderers" may repose, boarded, lodged, and made at home in the very scenes where their silvern infancy was passed, almost within sight of the shelves which once they occupied, and where now their prototypes stand in glittering row.

We commend this excellent charity to our readers.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

ON Midsummer Eve, known in old times as "The Vigil of St. John," hags, fairies, witches, and hobgoblins are traditionally said to ride abroad and play their pranks unchecked by higher powers. Wherefore it behooves all sober people to close doors and go early to bed. For the young and unsober, however, the haunted eve affords opportunity for all sorts of fateful rites and experiments, fascinating even to nineteenth-century common sense; and though Puck and Robin Goodfellow may no longer appear with whoop, and laugh, and sly pinching fingers, it is safe to promise tremor and thrill, pretty shriek and good fun to all modern maidens as have courage and adventure enough to try their "Midsummer luck."

There is the magic fern-seed to begin with, which can be gathered on no other evening of the year, and which, like the ring of Gyges, confers invisibility on its wearer. But be careful not to shake the plant. The seed must fall of its own accord into the plate held to receive it by pious fingers. Hemp-seed, also, plays a part in this night's sports. She who, exactly at twelve o'clock, sows it in the garden, and repeats

> "Hemp-seed I sow—
> Hemp-seed I hoe,
> And he that is my true-love, come after me and mow—"

may see, if she has the pluck to look behind her, the figure of the "true-love"—scythe in hand! And any one who fasts all day, and at midnight spreads a table with a clean white cloth, and sets thereon bread, cheese, and beer, will have the pleasure of beholding her future husband enter, fill a glass with beer, make her a low bow as in salutation, and retire, leaving the glass untasted on the table!

Then there is the still prettier experiment of "The Midsummer Rose." Annie, or Belinda, or Mary Jane must walk backward into the garden, and, preserving perfect silence, gather a rose. If this is put away in clean paper and not looked at till Christmas, it will be found fresh as in June; and when it is placed in the bosom of a fair lady, he who is to be her future lord will enter and take it out—by which sign she shall know him.

The "Dumb-Cake" also. Two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and a third put a piece under each of their pillows, nobody speaking a word all the time. Then you "dream of the man you are to have." How much this "coming man" seems to have figured, by the way, in the female meditations of two centuries ago!

We note down these quaint observances for the benefit of some of our merry young readers, who, in the quiet of country summer, may find amusement in them. But we warn them against the superstition, at once more touching and more fearful, which led people to stand all night in church porches, in order to see pass by the apparitions of those who were to die in the parish during the ensuing twelvemonth. Flesh and heart might well fail in such ordeal; and it is recorded that one girl expired of fright on seeing in the ghastly train her own figure!

And so, hoping all "midsummer-men" which shall be set up may bow the right way, that fairies may be propitious and fern-stalks not "contrary," we leave you to your frolic.

ROSES.

"Is there," asks Mr. Tennyson, "any moral hid within the bosom of a rose?"

We cannot say. Certain it is that something else lurks there; something at once less obvious and more deadly; something which defies inquest—almost defies remedy; and the name of that something is SLUGS.

From beginning to end of Summer, Nature takes apparent pleasure in teasing and tantalizing us. Her fairest things she abandons to her foulest. Each month brings its destroyer—the currant-worm with the currants, the measure-worm with the elm foliage—and so on, until the latest caterpillar chews a horrible path through every leaf spared by earlier hosts, spins its cocoon, and lies down to die.

The gladiolus has its foe—a mailed creature fearful to encounter. Tiny emerald beetles skip over the edges of the geraniums. Red spiders assemble from Heaven knows where, and spin and devastate. Aphides in countless hosts appear as from the atmosphere, and take possession. "Little things on little wings," with stings far from little, puncture the grape-leaves and gall the fuchsias. But most of all, the roses—sweetest and fairest sisterhood—seem marked for destruction.

Hardly have their soft, crimson-tufted buds unrolled than the ravage begins. You bend lovingly over your pet "Giant of Bautes" or "General Jacque Moneau," and start aghast. Why are the leaves twisted thus strangely over the coming buds, and cemented together as by a wiry glue? The experienced know well the cause, and applying a finger and thumb artistically, give a pinch. Aha! a black and green head wriggles into view. He is there, "Thalaba the Destroyer," that slug whom, in defiance of Mr. Warner, we pronounce the "saddest" of the year.

Talk of promptitude—he is always *before* time. Early bird must it be indeed who picks up that worm! Before human vision detects the delicate unfolding bud, he has gorged himself with essence of bloom, and the bud is an empty shell. We pinch and pinch with stern determination, regardless of cold chills down our spines—and still the creeping creature defies us, and the harvest of beauty is snatched from our grasp.

Is there then no remedy? Yes. Let others prate of tobacco washes and whale-oil soap. *Our* spell is couched in two magic words. They are—"White Hellebore."

This blessed dust—worth its weight in gold—may be had at moderate price at any chemist's. Salute it. It is not the rose—but it comes near to being so, for it saves the rose.

Dissolved in water (proportion, a half-pound to a half-barrel) and applied with a syringe, it coats each leaf with a faint gray sediment. Over this, while wet, a little dry powder should be dredged. The slug, taking, as is his wont, an early constitutional on top of the leaves, absorbs this refreshing aliment, and is found at 9 P.M. swollen, black, and dead as Pharaoh. Very early risers may even enjoy the delight of applying the dose directly to the spine of the invader, and watching the effect!

A few days—and our heel is on the neck of the enemy. And then, ah! then how the fresh leaves laugh and twinkle! how the cups of cream and fire and snow unfold, and with what wafts of sweetness do they recompense the hand that brought deliverance! Conquerors and conquered, we bow before the spell of beauty, and inscribe upon our oriflammes—("which," as the Bab Ballad remarks, "is pretty, though I don't know what it means") the name of the herb which tempted fair Juliet to her death, but to our rescued favorites has been a word of healing.

Remember: *White Hellebore.*

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON.

THE name of Henry Parry Liddon has just begun to be familiar to American ears. To those who have become acquainted with him through his writings, he represents whatever is most scholarly and evangelical in the preaching of the Church of England to-day. Still a young man, and without any regular parochial charge, he has come to be in the foremost rank of living English preachers. Wherever he is advertised to speak the churches are crowded hours in advance, and though his sermons are very lengthy—often exceeding an hour—and his style not in the slightest degree sensational, he is heard without weariness, and with the most evident interest. We should perhaps restrict the

statement a little. Although the common people are by no means unaffected by Mr. Liddon's sermons—and there is much in all of them to reach and touch the most ignorant—yet his work and his power are chiefly among the educated classes, and the large preponderance in his audiences, of these, and of the most thoughtful men belonging to them, has been often remarked. This may be somewhat owing to the fact that Mr. Liddon does not deal so much with what are called the "topics of the day,"—the present precise outward forms of the strife between good and evil—as with the good and evil themselves, and their inner and spiritual manifestations. Less intense in feeling, but more logical in thought, than Robertson or Stopford Brooke, he convinces a certain class whom their enthusiasm would fail to affect, while those of a different temperament must miss something in him which is necessary for their satisfaction. He is less a man among men than either Robertson or Brooke; he does not lay bare his heart, consciously or unconsciously, as they do; he is not so much a comforter as an instructor, or, perhaps, we should rather say that consolation is not the first object of his preaching. But to some minds it will not be the less real and welcome for being suggested rather than displayed. There are those to whom Watts's hymns seem more strengthening than Wesley's, because, though Wesley makes far more explicit mention both of sorrow and of comfort, Watts takes us up above the sources of our sadness, to the

"land of pure delight,"

and shows us our inalienable inheritance there. And Liddon would fain so intrench us in the strongholds of our belief; would put into our hands such weapons to combat our doubts and our temptations, that, forgetting fears and failures and losses, and fighting with all our might the fight of faith, we should be strengthened even in the conflict, and have no time for repining. Growth in "the knowledge of God" seems to be his aim, both for himself and those whom he addresses; this, rather than specific reforms, is his remedy for the evil that is in individual souls and in society. He goes to the core of things, and believes that if the heart is right the life will take care of itself. Two volumes of sermons by Mr. Liddon have been published, the first of which was issued in 1865, with the title *Some Words for God*, which, though exactly expressive of the character of the book, was dropped in the second edition, in deference, as the author tells us, to friendly criticism, which pronounced it open to misconstruction. This collection has now passed to a third, if not a fourth edition, under the simple designation of *University Sermons*. Of these sermons, upon such subjects as "Immortality," "The Law of Progress," "The Conflict of Truth with undue Exaltation of the Intellect," "The Risen Life," "Humility and Action," there is not one which will not well repay close *study*. We use the word deliberately, for indeed their full meaning and richness of thought cannot be appropriated without patient attention and the pondering of every sentence. Mr. Liddon's style is not stirring or incisive; he does not control the hearer or reader at once by some brilliant, unexpected outburst; he is not peculiarly original, either in his views of truth or his methods of stating it; but, as we read or listen, we feel the increasing pressure of the argument, the power of the author's sincere, strong convictions, bearing us onward and upward to his level of thought; forcing us to accept his conclusions all the more surely that he has not hurried our acceptance of them. Yet there are occasional paragraphs, which, tersely expressed, contain the meaning of volumes. Here, for instance, in two short sentences, he sums up the whole bearing of that class of proofs of Christ's Divinity of which Young's *Christ of History* is a well-known and worthy example:—"Is it granted that Christ is, morally speaking, a perfect man? Then he is more than man, since he puts forward claims which, if they are not simple and necessary truths, are blasphemous pretensions."

Mr. Liddon has published, in addition to the *Sermons*, a volume of Bampton Lectures for 1866, on the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and is now engaged upon a work which will probably soon appear, under the title of *Elements of Theology*. This will give the public a better opportunity than has yet been afforded to judge of his abilities as a theologian, and it seems likely that in this field his highest honors will be gained. His temperament and habits of thought and study eminently fit him for controversial labors. His lectures on the Divinity of Christ were, from the circumstances in which they were delivered, necessarily limited in their plan. Mr. Liddon acknowledges that he does not attempt in them to meet the difficulties of those to whom the Bible is not an inspired book. Previous courses of lectures upon the Bampton foundation justified him in assuming before his hearers their conviction of the existence and personality of God, and the reality of a Divine Revelation in the Scriptures. Starting from this point, Mr. Liddon's argument for the Divinity of Christ is a masterly one, and leaves little to be desired by those to whom that doctrine appears the keystone of the whole system of Christianity. Though it does not come within our purpose to give any analysis of it, we cannot refrain from quoting from the Preface to the second edition of the Lectures a few words, which not only show the author's position in regard to some present aspects of religious thought, but may seem to many to embody a sound judgment in regard to the moral tendencies of lax views in religion:—

"In truth, the vast majority of our countrymen still shrink with sincere dread from anything like an explicit rejection of Christianity. Yet no one who hears what goes on in daily conversation, and who is moderately conversant with the tone of some of the leading organs of public opinion, can doubt the existence of a widespread unsettlement of religious belief. People have a notion that the present is, in the hackneyed phrase, 'a transitional period,' and that they ought to keep pace with the general movement. Whither they are going they probably cannot say, and have never very seriously asked themselves. Their most definite impression

is that the age is turning its back on dogmas and creeds, and is moving in a negative direction under the banner of 'freedom.' They are, indeed, sometimes told by their guides that they are hurrying forward to a chaos in which all existing beliefs, even the fundamental axioms of morality, will be ultimately submerged. Sometimes, too, they are encouraged to look hopefully forward, beyond the immediate foreground of conflict and confusion, to an intellectual and moral Elysium, which will be reached when Science has divested Religion of all its superstitious encumbrances, and in which 'thought' and 'feeling,' after their long misunderstanding, are to embrace under the supervision of a philosophy higher than any which has yet been elaborated. But these visions are only seen by a few, and they are not easily popularized. The general tendency is to avoid speculations, whether hopeful or discouraging, about the future, yet to acquiesce in the theory, so constantly suggested, that there is some sort of necessary opposition between dogma and goodness, and to recognize the consequent duty of promoting goodness by the depreciation and destruction of dogma. Thus, the movement, although negative in one sense, believes itself to be eminently positive in another. With regard to dogma it is negative, but it sincerely affects a particular care for morality, and, in purifying and enforcing moral truth, it endeavors to make its positive character most distinctly apparent." . . . . "The writer has not been at pains to disguise his earnest conviction that the hopes and sympathies which have been raised in many sincerely religious minds, by the so-called Liberal-religious movement of our day, are destined to a rude and bitter disappointment. However long the final decision between 'some faith' and 'no faith' may be deferred, it must be made at last. . . . It is of the last importance in religious thinking, not less than in religious practice, that the question, Whither am I going? should be asked and answered. Such a question is not the less important because, for the present, all is smooth and reassuring, combining the reality of religious change with the avoidance of any violent shock to old convictions."

By a curious likeness, these words of the advocate of Scriptural Christianity remind us of one of the early utterances of the champion of "free religion," R. W. Emerson. He says:—"With regard to modes of Christian faith, it surely is becoming for every one, both man and woman, to have an intelligent knowledge of their belief. It is right to hold with confidence and charity combined, to well-formed and precise principles, in all that we profess to give an allegiance to; to understand our own position and feel the strength of it, instead of *that careless ignorance, that latitudinarian indifference, which is seen and heard so much of;—a mock liberalism which I speak of as unreal, because often, when put to the test, it is found to cover either a hollow skepticism or a bitter intolerance,* instead of genuine Christian charity."

Mr. Liddon's manner in the pulpit is very quiet. His personal appearance and habits of oratory are almost monastic. It is, indeed, evident that he has been a close and loving student of the Early Fathers; that he sees much to admire where he cannot implicitly follow, but where too many, with less insight and humility, vaguely condemn. The chief characteristic of his manner appears to be a reverence for the name and service of God. And in these days, when "holy boldness" not unfrequently verges upon unseemly familiarity, it is good for us to be occasionally reminded that it becomes us to serve the Lord with fear—the fear of a devoted heart—careful to remember that "God is in heaven, and we are upon earth."

The New Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences is intended as a permanent place of exhibition in London, and erected in pursuance of the ideas of the Prince Consort. The building is another demonstration of the exotic nature of art in England, and is, perhaps, of all the recent monuments, the most hideous and tasteless. It is in idea an adaptation of the Colosseum at Rome, but with the grand and simple elevation of that, broken and frittered up by a ginger-bread frieze in mosaic, designed by the weakest school in the world for monumental work, the Royal Academicians, and a general system of ornamentation fitter for lace-work than for architecture, and which is really less attractive than the plain tufa of the ancient work. The Royal Albert Hall is 135 feet high, but the height is broken and diminished by a recession in the plan, apparently because the architect dared not make a roof as large as his foundation; and the consequence is, that the upper division is hidden from view, and is, so far as outer appearances are concerned, quite without value.

The comparison suggested by the two buildings is most unfavorable in every respect to the modern. The ancient, without other pretension than that of being good, solid building, is opened and lightened by arches and vaulted passages, whose recesses break the surface without a hint of ornament, which the Roman knew he was weak in, and only used after the most approved classical patterns, while the Briton, with the frivolous ambition to be original (as if originality could help itself or be ordered at occasion), wishes to be as great as the Roman, graceful as the Greek, and thoughtful as the Goth at the same time. The result is a monstrosity, which, like the Westminster House of Parliament, will in course of time make itself a callous in the dull sense of English taste, and finally come to establish a canon of architecture.

The Albert Hall opened early in May with an exhibition of pictures of all nations—an imitation on a liberal scale of the Paris exposition. The narrow and inconceivably "shoppy" habits of the Royal Academy, making the interests and advantages of its members the only end of their organization, renders such an exhibition as the new International not only necessary as a protest against the exclusiveness of the Academy, but as a means of informing English ama-

teurs that there is an art in the world which is neither English nor derived from it. In no country in the world besides England would the narrow, selfish, mercantile policy of the Royal Academy be tolerated by the public, while there every new pretension and arrogant self-assertion of the Academicians only puts them still higher in the public respect. It is an anomaly in art history, that a self-constituted body, exclusive as a hereditary aristocracy and narrowly selfish as a mercantile guild, should be allowed to appropriate and dispense the only recognized distinction in artistic excellence of the country, monopolize by sheer self-assertion, and maintain, against all opposition, all the honors and emoluments of public patronage, and render account neither to public opinion nor to government, exclude from its advantages many of the best artists of the country on the most arbitrary and personal grounds, and yet retain the position it claims of *arbiter gustorum* and exact deference even from royalty. It is more strange at first sight, yet explains the anomaly, that all this comes, not from artistic excellence, but commercial cleverness. It is to be hoped that the more catholic exhibition of the Royal Albert Hall may become the exponent of artistic merit, and the recognized institution of England, and that the Academy may drop back into the dust of the age of guilds and close corporations to which it belongs.

ROSSETTI'S sonnets have developed among the rising English poets an epidemic of sonnet-writing, and all the aspirants of the romantic school vent their ambition in fourteen-line bursts of song, not only for publication but circulation, so that a London wit says that now a cabman replies to your call in a sonnet.

One of the new poets, Payne, author of the *Masque of Shadows*, has put out a volume of sonnets called *Intaglios*. It can hardly be called an addition to our poetic treasures. Faint, shadowy reminiscences of Rossetti and Morris, with the linked and over-done epithets of Swinburne, too long-drawn-out in the master, and only redilute in the follower until they are little else than sound—fantastic similes spun into spider-thread tenuity, and tangled into inextricable confusion,—sonnets to the sonnets and pictures of his friends (who will in turn sonnetize him or make designs to his sonnets—priests of the great god I, incensing each other with full censers),—this is what *Intaglios* suggests to us. Such imagery as:—

> "Seek, then, no more to sweep the unwilling strings
> To tempest, nor to harrow up the skies
> With the void passion of Titanic sighs;
> Thou shalt not scale the heaven on thunderous wings
> Of resonant prayer,"—

alternating with *catalogues raisonnés* of the objects seen in a morning walk, do not make poetry. May some new standard be raised up to cure this plague of sonnets, since they have begun, reptile-like, to multiply from the fragments.

AN exceedingly interesting book of travel is the *Impressions of Greece*, by Sir Thomas Wyse, late English Minister at Athens. Sir Thomas was long a resident of Greece, and years ago published a book of travels in the Morea, to which this posthumous work is a supplement, consisting of travels in Continental Greece, with visits to the great battle-grounds of early Hellas. It was left in the form of diaries of the excursions, and has been published under the care of his niece, without alteration or emendation, and preserves, by this very neglect, a freshness of description and impression which no book-making could have given it. There are descriptions of the wild beauty of Eubœa and of the battle-ground of Chæronea, which make the jaded traveler on used-up grounds look to the opening of roads and the restoration of tranquillity in Greece as a desideratum for lovers of the beautiful. The dissertations on the state of Greece, the condition and character of the people, and the causes of disorder and governmental depravity will interest all phil-Hellenes, and explain the seeming anomaly of the most intelligent, energetic, and enterprising people in the basin of the Mediterranean being the worst governed and least prosperous. The author had the best opportunities to know the Greeks which any recent writer has had, and his official relation—continued for many years—with the government of Otho, taught him all the dangers of an absolutism with a people like the Greek, essentially, vitally republican and municipal, and his testimony that "no nation is more fitted, I might say formed, to such an organization (municipal) by geographical, national, personal peculiarities," is a valuable evidence in favor of those who have always contended that the Greeks were capable of governing themselves much better than they have been governed by the administrations which Europe has imposed on them, one after the other—youths who had been spoiled at home, and without experience in government, surrounded by flatterers, led into absolutism by every temptation, and, finally, without any kind of interest in the country or associations to excite their enthusiasm or affection. No country in Europe has been so badly treated by Europe as Greece, and none has deserved such treatment less.

THE return of peace to GERMANY has brought a swarm of publications to the booksellers' shelves, many of which have been held back for a favorable hour. But the figures of 1870 prove that there was really more literary activity than was suspected: no less than 1,470 theological works appeared during the last year, falling only 137 behind the record of the year preceding; while in the field of *belles-lettres* there were nearly 750, a reduction of but one-fourth from the year before. Nearly all that is offered now is of solid worth, partaking somewhat of the serious character imparted by the recent struggle. In this line we notice a publication of evident value that is intended in some measure to take the place of Humboldt's *Kosmos*, and is well adapted to those who find this ponderous work too abstruse or too extensive for the hurry of the hour.

It would seem a counterpart of the popular "Library of Wonders," and, like it, to be a thoroughly digested series of treatises on some of the most interesting objects in nature, science, and art. It bears the attrac-

tive title of *Life of the Earth, or a Glance into its History*. In running over its chapter-headings we perceive some as follows: "The Earth, a Star among the Stars;" "The Land, the Water, the Atmosphere;" "Organic Life;" and finally, "Man, and the Question of his Origin and Development." It is profusely illustrated, like the Wonder Library on this side of the water, and bids fair to be a most welcome addition to popular scientific study abroad.

Even the woman question seems also to be abandoning the arena of the fanciful and theoretical for the more tangible and practical. Louisa Otto, an authoress of considerable fame, has just published in Vienna what she terms the *Genius of Nature*, and in which she treats of the practical relations of the sex to nature in the city and the country, on the journey or the promenade, and especially in the change of seasons. She thus treats of gardening and natural science, and has also a section on domestic animals. Her aim is to arouse a feeling of self-consciousness in the womanly heart, and lead the wives and daughters of her country to find enjoyment in spheres of practical usefulness.

But the most gratifying fact that we notice in this line is that German publicists and statesmen are becoming more and more practical. In the swarm of publications of every hue that are now devoted to the all-absorbing question of reconstruction after the war, there is a direct manner of treatment that is quite new to these philosophical politicians, who so often seem to be solving the problem of the longest rather than the shortest way to their goal; and the men who are suddenly becoming pre-eminently practical are the German Professors.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY are stepping out into the front line in the intellectual conflict that is to precede and mainly mould this political regeneration. They are already busy with a movement that is to be attended with beneficial results for the liberties of the people and the individual States, as such. And these noble institutions have a clear right to be heard now;—German Unity has found its most forcible teachings within their walls, and by German Professors on the political arena. It is true, these men of thought have been taunted as being unpractical in former contests, and the Great Parliament of 1848, which was largely composed of them, was declared to be a failure mainly on account of their impossible theories. But these teachings have ever since been growing in the German heart, and were ripe for the auspicious moment, as the result has shown. The German Professors may now well feel proud of the race they have trained up, both inside of their Universities and in other intellectual spheres, and can with justice bid the honored warriors stand aside while they proceed to mould the new State.

The special movement on which the Universities are now combining, is that of retaining all their individuality in the New Empire. They are totally opposed to a system of centralization that shall put them all under one common control, and rob them of their independence and their peculiar characteristics. The Universities of Leipsic, Göttingen, Giessen, and Halle, for example, owe much of their glorious history to the special care of their respective States or princes. Leipsic has always been the favorite child of the Saxon kings, as Göttingen has been the delight of the Georges. They need thus to be cherished to retain the peculiar virtues that have given to each its own stamp, and any Procrustes bed that would bring them into a sort of army regulation would rob them of half their usefulness. This individual independence shows its value just now in the famous contest at present being waged between the liberal Catholic members of the theological departments of several Universities and the bishops of their respective dioceses, in the matter of Papal Infallibility. If these institutions were governed by one common head, there might result a species of tyranny from above that would cut off a whole class of independent men; whereas the individual State will feel more pride in sustaining its own children, as does Catholic Bavaria, or Austria, sustain its teachers in conflict with the Pope.

The German Professors are therefore taking the position that centralization will be stagnation, or, at the most, indifferent uniformity, and are contending for that fresh diversity of development that will permit each institution to follow out its own peculiar line of activity, and gain its own laurels. And the significance of this discussion just now is its influence in the reconstruction of the German States as to their political status; the vast majority of the German Professors and students are totally opposed to a policy of centralization that will bring a controlling power into the hands of a few. It is a mistaken notion that Prussia will now govern Germany because of this union; on the contrary, the new German Parliament will be a body as jealous of its State interests as is our own Congress, and while developing that unity of States that will make them strong against an external foe, will carefully guard that internal independence that will be able to thwart the plans of an oligarchy.

ART has lost Moritz von Schwind, a celebrated painter of Vienna, well known for his genial cartoons in the Wartburg, the famous mountain retreat of Luther. His death has called forth a sweet lamentation from his great brother-cartoonist, the inimitable Kaulbach, who, on hearing of his decease, declared that the world could not repair his loss as a magic delineator of the charms of the forest. He had no rivals, for in his line he was only equal to himself, and he and Kaulbach were brothers in heart as in art. They were accustomed to visit each other occasionally for criticisms of their respective works, and Kaulbach declares Schwind the most humorous companion in his genial and funny criticisms of his friend's creations, over which they would both laugh, and amuse themselves like children.

GERMAN scholars mourn the loss of Gervinus of Heidelberg, the noted publicist and historian of his country's literature. For the last few years he had strangely separated himself from the liberal tendencies

of his earlier life, and placed himself in opposition to the popular movements of the epoch. This had estranged him from former friends and associates, and grief and sadness seemed to hurry him to his tomb in the midst of the universal rejoicings of his country. But his noble deeds were not forgotten, and his old friends gathered at his bier to adorn it with flowers and wreaths.

BLEEDING FRANCE has but little to present us just now in the line of culture and progress, and her civil conflicts we cheerfully leave to other pens, for they are saddening to any mind that has an interest in the progress of humanity. In her own wild and conflicting passions she has found a worse foe than even the Giant with the spiked helmet. The world still hopes that Thiers and Favre, and the band of honest men that are now struggling to rescue her from the vortex, may not find themselves overpowered before their country again falls into the lap of tyranny as a refuge from lawlessness.

As a very significant straw in the line of literature, we notice an appeal in the Provencal dialect, an idiom still spoken by six millions of the inhabitants of Southern France. It treats, however, no longer of courts of love and the queen of roses, but hammers away lustily at the tyranny of Paris in assuming to rule all France. Instead of putting all the young men of France into uniforms and barracks, it would make local civilians of them, and grant to the various provinces and communes the right to govern themselves, rather than to be subject to the nods and dictates of the capital. It bitterly deprecates that system of centralization that has given to the provinces so capricious or severe a master, and insists that the seat of the Chambers should occasionally be in the South as well as in the North; that the children of the Troubadours might have an opportunity to show their love and attachment to their country, resuscitate its pride, and lead it to new triumphs.

THE WAR-LITERATURE of France received a most interesting supplement from the French prisoners of war in the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin. A genial fellow among them started the idea of an illustrated weekly of a humorous character, with a view to help drive dull care away. It was entitled *Prometheus*, and was lithographed in the round French current hand. Its contents were the favorite French *causerie* of the camp, with an occasional flash of the *esprit* that does not leave the Frenchman, even in the saddest plight.

But the great attraction was composed of the comic etchings in caricature in style of "Cham," in the well-known Parisian *Journal Amusant*. Even the rebus and the charade were not wanting to make up the *tout ensemble* of a comic journal, published, it must be confessed, under many difficulties.

THE WALHALLA, the famous temple on the banks of the Danube devoted to the glory of German heroes, philosophers, and poets, finds its appropriate owner much sooner than its royal founder, Louis the First of Bavaria, imagined when he spent so many anxious hours in filling its halls with the statues of the great and good of his fatherland. It was his private property, and in his will he left it to Bavaria in case there should be no revived and united German Empire. For this latter he always ardently prayed, and in accordance with his wish this glory-temple has now become national property. But he ordered that there be no additions to its sculptured heroes until ten years after his death, by which time the nation will be prepared to enrich it with the prominent heroes of the late contest.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FORGETTING the motley but beautiful exterior of the Academy building, the dazzling climb up its sunny white steps, the ticket-table, and umbrella corner, with their quick-eyed attendants, the second climbing, the sudden sense of being one of an absorbed and scattered multitude, we find ourself, after a troubled tour around the corridor, standing in mingled sunset and moonrise, somewhere on the coast of Maine (139, A. T. Bricher). The sand on the beach isn't real, but the rocks are, and the dash of sunlight on the bluff, and the pale moon beyond; so is the soft splashing of the tide. "A capital little picture," we say softly to ourself, and pass on.

Noting a portrait by Baker (144),—not one of his best, by the way,—we come upon a slumbering boy with a Dutch-looking boat in his hand. How soundly he sleeps! "Dreaming of the sea," the catalogue says. If you have met him, good friend, you will remember him; not that the picture is so very good, for tone and atmosphere are wanting, but because Eugene Meeks, who painted it far off in Bremen, approaches flesh and blood reverently.

Characteristic portraits by Huntington, Baker, and Carpenter look quietly at us from the walls of this north room—Huntington, realistic, steady of hand, true; Baker, pleasing in his clear, sketchy way; Carpenter, mechanical, accurate, and nerveless. Hicks, Page, and Gray have portraits in the other rooms, and lesser artists by the score exhibit the inevitable "lady" and "gentleman"—nearly every man of them, in spite of individual cases of excellence, making you wish that portrait-painting were not the bar to artistic progress that it often is. Great painters, of course, will paint great portraits to the end of time; but lucrative art is not long. A successful portrait-painter rarely has time to lift himself much beyond the high-water mark that floated his first ship into port.

In clear color and pearly quality of tone, Huntington's portrait of J. M. Bailey is remarkable, though the

limp hand does not in any way add to the pleasing effect of the picture. Baker's head of a little girl (175) is one of the sweetest things in the exhibition—a beautiful child admirably painted. Eaton's "Dawning Maternity," just above it, receives the "ohs!" and "ahs!" of admiring gazers; but we pass her quietly, not being personally drawn to the little one, pretty though she is, and not to blame, poor child, for the overacting of fancy and brush. Kensett's "Windsor Castle," near by, is a delicious picture, enriched with historic associations that cluster about it in significant recognition. "The Mower," by Constant Mayer, has excellent points. It is firm in touch, clear in color, and the effect of action in the Mower is admirably given. The man toils in earnest. His bent head and muscular arms are full of expression; but there is a night-mare quality about the picture that puzzles one. Hard as the man labors, his strokes are ineffectual. He cannot cut the grass. It barely bends beneath his scythe. There is no whiz in the air. Possibly the figure is a study from life, and the "subject" in taking his pose had a better conception of the occasion than the artist who added the accessories of action. Not far from this picture, the sun is breaking through rich rifts of cloud; beneath lies a sandy beach—real sand, here—and tired waves are creeping in, one after another, with their little remnants of drift and seaweed. Standing there, gazing into the far distance, we almost feel the dampness strike through our shoes. The flutter of a catalogue recalls us. It is W. T. Richards's "Sandy Beach," the best thing we have seen from his easel. "Nature and Art," says Goethe, "are divided by an enormous chasm." So they are. But we may safely trust ourselves upon the bridges which such conscientious labor builds across.

How time is flying! And here is a "Clock-Doctor" (197, E. W. Perry), a clever picture of an old man in spectacles mending a time-piece, and a rosy urchin looking on in speechless interest. The expression of the boy is capital. We are in the East Room now, and we feel a Presence even while enjoying McEntee's delightful autumnal scene, and Brevoort's tender though somewhat uncertain "Shades of Evening." Looking at Ryder's "Italian Page," a well-balanced, spirited head, fine in color and admirable in feeling—still the Presence! Standing before Gray's fine pair of cabinet portraits, and Boughton's "Last Rose of Summer," with its strong handling and exquisite sentiment—even while standing before Bierstadt's burning ship, that keeps up its lurid concentration of fire, yet somehow promises never to burn, because the flame spirit is not there—all this time we have felt the Presence, yet have not had resolution to face it. The eyes have followed us about the room with their tremendous, pitiful stare; we have caught the grieved expression of the full, sensuous lips; we know of the glowing hair and luminous beard; the averted, paintily draped shoulder—and yet we have not once faced them. We dread a great disappointment. One of the very finest heads in the Exhibition is that of Wendell Phillips, by William Page, idealized, not in the common and mistaken way of making a strong head weak and sentimental, but in a subtile emphasizing of the strongest and best qualities naturally expressed in the face. We are pleased with the picture as a likeness and as a work of art, in spite of its ultra transparency of tone; and now this same artist has painted a portrait of our best friend—the truest, highest, God ever has given to man. Twenty or thirty visitors stood in groups about the picture when at last we saw it fully. Some were smiling, some sneering, and a few whispering gravely. We turned and walked away oppressed with the burden of a picture which would to Heaven we had never seen.

Ah, the children! the children! what merry witches they are! They have found a wheel-less old stage-coach, puffed with its bygone stateliness, and they have settled in and upon it like bees, filling it with the honey of such enjoyment as only children know. Eastman Johnson has chosen a capital theme this time, and the treatment is admirable. What though a long-bearded fellow behind us mutters "patchy in color," "want of balance," etc.,—we don't believe a word of it. We see only faithful characterization, well-caught gestures, and a spirit of fun that may set the colors dancing or not, as it chooses. Then it is full of delicious childish anachronisms and inconsistencies. The driver is lashing up his steeds to the utmost and at the same time ignoring a balker, by mere force of will. The boy beside him, on the box, yells into his ear, but he cannot hear him, not he, while the coach is dashing over the stones, and the horses leap and clatter like that! Each horse has its own rate of speed, and its own idea of the situation. The "leaders" are a comical pair. One, in boy fashion, is prancing on, champing the bit, horsey from head to toe; his mate, a laughing little maid, with no soul for horse-work, looks back intensely interested, yet not too much so to hold the cutting reins away from her soft throat. On, on they tear! Meanwhile a busy urchin holds wide the coach door, that two approaching passengers may jump in without losing time. One little girl seated inside, demure and satisfied, has given herself up to the full enjoyment of the rattling motion. Her opposite neighbors are just composing themselves for the start. A boy outside on the top of the coach is shouting for dear life, about nothing in particular; and all the scene is alive with action and laughter. It is too noisy, after all, for an art exhibition. We hug the children slyly and cross over into the intense stillness of William Hart's "Golden Hour."

A wonderful picture this, in its flood of sunlight, its glowing, conscious atmosphere, its individuality of tree, pool, and blade. The lower right-hand corner is an exquisite picture in itself, the whole free, clear, and rural, the only weakness being in the figures seated upon the grass.

Directly opposed to this in every way is Jervis McEntee's "Danger Signal," though both suggest the

poetry of every-day life. One is the poetry of earth and air; the other, poetry wrought from common incident and man's appropriation of natural forces. Something is the matter, you scarcely know what. A guard in the foreground frantically waves a red lantern through the storm, but he cannot check the train, thundering nearer and nearer along the snow-covered track, dazzling you with its great "bull's-eye," and making you catch your breath by way of humble, untechnical tribute to the painter's power.

Casilear's "Genesee Meadows," dreamy and tender, refreshes one after such a picture as this, just as Durand's quiet and conscientious "Close of Day" rests one after the superb coloring and permanent fire of Bierstadt's "Burning Whalers." The scene in the "Sierra Nevada," though in Bierstadt's quiet vein, still may be said to present a sort of dramatic repose. It has enchanting bits of color and cool sweetnesses of effect, here and there; but the soft cloud-wrangling above, and the utter unconcern of the water below, give to the whole a sort of atmospheric inconsequence that may be possible, but certainly is not common.

The painting of one's own portrait, though utilized by Landseer, and sanctified by Raphael, seldom, from the days of Albert Durer onward, has been a thoroughly satisfactory practice. It implies a way of holding a mirror up to nature not implied by the poet. But Sellstedt has here tried the experiment with no little success (270). He avoids the tragic-shoulder air, and has fairly caught that Will-o'-the-wisp to an artist—his own expression. This picture shows a decided advance upon former efforts, especially upon a portrait of the same subject exhibited upon these walls ten years ago.

Not many times after this we halt in our zig-zag ramble toward the West Room—once before S. R. Gifford's lovely "Fishing Boats of the Adriatic" (is it golden with sunlight, or the marriage-rings of the Doges?); once before Wm. M. Hunt's very noticeable and faithful portrait of the venerable Wm. Wardner; and once, and longest, before Butler's "Santa Lucia." This last, bearing unmistakable traces of the French school, is fine in tone, bold in drawing, and expressive without being sentimental. A noble-looking Italian lad is playing upon his own dear violin, holding the instrument downward, as our little street fiddlers do, but making, we are sure, very sweet music. It is a tender, harmonious, magnetic picture, that you love at the first glance, and carry away with you to hang upon the invisible walls of your ideal home.

In the West Room we noticed some good child-portraits by Staigg, who of late has been surely and steadily advancing toward the front. Also two water views. One, "A quiet day on the Beverly Shore," is in Kensett's happiest vein—painted in the best spirit of artistic truth, in opposition to the mere appearance of naturalness characterizing too many works in the Exhibition. It is a quiet coast scene, full of sultriness and repose—a few white sails in the hazy distance, a *wet* expanse of unruffled water, an atmosphere with oxygen in it, a hilly bank at the right stretching quietly out into deep water, a low beach along the foreground with the deceptive slant of all level shores, and sunlight brooding softly over all. The other scene has the tremor of spent passion in it: the best marine view of the exhibition (306, Edward Moran), it carries one "far out at sea." The expression of air and space is remarkable. We breathe the salty atmosphere and experience a peculiar sense of the rolling motion of the waves. The gale is over; but heavy masses of cloud darken the sky. Almost while you look, you are startled with a glorious sun-burst. The water glitters before you. Nearer by you can look into its translucent depths. The distance opens far and clear, and the longer you watch the more you see.

And what about it all? Is it a good exhibition? Are we to shake our heads with dilettante-solemnity over the crudeness and poverty of American art, or shall we one and all, with manlier feeling, recognize heartily the progress it surely is making? We are apt, on general principles, to think and speak slightingly of each successive Exhibition of the Academy, because, forsooth, while we who cannot handle a brush at all have been plodding along in our respective rounds, the brotherhood of painters have not in a short twelvemonth leaped from improvement to improvement. But if we go through these Exhibition-rooms carefully, we shall see on all sides evidences of earnest work, of bold ventures, of heart-wearing conflicts with inability, and glad, conscious reaching to high points of excellence. Three years ago our Knights painted worse Desdemonas.

It would be gratifying to see more grand themes attempted, more figure-subjects; but we must wait. Heroic art is an oak whose roots grapple national obstacles, a Century-plant requiring cycles of national summers for its blooming. In our fresh civilization wealth is confined mainly to the cities. A country gentleman of moderate means cannot order pictures. Mæcenas lives in town. And townspeople hunger for landscapes and water-views. Then again, we are a good-looking people. Who shall blame us if we spend our first art-money in having our portraits painted? Meantime, let us congratulate ourselves that the portraits often are so good—that the sea-views and landscapes are by no means all jelly and gingerbread.

NEW BOOKS.

A THIRD volume has just been added to those already published, in the English translation of the Old Testament section of *Lange's Commentary* (Charles Scribner & Co.). It is about three years since Vol. XIII. of the German series appeared in the original. The names both of the original author and of the translators are new to the series. We are sure that they will commend themselves as worthily filling their place among their fellows. Dr. Nägelsbach, a Bavarian pastor, had already won a good name at home as a Hebraist and a Biblical scholar. This Commentary on

the *Prophecies and Lamentations of Jeremiah* will be his first introduction to most of our readers. His analyses and interpretations, we are confident, will quite generally bear close scrutiny, and will be accounted a valuable help in the study of a portion of the Old Testament for which we have had no surfeit of assistance. The translation of the Lamentations strikes us as especially idiomatic, scholarly, and forceful, and the supplementary and corrective contributions of the translator, which in amount equal the original, are of great value. In the translation of the Prophecies we sometimes miss that Saxon vigor of style which is nowhere more in place than in reproducing the wail of the weeping prophet. We are glad to learn that the preparation of other volumes on the Old Testament is well advanced, while the New Testament is all but complete.

ONE of the wise provisions of the "Ely Lectureship on the Evidences of Christianity," in the Union Theological Seminary, contemplates the prompt publication of the successive courses delivered on the foundation. It was not a mere compliment to the distinguished lecturer of the present year (President McCosh, of the College of New Jersey), that held large audiences with unwearied interest to the close of a course that demanded so much thinking, and secured the eager perusal by a larger public of the reports, which even the secular press supplied. The subjects that were successively treated are taking hold of intelligent and thoughtful men, scientific and unscientific, in the church and out of the church. The compact and attractive volume just published by the Carters, under the title of *Christianity and Positivism*, will bring within the reach of all the work of a master respected as such more widely than the English language is spoken. The work is especially valuable from the double aspect in which it presents itself—as an apology for Christianity before scientific men, and an apology for science before religious men. To those who are ready and eager to say that the old "Evidences of Christianity" are evidences no longer, it holds up and illustrates the truth that the laws of thinking and believing are not changed within our generation. On those who are disposed to disown and deny all results not reached by "scientific" methods, it urges the unreasonableness of this one-eyed and lopsided logic. Before men of science, working in their legitimate sphere, the author takes his place as one of the most docile and grateful of learners. But he insists that they shall legitimate their conclusions. He has in other days won the respect of the foremost of them, and he will not lose it now. And to those who are affrighted and dismayed, in view of what science seems to be discovering and establishing, he presents himself as a son of consolation. He has no fear that the foundations are, or are to be destroyed, even though the world may not have been made, and may not be carried on, as was once supposed. The church will rest more simply and firmly on the rock when sand, wood, hay, stubble are taken out of the way. In the published volume the author avails himself of his opportunity to discuss the last work of Darwin, and to exhibit, as fully as space will allow, both the strength and the weakness of Herbert Spencer. We think that this volume will be recognized both in the church and in the scientific world as one of the few memorable books of the day.

NO one can read Principal Shairp's little book (*Culture and Religion*, New York: Hurd & Houghton) without admiring the rare ability with which he handles the conflicting theories of culture now engaging the attention of the thoughtful, and the conscientious honesty with which he presents the character, scope, and tendency of each. He never attempts to strengthen his own position by decrying an opponent's. He fences with no men of straw. He exhibits none of the arrogance too often manifested by those who discuss, from the religious point of view, the aims and aspirations of those who leave religion out of their schemes of culture, or who remand it to a secondary position. He strives rather to exalt his own position by magnifying the excellence of those which fail only in the omission or underestimate of the principal element, religion. Culture must embrace religion and end in it. So too religion, when it has its perfect work, must lead on to culture, and embrace it. It is the culture of the highest capacity of our being; and, if not partial and blind, it must acknowledge all the other capacities of man's nature as gifts which God has given that man "may cultivate them to the utmost, and elevate them by connecting them with the thought of the Giver, and the purpose for which He gave them."

ONE does not often hear, in these days, such sermons as Dr. Shedd has given us, to the number of twenty, in the volume just issued (*Sermons to the Natural Man.* By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway). Whatever else may be said about such preaching, it is not fashionable. There are some who will be sorry, probably there are more who will be glad, that it is not. But whether sorrowfully or gladly, all will admit it. The author himself confesses it, and he has printed his sermons, not because he thinks that they are what men wish, but because he is sure that they are what men need. It is impossible not to admire the stern courage, the half-defiant challenge with which the terrors of the law are hurled at the reader, in the very title of the book. Certain obvious and easy criticisms are disarmed by the preacher's own admissions. If we say that the sermons are terrific, we are assured that they were meant to be terrific; that the tone of the book is monotonous, the preface calmly confesses that it is purposely monotonous; that the color of it is even lurid, the preacher himself describes it by that very word. It is the natural man, with nothing good in him, with nothing good for him so long as he is a natural man, that the book has to do with from first to last.

This being the character of these sermons and the aim of them, it remains for us to say only that they are distinguished by wonderful force and eloquence. The meaning of them is never obscure. They are at times magnificent in their fiery rhetoric. What they must

have been when given by the living voice of the profoundly honest preacher can be guessed, when the words upon the printed page seem to burn one as he reads them. The natural man himself is likely to be fascinated by the awful power of a logic so unshrinking and a rhetoric so splendid. And many a reader, many a Christian minister even, hesitating at conclusions which this preacher refuses to dodge or disavow, will find a not unwholesome tonic in the learned and fearless pages.

For the sermons of President Woolsey of Yale College (*The Religion of the Present and of the Future; Sermons preached chiefly at Yale College:* By Theodore D. Woolsey; Charles Scribner & Co.) we venture to predict a wide popularity and usefulness. Even if none others than those to whom the volume is gracefully inscribed should value it, there are enough of them "who have now and then heard" his "voice in the pulpit of Yale College," to remember with admiring gratitude the service which this preaching did for them. It is no easy task, as those who have tried it have abundantly discovered, to preach to the audience in the chapel of Yale College. But to whomsoever the restless and somewhat exacting young men who largely compose that audience turned inattentive and offended ears, it was never to the preacher of these sermons. Nor was it merely respect for their President which chained their attention and compelled their assent to his religious teaching; but it was the transparent clearness of his thinking, the absence of any the least endeavor for rhetorical effect, the quiet and honest earnestness of the Christian scholar and friend, which made itself felt without striving to be felt, so that these sermons were to those who heard them the very words of truth and soberness, commending themselves to the conscience as light commends itself to the eye. What made this preaching so welcome and so useful to the audience to whom, for the most part, it was addressed, will make it welcome and useful to the larger audience which it will now have. Something of the same charm which the sermons of F. W. Robertson have had for thoughtful readers will be found in President Woolsey's also, although the doctrinal standpoint occupied is not the same. But the consciousness of being in the company of a teacher who knows how to think, and how to put his thoughts in clear and simple and exact speech—who has learned by a deep, experimental knowledge whereof he speaks, and whose spirit is broad and tolerant and true, and with all the maturity of seventy years has still the freshness of an eager and untiring student of the word and works of God,—this consciousness the reader of these sermons cannot fail to have and to rejoice in.

The only regret which the appearance of this volume can occasion is that which is suggested by the words in which the author tells us that his own "time of graduation is nearly come." May the day be distant when the voice which has spoken so wisely and so kindly shall speak only from these printed pages! But meantime, and for years afterwards, they must become to an increasing multitude a help to honest thinking and to holy living. They preach with practical simplicity, not for scholars only, but for the people, that which is surely "the religion of the present and of the future."

Paschal Beverly Randolph is a prophet; hear him: "When I read the Bible, the Vedas, or glorious *Hermes*, my ear catches the fore-melody of the coming Better time,—the morning song of seraphs sounding down the ages, and the eye of my trusting, patiently-abiding soul already beholds the coming flood of glory bursting on the world!" To attune other ears to catch a strain or two of the same wondrous fore-melody, and to hasten the advent of the coming flood of glory, Mr. Randolph has piously put within the reach of English readers the gospel of Hermes, his *Divine Pymander* (Boston: Rosicrucian Publishing Co.), which is to "sweep away the factitious mounds and walls which now divide mankind into hostile sects,—separating Catholic from Protestant, Baptist from Spiritualist, Moslem from Guebre, and Zend from Buddhist,"—and bring in the day when "the whole human race [will] worship one God, dwell in one bond of union, strive for one common immortality, and each man strive

> "To bear without abuse
> The grand old name of Gentleman!"

The world needs, Mr. Randolph tells us, "this matchless work of Hermes, hoary with age, full of divine meaning, replete with lofty thought, and broader in its suggestiveness than any other work of any other author, and destined to strike a heavier blow at the century's blasphemous scepticism than has yet fallen within the days of living men." It would ill become us to dispute with one whose patiently-abiding soul can see and hear so much that we are deaf and blind to; still we are forced to confess a lack of faith in the reforming power of "The Divine Pymander," and likewise serious doubts of the immense antiquity and the divine inspiration claimed for it. If it had not pleased God to set us in the midst of this sceptical age and deprive us of Mr. Randolph's Rosicrucian insight, we too might have been convinced by the quaint reasons set down by the editor of Dr. Everard's translation (1650: of which this is a reprint), in proof that the book was written "long before Moses his time," by the heaven-descended first inventor of the art of communicating knowledge to posterity by writing; and that it contains "that true philosophy without which it is impossible ever to attain to the height and exactness of piety and true religion;" but it was otherwise ordered. We are not of the initiated, and can only thank the editor and publishers for so neat an edition of such a curious volume of almost forgotten lore. It is perhaps worthy of notice, in this connection, that another of the multitude of books that appeared in the early part of the Christian era as translations from the Egyptian of Hermes Trismegistus, namely, the "Epistle to the Soul," has lately been reproduced in Arabic, and published with a German

translation, by the accomplished Orientalist, Professor Fleischer, of Leipzig.

THE other side of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has never been so truthfully drawn as by those brothers in genius and unordained preachers of the gospel of peace, MM. Erckmann and Chatrian. The quiet but intense realism of their writing, and the homely, human, personal interest inspired by the characters they create, bring home to the feelings the enormities of war with terrible vividness. There is none of the war correspondent's ambitious descriptions, no agony of horrors, no ghastly details; all is subdued, simple, lifelike, real; and herein lies their wonderful power to chain the attention and stir the sympathies. It is not surprising that they were in disfavor with the Empire, whose only hope was in military enthusiasm. A thousand peace societies could not do more to put an end to wars of ambition, by showing the people how sure they are of all the pains, and none of the glories, of conquest. There must be many Frenchmen to-day, who are thinking as Father Moses thought when the citizens of Phalsburg were preparing for the siege "with more enthusiasm than if they were gathering in their own harvests," that if the French bestowed as much pains, good sense, and courage upon matters of peace as they do upon war, they would be the richest and happiest people in the world. "But when they have toiled and economized, when they have opened roads everywhere, built magnificent bridges, dug out harbors and canals, and riches come to them from all quarters, suddenly the fury of war possesses them, and in three or four years they ruin themselves with grand armies, with cannon, with powder, with bullets, with men, and become poorer than before. A few soldiers are their masters, and look down upon them. This is all it profits them!" But the moral has almost made us forget the story. History repeats itself in France with such terrific rapidity, and such terrific fidelity, that it is hard to realize that it was an episode of the closing days of the First, and not the Second, Empire that we have been reading about. *The Blockade of Phalsburg* (Charles Scribner & Co.) is a simple story of a humble Jewish family during the siege; yet it is told with such rare skill that the reader lives with them, sharing all their anxieties and afflictions, and if not sharing is at least not insensible to their pious hopefulness and devotion to business. Father Moses is a character that will live. His affection for his family; his admiration of his thrifty wife; his horror of bloodshed—save when his brandy is in jeopardy; his joy that his two sons are safe in America, and making money; his wrath at the indignities he has to endure in the service of the city; his antique piety; his trembling, affectionate reverence of the stern old veteran who is quartered on his family,—all interfused with the instinct of trade which crops out so comically at odd times, make up one of the most enjoyable characters that we know. The death of little David, and the tragic end of the old Sergeant who would not survive the Empire, could not have been described more affectingly by Dickens.

THE pleasant series of essays, *Among My Books*, which appeared not long ago in the columns of *The World*, has been made into a little volume (E. J. Hale & Son), pretty to look at and convenient to hold, and, we dare say, will enjoy in this form a new lease of popularity. We must not look into these desultory chapters for close criticism, original thought, or even the fascinations of a brilliant or forcible style. They are only the random gossip of a gentleman of culture and literary taste, who has read much and remembered much, and loves to take down his favorite volumes one by one from the shelves, and talk to us familiarly about their most obvious characteristics, and about the men who wrote them. He talks well, for he is a scholar; and though he says some things we may not like, though he has his prejudices, like most men, and is franker than most men in expressing them, nobody will feel disposed to quarrel with opinions that are set forth in such a perfectly inoffensive manner. With all its faults, it is a good little book, that we may take to the country with us this summer, and read gratefully as we lounge in the shade.

THERE is a fund of pleasant information most pleasantly given in a work recently published by Messrs. Leypoldt, Holt & Williams, New York. It was written in French by the Chevalier Arthur Morelet, and is entitled *Travels in Central America*. Its vivacious and attractive English version is from the pen of Mrs. E. G. Squier, and it is enriched with Introduction and Notes by E. G. Squier himself, who is reliable authority on all Central American topics. M. Arthur Morelet, a gentleman possessing leisure and fine scientific attainments, received encouragement from the French Institute to carry out an idea he had conceived of exploring this region, almost as unknown as the central portions of Africa. His relation of his progress from Carmen or San Felipe, a sandy island in the Lagoon of Terminos, through the wild tract of country watered by the great Usumasinta and its tributaries; his visit to the celebrated ruins of Palenque; to the mysterious Lake of Itza, in the depths of Peten; his experiences on the island in that lake, which was once the metropolis and stronghold of the warlike Itzaes; his lively descriptions of the quaint and primitive population of the region, of magnificent tropic growth and verdure, the brilliancy of the flowers, the gorgeous plumage of the birds, the amazing fecundity of animal and vegetable life, and the intolerable annoyances which devotion to scientific adventure enabled him to disregard—with a racy and graphic picturing of the physical characteristics and the various departments of natural history presented to his observation, sustain the interest and curiosity of the reader through every page of the work. Mr. Squier remarks, in his learned Introduction to the translation, that the explorations recounted in this volume are second in extent to none that have been accomplished by individual enterprise on this continent during the present century.

MARION HARLAND, in *Common-Sense in the Household* (Charles Scribner & Co.), has mixed so much sprightliness and suggestion with her homely counsels and recipes that the work has almost the interest of one of her romances. There is not much plot, to be sure, but there are abundant sympathy, excellent advice on various branches of household economy, and any number of explicit directions as to the preparation of dishes, a large proportion of the recipes having undergone the ordeal of personal experiment.

HESPERIA, by Cora V. L. Tappan, is a volume without a publisher, and comes we know not whence. This is a matter of very small importance, it is true, and may perhaps find its explanation in the desire of the author to be quite unlike anybody else. *Hesperia* is a long-drawn allegory, and, like Mrs. Malaprop's allegory on the banks of the Nile, is sufficiently "headstrong" to disregard all conventionalisms, and to express itself in all manner of poetic divisions, prelude and canto, strophe and antistrophe, through about five thousand wailing lines. The war upon slavery is the theme of the song, and "curses" upon the people of the Southern States is the refrain of one of its lesser lyrics. Mrs. Tappan is indeed a frenzied pythoness; but her Delphic utterances are so very prolix that we doubt if many will hearken to them, and *Hesperia* may chance to go unread entire unless Lucretia Mott, William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Wendell Phillips, Walt Whitman, and President Grant, to whom the several parts are respectively dedicated, shall constitute themselves a committee to read and report upon it in concert.

A WOMAN'S POEMS, from the press of James R. Osgood & Co., is a volume of lyrics by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, indicating a tender poetic sensibility and much power of expression. "A Brother's Hand," the longest effort in the collection, is a narrative of a feud between two brothers, by which is shadowed forth the war between North and South for the Union. A certain vagueness of diction rather than of thought, and a tendency to anticlimax are the faults, as it seems to us, against which Mrs. Piatt should be on her guard.

ADMETUS AND OTHER POEMS, by Emma Lazarus, published by Hurd & Houghton, is a volume of verse by another *d'butante* who is evidently practiced in rhythmical forms, and from whom the world will probably hear more hereafter, or the many excellences of the present essay will have given delusive promise.

ALL the world knows of that maddest association of hare-brained Englishmen, the Alpine Club, whose laws are fabled to demand of every member that, on pain of expulsion, he shall climb one hitherto unclimbed pinnacle of the Alps each season,—but only those who have a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the mountains can fully appreciate the amount of climbing done, or the peril encountered, by the least remarkable feat of these climbers. Any man who has climbed a respectable *aiguille* and risked his neck on a hand-breadth-wide footpath, along a cliff-side where a slip leaves only time for a last breath, and the least swimming of the head is utter despair, will appreciate the record of some of the most desperate climbs of an ex-president of the Alpine Club, in *The Play-ground of Europe*, by Leslie Stephen; and those who know nothing of Alpine perils will scarcely imagine, from the careless way of treating the dangers that Mr. Stephen has kept up through this book, that he ran more perils in each of its excursions than a man who goes through a modern first-class battle. The nonchalance which kept his nerves firm on the edge of an abyss, where a false step would have plunged him into the green depths of awful ice, whence only after half a century would his crushed and powdered bones have come to light at the foot of the slow-crawling glacier, has also kept his description so far within the bounds of admissible sensation-writing that he hardly does justice to his Alps, not to say to the qualification of an Alpine climber. Once or twice he condescends to hint at the magnitude of danger by an expression like this: "The ice was very hard, and it was necessary, as Lauener observed, to cut steps in it as big as soup tureens, for the result of a slip would in all probability have been that the rest of our lives would have been spent in sliding down a snow-slope, and that that employment would not have lasted long enough to become at all monotonous."

More polished, terse, and well-thought English does scarcely any man write than Mr. Stephen, and the subtle humor which runs through his descriptions, especially of the cockneys he met in his journeys, vulgarizing the mountains, is of the best class of satiric writing.

TAYLOR'S FAUST is receiving a very flattering reception in Germany. The critics declare it by far the best English-rendering extant, and specially praise the imitation of the rhyme and metre of the original.

ETCHINGS.

UP THE AISLE—NELL LATINE'S WEDDING.

TAKE my cloak—and now fix my veil, Jenny;—
  How silly to cover one's face!
I might as well be an old woman;
  But then there's one comfort—it's lace.
Well, what *has* become of those ushers!
  Oh, Pa! have you got my bouquet?—
I'll freeze standing here in the lobby—
  Why doesn't the organist play!—
They've started at last—what a bustle!—
  Stop, Pa!—they're not far enough—wait!
One minute more—now!—*do* keep step, Pa!
  There, drop my trail, Jane!—is it straight?
I hope I look timid, and shrinking;
  The church must be perfectly full—

Good gracious! now *don't* walk so fast, Pa!—
He don't seem to think that trains pull.
The chancel at last—mind the step, Pa!—
I don't feel embarrassed at all.—
But, my! what's the minister saying?
Oh, I know; that part 'bout Saint Paul.
I hope my position is graceful;
How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood!—
"Not lawfully be joined together—
Now speak"—as if any one would!—
Oh, dear! now it's my turn to answer—
I do wish that Pa would stand still.
"Serve him, love, honor, and keep him"—
How sweetly he says it—I will.
Where's Pa?—there, I knew he'd forget it,
When the time came to give me away—



"I, Helena, take thee—love—cherish—
And"—well, I can't help it—"obey."
Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't drop it!
I hope Charley's not lost the ring;
Just like him!—no!—goodness, how heavy!
It's really an elegant thing.
It's a shame to kneel down in white satin—
And the flounce, real old lace—but I must;
I hope that they've got a clean cushion,
They're usually covered with dust.
All over—ah! thanks!—now, don't fuss, Pa!—
Just throw back my veil, Charley—there—
Oh, bother! why couldn't he kiss me
Without mussing up all my hair!—
Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ—
Who'd think there would be such a crowd;



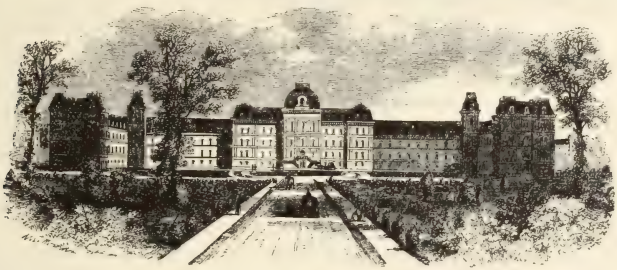
Oh, I mustn't look round, I'd forgotten—
See, Charley, who was it that bowed?
Why—it's Nelly Allaire with her husband—
She's awfully jealous, I know;
'Most all of my things were imported,
And she had a home-made trousseau.
And there's Annie Wheeler—Kate Hermon,—
I didn't expect her at all,—
If she's not in that same old blue satin
She wore at the Charity Ball!.
Is that Fanny Wade?—Edith Pearton—
And Emma, and Jo—all the girls?
I knew that they'd not miss my wedding—
I hope they'll all notice my pearls.—
Is the carriage there?—give me my cloak, Jane—
Don't get it all over my veil—
No! you take the other seat, Charley,
I need all of this for my trail.



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1871. NO. 4.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT VASSAR?



VASSAR COLLEGE.

WE spent time enough in May, upon the ground, to essay answer to this question. And once for all we acknowledge the more than courtesy with which all parties, Chairman of Executive Committee, Treasurer of the Corporation, President, Professors, and Teachers, as well as students, helped us. Plainly one article in the Vassar creed is to afford proper opportunity to inspect the College, from its topmost turret to the lowest stone in the foundation.

Here there were, on the bright day when we reached Poughkeepsie, over three hundred and fifty young women.* Their average age was 19 years, but they ranged from 15 to 30. Of these the State of New York furnished 131; Ohio, 36; Pennsylvania, 29; Massachusetts, 28; Illinois, 25; Connecticut and New Jersey, each 17; Kentucky, 12; Missouri, 11; Indiana, 9; Vermont, 8; Maine, 7; Michigan and Wisconsin, 6 each; Canada, New Hampshire, and Alabama, each 4; Rhode Island, Minnesota, Iowa, Tennessee, and the District of Columbia, 3 apiece; Kansas, California, and Arkansas, 2 each; while Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Georgia, Texas, and New Brunswick each sent 1.

We saw quite enough to convince us that these young women are seriously employed. It is claimed that there are not above six triflers in the whole number, a fact the more extraordinary when we know that the patrons of Vassar are as yet mainly from the wealthy and well-to-do classes.

Our question is one of practical interest. Great expectations centered about this college. So far, the anticipation that what it would offer to woman would be sought for, has been more than met. On the 20th September, 1865, when it was opened, over 300 applicants were admitted, and they were soon increased to 350—of whom 115 were from fifteen to sixteen years of age, and fifty-four of the more mature were from twenty to twenty-four. The first annual catalogue reported 353 students; the second, 386; the third, 339; the fourth, 362; the fifth, 382; the sixth and last, 381. Already Vassar is answering to a degree the wants of a stirring and productive

* Twenty-five students left before the close of the collegiate year, June 21, 1871. The students for the whole year have been 381.



GATEWAY AND PORTER'S LODGE.

people. We may see, further on, where its power to do this is somewhat limited.

The short answer to our question is: *Vassar College is educating women, in the true sense of the word—is leading out their own powers, bodily, mental, moral.* The impression is unavoidable if the observer use his facilities for judgment. The College has the old theory of symmetric discipline as the means to this end, and steadily pursues it—more steadily year by year. For its present students its ability is ample; and a chief element in its ability is location.

The whole region is famous, but many who know Hudson River scenery do not know the charms lying back from the river, and especially in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie. Pencil and brush can feebly reproduce them; language conveys but a poor conception of them. Stand on Sunset Hill, on college grounds, three hundred rods away from the College, and eighty feet above it, two miles from the city, whose spires are just visible in the distance, and you take in the sight of a wonderful basin of beauty fifty miles square. To the northward, at a distance, are the Shawangunk Mountains—behind and over them, in misty outline, the far-off Catskills. To the south lies the Fishkill range, rugged and broken, yet holding the basin as with a wall that is a sure protection. Eastward and westward, too, you are shut in. The Hudson is invisible, for it flows through hills that are below you. Spread all around within this basin is every variety of lesser hill, with valley, running stream, and forest—touched in all directions by the hand of cultivation, and teeming with the best results of American country life. So that when we saw it it was not hard to credit the statement of a traveled companion, that nowhere in Europe, save in rural England and on the plains of Northern Italy, can its wonderful attractions be paralleled. The lines of "the vagrant Childe" were at once upon our lips:

"Oh! Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!"

In this area, at easy drive from the pleasant city, but so far from it as not to be disturbed by any of its excitements, and too far from it for annoyance by intruders, are set the two hundred acres of land which MATTHEW VASSAR has forever devoted to the purposes of "an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men." The accompanying plan of these acres was made from surveys by the first class in Trigonometry formed in Vassar College. Boundary and superficial lines are quite irregular, but all through are landscape effects which are gems of loveliness. A third of the two hundred acres is laid out and planted with a view to ornament, after a plan from Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux; the other two-thirds are worked as farm and garden, for use by the College family. As years bring the growth of nature, the fruition of this plan will display great results in the way of beauty.

Going out from Poughkeepsie, soon after entry upon the College grounds, you pass through the gateway and porter's lodge.

This structure is utilized by its affording two dwellings for the families of men employed upon the College Farm. At a straight distance of 1,000 feet stands the main College building, the roadway thither flanked right and left by evergreens.

But the out-door aspect of things which we have come upon is too delightful in good

weather to permit us now to enter it. We shall rather find at once some of those allurements with which Nature, here, is ever wooing the students to open air and to health. Let us start for Mill Cove Lake, marked O in the Diagram.

We shall find its surface, at almost any hour of the day, dotted with the College boats (there are six), the students rowing, while at the little wharves of plank, groups of expectants wait their turn. The view we present in SCRIBNER is faithful to nature and fact, as are all our illustrations. In winter the lake makes a capital skating-ground, and many students are proficient skaters.

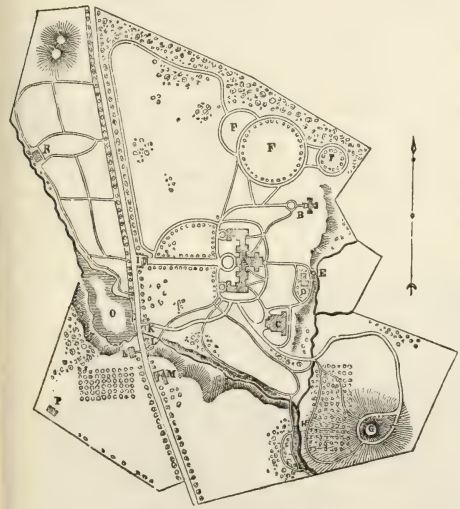
One scene in the valley of this brook speaks so clearly for itself, that we insert it without further addition than to say that in the shadow of these trees, in warm days, many students may be found in study or in conversation. Or at the dawn of day some may be gathering wild flowers. *Apropos* of that, the collecting of flowers for analysis and preservation is by no means confined to College grounds. Excursionists go miles away, and under proper guidance, for these prizes.

Another place to be admired is at no great remove from the College. It is a grove of willows whose roots have been swayed in the oozy earth by tempests among their branches, until their huge trunks stand leaning in picturesque confusion of outline. Painters and lovers of rural scenery have here a subject for their best taste and enjoyment.

Near these runs the brook. Anywhere the visitor may fancy that Tennyson had it for his inspiration when he wrote :—

> "I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
> Among my skimming swallows;
> I make the netted sunbeam dance
> Against my sandy shallows."

And other thoughts may be with him as he knows that he is standing by the little stream which pours its waters into the Hudson at New Hamburgh, where so many souls went up that winter's night, in the baptism of fire.



PLAN OF FARM AND GROUNDS.

In this plan, A, is the College; B, the Observatory; C, Calisthenium; D, the Gas and Boiler-house; E, the Gasometer; F, Playgrounds; G, Sunset Hill; H, Casper s Kill; I, Gate and Porter's Lodge; K, Pump-house; L, Ice House; M, Barn and Stable; N, Farm House; O, Mill Cove Lake; P, Tenant House; R, Garden Store-house.

Here is one limit of the Vassar Grounds, and this is one of the most captivating places in the whole domain. Half-wooded little hills approach each other, and the inwoven branches of trees with their covering of verdure form a shelter for the bed of this and another stream which come together. This second brook has run down from behind the Observatory, and the spot has been christened—"The Meeting of the Waters."

Still another place of beauty is the Glen, through which the brook in the rear of the Observatory has flowed. This last of our illustrations of natural scenery at Vassar is preraphaelite in its fidelity.

These superb facilities for producing the *mens sana in sano corpore*, and for developing æsthetic taste, are in constant use. By

college regulation, each student, save in stormy weather, is to be out in the grounds twenty minutes every day, and sixty minutes every other day. They may go when they like, if not engaged in recitations or other College exercises, but go they must, and go they do. Nor has any instance ever been known of their disturbance in the freest use of all the grounds.

Northward of the College, on its front, lies a circular flower-garden, a half-mile in circumference, worked wholly by such students as enroll themselves members of the Floral Society.

It is an admirable sight to look upon these grounds, filled with bright and happy girls, walking, gardening, engaged in games, rowing on the lake, or occasionally making ready, in some shady recess, for work in class-rooms.

It is a constant joy at Vassar to see that bodily health is not to be sacrificed to any other object whatever, and that, so far as the result is attainable by means within its power, those whom it educates are to become physically well developed, vigorous, and graceful women, prepared to take enlightened care of their own health, and that of others under their charge. In the past training of our countrywomen this end has been so much neglected that we shall present in this connection, and for the sake of unity, what else we noted in our visit which induced us to believe this. Diet and regimen were fully laid before us. We sat at the College table, and bear witness to its variety, wholesomeness, and fullness. No man can go with the Steward through all his department and miss the conviction we have expressed. These young women and their Faculty were eating 200 lbs. of beef, or mutton, or lamb, or 70 shad for dinner daily, after 125 lbs. of steak for breakfast. They consume 270 to 350 quarts of milk per day—80 quarts raised on the place, and the balance purchased; from 75 to 100 lbs. of butter daily; one-half barrel granulated sugar, 6 lbs. coffee, and 3 to 4 lbs. tea for the same time. Canned fruit of all sorts is eaten largely. Twice a week they did away at dinner with 160 quarts of ice-cream. The young ladies always increase in weight at the College, and, as a rule, dresses require enlargement three months after each arrival. Mrs. Grundy may regard such health as vulgar, but Mrs. Grundy's day goes by "in the good time coming" all the faster for this result. Farinaceous food abounds. From twelve to fourteen varieties of bread are on the tables, in profusion. Two articles, with bread and butter, are always supplied at tea. Twice a day they have some acid. Winter brings buckwheat and rice cakes, and twenty barrels of syrup are used in a year.

Regularity of employment and wise distribution of time are instrumental towards all



MILL COVE LAKE



SCENE IN MILL COVE VALLEY.

that Vassar does for the body. Note a day's engagement. Ten strokes from the Messenger's room in the College building, delivered upon electro-magnetic bells which are connected with a powerful battery in the chemical laboratory (the bells at each end of the four corridors), tell the students, at 6 A.M., that the College day has begun. At 6:45 A.M. eight strokes summon them to breakfast. They must be by their seats, all eating in one hall on the first floor, at the thirty tables (twelve to a table), within three minutes, or explain their absence to the Lady Principal if they enter tardily. It is rarely that six students are behind time at any meal. A tap of her bell, all sit—and each silently invokes God's grace. Then they "loose the jesses of the tongue," and while eating indulge in free and cheerful conversation. Thirty minutes are given to breakfast. Students withdraw from this meal at any moment within the half hour, when excused by the lady presiding at their table. At dinner (1 P.M.) and at tea (6 P.M.) they remain at table until the bell gives a signal for rising. At 7:30 A.M. six strokes call to morning prayers at chapel, attended by the Lady Principal. Then follows morning "silent time" for twenty minutes. Each young lady is within her room, and is alone. Stillness is enjoined throughout the College, and no one is at liberty to intrude upon or to disturb another. Afterwards, till 9 A.M., is recreation season. Then study and recitation hours commence. These are cut up into periods of forty minutes each, with intervals of five minutes for conversation, as follows :—

Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
Period I.	9:00— 9:40 A.M.	Period VI.	Recreation.
" II.	9:45—10:25 A.M.	" VII.	2:45—3:25 P.M.
" III.	10:30—11:10 A.M.	" VIII.	3:30—4:10 P.M.
" IV.	11:15—11:55 A.M.	" IX.	4:15—4:55 P.M.
" V.	12:00—12:40 P.M.	" X.	5:00—5:40 P.M.

Forty and sometimes fifty minutes are given to dinner. Tea fills thirty minutes. Next are evening prayers, conducted by the President or a gentleman professor. The exercises are singing (from the Plymouth Collection), led by the student organist and choir (the last including teachers), Bible reading and prayer. After these comes "silent time" again. Evening study hour is from 8 to 9 P.M.; at 9:40 P.M. seven strokes tell that the retiring hour is near—at 10 P.M., ten more, that it has come, and the work day is over. Gas goes out, no noise is heard, and Vassar takes its rest. All this is a fact accomplished five days in each week. Saturday and Sunday have their own arrangement. The whole of Saturday after morning "silent time," the evening of Friday, and the unappropriated portions of all other week-days, are free to the students for recreation, for social visits, or for any use to which they may choose to devote them, subject to the rules and authorities of the College,



GROVE OF ANCIENT WILLOWS.

and within the limits required by order and decorum.

Calisthenics are taught in most approved forms. They are practiced in simple uniforms of gray, with red sash, and so practiced—for forty minutes every other day—as to give pleasure and impart health and grace.

Horseback riding is another means of life and strength. By trained horses, and under the care of a good master, this exhilaration gives its benefit to all who seek it in the riding school or open country. Our cut shows the Riding School room—its dimensions 60 × 120 ft. by 46 ft. high. The only larger one in the United States is that where the West Pointers practice their cavalry drill.

It is part of the duty of the Professor of Physiology and Hygiene to maintain personal supervision over the students' health. She is a physician, resides in the College, and besides her regular class instruction delivers occasional lectures to the students on matters pertaining to the care of their health. We found her order on the slate in the central stairway, where all the ladies read it as they passed, one morning, from breakfast to their rooms :—

"Open windows, ten inches, top to bottom. A. C. A. May 15."

In the College Infirmary, not often used, complete arrangements provide for the comfort of the sick, and a competent nurse is in attendance. Isolated from the rest of the College, with a southern exposure, with cheerful appointments in dormitories and parlor, it makes a place of rest acceptable to any who need temporary respite from duty.

This is, in part, what Vassar does for her women physically. But all the material endowment with which she started is to be taken into account in estimating her capacity and her achievement. Her provision was munificent, but so much has been said of it that perhaps a tinge of disappointment is the first impression as one goes from the gateway to the College. In the place of piles of buildings, here is but one College edifice, nor is it very uncommon to find structures of equal capacity. Yet this impression may be due to the fact that the College stands somewhat lower than the Observatory, and still lower than several points that are not far from it, and it does not continue. The more the one edifice is explored, the more commodious, serviceable, and praiseworthy will it be considered as an instrument for the purposes of its construction. It stands 500 feet in length by 200 feet in depth for the center building, and 170 for each wing. The wings and center are joined by connecting portions which appear in the engraving. The building is of dull red brick, the joints pointed in black mortar. Center and wings are five stories high, the connecting portions four. Each wing has two private residences for professors' families ; in the center building at the

southern side is that of the President and his family. Entire privacy is practicable in these dwellings. In the central building are office, laundry, kitchens and store-rooms, college-parlors, dining-hall, library and chapel, art gallery, cabinets of natural history, laboratory, rooms for philosophical apparatus, studios for drawing, with lecture and recitation rooms *ad libitum*.

All the building of which we have not spoken is occupied by students' apartments arranged in groups, three sleeping-rooms usually opening into one study-parlor. There are accommodations for about four hundred young ladies. Some of the sleeping chambers contain single, some double beds. Ventilation is fully secured in all. The rooms are neatly carpeted and furnished by the College, and kept in order by a matron. Beyond that, curtains, pictures, books, etc., with the nameless ornaments of woman's taste, are left for the students' furnishing, to suit themselves. The height of the building in center, from foundation to dome, is 92 feet. Each partition wall is of brick, carried up from ground to roof. In every story is an immense corridor running back 12 feet from the front windows, 585 feet in length (counting the two wings), affording ample opportunity for exercise in dull or rainy days. Each corridor can be at once divided into five compartments by iron sliding doors, in pairs, connected with eight fire-proof walls. Iron pipes from four water-tanks on the attic floor pass down through all the stories, and distribute 20,000 gallons of filtered water, from a large spring, through the building, daily. Fifty feet of hose is attached to these pipes on every floor. A watchman traverses the building all night, and the engineer or his assistant is always on duty.

This brings us to mention the Boiler and Gas-House, by which so great an establishment is furnished with warmth and light. It stands behind the College, at a distance of four hundred feet (its dimensions 84×42 feet), and covers four boilers, which generate sufficient steam for cooking and laundry service, and to warm all the rooms in the College, even in the severest weather, by means of over fourteen miles of steam-pipe—some of it at a distance of one thousand feet from its source. Water heated by the same agency is carried into all parts of the College. This building also covers two benches of gas retorts, capable together of making eighteen thousand feet of gas a day, with the necessary Center Seal purifiers and meter, and room for storing a large quantity of coal. The coal consumed in all the operations is from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred tons per annum. The system of steam, water, and gas pipes measures over twenty miles.

In the College building, covering an area of 50,000 square feet, are 1,000 doors, 600 exterior and 150 interior windows, upwards of 800 rooms exclusive of the chapel, and the floors measure almost 200,000 square feet. There are ten external doors, and eight stairways



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

from top to bottom. Over it run 6,000 feet of lightning-rods.

But our enumeration of the Vassar equipment in buildings is not complete. Besides the attractive grounds and farm, and besides the College, we find the Calisthenium, a little southeast of it. It is irregular in form, with a width of 130 feet, and an entire depth of 145 feet.

With the Riding School and Gymnasium it holds a Bowling Alley 30 × 82 feet, much used, if its need of new flooring when we were there be any index; stable accommodations in the rear for twenty-four horses, barn in the rear, at top, and dwellings for four families. Here also are the Hall of the Philalethean Society and numerous rooms for piano and vocal music.

In a position correspondent to that of the Calisthenium, but at the other end of the College, and northeast from it, is the Astronomical Observatory, which, as a feature of Vassar, may warrant special description. Set upon the rock, its foundation is ten feet above the general level of the plain, which is here 200 feet above the Hudson. We present a meridian section and ground plan view. A A is the terrace from which the building rises; B, the native rock; C, the surface of the plain; D, in the ground plan, is a stairway leading to flat roof; E, is the transit room; F, the prime vertical room; G, the clock and chronograph room; H and K, the piers for same; M, the room for the equatorial telescope; N, an open stone platform; O, a covered platform of same material. The scale in these drawings is 48 feet to the inch. The octagon is 26 feet from face to face, and the dome above it is 25 feet 7 inches in extreme diameter. The wings are all of one size and form, 21 × 28 feet in extreme dimensions, making the entire length of the building 82 feet.



THE GLEN.

The basement of the wings is 9 feet high, but the floor of the octagon is 4½ feet above the corresponding floor of the wings. The vertex of the dome is 38 feet above the foundation, its form hemispherical, on a cylinder of 2 feet altitude. All the walls of the building are of brick, and the piers for instruments, of stone. Platforms are of large stone, railings and stairways of iron. The octagon walls are solid, those of the wings hollow. The dome is of ribs of pine, resting on a circular plate of the same timber, and is covered with heavy sheet-tin. It revolves by an arrangement of iron pulleys, running on a circular track of iron. Wheels and crank are so provided that a force of ten pounds moves it, though it weighs one and a half tons. The opening in the dome for the telescope is twenty inches.

The Astronomical Professor resides at the Observatory, but has her meals at the College. The union of zeal for science and womanly culture, clearly the *genius loci*, strikes the visitor here at once. Certainly this was so at our first visit. When we went again, in the evening, it was plain that though *Do not touch the instruments* was one rule in the establishment, there were exceptions to it, for we have a recollection of labor at the wheels and crank before referred to, under supervision of the Professor, which

demonstrated their need of lubrication. But when that was done, we saw Mars if not stars, and though the night was a poor one for observation, give our witness to vision which showed the excellence of the great equatorial. When first mounted, indeed, it was second only to three others in the United States, in the size of its object glass. These were at Cambridge, Mass., at Hamilton College, N. Y., and at the Dudley Observatory in Albany.* The Professor has about the Observatory three smaller telescopes of good working power. One of them has revealed to the eye of the observer the time-star δ in Ursa Minor, of the fifth magnitude, at 10 A.M. Her class during 1870–71 has numbered twenty, and four of them are proficients. One young lady, from New York, resident graduate at the College, has ordered for her own use a $400 telescope, now in process of construction. Careful study of the changes in the planet Jupiter has been the main employment at this Observatory for months past, and its results are stated in an article from the Professor in the last number of *Silliman's Journal of Science.*



STUDENTS' CALISTHENIUM.

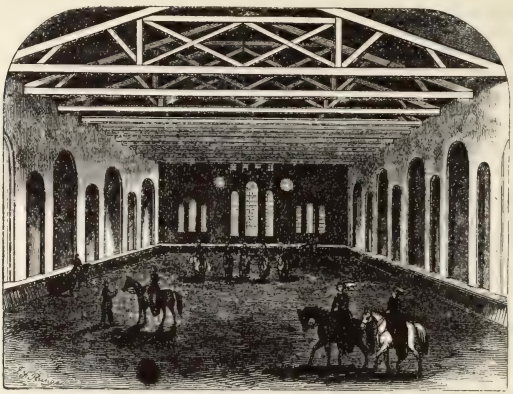
The buildings named, with the pump-house, covering the water wheel and steam pump, which drives water to the reservoirs above the College edifice, and the requisite farm-houses, barns, vegetable depots, ice-house, spring-house, *et al.*, complete a collection which justified the compiler of the first College Catalogue in saying that Vassar could "challenge comparison with sister institutions everywhere for the perfection of its material arrangements." They make a possession consecrated to woman's elevation of which the world may be proud, are of course exempt from taxation, and have cost, with the farm and with the apparatus, by the last report to the Regents of the University of the State of New York :—

College Edifice, including Gas and Steam House, Water Tanks and Ice House, $341,-484.93 ; Calisthenium, $46,098.70 ; Grounds and Farm House, $40,000.00 ; Observatory, $6,040.85 ; Gate Lodge, $6,684.00. Making total real estate, $440,308.48. And other College property :—Library, $8,303.44 ; Art Gallery, Library, and Materials, $26,359.09 ; Furniture, fixtures, and outfits, $64,522.79 ; Musical Instruments, $11,000.00. Apparatus :—Chemical, $756 ; Philosophical, $3,-675.62 ; Anatomical, $767.35 ; Mathematical, $200.00 ; Astronomical, $8,108.44. Cabinets :—Ornithology, $5,750.00 ; Zoology, $1,-216.41 ; Geology and Mineralogy, $8,000.00. Stocks, $1,000.00—$139,659.14. Aggregate amount of College Property, $579,967.62.

We can now inquire after Vassar's education of the intellect. What we have seen of grounds and buildings is the fundamental preparation for that.

The College year contains forty weeks, beginning about the middle of September and closing about the 20th of June. A short recess

* Diameter of the object glass 12⅝ inches clear aperture ; focal length, 16½ feet ; hour circle, 18 inches in diameter, reading by verniers to four seconds of time. Declination circle is 20 inches in diameter, reading by verniers to 30 seconds of arc. It has nine negative eye-pieces, of powers from 50 to 1,500, for direct observation ; and a finding telescope with object-glass 3 inches in diameter ; also ring micrometer, large position Filar micrometer, with eight positive eye-pieces, and a spectroscope for the examination of the various spectra from celestial objects.



THE RIDING SCHOOL.

is had at the winter holidays, and another in the spring; but only those students go then from the College who can do so and return within these intervals. Holding the idea of a College as a place where means are furnished for advanced intellectual, or for a *liberal* education, and understanding the term *liberal* in a distinctive sense, as opposed, on the one hand, to special or professional training, and on the other hand to popular or elementary training, the authorities at Vassar insist first upon certain requisites in students for admission; and second, when the students are admitted, insist upon guiding them in the selection and arrangement of their studies; so that time and strength may be economized, and that, within a reasonable period, one object may be secured—a symmetrical development and discipline of the whole mind, and a consequent preparedness alike for the general duties of life and for the more ready and successful acquirement of any particular profession.

Attempting this, they require all candidates for admission to be fifteen years of age and of good character, and do not receive students for any shorter period than the forty weeks of the collegiate year. It is to be hoped that ere long they may be able to take higher ground in this last respect. Applicants for any and every grade are examined in Arithmetic, English Grammar, Modern Geography, and the History of the United States. For admission to the first academic or Freshman class, examination is had in the following, or their equivalents:—

Andrews's Latin Lessons; Cæsar, four books; Cicero, four orations; Virgil, two books; History of Ancient Greece and Rome; Robinson's University Algebra, to Equations of the Second Degree; Quackenbos's Rhetoric; Physical Geography; Otto's French Course; Williams's English into French, first 50 pages.

In the Freshman class studies are common to all. In the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years they are elective, under guidance of the faculty and with certain restrictions. At least five members are necessary to the formation of any class; and no student is allowed to take more than an equivalent for three full studies (a full study is that in which there are daily recitations five days in the week) at one time, together with an art study. The Freshman studies (obligatory) are as follows:—

FIRST TERM.—*Latin.*—Livy; German and Prose Composition. *French.*—Borel's *Grammaire Française;* Williams's English into French; Pylodet's *Littérature Contemporaine. Mathematics.*—Robinson's University Algebra. Lectures on Physiology and Hygiene. Exercises in Composition and Elocution. Lessons in Linear Drawing.

SECOND TERM.—*Latin.*—Virgil. *French.*—Borel, Williams, and *Littérature Contemporaine,* completed. *Mathematics.*—Loomis's Geometry. *Natural History.*—Gray's Botany, with laboratory practice and excursions. Exercises in Grammatical Analysis and Composition.

During 1870–71, the following has been the actual working of the Elective System in the three higher classes:—

In the first Term, and of the Sophomores, 49 (all the class) took English Literature, 45 Mineralogy, 40 Trigonometry, 10 took German, and 9 Latin. In the second Term, and the same class, 48 studied German, 43 Zoology, 29 Botany, 25 French, 17 Calculus, 12 Latin, and 5 Greek. Of the Juniors (132 in all) there were for the first Term, 29 in German, 26 in Natural Philos-

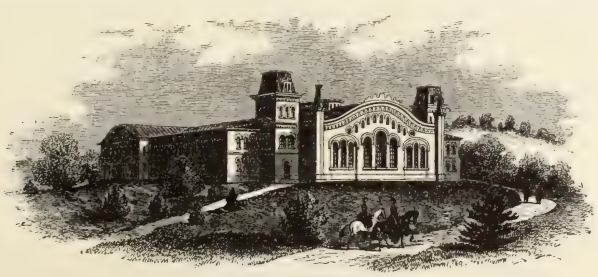
ophy, 14 in Rhetoric, 14 in Geology, 7 in Astronomy, and 3 in Latin. 2d Term, same class, 28 in German, 28 in Natural Philosophy, 22 in English Literature, 7 in Astronomy, 3 in Calculus, and 1 in Logic. Of the Seniors (22 in all), first Term: 20 studied Mental Philosophy, 18 Chemistry, 16 German, 7 Astronomy, 5 Natural Philosophy, and 1 Geology and Mineralogy. Second Term, same class: 20 were in Chemistry, 19 in German, 17 in Physiology, 6 in Astronomy, 3 in Calculus, 2 in Natural Philosophy, 2 in English Literature, and 1 in Logic.

The Freshman class this year has numbered 66, the Sophomore 53, Junior 33, Senior 22; total 174.

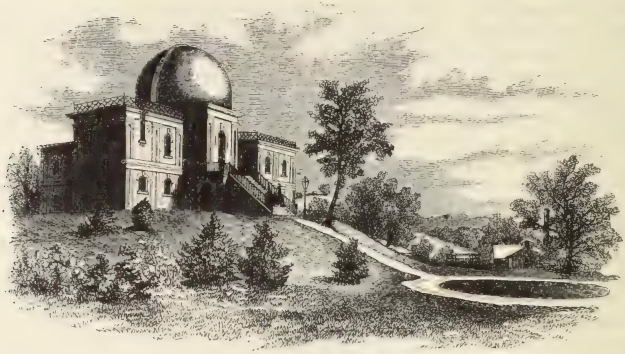
In addition to this work with students in the College course, provision is made for special study by other women who are advanced in general knowledge, but seek to supply deficiencies in past education, or to pursue particular branches. For them special courses are arranged. This privilege is not offered to young persons in the regular process of their education. It is intended only for ladies of maturity, and such as are sufficiently well advanced in general culture to pursue study to advantage in the College classes; and to enter upon it the student must be eighteen years of age. It is gratifying to know that it is not an infrequent thing for "Specials" to enter the regular College course. During 1870–71 there have been 55 students in the Special course, and these have been their studies:

In the Preparatory Grade there were, for the 1st Term: 31 students in French, 19 in Latin, 10 in Rhetoric, 9 in Algebra, 2 in Physical Geography and Book-keeping. 2d Term: 21 in French, 16 in Latin, 5 in Algebra, 4 in Rhetoric, 1 in Ancient History. Freshman Grade, 1st Term: 15 in French, 14 in Algebra, 6 in Latin. 2d Term: 14 in Botany, 11 in French, 7 in Latin, 7 in Geometry, 2 in Greek. Sophomore Grade, 1st Term: 26 in English Literature, 17 in Mineralogy, 5 in Trigonometry. 2d Term: 28 in Zoology, 21 in German, 7 in Botany, 5 in Calculus, 5 in French, 2 in Latin. Junior Grade, 1st Term: 16 in German, 7 in Astronomy, 6 in Natural Philosophy, 5 in Geology, 2 in Rhetoric. 2d Term: 7 in Natural Philosophy, 6 in Astronomy, 4 in Logic, 4 in German. Senior Grade, 1st Term: 13 in Chemistry, 2 in Mental Philosophy, 2 in German, 1 in Astronomy. 2d Term: 11 in Chemistry, 3 in Physiology, 2 in German, and 1 in Astronomy.

Besides "Regulars" and "Specials," there are at Vassar a large number of "Preparatories." For many young ladies desiring to take the regular four years' course are so far deficient when they present themselves (in a single branch of study or two) as to fall behind in examination. To make up in this direction, and to bring them where they can enter as Freshmen, or Freshwomen, they are received, and, according to the judgment of the Faculty, give attention to study in the direction of their deficiencies until ready to pursue the academic course. In 1870–71 there have been 141 such students. The same provision exists at present for students who contemplate becoming "Specials," and there have been 10 such Preparatories this year. Of course this work at Vassar is temporary, and will disappear as her general influence in raising the



THE CALISTHENIUM.



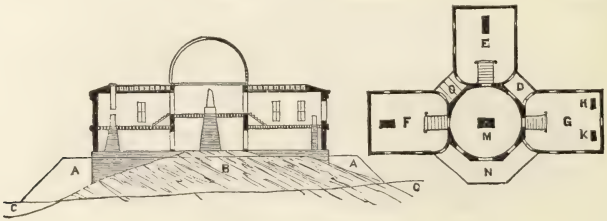
THE OBSERVATORY.

standard of woman's preparatory education is extended.

For all its departments of instruction the College has a Faculty of 37 persons, including President, Lady Principal and Assistant, 8 Professors, and 26 Teachers. Such inspection as we gave to their means and methods enables us to give some further answer to the question of this article. The President of the College is of course its chief executive officer. He fills also the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy. His text-books are Sir William Hamilton and Wayland's Moral Science, with lectures; and his instruction falls within the Senior Year. The Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, who is also Superintendent of College Grounds and Buildings, with his three assistants (ladies) employs Robinson's, Levin's, Stöckhardt, and Bowman's hand-books, besides lecturing on all subjects in his province. His facilities in apparatus and material are ample. The Professor of Physiology and Hygiene does a work of which much has been said before this. Her medical lecture-room is equipped for instruction with skeletons of both sexes, a manikin capable of complete dissection, dissectible *papier-mâché* models of the eye, ear, and other organs, etc. Under her direction, dissecting is also practiced by students.

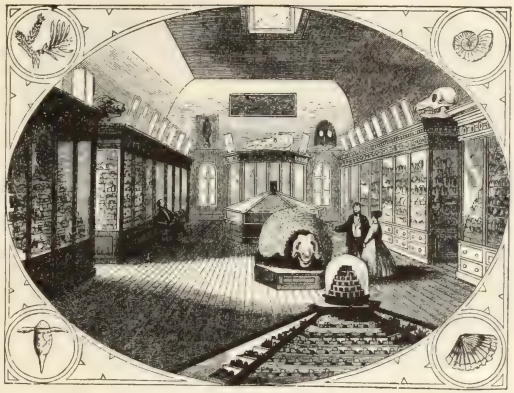
One feature of instruction at Vassar will be appreciated by all liberally cultured persons. Objects and specimens are placed freely before the students, who by inspection and by handling are made familiar with their nature and construction. Cabinets are rarely locked, in the building, and are always easily accessible.

The Professor of Rhetoric and English Language uses Shaw's Manual of English Literature, Whately's Rhetoric and Logic, with exercises in English composition which extend through all the course, and in special studies lectures on the history of the language, with illustrative readings. Students use the



SECTION AND PLAN OF OBSERVATORY.

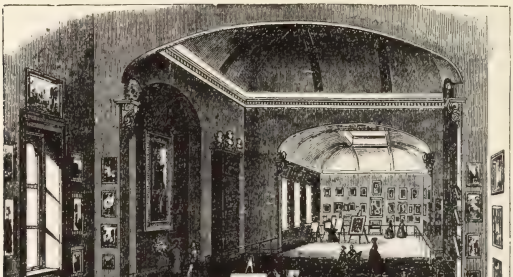
note-book, and are questioned at a succeeding meeting upon all they have written. A valuable adjunct to his labors is the College Library, in charge of a teacher, but under his supervision. At almost any hour of day or evening it is full of students and instructors. Evidently its 7,000 volumes are for use. Already the books go beyond the proper capacity of the room, and call for wider quarters. Its departments are those of Natural History; Physiology and Chemistry; Education; Metaphysics; Religion; Encyclopædias; sets of Reviews, domestic and foreign; Travel and Fiction; Ancient and Modern Language. They have been and are selected by each Professor according to the needs of his department. The Astronomical Library, of 200 volumes, is at the Observatory. In the College Library are the prominent daily papers of New York; the weekly papers (mainly religious) of all parts of the country, and some from Europe —German, French, and English; the monthlies of the United States and the Old World, for all of which the College pays. Once a week this Professor meets his three assistants for consultation.



THE CABINET.

In Natural History, its Professor, commencing with introductory chemical lectures, uses Dana's Manual of Mineralogy, lectures, laboratory practice, and excursions. In all lectures the black-board is of service. Specimens exhibited to the classes are subject to the hand, the file, or even saw, by the students, that they may know more than the names of objects they have shown to them. In 1870–71 the Professor and members of his classes have visited Mauch Chunk and Philadelphia, Pa., and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, to study objects of interest to be found there. In the Museum of Zoology, with its 5,000 specimens, are two cabinets of South American birds, some of which are not to be found in the British Museum or the Garden of Plants in Paris that was. Here are a hundred species of South American humming-birds, used as well by the Professor of Art to teach color, as by the Professor of Natural History. A peculiarly convenient and tasteful arrangement characterizes the mounting and display of specimens. A *workable* condition seems the result aimed at and secured. The Giraud collection of North American birds is connected with this department. Presented by J. P. Giraud, of Poughkeepsie, to Vassar, it is thought to equal any in the world, having many specimens from which Audubon made drawings for the *Birds of America*. The Herbarium is arranged in boxes for easy use. In care of this Professor, too, is the Cabinet of Lithology, as well as that of Geology and Mineralogy. Of the latter we present a view. It is on the fourth floor of the College, at the southern end of the center building; its area 24×75 feet.

The most thorough and advanced fruit of German university training is brought to bear upon Vassar students by the Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages. Three of his five assistants (ladies) instructing constantly in Latin, demonstrate the truth that in this College it is honestly believed and fairly acted on that for the purposes of the best education no means of disciplinary preparation has yet been discovered, so effective, as the study of the ancient languages, with abstract mathematics.



THE ART GALLERY.

We ought to say much more perhaps, than is possible, of Art instruction at Vassar. Our view of the Art Gallery shows the room which holds 130 oil paintings by American and European artists, 250 original water-color and pencil pictures, and 40 copies (by photograph and models) for the illustration of architecture and sculpture, with a thousand rare volumes of works upon the fine arts. Its size is 30 × 96 feet, with dome 40 feet high, and skylight at either end of the room.

The Professor of Painting and Drawing has just procured the addition, from Europe, to its treasures, of the following rare plaster casts:—Bust of Pallas Velletri (Paris); Niobe (Rome); Jupiter Atricoli (Rome); Young Augustus (Rome); Clitia (London); Dante cast on nature (Rome), with statue, original size, of Apollo Belvidere, in Rome; Venus de Medici (Florence); Cupid (London); and statues 2½ feet high of the Discobolus in Repose (Rome); of Apollino (Florence); The Borghese Warrior (Rome); Jason (Rome); Venus of Milo (Paris); and four bas-reliefs of the panels of the bronze doors of the Baptistry of St. John in Florence, made by L. Ghiberti, 1422–1424 A.D. Drawing, so far as it is obligatory upon all students, is taught after a system elaborated in 1600 by Albert Dürer, by which profile and front of any object being measured and drawn, the object itself is done away with, and the pupil then draws it in all positions and every situation.

Education in Music is under the charge of a Professor, with eight lady assistants. It is taught in lessons and by lectures, and illustrated by concerts and historical recitals. The last have been highly commended by foreign musical journals, as well as sought after and imitated in Europe. There are thirty-four pianos of diverse manufacture, an organ of twenty-five stops in the chapel, classes in choral singing and individual instruction in vocal music, teaching in musical theory, etc. One hundred and fifty students give such attention to it as may not be inconsistent with proper regard for other parts of their education. The musical library has a rare collection of old music of all nationalities. Letters frequently come, asking for ladies who have been under the musical training at the College, to fill positions in all parts of the country. The programme of its Celebration Concert of the Beethoven Centennial Anniversary, December 14th, 1870, given by the Cecilia Society of the students, will convey to many of SCRIBNER'S readers, some idea of their proficiency.

1. SIXTH SYMPHONY—Pastoral, op. 68, arranged for two pianos; Misses LOUGH, CLARKSON, BRACE, BLAIR. 2. ADAGIO—Sonata, op. 10; Miss E. CORNELL. 3. ALLEGRO—Sonate, op. 7; Miss M. YOUNG. 4. WONNE DER WEHMUTH; Madame RAYMOND RITTER (Assistant). 5. LARGO AND RONDO—Sonate, op. 2, A major; Miss L. PHILLIPS. 6. KENNST DU DAS LAND; Miss A. BALLARD (Teacher of Singing). 7. ANDANTE—Sonate pathetique, op. 13; Miss M. RAYMOND. 8. FIRST SYMPHONY—Op. 21, 2d movement; Misses EMERSON, HINKLEY, MILLER, SHOUSE. ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR F. L. RITTER; Subject, BEETHOVEN. 9. SECOND SYMPHONY—Op. 36, 2d movement; Misses ADAMS, DU BANT, KELLOGG, CLEVELAND. 10. ANDANTE AND ALLEGRO—Sonate, op. 57; Miss A. SANFORD. 11. ADELAIDE; Madame RAYMOND RITTER. 12. FIFTH SYMPHONY—Op. 67, 1st movement; Misses S. RAYMOND, MCBAIN, SAGE, SHEPERD. 13. THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING; Sung by a Chorus of 100 young ladies.

In nearly every class-room in the College, so far as we could judge, commerce between

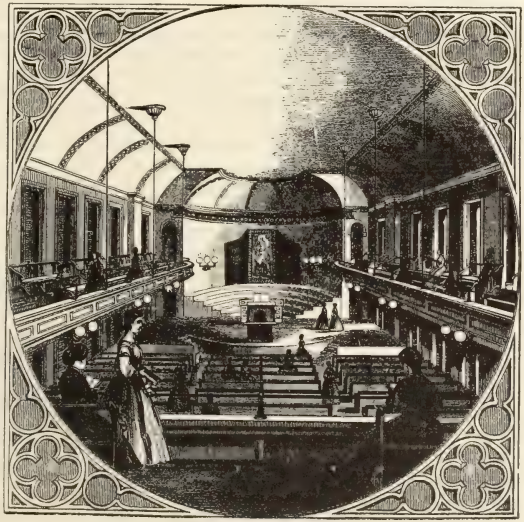
instructor and student is so carried forward as to draw out the student's power of observation and disposition towards inquiry. No system of marking as to scholarship exists at Vassar, and it has no non-resident professors.

But what are they doing at Vassar for the moral and religious training of their four hundred young women? We met the students in service and worship, mingled with the teachers of different religious denominations, conversed upon the subject with students, teachers, professors, President, and patrons, and can answer that there is at the College a positive desire and endeavor to make it a "School of CHRIST—a place where His word and doctrine shall be taught in purity and power, and where His renewing and sanctifying Spirit shall continually dwell."* Its directors aim to keep it free from all sectarianism. The founder wrote with his own hand, at the age of 75, February 26, 1861 :—

All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be intrusted to the skeptical, the irreligious or immoral.

And despite everything which to a mind bent on suspicion might indicate preponderating denominational influence, we are persuaded that Trustees and Faculty are carrying out the wishes he expressed. The President's instruction in Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Christianity,—a daily service in the chapel, on the second floor of the College, which will seat six hundred persons,—one preaching service on the Sabbath by the President or a good representative of any order of Evangelical Christians, whose preaching is sought for by correspondence or otherwise,—Bible Class instruction, upon which all students are expected to attend,—daily and weekly meetings for prayer among the students,—the "silent time" already spoken of,—private conference with individual instructors,—a "live" Society of Religious Inquiry, building up an interest in Christian missions,—sewing circles of the young ladies for benevolence,—such are the means by which attempt is made to cultivate religion. A Sunday at Vassar is very attractive. Almost all the students are in the building; few avail themselves of the privilege of attending church in the city. Breakfast comes at 8 A.M.—preaching at 11 A.M.—Bible classes, social and other religious gatherings, are scattered through the hours, but not permitted to become burdens. General religious life in the College does not appear obtrusive, but can be discovered as real. Every one joins in attributing marked influence in this direction to Miss Lyman, lately Lady Principal.*

* Hannah W. Lyman was born at Northampton, Mass., in 1816; and educated mainly at Ipswich, Mass. She began teaching in her 18th year at Gorham Academy in Maine, and pursued it at Mrs. Gray's Seminary in Virginia. For many years she taught at Montreal in Canada. Called to Vassar College at its



THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

* P. 14 of College Prospectus, issued in 1865.



BUST OF MATTHEW VASSAR.

As to social and domestic life in Vassar, gratifying results have already been attained in developing the feeling that, being women, and being together in a single edifice, with active good influences about them, these students are of right more to each other than young men in our colleges are soon likely to be. We cannot prolong statements to show this. We may not speak of their bearing towards each other, or towards their instructors. We cannot write of their Philalethean (Literary) Society, with its organization by chapters; nor of Cecilia, the voluntary association for advancement in music, nor of the Society for improvement in French and Natural History. The Students' Shakespeare Clubs, for study and reading of the immortal bard, their chess club, their college papers, college colors, etc., must be left unnoticed. And the College lecture course, as well as the Philalethean's more popular course, the latter provided by a committee of their number, can only be named. Their holidays—Thanksgiving, the Birthday of Washington, the Founder's Birthday, the Annual Concert of Prayer for Colleges—must have the same treatment.

But one thing to be mentioned well shows the *animus* of the present Faculty at Vassar: their steady pressure of advice, counsel, and example, on the students, against extravagant adornment in dress. The late Miss Lyman felt very deeply as to this, and labored zealously against it. And the College is helping to hasten the era of good sense in the removal of this curse upon American women. This, notwithstanding the impression, somewhat widely diffused, that Vassar is solely designed for and exclusively adapted to the wealthy.*

On the other hand, if any conviction be left with special force upon the mind, after such fair and full inspection as we gave, it is this, and we want the public to share it: that the spirit of the place is a strong desire to have its facilities for education enjoyed by the greatest possible number of women. The great needs of Vassar to-day are two—the dis-

* The cost of tuition and board *per annum* is $400, and no extra charge is made for any instruction, except that given in private lessons to individual students in extra-collegiate studies, namely, music, riding, or the arts of design. The total income of the College for the year ending June 22, 1870 (the last available statement), was for board and tuition, $153,476; sundries, $5,190.17; total, $159,566.17. Expenditures: Salaries of instructors, $37,731.70; of officers employed and servants, $23.933.13; table expenses, $53,121.74; fuel, $16,100.39; repairs, $16,713.17; total, $147,600.13. Excess of revenue over expense, $11,966.04.



MATTHEW VASSAR'S BIRTHPLACE.

opening, she stamped much of herself upon it, and died there February 21st, 1871.

tinct confidence of Christian men and women, in her welcome recognition as the Woman's College of no sect, but of all who love our Lord, and the coming forward of men or women to complete the work its Founder began, by making such endowment as shall enable the Trustees to lower the rates of tuition to the daughters of clergymen, and to other young women, who cannot now afford the really moderate cost of education there, but are looking by hundreds, with eager eyes, towards the college doors. That they are looking, is matter of positive knowledge to the authorities.

The life-work of Matthew Vassar was put into this Institution.

Some day his statue should be set in the College grounds, as his portrait, by Elliott, now adorns the College chapel—but his best memorial is to be in the women his munificent donations will elevate and bless. One hundred and thirty-five have already been graduated in its first five classes, besides the many who did not study for a degree. Mr. Vassar's gifts, besides the grounds, buildings, furniture, and apparatus, were, by his will, a fund of $50,000 for the annual increase of the Library, Cabinets, and Gallery of Art; another of $50,000 for a Lecture Fund; a fund for the aid of students needing pecuniary assistance, of $50,000, and one of $100,000 for the yearly repairs of the buildings. It was a long way from his humble birth home in English Norfolk, a view of which we print, to the great College whose picture is at the opening of our article; but he trod it, and the time to come will hold him as one of the best benefactors of the world.

LIFE IN THE CAUCASUS.

THE Isthmus of Caucasus, as it is called, lying between the Black and Caspian Seas, has been, until lately, almost a *terra incognita*, for independent of the predatory character of many of the tribes, some portions of the country were for more than sixty years, with short intervals, at war with Russia, thus rendering it unsafe for travelers. It is but seven years since the long struggle ended.

Stretching away on either side from the Caucasian Mountains, whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, it embraces within its limits twelve different tribes, that remain distinct as though they constituted different nationalities. They have even different religions, and yet the entire territory is less than 700 miles long, with a varying breadth averaging a little more than a quarter of its length. Many of these tribes live by plundering each other, and are distinguished for ferocity of character. The two best known to Europeans have been the Circassians and Georgians, renowned for the remarkable beauty of their women, who for a long time have supplied the Sultan of Turkey with the young houris of his harem.

The chain of mountains that traverse this strange country is impassable except in a few places, and with its profound abysses, precipices, torrents, and avalanches, beats back the hardy adventurer who would scale its summits. The great water-shed of the country, the streams on the one side flow into the Black, and on the other into the Caspian Sea. The latter receives several large rivers into its bosom, from which they never emerge. No outlet carries off this eternal flow of water, which in olden times gave a mysterious character to it. Some dark subterranean channel was supposed to constitute the outlet; but modern science has shown that the water escapes by evaporation. Notwithstanding this endless influx of fresh water from several broad rivers, this inland sea of between six and seven hundred miles long is never freshened. Sunk nearly 400 feet lower than the ocean, as though the crust of the earth had once given way where it spreads, its yellow, turbid, tideless waters lave a desolate, sickly shore.

The whole Caucasian country is peculiar, both in its physical character and the character of its inhabitants. Portions of it possess great mineral wealth, and abound also in mineral waters, while in some districts fountains of petroleum and naphtha burst through the sur-



COSSACK POST.

face. The people, imbued with a love of freedom and possessed of indomitable valor, long withstood the whole power of Russia; but at length were compelled to submit to her sway. This, however, over the fierce mountain tribes is more nominal than real.

The present century opened badly for this wild, secluded country. First, in 1800, Georgia, after a fierce struggle, fell into the hands of Russia. Fourteen years later four other provinces succumbed. In 1828, Armenia with Erivan; the next year several other tribes,—it was thirty years before another was conquered; last of all, just sixty-four years from the time the conquest began, Circassia abandoned the contest as hopeless. This was five years after the indomitable chieftain Schamyl was made prisoner. This incomparable general, who has just died, 74 years of age, held for years the attention of the civilized world by the heroic, successful resistance he made to the overwhelming power of Russia. Dim accounts of battles and victories came out of those gloomy gorges; but the details of his wonderful campaigns, his marvelous endurance, heroic courage, and unbounded sway over his devoted, untamed followers, were all unknown. If his history is ever written, he will take his place beside Tell, Winckelried, Hofer, and other heroic leaders who have battled bravely for freedom. On the inaccessible heights and in the deep gorges of the Caucasian Mountains, backed by the fierce and haughty tribes that laughed at death, he contested long and nobly against overwhelming odds, and at last, after years of unparalleled struggle, in which deeds of daring were performed and narrow escapes effected that would read like a romance, he was surrounded in a fortress and taken prisoner. His greatest and most successful campaign was in 1849. The brilliancy of his strategy, and the plan and fury of his battles can only be inferred from the results. A true account of them will probably never appear, as the proper materials for it have doubtless not been preserved among those wild tribes, while those which Russia could furnish would be one-sided and unreliable.

In that year the Russian army under Godovin had made extensive conquests in Caucasus, and established a great number of forts, to be held permanently for the complete subjugation of the people. But Schamyl, concentrating his troops, who regarded him a prophet as well as their military leader, by a succession of masterly movements flung himself on this chain of forts with such suddenness, skill, and resistless fury, that he carried them one after another with a rapidity that astonished and paralyzed his enemy. He drove the whole Russian army back from his soil, leaving the mountain slopes and gloomy defiles piled with their dead. It was hoped that this would end the contest, and this brave chieftain be left to the freedom of his mountain home. But it was impossible by any means to exhaust the military resources of Russia, and a new invasion was planned In the year this great campaign was fought, that electrified the world, William Wilson, since dead, wrote the following stirring lines upon it:—

Hear ye the hurricane sounds that come
From far-off mountain lands,
Where legions marshal to bugle and drum,
And bondsmen bare their brands?
Their fetters and fears to the winds they have given;
Their country, their homes, and their cause to Heaven!

Like the desolating locust cloud,
The spoilers blight the plains,



COSSACKS PLAYING CHECKERS.

And the blaze of freedom's sun they shroud
With carnage, blood, and chains;
Like the rush of the mountain cataract,
The patriot warriors shall bear them back.

How Manhood spurns at the name of slave,
When raised from slavery's dream!
How nerved each arm that wields the glaive,
With vengeance in its gleam!
While thickly the autocrat's savage hordes
Are sinking beneath their chivalrous swords!

The deep-voiced winds with freedom roam,
The waves with freedom roar,
As mountain-like they crested foam
To the quaking cliff-bound shore;
And the warrior land, late an ice-bound sea,
Hath mustered the might of its wrath—and is free!



TAKTAR.

With him perished the last hope of the brave mountaineers of Caucasus. Said this proud Tartar chieftain once to an envoy of the Czar that had been sent to propose terms to him:—"I do not compare myself to great sovereigns, I am only a Tartar; but my marshes, my forests, and my defiles make me more powerful than they. If I were able I would pour consecrated oil on every tree of my forests, and mingle sweet-scented honey with the very dirt of my roads, so dearly do I love them." One day he was hemmed in by the Russians, with every avenue of escape strongly guarded, so that his capture seemed certain. At last he took refuge in a cavern with his few followers, and a shout of joy arose from his pursuers. But this cavern had another opening on the banks of a stream, and while they were closing cautiously around one entrance, Schamyl was hastily throwing together a raft at the other, on which he embarked; and by the time his enemies had penetrated his retreat he was far away, borne swiftly down by the rapid current. There seemed no end to the protracted struggle until the Russians absolutely occupied the entire country, and whenever they took a village burnt it and established a fort there, from which detachments operated in every direction. After the close of the war several travelers passed through the country, and among them a French artist by the name of Moynet, accompanied by Alexandre Dumas. A Russian also traversed it, sketching many of its picturesque scenes, but paying especial attention to the different types of men he encountered. In this sketch we shall give only some of those illustrations that show the peculiar physical characteristics of the people. Hommaire de Hell and Blancard also penetrated this region about the same time. The artist whose sketches are here reproduced left Astrachan, one of the most remarkable cities of the Russian empire, in 1868, and made an

extended trip, though it did not embrace the whole country.

The whole of Caucasus is unlike any other portion of the eastern continent, not so much in its scenery, though that is peculiar, as in the various and distinct tribes that make up its population. The Cossacks—lying as it were between Russia proper and the wild hordes of interior Caucasus, and furnishing a sort of barrier between the two—are tolerably well known. A daring, chivalrous tribe of barbarians, almost living on horseback,—the most fearless riders of any land,—they have not only by their deeds of heroism, but by a sort of savage nobility and grandeur of character, given a dash of romance to their very name.

The mode of traveling through their country partakes of the character of the people. It is headlong, dashing, reckless. Their "posts," or places where horses are changed, are usually surrounded by an enclosure pierced with openings, and capable of a stout defense. A tower of observation is reared in the center in time of war, constructed ordinarily of fir-trees or timbers, as it may be, sunk in the earth, so as to make a square, and of a height corresponding to the character of the country to be overlooked. On the top is laid a floor, roofed over so as to protect the watcher from the weather. A pair of stairs or a ladder goes up to this, and there a Cossack stands day and night on sentinel duty. To one of these four upright timbers, or posts, a bundle of tarred straw is hung, attached to a pole. When the watcher discerns danger in the distance he detaches the pole, and, setting fire to the straw, lifts it on high. The brilliant flame, being at such a lofty elevation, can be seen at a great distance, and as the posts are only a few miles apart, the alarm spreads so rapidly that troops scattered here and there are soon concentrated at the required spot. The accompanying engraving is of one of the same character, though more elaborately finished.



A YOUNG NOGAY.

They have their villages, varying in population from a thousand to two thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by a palisade with two grand entrances. Beside the gates are two donjons, formed like a square, where a Cossack sentinel can hold a post of observation. Formerly a horse was kept saddled at the base to be sent off with the first alarm, but since the conquest of the country only the forms of a warlike post remain. The Cossacks are splendid horsemen, and in attacking a train hardly check their wild career, but pass like a whirlwind through it, taking their booty with them. While under full headway they will leap to the ground and spring again to the saddle with the ease and agility of circus riders—in fact, like them, will stand in the saddle and ride at a headlong gallop over the uneven country. They consider themselves superior to the ordinary Russians, on whom they delight to play all sorts of tricks.

In traversing Caucasus from north



NOGAY CHILDREN.

to south, the traveler, after leaving the Cossack country, strikes the vast arid plains called steppes, over which roam those strange people, the Kalmucks and Nogay Tartars. The religion of the former is a sort of alteration from Buddhism. Their ragged tents, scattered over that part of this desolate region which they appropriate to themselves, are estimated to contain 15,000 families. In 1771, unable to endure the vexations of Russia, they, like the children of Israel in Egypt, moved off in a solid mass into Asia,—two millions and a half of them,—a sufficient answer to those who doubt the Biblical account of the number Moses took with him.

Like flying camps, these villages of tents move from place to place as the impulse seizes the owners. As the traveler comes upon one of these vast camps at mid-day, no signs of life meet him. All is silent and moveless on the desolate burning plain on which they are pitched. The men are away, pillaging from neighbors not of their own race, while the women and children hide themselves in their ragged tents from the rays of the sun. The interiors of these tents present an indescribable medley of trunks, valises, chests, saddles and bridles, and old clothes, piled in a confused heap together—spoils which the men have gathered in their forays. The fireplace alone shows that it is the habitation of a family. This, in winter, serves the double purpose of cooking, and a place for the children to sleep in, who roll themselves up in the warm ashes to protect themselves from the cold. These, even up to ten years of age, go almost entirely naked in the summer-time, for the heat in these desert plains is then intense. In the winter, when the cold wind sweeps unchecked over them, all huddle together in their ragged tents, which often for days are blotted out by the snow-drifts that cover them.

Clad in a dirty shirt, with bagging pantaloons, red morocco boots, and woolen cap encircled by a huge band of sheepskin with the wool on, the Kalmuck presents a singular appearance. He has a debased countenance, high cheek-bones, and long disheveled hair. Though small in stature, this child of the desert is strongly built, and tough as iron. Theft is regarded as the proper business of life, and is practiced with an adroitness hardly conceivable. He will take away a simple peasant's animal right before his eyes. Theft he impresses on his child as a religious duty, and how to succeed in this, his only proper occupation, is the sole education he gives him.

The Nogays, or Nogais, divide with the Kalmucks these vast steppes. They are a Turkish race, peaceable in their habits, and tillers of the soil. In other respects they resemble the Kalmucks in their manners and mode of life. Burned by the rays of the sun in summer, and swept by the biting winds and long, frightful snow-storms in winter, they lead a miserable, suffering existence. Between 1856 and 1860 more than 300,000 of these nomads emigrated to Turkey. No particular reason was assigned for this extraordinary emigration. Whether, driven by the vexations of local authorities they hoped to find, a spot where they would be free from them, or whether, drawn there by their Mohammedan faith, or moved by some report that reached them of a land like that of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey, is not known ; but village after village struck its tents and moved southward, till more than 300,000 bade farewell to their native steppes.



NOGAY.

They sold all they could find purchasers for, and abandoned the rest. Their sad route was marked by dead bodies of entire families that had perished with famine and fatigue. Typhus fever seized those who were able to reach their place of destination, and with no medical skill to combat the disease, it raged unchecked amid the dirt and filth and privations of the unhappy victims. They fell rapidly before it, until the vast plain on which they had pitched their tents became one great charnel-house. When the disease had run its course, only a mere handful of the whole 300,000 remained, and these became miserable beggars among the large towns and cities. At length their distressed condition became known to the Russian government, which, taking pity on its old subjects, offered aid to those who wished to return to their country. Many accepted it, and took their

weary way back to their old desolate tenting-ground.

A Russian traveler in passing through Caucasus met those broken, half-starved, ragged bands, which filled the air with curses against Stamboul and their own stupid folly in leaving their homes. They had come to a halt, and the animals, unloaded or unhitched from the wagons, were scattered around, browsing the dry stunted herbage covered with dust. The men, to pass the time, were hollowing from pieces of wood rough spoons and cups, to sell to the peasants that might pass that way. The women, some of them, were occupied in patching together all sorts of rags; others were preparing a thin miserable soup, out of such scraps or herbs as they had been able to gather together, while the children swarmed like flies around the kettle, in the hope of snatching a morsel to stay their famished stomachs. One part would reproach the other as being the cause of their miseries,



BOHEMIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.



BOHEMIAN OF MOZDOCK.

and altogether they made a deplorable spectacle.

There are now, it is supposed, about 400,000 Nogays in Caucasus, many of whom speak the Russian language quite purely, showing that they are not wanting in native intelligence. Klaproth, who gives, in his work on voyages, history, and geography, a description of the different tribes of Caucasus, says the Nogays are of dark complexion, Mussulmen in their religion, and number 8,432 families; that of all the Tartar tribes they resemble most the Mongols in the shape of their head and their physiognomy. From this he concludes that the two tribes have once been mixed. He denies, however, the statement made by many modern writers, that they speak the Mongol language, but rather the remains of an ancient Tartar dialect. Many families ordinarily live together.

The number composing an "Aul," as it is called, is determined by the number of kettles in the society; for every family must have its own kettle. Milk forms their chief nourishment; though they have various kinds of cheese. They are very fond of mare's milk, and hence horses compose their chief wealth. Out of this milk they concoct a kind of brandy, of which they are very fond, and on which they are constantly getting drunk. The women are quite beautiful, though dark. Yet it is very remarkable that their women of quality—the aristocrats (for they have their social distinctions)—are white, and of a lively disposition. Their priests have to study six or seven years in Turkey, but the people are deplorably ignorant. It is singular that the women of quality of this wandering, ignorant tribe should be of the same complexion as their neighbors, the beautiful, the brave, and prodigal Georgians.

The latter, though bearing the Caucasian type, are superb specimens, physically, of men and women. Walking the streets of one of their large towns one will every now and then meet a man dressed like a prince—his glittering arms at his side—who might have stood as the model of Apollo Belvidere. But, like the Nogays, they are fond of the wine-cup. At a dinner party no table is furnished, but a carpet is spread, around which are arranged low seats. No glasses are used, but the master of the house fills a horn richly ornamented with silver, and, merely putting it to his lips, passes it to his neighbor, who drains it at a single draught. This continues to go round until an amount of wine is drunk that seems incredible. They keep it up till all are stretched helpless on the ground.

The native wine which they drink does not easily produce inebriation; but this is necessary to a Georgian's happiness, and so he has invented a sort of metal bottle with a spiral neck, which, by making the wine circulate in its long course, favors evaporation. The orifice is large enough to admit the nose when he drinks, so that the fumes go into the head at the same time that the liquor goes into the stomach. This double process enables him to get drunk quicker than he otherwise would, and thus accelerates his anticipated happiness.

The Georgian always goes armed, and as he never will fire a blank cartridge, the firing off of guns on a fête-day is often attended with the loss of life.

But perhaps one of the most singular customs of this beautiful and brave race is the blessing of the waters, which takes place in January. Alexandre Dumas witnessed this once in his journey through the country. Snow having fallen on the mountains, whose distant peaks gleamed white against the sky, the air was chilly; yet all who descended to the Koura river were dressed in summer clothing. To make the contrast more striking, the river bore through its green banks cakes of ice which it had brought from the cold heights of the central region.

About two hundred fanatics had assembled to throw themselves into the stream, and take a bath which they believed would wash away their sins. Several battalions of Russian troops, in bright uniform, lined the gravelly shore, while two batteries of artillery crowned the bank, ready to fire a salvo the moment of the benediction. A grand tent of blue cloth was erected on the shore, and a plank run out over and just above the stream. The entire clergy, with the archbishop at their head, all clothed in dazzling costumes, were grouped on either side on the bank. A multitude of spectators covered the balconies and terraces, the gay and variegated colors of the dresses giving to the human mass the appearance of a vast mosaic, while the town, from its amphitheater of hills in the background, looked quietly down on the strange yet magnificent spectacle. The archbishop and clergy at length slowly advanced to the central tent. Immediately the poor sinners took off their clothing—the bell struck twelve, when the cannon thundered forth their salute—the battalions fired a rolling volley, the trumpets blared, and the military band struck up a stirring air. The archbishop then advanced to the brink and dipped the double cross in the water. This was the signal to the stripped sinners to plunge in, and one after another they sank in the icy flood. Some could not stand the cold, and with chattering teeth paddled back speedily as possible to the shore; but the greater part, considering this sinful,

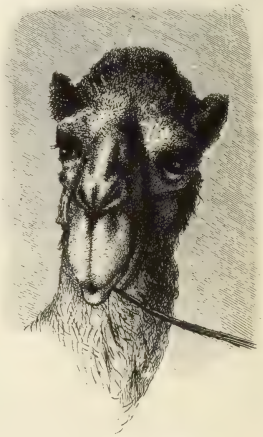


BOHEMIAN WOMAN.

took a regular bath. This was all. The shivering wretches at length crawled out one after another, the crowd slowly dispersed, and the ceremony was over. There seems no reason why midwinter should be chosen for it, except that the colder the water the greater the expiation.

But though we have confined ourselves in these illustrations to the lower types of the Caucasian tribes, the majority of these barbarians are high-minded, generous, and often chivalrous in their notions of honor, while a braver people does not exist. Once, in a battle with the Russians, an old mountaineer was wounded and taken prisoner. A Russian surgeon went to him, took care of him, and cured him. He was so old and feeble that no one dreamed of his escaping, or else cared nothing about it, and he was left unguarded. The result was that he soon rejoined his tribe. Five years after, a young warrior of the same tribe came to this surgeon and told him his grandfather was sick and about to die for want of a physician, and asked for his services. The surgeon at first, being suspicious, refused to go, but at length, overcome by his entreaties, consented. When away from camp and on the road, the young man handed the doctor his pistols, saying: "On the first sign of treason in me shoot me." At their arrival at the designated place the surgeon found that the pretended sick man was the old warrior whom he had cured five years before. He was then told, to his astonishment, that the Russian camp would be attacked next day and destroyed, and to save his life he had been sent for, and must remain with them till after the battle. True enough, the next day the camp was attacked and swept like a hurricane. The surgeon was then set free, and returned to the Russian lines.

At another time the Russians laid siege to a village, the walls of which rapidly crumbled to pieces under their heavy fire. In the village was a mother with a new-born infant. The besieged, finding at length that resistance was hopeless, unfurled a flag of truce, when the firing ceased. Soon two men advanced from the gate, accompanied by a woman bearing in her arms some object wrapped in linen



AN INTELLIGENT COUNTENANCE.

cloth. Meeting the Russian flag, they said to the officer in charge:—"We know we can hold out but a little longer, but we prefer to die rather than surrender." Meanwhile the woman advanced, and, uncovering the bundle she carried, exposed to view a new-born infant. "Before dying," continued the brave soldier, "we have come to ask if some one of you will adopt this infant." The strange request was granted, when the two soldiers and the mother went proudly, serenely back to their crumbling village, and the firing commenced. The battle raged with terrific fury; but at last the place was carried by storm, when the conflict continued in the streets. The enraged Russian soldiers set fire to the village and burned it to the ground, but not a soul surrendered —each died with his face to the foe.



GREEK BEGGAR.

The long struggle of these brave tribes against their oppressors is full of such touching instances of chivalry, honor, and tenderness, joined with unparalleled heroism.

The Russian poet Lermontof, sent as envoy to the Caucasians, has made their brave endurance the theme of one of his poems. After apostrophizing their grand mountains, around which gathers the cloud and sweeps the eagle, he says:—"The races that inhabit thy wild abysses are savages. They are born in war, and for war they grow up. The infant enters life in the midst of battle, and in battle will finish his career. They have but one word, 'The Russian enemy.' It is with this word the mother breathes into the infant on her knee an indomitable courage, and teaches it to show no mercy to a foe. He is faithful to friendship, but still more faithful to vengeance. His love and his hate are both unbounded." But in traveling through this strange country, faces of other type than the Caucasian are met with. The Greek beggar presents a striking contrast, both in form and feature, to the proud, warlike native of the mountain. Bands of these forlorn mendicants slowly toil along the wretched highways in the summer-time, pushing on even to Moscow. Their tattered garments hang in rags around their filthy bodies. The Russians are full of pity for these poor creatures of the same faith as they, especially for the friars or monks, and give liberally; and there is no doubt the latter return to their own sunny clime in winter with well-filled purses. They have but one story to tell to the Russian traveler; they say, "Me Greek—me brother of Russian—me orthodox —me very poor orthodox." And to prove their orthodoxy they make the sign of the cross after the Russian fashion—that is, by putting the hand first on the breast, and then on the right shoulder, and last on the left. And lest any one should doubt their story of poverty, they will arrange their rags in a way to increase the traveler's disgust at the spectacle they present. If he seems to remain unmoved they pull apart their rags and exhibit any sore or infirmity that disfigures their persons. The greater part of them, however, notwithstanding their feeble gait and manner, are strong as Hercules, and single-handed can master an ox.

By the side of this vile multitude is another



GREEK BEGGAR.

class of beggars that presents a very different appearance, though equally tricky with them. They scorn to be put in the same category, for they do not journey on foot—they "give themselves the pleasure to travel through blessed, sacred Russia" in carriages. They are monks, or at least wear the costume of the order, and are full of wonderful stories, in which they never weary of enlarging on their ascetic lives and of the martyrdom they have suffered for orthodoxy. Although they never refuse the smallest pittance, yet they prefer to make their appeals to the rich merchants and to women, and invariably return home well supplied with money.

With the exception of the great military roads, the highways of Caucasus are always in a dreadful state. Occasionally the peasants will assemble and fill up the gullies and miry holes with brush, but this is all; hence the traveler is compelled, in the main, to go on a walk. If he complains of the slowness, the driver coolly remarks: "The slower you go the farther you will get." Especially after the autumnal rains the roads are almost impassable, and overturns and breakdowns are of constant occurrence; but so desperately slow are the vehicles compelled to move that lives are seldom lost. Add to this the rudeness of the inspectors of stations, and a journey through Caucasus is full of discomforts. Accustomed to fault-finding, and sometimes to heavy blows from travelers, they become brutal and indifferent to their wishes. At one station the drunken inspector, separated from you by only a single wall, will spend nearly the whole night in excrucating psalmody. At another an old man will invite you to hear

him play an endless variety of airs on the flute.

The "Bohemians," or, as we call them, gypsies, abound in Caucasus; yet on the arid steppes they retain the same distinctive characteristics that they do in England and on this continent. But there they move in large bands. Wagons filled with baggage of every variety and description—beds and kettles and tents—with the swarthy heads of the women and children peering above the mass, present a curious tableau. A cloud of dust usually marks the course of the miserable procession, out of which arise discordant sounds, cries, and frightful oaths. Establishing themselves in the neighborhood of a large town, they ply their various vocations,—chief among which are horse-trading, theft, and fortune-telling. It is singular how this strange, wandering people should not only arrogate to themselves the power to foretell the future, but everywhere find such multitudes to believe them. Perhaps it is their isolated wild life and mysterious appearance that make them seem like beings connected with the supernatural, and give them such power over both men and women.

A Russian traveler in his rambles through Caucasus came upon a band of these, and made sketches of some of the most marked characters. He found that a little money would secure a sitting, and he began his work. But he had completed only a few faces before a rupture of a comical character occurred. One day the whole band crowded around him, loading him with reproaches, and heaping all sorts of opprobrious epithets upon him. It turned out that the hand of one of the band, whose portrait he had sketched, had become diseased, and they leaped at once to the conclusion that some sort of poison had been inoculated in the process of taking the likeness, and they cried out as he appeared, "You are a demon,—you bring diseases upon us."

They had no idea at first of the object of the artist in desiring a sitting, or in fact what he was after—they thought only of the pay they were to receive. But when they saw the likeness of themselves produced on the paper they were astonished, and looked upon it as a species of necromancy. The effect was ludicrous. Some, on seeing themselves as it were in a mirror, laughed outright like children,—others became suspicious, as if the devil or some other malign influence had reproduced them in a manner wholly unaccountable, and they would steal silently away; and no bribe, not even the strongest to them, "drink-money," could tempt them back again. The beggars were the most docile subjects.

But who are these Bohemians or gypsies, and where did they come from? Savans have in vain tried to answer this question. The simple and only well-known fact is, that they are found scattered over Europe, Asia, and even America, and that their physiognomy presents a type wholly exceptional to the races they wander among, and seems to point to a southern origin.

There are other wandering tribes,—in fact, one would think in passing through Caucasus that almost the entire population was nomadic. The Tartars that live in the neighborhood of the Black Sea migrate from the plains to the mountains and back every year. The lowlands are hot and unhealthy, and they stay there only about four months in the year, during which time they lead a miserable life. Knowing, if they put material of any value into their houses, that when they leave in the spring the first passing tribe will plunder them, they build the most forlorn structures in which to hybernate. As soon as spring comes all is commotion, and the entire village prepares to depart. The day of leaving is looked upon as a fête-day, and each one puts on his or her gayest apparel. Their march is gay and noisy, and they leave behind them a vast cloud of dust as they press on towards the distant mountains, amid which they expect to rove for eight months.

The camel of this country is of a fine breed, and when trained to the course is remarkable for his speed—swifter, it is said, than those of any other country. He is indispensable to the wandering Tartar, though he is often unmercifully abused. The death of one in camp is always an occasion of both grief and joy—grief at the loss of a valuable animal, and joy at the prospect of a great feast.

SOME OF THE FRENCH LEADERS.*

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER.

CERTAIN members of the Government, who had been long distinguished as deputies of the opposition, remained identified with the opposition when the Empire no longer existed to be opposed,—and this because they failed to identify themselves with anything else. Their reputation was as intimately associated with the ill fame of the Empire as is that of a district attorney with the crimes he denounces to justice. Hence, by an odd but explicable paradox, these men, who had represented the Republic under the Empire, wellnigh represented the Empire under the Republic. Their title to office was the most superficial of all,—they existed only in the most superficial stratum of the situation, and, in truth, seriously hindered the expansion of what was more profound. These men were, Eugene Pelletan, Jules Ferry, and Ernest Picard.

ERNEST PICARD.

M. Picard was perhaps the most robust personality at the Hôtel de Ville. His force, like that of Bismarck, was largely due to its concentration within the arrogant limits of this personality. The immense breadth of his shoulders seemed to constantly suggest the jostling of crowds out of the way. The reputation of their owner was founded on a single element, his aggressiveness. His wit had the point of a rapier and the force of a cudgel, and he lived by his wit as others by their wits. Member of the famous group of Five that in the Corps Législatif constituted the original nucleus of the opposition, he had been for years the life of the house, with his brilliant invective and pitiless sarcasm. With such weapons had he relentlessly pursued Baron Haussman, Prefect of the Seine. So actively had he denounced the edile munificence of the Imperial favorite, that he had grown to be regarded as a sort of tutelary genius over the plundered finances of Paris. On this account was he named Minister of Finance on the 4th of September, not for anything he had ever done himself, but for his vivacious criticisms on what others had done.

The latter days of M. Picard at the Corps Législatif had been embittered by much complex vexation. Radicals had arrived among the deputies who threw the ancient cuincunx of opposition quite into the shade, and whose criticism of the Empire entirely eclipsed that still ventured by Picard by its vehemence, if not its wit. Nothing is so intolerable as to be surpassed, during one's own life-time, by one's own disciples. It is like tasting beforehand the bitterness of death and the ingratitude of posterity. M. Picard recoiled further and further from the Left wing of the house—he occupied solidly the Left center—he cast longing eyes on the peaceful benches of the Right, of the majority, undisturbed by heresy and schism. But, second irony of fate! His friend and colleague Ollivier gained on his movement of reaction precisely as Rochefort and Gambetta had surpassed his movement of reform. Ollivier went over to the Empire, while Picard was still hesitating in the delicacies of doubt. The rupture of friendship was already a severe trial, but it was intolerably aggravated by the rapid promotion of his friend. Picard lived to see Ollivier Prime Minister, but his own hopes of advancement were suddenly blasted by the untimely intervention of the Republic and the ruin of the Empire. Nevertheless, he consented to embrace the Republic, but with just that shade of magnanimous spite with which a woman sometimes marries a man who has interrupted other matrimonial negotiations that she would have greatly preferred.

It might, however, be expected that a man so practical and supple as M. Picard would know how to accommodate himself perfectly to the new situation, and to make the most of the golden opportunity that fortune had thrown into his lap. He was to devise or create the funds needed to pay the troops,

* These sketches are from a MS. History of the Siege of Paris, written there before the occupation of the capital by the Government of Versailles.

to manufacture cannon, to support the families of the National Guard, to clothe the poor and feed the hungry. He was called upon to restore to Paris the autonomy of whose privation he had so long complained, and to vindicate the city of whose fortunes he had so long been the champion. To this rôle M. Picard seemed fitted by his antecedents and by the tenacity of his character; by his faults and by his virtues; by his ambition as well as his ability; his vanity no less than his sagacity; his self-love, and whatever disinterested affection for Paris and for the Republic really found room in his capacious chest amidst the torrents of abuse he had so long accumulated to lavish upon their enemies.

But what general would desire peace who only received his pay during the battle? What physician is really anxious for the permanent disappearance of epidemics? What lawyer, for the reign of brotherly love among men? It is the fatality of those who owe their success to the public calamities they attempt to avert, that the future of such success is annihilated by its completeness, and the public benefit, once assured, is a source of private misfortune to the benefactor. What was to become of M. Picard when there should no longer be any Haussman to attack, any Emperor, any Empire? No majority to make fun of, no President Schneider to dismay, no Rouher to put in a passion? A frightful abyss of nothingness yawned before him,—that into which the march of events had precipitated all his enemies. In his consternation, honest Picard was led to regret his enemies, and to hate the march of events. The "wise moderation" of an immense number of conservatives has no other real reason of existence than the instinctive desire to prolong the period of their own importance. Their wisdom is merely the self-preservation that is the first law of every creature. Hence, closer scrutiny into the case tends to considerably dampen the first confidence inspired by consideration of M. Picard's antecedents, abilities, and antipathies. Reason is discovered to fear that all the public action of the new Minister of Finance would be dominated by a certain discontent, by an instinctive spite against the situation; that he would restrain himself to a dogged consistency to everything he had ever said, and be at pains to ignore that anybody had ever said anything else, or that the situation required anything new; that he would be ridiculously stingy in public expenditure, merely because M. Haussman had been ridiculously extravagant; that he would be tender towards Bonapartists because they recalled the day of his bygone usefulness and consequent greatness; that he would be pitilessly sarcastic upon the Republicans, partly because they survived him, partly because he had no one else to fling at; that he would be philosophic in regard to the Prussians, would sneer at Paris, and discourage the defense; that, with all these criss-cross motives at work in that ponderous breast, and animating that strong, compact brain, it was more than probable that M. Ernest Picard would lend but sorry aid to the immense task imposed upon the Provisional Government; and would, moreover, harass, scare, frighten, ridicule, and domineer over all his colleagues whose breadth of shoulders and width of girth were less ample than his own.

JULES FERRY.

As to M. Jules Ferry, first known as political writer for *Le Temps*, it were difficult to decide whether he should be regarded chiefly as the shadow of M. Picard, or as that of M. Jules Favre. In the latter capacity had he been elected as deputy from the Faubourg St. Germain, in 1869. In the former, he had distinguished himself by the invention of a *mot* concerning M. Haussman, which he had placed at the service of his elder brother in arms. He had nicknamed the Prefect's Reports, "Les Comptes Fantastiques de M. Haussman." The *mot* had the effect so frequently due to *mots*, since Richelieu legalized their function by the foundation of the *Académie Française*—it made the fortune of M. Jules Ferry. Upon it he was sent to the Corps Législatif; on account of it, after the revolution of September, he was installed Prefect of the Seine, and later, after the resignation of Etienne Arago, appointed Mayor of Paris. His individuality was not sufficiently distinct to furnish the elements for a predic-

tion of his political career, otherwise than that it would be an ambitious imitation of that of his associates.

TROCHU.

The military element of the situation was naturally represented in the Provisional Government by General Trochu.

Trochu was a noted and honored name in the Orleanist party, and he had manifested his fidelity to his political principles by his persistent refusal to compromise with imperialism. As soldier, he had been aide-de-camp of the famous Marshal Bugeaud, and had carried his orders on the 24th of February, when the insurrection of Paris won its victory over the victor of twenty battles in Africa. He had fought in the Crimean War, in Italy, at Solferino. But his reputation was based, not on any military exploit by which he had distinguished himself, but on a book that he had published in 1867, to criticise the organization of the French army. This effort of audacity, remarkable on the part of a professional man, was said to have debarred him from all further advancement in his profession. In reality, however, it made his fortune; for on account of it, on the one hand, he won an immense share of popular confidence; on the other, he was promoted to the post of Governor of Paris during the last days of the Empire. The members of the Palikao cabinet—the most hardily Bonapartist of any that had been in power since the days of Maupas and Morny—felt the ground give way beneath their feet, and summoned their Orleanist enemy to their assistance. Trembling with rage and ill-concealed fear, they flung the reins of government into the hands of the man who had opposed and criticised them, with the spiteful injunction, "Do better if you can."

Trochu had every reason to desire to do better, and his friends might have reason to hope that he had every capacity. A Breton, a sincere Catholic in the midst of general scepticism, a simple soldier, intent on doing his duty unmoved by the brawl of politics or the noisy clamor of personal ambitions, loyally faithful to the monarch who had tried to govern France on the model of an honest bourgeois family, summoned from his dignified seclusion by enemies compelled to render homage to his unobtrusive merit—Oh, who so fit as General Trochu to inspire the confidence due to uprightness, modesty, simplicity, and good faith?

Nor were these moral qualifications all possessed by the President of the Provisional Government to entitle him to his position. The opinions and judgment expressed in his book afford the most favorable indications of the author. This book is admirably written. The style is so clear and animated, that the reader the most ignorant of military details is fascinated as by a novel. These same details are discussed with all the technical knowledge of an instructed officer, and with a breadth and elevation of judgment of which such officers are not always capable. The author seems entirely above the ordinary mediocrity which is ready to sacrifice an end for the sake of routine fidelity to the means. He takes the greatest pains to distinguish between the means and the end, and ascribes to moral influences, or the motor power of an army, an importance equal to that of its executive apparatus or material force. In the service of an unjust cause this force is secretly weakened and finally melts away, however imposing its nature and whatever its immediate success. The General desires that the army be to the nation like his sword to a just man—ready at need to enforce his argument, but never drawn until this argument has failed on account of the obduracy of the hearts to whom it was addressed. He plans an organization of the army that shall serve as a means of moralizing the people, instead of constituting an inexhaustible source of demoralization. He rejects the conscription; he demands that the obligation to defend the country be imposed upon every young man destined to take rank among its citizens. This obligation is intended to combat personal egotism by the continual association with the interests of society, and with the duties owed to the State. On this account the General avoids the substitution of one egotism for another, and condemns the adoption of the army as a professional career. "Old soldiers," declares Trochu, "are the most unreliable part of the army. Their courage and endurance are

nearly always measured by the most sordid calculations of their possible profits. The idea of their rights always primes that of their duties, and accumulates a latent fund of discontent that may break out at any moment, and the habit of mutinous grumbling is rendered all the more dangerous from the peculiarly independent character of the French soldier."

Trochu analyzes this character with much *finesse*, and insists on the impossibility of subjecting to Prussian discipline men who were absolutely uncontrollable except by the influence of an idea. This might be true or false, profound or superficial, just or absurd, selfish or generous, but it was always an idea, and no habit of brute obedience could replace the energy of its action. "The national army," says Trochu, "always reflects the character of the nation." The most distinctive characteristics of the French people depend on the remarkable predominance of the intellectual element over the rest of their nature. To this are equally due the virtues for which they are admired, and the faults for which they are condemned. To this are no less due their inconstancy to a purpose that seems unattainable.

What remarkable good fortune had furnished such a chief as Trochu to the militia army of Paris, where all the peculiarities of the French soldier were necessarily enhanced to the utmost! What rare coincidence had placed at the head of the Provisional Government a man who knew so well the influence that may be exerted by authority, on a population always inclined to seek its inspiration from above, and to reverence Government as the most concentrated expression of society! What an opportunity was offered to the moral forces of the situation, when this situation was controlled by a man like Trochu, so accustomed to place in such forces his supreme confidence and deliberate esteem!

And, as if to render the Governor of Paris the very hero and darling of the National Guard, his book contained a criticism on the education of the soldier, that seemed to singularly fit him for the command of inexperienced troops. He denounced as superfluous or vicious much of the drill imposed on the soldier, much of the education conferred on the officer. "One consideration alone should regulate military exercises—not their effect on parade, but their effectiveness in time of action." "A good gymnastic training was preferable to many cumbrous technicalities actually enforced, and invariably thrown aside in the heat of battle." A few rules—bodily endurance and agility; confidence in their leaders; these are the essentials in a soldier's training, and these may be obtained in comparatively short time under pressure of sufficient motives, and may convert raw troops into invincible heroes. What remarkable chance of success was added to that of the defense, when its chief, called upon to improvise an army at such a frightful emergency, to break with routine that the situation rendered impossible, to forego precedent, of which the situation was deprived, to originate a plan which the situation alone could equal in originality—what good fortune, I say, that this chief was the author of such a book, and was named Trochu!

Nevertheless, certain details in the panegyric that we have found reason to pronounce excite a shade of distrust on second reading. This loyalty to Louis Philippe was but a singular guarantee for successfully weathering a crisis that had revived all the slumbering passions against the Orleanists. Diplomacy modeled on the administration of a bourgeois family might prove as corrupting, and as inadequate to the vaster needs of society as had been the administration of Louis Philippe itself. The greater the fidelity of Trochu to the memory of this monarch, the greater the danger that he would imitate his eminently respectable crimes.

Again, this sincerity of religious faith may be said to imply much less a nature elevated above the ideas of his time than depreciated below them. A sincere Catholic dangerously resembles a sincere Jesuit, and the sincerity of a Jesuit is but another name for perfidy. Catholicism was but a rotten reed to oppose to the Lutheran mysticism of the Prussians. Belief in the miraculous intervention of St. Genevieve was little calculated to strengthen the feeble knees of the defenders of Paris.

Breton superstition would be scarcely capa-

ble of dealing with the mocking population of Paris, skeptical, or borne in the current of a new belief that filled the pious soul of Trochu with horror. But even the graces of his book contained certain omens unfavorable to the military success of the General. Its literary talent greatly exceeded any that he had been known to display as a soldier, and yet he was a soldier by profession. Now, a man who distinguishes himself more highly outside of his profession than in it, is rarely a distinguished member of the craft to which he belongs; moreover, the talent exhibited by Trochu was peculiarly incompatible with military genius. His prose was graceful, elegant, flowing, exhibiting nothing of the terse brevity and concentrated energy that characterizes the speech of a man accustomed to energetic action. Innate capacity for mastering the brutal facts of war is inconsistent with the facile suavity that wins laurels at the Institute.

Finally, this criticism upon the army, like that of Picard upon the Empire, had been made without the least expectation that it would lead to any practical result. On this very account had it been addressed to the public, and plunged like a sword into water. To tell the truth, the technical reputation of Trochu was not high among his colleagues, and, from a certain point of view, his book might be likened to the popular dissertations on Hygiene written by doctors whose theses have been refused at the Faculties of Medicine.

It was, therefore, unfortunately possible that the sagacious critic, like the critical orator, might at the most important moment find himself paralyzed by the reflex influence of his own inefficacious speech.

GAMBETTA.

The national element of the situation was represented by Gambetta. This selection was purely accidental, for nothing in Gambetta's antecedents indicated that he, more than any other, was especially fitted for this rôle. Named Minister of the Interior on the 4th of September, he did not leave Paris until the 13th of October, and during the interval his individuality remained merged in that of the other members of the Provisional Government. But from the moment of his arrival in the provinces the "indomitable Gambetta" rose to the height of the situation, at least in so far as regards the conception of its necessities. His figure stands out in energetic relief against the inertia of his colleagues, and the ineffable platitude of the rural districts. Alone, he seemed to be inspired by the tradition of 1792, and dreamed of imitating its achievement. His imagination was haunted by the memory of St. Just, as he paraded the guillotine in the streets of Strasburg; or of Danton, whose stentorian voice resounds through history with the cry: "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace." But what may accomplish a single voice, a single will, even though the one possessed all the power of Danton, and the other all the inflexibility of St. Just? Mirabeau would have been accused of gasconade had he lavished his invective on the inhabitants of the Byzantine Empire. Robespierre would have been as impotent as a Damascus blade to cleave a feather pillow had he been surrounded by a troop of eunuchs, sent to his assistance by the Sultan of Turkey. No wonder that the energy of Gambetta failed before the general inertia; no wonder that his voice resounded faintly, as a trumpet blown in space exhausted of air. Sound requires not only an organ of utterance, but a medium of vibration—not only a tongue to articulate, but an auditory nerve to respond.

There was nothing in his antecedents that could indicate the special character of his rôle. By a whimsical contradiction, Gambetta, who intrinsically had nothing to represent, was the only person in the Provisional Government who consistently represented it.

JULES FAVRE.

The Republican element of this situation was unquestionably represented by Jules Favre. This was the "eminent man" who, by foreigners, had so long been regarded as the weightiest champion of Republican liberty in France. Consistently with the foreign preponderance of his reputation, M. Jules Favre was now called upon to defend the Republic by assuming the portfolio of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. His reputation was European, like that of Lamartine, the illustrious Min-

ister of Foreign Affairs in 1848. The fame of Lamartine was confounded with that of his eloquence. The renown of Jules Favre was inseparable from that of his oratory. The more sonorous the eloquence, the larger the audience chamber required for its exhibition. All Europe had constituted the audience chamber of Lamartine. M. Jules Favre instinctively addressed himself to all Europe. M. Jules Favre, like Lamartine, had frequently spoken in favor of the Republic before fortune offered him the opportunity to render it an immense and practical service. In 1830 he had demanded the abolition of royalty and the formation of an *Assemblée Constituante*. In 1835 he defended political criminals before the Court of Peers, and opened his pleading with the affirmation, "I am a Republican." In 1848 he mingled with the crowd that flocked to the Hôtel de Ville, on the 24th day of February, to salute the Provisional Government. Under this government he had served as secretary to Ledru Rollin, Minister of the Interior. After the *coup d'état* he retired for six years into private life and the lucrative practice of his profession, but finally consented to take the oath of office he had at first refused, and was then elected deputy to the Corps Législatif. Here he remained in steadfast opposition to the Empire, and as a more or less steadfast champion of the Republic, until the revolution of September swept him upwards to a post of far wider responsibility.

The primitive nucleus in the character of Jules Favre was that of a lawyer. As a lawyer he had begun to plead for the Republic when, in the person of Raoul Bravard, he defended the victims of the *coup d'état*, assailed afresh in the infamous prosecutions of 1853. Then he had opened his suit against the Empire, and he closed his case when, on the third of September, 1870, he pronounced the destitution of the Bonaparte dynasty. He consecrated to the Republic his talent as advocate. But this was far from all that he offered in homage to the cause. Unlike as possible to Ananias and Sapphira, he brought forward spontaneously all that he possessed, all his opportunities, all his renown. Two or three years ago Jules Favre was nominated member of the Institute, and succeeded to the *fauteuil* left vacant by the death of Victor Cousin. His inaugural address on this occasion was a *chef d'œuvre* of Republican eloquence, and justified the long expectancy of the crowd that had waited five hours before the Institute doors in order to secure places to hear it. The oration teemed with the innuendo so dear to the Parisian heart. Everything it said was intended as a simple index to something it did not say. The official eulogy on the eclectic philosopher served only as a pretext for pungent sallies against the Emperor. Victor Cousin was left in the shade befitting his shadowy principles; and discreetly as his own faith veils his skepticism did his name serve as a transparent medium for that of Louis Napoleon. On this occasion the new member of the Institute seemed to concentrate all his abilities, all his fame as orator, scholar, man of letters, philosopher, and citizen, into a single triumphant effort to stigmatize the infamy of the Empire, and to vindicate the honor of the Republic. His success rivaled that obtained by Lamartine at the prophetic banquets of 1847. And such noble emulation unquestionably became Jules Favre's motive power when the day arrived for him to inherit the position of Lamartine at the Provisional Government, as he had succeeded to that of Victor Cousin at the Institute. Although I have certainly never been honored with an admission to the secret communings of M. Jules Favre, I have always been persuaded that in that awful secrecy the Minister of Foreign Affairs communed much less with himself than with the shade of his predecessor. Whenever the uninitiated spectator of the siege of Paris failed to understand a trait in the character or policy of Jules Favre, he had but to turn over a page of history and read the explanation in Lamartine.

The ideal to which aspired the ambition of Lamartine was much less the salvation of the Republic than the glory of himself as its saviour. In regard to the Republic, he was infinitely more anxious to guard against the possible excesses of its friends than against the certain conspiracies of its enemies. In regard to himself, the ideal of his usefulness

infinitely surpassed the limits of "the form of government" whose safety had been committed to his trust. He so burned to save Society, Humanity, Philosophy, Religion, Poesy, Art, that the simple business consigned to his fidelity was almost lost in the glow of his universal enthusiasm.

This dangerous comprehensiveness was equally characteristic of Jules Favre. The war against the Prussians, and the solid establishment of the Republic, might have absorbed the energies of a more vulgar mind. But his penetrating glance went at once to the kernel of the matter, and detected, as the most important circumstance in the siege of Paris, a new opportunity to defend society against the ravages of Socialism. He derived exquisite pleasure from the gratitude lavished upon him by the *bourgeois* each time that he was supposed to have saved them from anarchy, atheism, and pillage; and this pleasure afforded a subtle temptation to artificially multiply these delicious occasions. The consciousness of power constitutes the keenest inducement to its exercise, and M. Favre was not always free from a certain feminine coquetry in the manner in which he excited alarm for the purpose of soothing it to rest again.

Lamartine had a prodigious confidence in the power of words. He seemed sincerely to believe that the external world of facts constituted a mere phantasmagoria of dissolving views, ready to melt into one another under the magic influence of his voice. He believed that he had dissipated Socialism, and all its formidable claims, by his airy metaphor concerning the "*drapeau rouge*" and the Champ de Mars. He believed he had saved Poland when he published his famous European manifest that announced the foundation of the French Republic, and its intention to make common cause with oppressed liberty all over the world. He believed that he had satisfied public feeling, and performed his duty as an honest man, when he subsequently declared to the people assembled to demand the relief of Poland: 'That their sentiments were reasonable, just, and noble, and did them infinite honor; and that, moreover, they should not wrest from him a vote in favor of intervention for Poland until they had passed over his dead body, henceforth powerless to defend the dignity of his resolution.'

In 1870 the famous European circular of Jules Favre, modeled on the manifest of Lamartine, was believed by its author to have placed the Republic beyond the reach of all danger, and Paris above the necessity of defense. Or, if further doubt remained on the subject, it must necessarily be dissipated by the result of M. Favre's eloquence that would be displayed at Ferrières, or of M. Favre's diplomacy, employed in the mission of Thiers. Again, on the 8th of October M. Favre would harangue the first manifestation in favor of the Commune and the "*drapeau rouge*" on that same Place de l'Hotel de Ville where Lamartine had exposed such conclusive considerations concerning the Champ de Mars. Like his predecessor, M. Favre would dissipate reason by a metaphor, and retire from the field with complacent self-congratulations upon his influence over popular passions. Finally, when the people should demand that he make good his solemn engagements for the defense of Paris, exactly as they had claimed consistency from Lamartine, he also would place his hand on his heart, and swear that no amount of violence should compel him to this unseemly determination.

By those who surround the political Lamartine with the aureole conferred on the historian of the Girondists and the author of the *Meditations*, these various analogies may be regarded in the most favorable light. Nevertheless, an overweening confidence in the power of words can hardly be considered to indicate all the moral and intellectual vigor requisite for a brutal conflict with things. Enthusiasm for the Republic, hitherto exhibited in the well-warmed air of banquets, lawsuits, and receptions at the Institute, is not necessarily strong enough to stand exposure to a ruder climate. An enemy affords a certain protection so long as he remains in power, because, holding fast to the position, he discharges all other shoulders of the responsibility. Such protection is an ineffable boon to certain natures; and others, whose original strength might perhaps have enabled them to dis-

pense with it, become absolutely dependent through force of long-acquired habit.

Hence, the first sentiment with which M. Jules Favre would acclaim the new Republic might easily be tinctured by timidity and distrust. Over the head of the tender plant, so long nurtured in a green-house, every fragment of screen or shelter had been blown away, and, defenseless, it shivered under the blasts of heaven. Jules Favre shivered. His nature was delicate, like that of a sensitive plant. Sensibility was certainly the predominant feature of his character, and manifested itself later in his abundant tears. With such a nature, how could he fail to tremble at such an atrocious situation? The Republic was there, all alone, fallen from the sky, and, as if it were the sky itself that had fallen, overwhelming its faithful adorer with stupefaction. True, it was his own word that had precipitated this astounding catastrophe,—but who would have supposed that the mere touch of a bell-rope would bring the whole edifice tumbling to the ground? When a person pulls a bell it is in order to summon a servant to do something that he cannot or will not do for himself. When M. Jules Favre pronounced sentence on the Empire, it was in order to make an appeal to history. It was simply shocking to be obliged to respond to this appeal in his own person. What! He had been advocate, he had been judge, and he must now perform the office of executioner? His nerves shrank from the task. He loathed the sight of blood. His affection for the Republic was so delicate and intimate that he was convinced these qualms and terrors must be shared by the idol of his heart. A Republic founded in blood! It was horrible; it was abominable. True, none had ever been founded in any other way, but that was the fault of all past Republics. *His* Republic, the Republic of Jules Favre, of Victor Cousin, of Lamartine, should be pure as Graziella whom Lamartine deserted, mild as the Eclectic Philosophy that Victor Cousin preached, reverent for powers in high places as Jules Favre himself. A tender, timid, virgin Republic, that had laid aside the bold Phrygian cap and assumed the white robe of the first communion. In such guise should she make the European tour, escorted by M. Thiers. In such guise should M. Favre, who had been her sponsor in baptism, espouse her definitely before the same altar that should be erected for an imperial coronation at Versailles. But all the faith in the virtue of the Republic, so long and eloquently professed by M. Jules Favre, was liable to be nullified by his distrust of its strength. All his loud admiration of its beauty might be rendered useless by his unconsciousness of its real dignity. All his sensitive compassion for its misfortunes serve only to fill up their measure, because he was so innocently ignorant of its rights.

The Republic that M. Favre had advocated was a purely political republic. He repudiated the contamination of socialism like the touch of an unclean hand. In 1848 he had joined in the cabal against Louis Blanc, and been one of the committee to denounce him after the affair of the 15th of May. In the *Assemblée Constituante* he had opposed liberty of reunion by voting for the law on mass meetings and on the clubs. Notwithstanding his vote in favor of progressive taxation, he had perpetuated the ancient abuse of the *gabelle* by voting against the abolition or reduction of the tax on salt. He was, in fact, a *blue* Republican.

In the tricolor, or national flag of France, the white stripe represents the monarchy; the blue, the parliaments or *bourgeoisie;* the red represents the people. Whenever the interests of the people or socialism gains for a moment the ascendency, the pure red flag is claimed—the famous "*drapeau rouge*," so skillfully averted by Lamartine. Were the *bourgeoisie* consistent, it would symbolize its government by a flag entirely blue, as that of the monarchy before the revolution had been entirely white, and as that of socialism was entirely red. But in the minds of this party the dread of destroying anything that already existed, entirely overwhelmed every other consideration. In the tricolor flag they were careful to preserve the emblem of the royalty they attempted to abolish, and in their doctrine they were yet more assiduous to preserve its principles.

From the moment that the social revolution for the people has been distinctly imagined, desired, and claimed, the political revolution,

which only transfers power from the nobles to the *bourgeois*, has been rendered superficial; and this not because its real advantages are less than they were, but because something more profound had been upheaved from beneath it.

All history is resumed in a succession of such upheavals — such successive explosions of interior force — in virtue of which the strata first visible are gradually thinned and worn away. The ideas of M. Jules Favre, confined to a superficial stratum, could not fail to lack the impulse of the passion that only moves in regions more profound. There would be no intensity in his assertion of the Republic, no defiance of Europe, or contempt for kings. On the contrary, he would be tremblingly anxious until admitted into their august society, and until his own mission had been sanctioned by powers necessarily and radically hostile to it. To reign in heaven, he would deem essential the consent of all the principalities of hell. For him the Republic was simply one form of government, and the Empire of Russia another less preferable. Nothing, therefore, would seem more natural than to send an envoy of the Republic to crave the good offices of the Russian Czar.

This hope of foreign intervention was destined to seriously weaken the internal effort necessary for the defense. All serious preparations would be adjourned until M. Favre's tenacious confidence in the virtues of diplomacy should have been repulsed by a thrice repeated humiliation. Then it was too late to regain the impetus of the original moment. Though this still existed in the people, the vitality of the government had been undermined, and was ready to be exhausted.

This consideration may show how intimate were the relations that existed between the republicanism of M. Jules Favre and the fortunes of the siege of Paris.

Those whom the Revolution surprised among the deputies at the Corps Législatif were installed at the Hôtel de Ville, as a matter of course. This group in the Provisional Government was composed of Glaiz-Bizain, Crémieux, Etienne Arago, Emmanuel Arago, and Garnier Pagès.

GARNIER PAGÈS.

Of this group Garnier Pagès was much the most important member. Like Crémieux, he was already deputy when the revolution of 1848 exploded, and, in overthrowing a ministry, dispersed a Corps Législatif and shattered a throne. He also had mingled in the events of the 24th, had been member of the committee assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, and still in session while the Duchess of Orleans was trying to plead her cause before the Corps Législatif. Named by acclamation Mayor of Paris, he subsequently abandoned this position to Etienne Arago, and assumed the portfolio of Minister of Finance.

M. Garnier Pagès has written an elaborate history of the Revolution, in which the recital of his own adventures, and the defense of his own measures, not unnaturally occupy an important place. The tone of this book is serious, honest, naïve, conceited, ponderous, and dull. The fall of Louis Philippe is described with such tenderness and pathos as betrays all the influence the prestige of royalty still exercised over the imagination of the republican. The drivelling scene of the abdication,—"of which I was the mute witness," says Garnier Pagès,—he ennobles as "grand." After relating all the miserable vacillations and the subterfuges with which the King tried to avert his merited disgrace, this "mute witness" exclaims: "It was enough to move the soul the most habituated to the contemplation of human vicissitudes!"

The memory of this scene haunted Garnier Pagès long after the undignified flight of Louis Philippe, and his own installation as Minister of Finance under the Republic. His first thoughts were directed towards securing for the Republic the adherence of the Orleanists, whose ambition the Republic had crushed, and whom its advent had turned out of office. He hastened to write to Odillon Barrot, who had been nominated colleague to Thiers during the last effort made to save the throne of Louis Philippe by the sacrifice of the Guizot ministry. M. Garnier Pagès is so proud of the inspiration that dictated his letter that he quotes in full the reply of the Orleanist, with which he seems delighted. Barrot advises the

minister who has risen to power on his defeat "to *regularize* liberty as soon as possible, and to exert himself to prevent a political reform from *degenerating* into a social revolution, that is, from attacking property and the family."

This last clause contains the usual "conservative" fiction, which asserts that the organization of labor must necessarily be accompanied by a community of wives. The same idea that dictated his overtures to Odillon Barrot fills M. Garnier Pagès with exultation over the voluntary adhesions that flocked to the Provisional Government. Bugeaud, who had fought against the Republic on the 24th of February; Changarnier, destined to be an accomplice of Bonaparte; the whole family of Bonapartes—Pierre, Napoleon, Louis Napoleon—all were welcomed with naïve confidence and unreflecting enthusiasm.

From this first indication it is already evident that the influence of Republican tradition as represented by Garnier Pagès would present, in one respect at least, an analogy with the modern republicanism of Jules Favre. It would be directed, not to the vigorous development of the principles intrinsic to the Republic, but towards the effort to conciliate them with such as they radically opposed. This policy is based on the following axiom: "It is always safe to neglect your friends—never your enemies. By neglect of the first, you are relieved with impunity from the obligation of serving them. By attention to the second, you avoid skillfully the danger of offending them." This high-minded axiom had ruined the Republic in 1848,—would it prove equally efficacious in 1870?

The public acts of Garnier Pagès in 1848 afford, however, much more precise indication concerning his presumable influence in 1870; all the more so that, as I have said, the interests forcibly repressed by the advent of the Empire had instantaneously revived with the Emperor's ruin. The social situation was essentially the same. The siege of Paris often seemed to represent the reign of the Provisional Government of 1848, with the Prussians added as a supernumerary consideration of comparatively little importance.

Now in 1848 the great battle had involved an immense crisis in finance, and in the system of labor by which all existing financial institutions were supported. The Minister of Finance might therefore be regarded as the commander-in-chief of the position. It was for him, more than any one else, to recognize the nature of the crisis, to measure its necessities, provide for its emergencies, and secure the triumph of the just principles at stake. M. Garnier Pagès was unquestionably anxious to do his duty, and all his measures were decided under pressure of this anxiety. He assures us so himself. He passed a decree of legal tender that saved from ruin the Bank of France. He strengthened tottering commercial credit by the establishment of national discounting houses. He relieved groaning warehouses of manufactures by the creation of warrant docks. Finally, to fill up the enormous deficit in the Government revenues, he decreed the famous tax of 45 centimes, that succeeded in bringing in a little money to the Treasury, but excited the unutterable hatred of the peasants, and thus largely contributed to ruin the Republic, and pass over the peasant vote to the Empire.

Second inconsistency and shortsightedness: To relieve the increasing distress among the working-people, M. Garnier Pagès aided his colleague, Marie, to establish the national workshops. The system was vicious, degrading, and sterile,—it necessarily collapsed. The workshops were closed from lack of funds to sustain them, and the ten thousand paupers, turned suddenly out into the streets, exploded their rage and misery in the terrible insurrection of June.

The radical faults of M. Garnier Pagès's administration depended on his intellectual weakness. He was either superficial, although just, or utterly inadequate, although well-intentioned. To a situation that required all the unerring precision of genius he brought the mumbling perceptions of mediocrity. True genius is always the genius of the situation. Its word is concentrated, incisive; it pierces at once to the marrow of things across all the cumbrous hindrances of flesh.

These ponderous pages in which M. Garnier Pagès makes such conscientious efforts to resume the situation with justice and im-

partiality, these diffuse reasonings for and against every disputed point, this shallow clearness, this correct elegance of diction—in all this we encounter a new instance of the vice that seemed inherent in every member of the Provisional Government,—a passion for words, and an unlimited facility of phraseology. Like Picard, Trochu, and Jules Favre, M. Garnier Pagès was condemned in advance by the fatal omen of his excessive fluency of speech, uncompensated by any effectiveness in action. But his practical administration had not lacked the benefit of contemporary criticism, coming from his colleagues, from the press, the clubs, the public meetings, the tumultuous delegations.

"Instead of saving the Bank of France," cried these discontented critics, "you should allow it to fall, and seize the opportunity to establish a National Bank in its place. The financial interests of the nation are pre-eminently a concern of the State, and should not be left to the control of private companies. Instead of limiting the benefits of association and credit to capitalists and *bourgeois*, you should extend them to the people. You should encourage the formation of co-operative societies that everywhere are springing into existence; you should assure to them the control of capital, the necessary instrument of labor, and deprived of which the laborer remains eternally a slave. You recognize as legitimate the direct intervention of the Government at such a moment of crisis in the affairs of citizens. But such intervention should be extended to all, and not limited to a class already too highly privileged. You decree an unvarying tax that, pressing equally upon the rich and the poor, is ten times heavier for the latter on account of his lesser strength. It revives, therefore, all the injustice and iniquity of the fiscal expedients under the ancient monarchies. Instead, adopt a system of progressive taxation that, passing over entirely incomes below a certain minimum, shall gradually increase with the fortune assessed, and constitute a powerful indirect means of securing equality of conditions. Finally, you issue Treasury Bonds to your Discounting Houses, to save the notes of the *bourgeois:* this is well enough; but in addition advance loans and give important orders to the associations that are struggling to obtain bread and dignity for the people. You convert unsalable goods into bank deposits: well and good; but you allow the whole machinery of industry to lie idle on account of disorder in the superficial part of its mechanism. Profit rather by the occasion to direct industry towards the satisfaction of the real wants of the laborers. They shiver with cold; call them together and invite them to manufacture their own clothes. They perish with hunger; throw open to them the vast uncultivated lands belonging to the State; bid them dig, plow, sow, reap, and eat the fruit of their labors." Otherwise, might have whispered a prophetic voice, if you neglect this opportunity, a certain Louis Bonaparte may avail himself of its chances and be carried to power over your heads on the reputation of schemes devised for agricultural colonies, and for the extinction of pauperism. Because the Socialists claimed what is contained in this criticism they were stigmatized as crazy Utopians. Because the people demanded this they were decried as savage and dangerous monsters. Because Louis Blanc demanded the organization of a bureau that should especially occupy itself with the interests of labor, Louis Blanc has been denounced as an arch mischief-maker, and responsible for the ruin of the Republic. And Americans often echo these commonplaces, and Paris correspondents to the *Tribune* relate hypothetical conversations with Trochu, in which they suggest the use of "sharp measures with the Radicals."*

Yet during the American war of secession, engaged, like the Revolution of 1848, to settle an immense question of labor, American audacity shrank from none of these Utopian enterprises. The Government, elected in the interests of this labor question, like the Provisional Government of 1848, manufactured paper money, guaranteed by national credit, destroyed the property of a privileged class, imposed an enormously progressive tax, opened a Freedmen's or Labor Bureau, revo-

* See the *New York Tribune* for November 8th, 1870.

lutionized the relations between master and workingman, accepted the guardianship of four millions working-people, placed in their own hands the instruments of labor, encouraged the development of their independent industry, shattered an entire social organization, and erected another on a radically new basis.

This healthful audacity is to the eternal honor of the American people. But they are often singularly forgetful of the nature of their own achievements when they begin to discuss European affairs.

The representation of the tradition of the past—practically limited to that of 1848—was likely, therefore, to prove as little reliable as the other elements of the Provisional Government. Not the past, but the men who had inadequately interpreted it when present, had revived on the modern scene. Their representation could hardly fail to be even more inadequate the second time than the first. "Garnier Pagès was morally too old in 1848," said his opponents; "and to-day he is absolutely fossilized." He would certainly return to his old principles, in the first place because he had never left them, and in the second place because to their former exercise was due the simulacrum of importance he now enjoyed. To the dulled sensibilities of the old man the situation was much less interesting in itself than because it served to awaken agreeable recollections of his vigorous prime. Should the voice of Garnier Pagès be heard in the councils of the Provisional Government it would be muffled like the voices of the past. It would recall timidity, hesitation, compromise, at a moment when the desperate emergency of the situation would render faults doubly dangerous. Finally, it was more than probable that the voice of Garnier Pagès would never be heard at all, but that he would represent the past principally by his immovability and his silence. And this is exactly what happened. From the beginning of the siege to the reign of the National Assembly, not an individual word or action may be ascribed to Garnier Pagès. His influence, if he had any, was as silent as himself, and exerted principally by the medium of the personal recollections of his colleagues, who also had survived from 1848. Only, alas! M. Garnier Pagès was destined to be an omen if not a force, and an evil omen too. For the Republic of 1848 had succumbed to violence. The Republic of 1870 was threatened by violence; would it also succumb? The character of its defenders afforded little guarantee of success, and the distrust they inspired was increased by recollections of the part they had already played in precipitating a previous failure.

ROCHEFORT.

In the Provisional Government the representation of socialism was awarded, by common consent, to Rochefort.

Every one knows the slight antecedents of Rochefort. A rakish, dueling, good-hearted, helter-skelter *boulevardier*, he emerged into public life about three years ago, as writer of political squibs for the *Figaro*. These squibs made the fortune of the paper; but in the end they irritated too severely the sensibilities of the Imperial Government. Orders were given to the proprietors of the *Figaro* to dismiss their pungent contributor under penalty of being dismissed themselves. In such an emergency the decision of Villemessant could not be doubted,—he turned his colleague out into the street, with all the energetic indignation that may be excited by paramount devotion to one's own interests. Left to his own resources on that December night, Rochefort started afresh on the capital of his martyrdom, which certainly brought in rich returns. The success of the *Lanterne* was immense. Seized at the eleventh number, it redoubled in popularity. Rochefort quarreled with the printer who refused to risk the publication of the condemned journal, and capped his refusal by insulting the editor's daughter. Blows were offered, if not exchanged. Rochefort was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, which he avoided by a timely flight to Belgium. Here he continued to write his *Lanterne*, and even contrived to send a large number of copies to France, where it was read with all the zest that could be added by a successful defiance of the police.

The popularity of Rochefort was maintained at its ancient pitch of enthusiasm, and in 1869 he was nominated candidate for the Corps

Législatif. He was elected from the 7th district of Paris over the head of Jules Favre, the rival candidate, but his legislative career was short. It comprised a *bon mot* and a popular manifestation, and terminated in a new sentence of imprisonment. The *mot* was flung at the Emperor, whom the incorrigible deputy had the ill manners to describe at a former period of his history, when "he promenaded at Strasburg with a piece of meat in his hat and a tame eagle fluttering over it."

Rochefort had been sent to the Corps Législatif for the express purpose of reviving such recollections; but the precepts of well-bred society and the principles of President Schneider were outraged. According to these principles, the members of the Legislature were assembled to enjoy the august hospitality accorded to them by the Emperor, and allusions to the peccadillos of his past were as unseemly as the *gaucherie* of a guest who should observe to his munificent host, "I remember the day when you were only a baker!"

Called to order, but not repressed, Rochefort reappeared in public at the funeral of Victor Noir, assassinated by Pierre Bonaparte. His energetic eloquence restrained the just popular excitement, and probably prevented a useless effusion of blood. Yet none the less was he impeached as a fomenter of revolt, and his colleagues at the Legislature voted to revoke his official inviolability, and to condemn him to six months' imprisonment. When this first term had expired, the Government had the effrontery to add that of four months, to which Rochefort had been sentenced previous to his flight into Belgium. The Revolution of September, that surprised the other republican deputies at the Corps Législatif, found him still languishing at St. Pélagie. The crowd rushed to the prison, forced open the doors, delivered the prisoner, and bore him in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Here the other deputies already installed consented to receive him as a colleague.

So in former days, the days of the Fronde, had the people of Paris delivered the old councilor Broussel, in defiance of Mazarin and Anne of Austria, because he also was considered to be "the protector of the people."

These fragmentary details constituted the entire sum and substance of Rochefort's antecedents and achievements. That this amiable duelist, superficial *boulevardier*, gay Bohemian, flashing pamphleteer, should be chosen by Fortune to represent the questions of socialism, surging from depths so profound, was certainly a most singular circumstance. As singular as that the froth on the sea should serve to indicate the march of the waves. It was indeed in this manner that Rochefort fulfilled his functions. He never had been, and never would be, anything else than a symbol. He would act like the hands on the face of the clock, to indicate the hour, without exercising the least influence on the play of the machinery. He would serve, not to advance the interests of the people, but to measure the variations in their fortunes. When these rose he would be borne to power; when they fell, he would send in his resignation.

Rochefort's popularity was, to a great extent, the product of his persecutions. His *Lanterne* had spread like wildfire as soon as it was suppressed. His candidacy had been proposed on account of his exile. His election had been triumphant, because Paris was saucily bent upon flinging as much defiance as possible into the face of the Empire. Sauciness constituted all Rochefort's prestige—now the sauciness of his constituents, now his own. This mocking disdain, that seemed more superficial, in reality sprang from a deeper root than the serious criticism of other members of the opposition. It was rooted in the self-consciousness of a rival power, bent on overturning, not a functionary, or a ministry, or a constitution, but systems, and thrones, and hierarchies. This power alone could afford to gibe and frolic with its adversary, whom it considered already as torn in pieces. Not the depth of his principles, but the coincidence between the scoff that scintillated from his easy wit, and the disdain that glowed from their laboring passion, united Rochefort and the people. But in a quarrel of dignities, what so close a bond of union as a common contempt? What could unite the people to Picard, anxious to preserve a "liberal" Empire; to Garnier Pagès, stupefied before the august tears of Louis Philippe; to Jules Fa-

vre, with his adroit reverences and supple genuflexions? Rochefort made fun of solemnities empty as a nightmare, and as overwhelming. Hence the people adored him. He represented for them "the ideal of liberty and justice," which poor Delescluze would pathetically lament to *not* find realized in the Republic of the Provisional Government. He represented the extreme limit of everything: he symbolized the revolution. The most audacious imagination could not penetrate beyond the possibilities of what would be should Rochefort only choose to do something. He never did choose, but his infallibility was preserved so much the more intact. The passage from thought to action is always a descent; how much more the attempt to realize, in one's own inadequate actions, the ideal framed by an ardent and idolatrous popular thought! The people, whose whole life is in the future, and whose actual existence has no other support than that of a distant hope, are never surprised by unfulfilled promises or continually deferred achievement. They are used to waiting for their pay—the people!

No, Rochefort did not represent socialism, but rather the present character of the people who had need of it. It was consistent that he should be uncertain, impotent, flickering as a will-o'-the-wisp that betrays the quagmires to which nevertheless it fatally conducts its victim; quite natural that he should gain isolated victories by brilliant sallies, but lack the impulse of combined, deliberate, persistent effort; that he should be successful in repartee and vanquished in council, should have the wit keen and the will feeble, the phrase picturesque and the ideas confused, the unconscious significance profound and the conscious intention superficial; should say more than he knew, and be ignorant of the powers that bore him onward. Under Rochefort's pretty, facile, flashing exterior existed much the same characteristics that we shall find in uncouth form at the clubs.

JULES SIMON.

As if to complete the typical nature of the Provisional Government, there existed in it an eleventh member, upon whom had devolved the high functions of the philosopher of the situation. This was M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction. Philosophy stands behind all revolutions; in this case it seemed to lie on the surface. From all time philosophers have been the guides, companions, and friends of soldiers and statesmen. Alexander had his Aristotle, Frederick the Great his Voltaire, Robespierre was inspired by Rousseau: it were eminently fitting that General Trochu should receive aid and comfort from the inspirations of Jules Simon.

Member of the opposition at the Legislature before the 4th of September, the political reputation of M. Jules Simon had always been subordinated to his philosophic fame. This is the reason that he was nominated Minister of Public Instruction. Professor at the Normal School, he had, in 1854, published a volume on Duty, and, in 1856, another on Natural Religion. More recently, when the rude contact of the political world had habituated the thoughtful scholar to descend from these high themes to the consideration of the practical questions that agitated society, he had written a book on education, and finally a fourth, *L'Ouvrière*, on the condition of the working-woman in France.

All interests had thus been embraced by the comprehensive glance of this philosopher. Labor, education, morality, religion,—what more noble, what more important subjects could occupy an elevated and disinterested mind sincerely anxious to serve the cause of humanity?

The acquittal of the task seems, at first sight, to justify all the promise of its enterprise. As to the volume on *L'Ouvrière*, it is impossible not to be struck, on the very first glance, by the high tone by which it is pervaded. The very selection of the theme affords a touching revelation of the chivalrous side of M. Simon's many-faced nature. A philosopher, a professor of the Normal School, a Deputy of the Corps Législatif, he stoops from the serene heights of his habitual meditations to consider the silk-woman at Lyons, the lace-maker at Lille, the florist at Paris! He declares that he is even more pre-occupied by the moral condition of the working classes than by their physical misery. He describes and deplores the dissolution of the family, the

improvidence and excesses of the workingman, the hardships or degradation of workingwomen.

But a singular inconsistency, exhaling at the end in a singular vapidity of conclusion, pervades this treatise on L'Ouvrière. The author demonstrates that it is impossible to forbid the labor of married women, because it is impossible for the man alone to meet the expenses of the family. He none the less deplores this labor, which tends, he declares, to break up the family, and hence to demoralize the laborer. The philanthropist wails, but is unable to even suggest a remedy. He shows that all women work on starvation wages, except such as are employed in factories. Not only he proposes no plan for their relief, but he renews his wail over the evil effects of factory labor, which he declares nevertheless to be inevitable. He admires the Cités Ouvrières at Mulhouse, because they were founded by the patrons. Concerning co-operative associations of workingmen he does not deign to utter a word. On the whole, the accuracy of the book is illuso y, its observations superficial, its reasoning leads to nothing, and its conclusions are null and void.

Is it otherwise with M. Simon's meditations on Duty?

The date on the title-page lends a painful emphasis to certain assertions in its contents. It was published in 1854, at the moment that the newly-established despotism was flaunting its most brutal and insolent triumph. Is it in imitation of the despair of the stoics that M. Simon writes: "Liberty should not be defined the power to do or not to do, but the power to wish or not to wish." "It is literally true that, before God and his conscience, the prisoner is free at the bottom of his dungeon." "A Russian (?) is like an automaton in the hands of his Czar, but before God he is free, because he is at liberty to desire good and to resist evil."

Is it with the aid of such scholastic definitions that the philosopher is justified in resigning himself to the rape of Liberty? Is it by contemplation of Siberia that he may avenge the fate of the proscribed exiles who were crowding the horrible transport ships that bore them to Cayenne? Is it by meditation on the New Jerusalem that he can reconcile himself to the tortures inflicted by that unclean sea? Oh, how much more vigorous than these mild musings the rage of Victor Hugo!

"D'ailleurs, sombre mer, je te hais!"

The conclusion of this Treatise on Duty has become a byword; for it contains the affirmation that an oath, however taken, is sacredly binding in any circumstances. In virtue of this assertion, M. Simon refused, during a decent interval, to take oath of office under the Empire, alleging that its observance was inconsistent with his republican principles, and its violation shocking to his principles of morality. It is to be presumed that, later, a mind so comprehensive as that of Jules Simon discovered some third ground upon which he could reconcile his conscience and his ambition to serve his country. For not long afterward he accepted his election with the oath, and took his place in the Legislature at the side of Picard and Ollivier.

Toleration was indeed the cardinal principle of M. Simon's enlightenment. His philosophy was so comprehensive that it embraced every side of everything. It enabled him even to admire "the elevated character of the Catholic dogma," which he considered a superstition. It permitted him to occasionally attend mass, on condition that he say his prayers to himself, and refrain from mingling his voice with that of the uninstructed crowd.

These prayers were, moreover, as harmless as possible, as inoffensive, and, on M. Simon's showing, as thoroughly inefficacious as were his other aspirations towards any positive good. "The grand influence of prayer is subjective," says M. Simon, and he recommends fervent entreaty to heaven simply as a mental discipline possibly useful on earth.

This skepticism in regard to the success of spiritual action was the complement of the radical skepticism in regard to terrestrial matters that we have already noticed in other members of the Provisional Government. M. Picard had attacked the Empire without ever expecting to overthrow it; General Trochu had criticised the army without the smallest idea that any one would pay any attention; Jules Favre had defended the Republic while

entirely disbelieving in its right to sturdily defend itself; and Jules Simon prayed to God with the positive certainty that his prayers would never be heard.

What combined strength of impotence in this union of skeptical intentions! What rigorous powerlessness in this deliberate waste of power! What education to hypocrisy in this habit of goading the will to activity by means of orders endorsed by the forged signature of the Intellect!

This circumstance was in truth the most striking of all those in the antecedents of the members of the Provisional Government. Jules Simon in reproducing it, projected upon an immense scale, seemed to resume in himself all the germs of incapacity sown among his colleagues under other forms,—resume, typify, and explain all other feebleness by a pale and feeble philosophy, that pretended to belief and believed in nothing, not even itself; an empty jargon of ghosts, come at the close of night and before cock-crow in the morning.

Oh Faith! so beautiful, so terrible, so strong as an arch-angel! Before thee men veil their faces aghast, and setting up plaster images in thy name, bow down and worship them, and pray to be saved from thy awful presence!

This, then, was the radical vice in M. Jules Simon's philosophy,—that he did not believe in it. This homœopathic dilution of Cousin, Jeoffroy, and Roger Collard; this vaporous eclecticism that reposes on the cardinal principle of not having any vital principle whatever; this immense Missouri Compromise between everything that anybody had ever believed and its diametrical opposite; this modern bulwark of failing faith,—soft, tender, and trembling as might be a bulwark of jelly; this conciliation effected between Catholicism, Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism, Atheism, and Pantheism; this admission of everything except the necessity of a foundation for belief, that should be not only unshaken, but unshakable; this preservation of doctrine under a glass case, ticketed with the warning to keep hands off the fragile fossil; this reduction of faith to a social convention; this hatred of living ideas because of their life, and this sickly tenderness for the shadows of the dead,—it is evident that in all this was to be found small material to meet the rude necessities of a crisis boiling over with passion. As well hope to arrest or direct a torrent of lava, that bursts from the crater of Vesuvius, by the chill embrace of a mountain mist floated down from the Highlands of Scotland.

An idea that confessedly belongs to another epoch, and is only forced upon this by the strenuous efforts of such heroes in philosophy as Jules Simon, bears its own condemnation. Nothing is so contrary to the order of Nature as an anachronism; nothing so impossible to recapitulate as the birth of a child. Into the scholastic arguments of Abelard concerning the existence of God was poured, as into its natural channel, the most intense life of the twelfth century. But when the river has run dry, and the waters pour tumultuously elsewhere, small the merit, and small the utility of the heroism that persists in stemming the ancient channel dry shod.

The spiritual "liberalism" of France at the present day — as far removed from "Free Thinking" as is a languid fine lady from a whistling plough-boy — bears a remarkable resemblance to the cosmopolitism of the Roman Pantheon. "To the people," observes Gibbon, "all the gods were equally true, to the philosophers equally false, and to the magistrates equally useful." For a certain circle, utility is the test and measure of every good thing,—its utility, namely, as a supposed restraint upon the popular passions that are supposed to menace private property. "*Le travail est un frein*," observes Guizot with cruel precision. "The hope of immortality is *necessary* — to the poor." "The mummeries of the Catholic Church must be retained and paid for, because symbols are necessary to popular belief, and popular belief is necessary to popular morals, and these to passive acquiescence in the existing state of things." Such, more or less distinctly, is the argument of Renan.

It is not necessary to believe many things, but it is absolutely necessary to believe something. But this belief must be instinctive, inevitable, forced on the intellect by

its inherent virtue, and without any reference to its prospective advantages. It is not the ideas that a man chooses, but the ideas which choose him, that are capable of really inspiring his life. Utility is as fatal to belief as is mere legality to love. Nothing so clearly demonstrates the emancipation of the mind from any given creed as the urbane admission of the utility of this creed at a bygone period. A belief must be a man's master, and not his servant; his god, and not his police officer. Whenever, to use Voltaire's witticism, a man has attained the consciousness of having repaid the original favor of creation by creating God in his own image, the work of his hands grows as impotent over his heart as the idol satirized by Isaiah: "Cry aloud! for he is a god! Perchance he is taking a journey!"

The other members of the Provisional Government represented special relations to the divers elements of the situation. M. Simon, as befitted the representative of Philosophy, typified the thought of the class that still dominated an epoch. On this account, his vaster individuality seems to envelop and penetrate and mingle with that of all the others. Jules Favre occupied the fauteuil of Victor Cousin at the Institute, as Jules Simon would fain occupy his chair at the Sorbonne. Jules Simon admired the elevation of the Catholic dogma; Trochu prostrated himself before the elevation of the Catholic host. Garnier Pagès strove to keep socialism out of the Republic, as Jules Simon congratulated himself on the "expulsion" of socialism from laws and institutions. Rochefort represented the interests of laborers, without having even studied the organization of labor; as Jules Simon patronized the working classes, equally innocent of all pre-occupation on this prime question, which he pronounced a "dream." Picard retained an immense affection for the Empire he had overthrown; Jules Simon an immense respect for the superstition he despised. Gambetta would be rendered powerless because compelled to struggle against the weakness of his colleagues, and against the inertia of the people he attempted to save. Jules Simon's philosophic tourneys were paralyzed by the radical weakness of his brother philosophers, and by the desperate indifference of the world to whom he revealed the way of salvation.

The crowning defeat of the Provisional Government lay in the inadequacy of its conceptions;—an inadequate conception of the abomination of the Empire, of the greatness of the Republic, of the resources of Paris, of the urgency of the crisis, of the solemnity of its relations to the past, of the tremendous questions for the future involved in its solution. M. Simon resumed all these inadequacies in a single immense inadequacy of thought,—thought utterly incapable of embracing the life of the epoch to which it professedly belonged. What wonder, then, if that epoch were sterile?

For inadequacy is no slight and pardonable weakness, as many suppose. Hear how Spinoza defines its nature and effects:—

"The desires which arise from our nature, in such manner that they may be understood by it alone, are those which belong to the soul in so far as she is supposed to consist of adequate ideas. But the other desires belong to the soul in so far as she conceives of things in a manner inadequate. The force and development of these latter should be defined, not by the power of human nature, but by the power of things outside of ourselves. This is why the first desires have been justly called actions, and the second passions; for the first always indicate our power, but the others, on the contrary, our impotence, and a mutilated knowledge."

Whence it might be feared that the Provisional Government, incapable of engaging in bold, decisive, and manly action, should dissolve even its sincere desires in an amiable passion of tears.

Who does not know that this is precisely what happened?

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

My home is upon the summit of a beautiful cultivated mountain, a thousand feet or more above the tides of the Hudson River. It is upon the water-shed between two broad valleys. Here a little brook, flowing from a bubbling spring among the rocks, shadowed by grand maple-trees, courses its way through corn-fields and meadows, and rocky caverns in the steep mountains, to the Weebetuc, that finds its path to the ocean through the Housatonic River. There another sparkling traveler hastens to the Wappingi, and finds its way to the ocean through the lordly Hudson.

From my porch I look down into one of the loveliest little valleys in the world, once exquisitely painted by the hand of Durand. The horizon beyond is bounded by the azure hills of Connecticut. From my lawn I can see so far down the rugged sides of the Storm-King, where the Hudson flows through the Highlands, that the reflected light from the river makes the lower rocks appear almost luminous. From a gentle ridge at the east of my window, where a herd from the prairies of Illinois are at this moment grazing, I can see the lofty dome of Round Top, the monarch of the Kaatsbergs, forty miles away in the pale north.

Here, in this lovely region of upper air, where the sun rises early and sets late, in perfect accord with the teachings of the almanac, I plant and prune and graft, with my inquisitive boy by my side,—a perpetual interrogation point that is never unanswered, —fresh and refreshing in his young life to another upon whom the western sun is shining, as is the evening dew upon the ripe grass.

Near a spring at the line of partition between our lawn and an oozy meadow I planted in a group, this morning, an alder, a white birch, and a weeping willow—the latter the *salix Babylonica* of the books. The willow is a scion from an old tree standing far away, for its chosen home is along the streams of the lowlands and not among the hills.

"Why is that called a *weeping* willow?" my boy asked me, when we had retreated from the hot sunshine to the cool shades of the library. I turned to the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, in which the poet refers to the grief of the Hebrew captives in a strange land, and read :—

> "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down ;
> Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
> We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof,
> For they that carried us away captive,
> Required of us a song ;
> And they that wasted us required of us mirth,
> Saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
> How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Then I explained to my eager listener how it was that the Hebrews were captives ; how intensely they loved their own land, their royal city and their temple, and so gave him a reason for their bitter weeping under the willows that fringed the margins of the "rivers of Babylon." It was this circumstance that gave birth to the pretty legend in the Talmud, that before the Captivity the foliage of willows along the Euphrates and Tigris, and other streams in Assyria and Babylonia, was erect like that of all others, but sympathy for the captives made them "weeping willows, and ever since their delicate branches and slender leaves have drooped toward the earth, and seem like streams of falling tears."

"How came such willows here?"

I perceived that I must tell a long and varied story to make the answer clear and fix it in the boy's mind. So I said, Remember, there was a poet in England named Pope.

"And who was Pope?" he inquired.

I told him of his birth in London, almost two hundred years ago ; the delicacy of his body, which made him, at middle age, speak of "that long disease, my life," and of the strength of his mind, which made his name immortal. I told him how he could not play with boys, and turned to books for enjoyment ; and how he spent the earlier years of his life in Windsor Forest, where his father had a small estate, and there read Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, until he was filled with intense desires to become a poet. I told him of

Pope's first courtship of the muses, when, as he says,

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;"

and how he paraphrased several of the Psalms when he was only fifteen years of age. And so, in simple words and brief sentences, I traced his literary career upward and onward until his fame became pre-eminent among his countrymen, and from the profits of the sale of his translations of Homer's epics he was enabled to purchase a lease of a small estate near Twickenham, on the Thames, into the sunshine of which he enticed his father and mother from the shades of Windsor Forest,

"When George the First was King,
In spite of James's son."

My boy was delighted with the narrative, for he had comprehended the facts; but after musing a moment, when I had finished, he quietly asked:

"Well, papa, what has this to do with the Weeping Willow?"

Much, I answered: listen.

Pope's little dwelling at Twickenham he transformed into a charming villa, as the Italians call a pleasant country-seat; and there he was visited by ministers of state, wits, poets, and beauties. He adorned it and the surrounding grounds without stint in expense, so far as his income would allow; and the Prince of Wales (afterward George the Second) took so much interest in his beautiful retreat, near which Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, had found health and recreation, that he sent him urns and vases for his garden. He took advantage of every perfection and defect. The highway passed in front of his house, cutting it off from a spacious garden, and leaving him but a small spot of ground on the banks of the river. So he connected the Thames with his garden by a tunnel under the road, and converted that subterranean passage into a grotto that enchanted its owner and delighted his friends. He never ceased to admire it. He endeavored to persuade himself and his friends that it was a silent retreat, from which cares and passions might be excluded. It was the amusement of his declining years. He wrote praises of it in prose and verse. To his friend Edward Blount he said in a letter:—

"Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them.

"I have put the last hand to works of this kind *in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto*: I there found a spring of clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern night and day. From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk in the wilderness to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and I see the sails on the river passing suddenly, and vanishing as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto, it becomes, in the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura, on the wall of which all the objects on the river, hills, woods, and boats are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations. And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same materials, at which when a lamp of orbicular figure, of thin alabaster, is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower passage, two porches—one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, and rough with shells, flints, and iron-ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness, to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place."

"It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue, with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:

"Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep.
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave."

Pope also composed this inscription, to be placed within the grotto:—

"Then who shall stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave,—
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill—
Unpolished gems, no ray in pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow,—
Approach: Great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold!
Approach: but awful! Lo! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul!

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor."

Concerning this plaything of Pope's, Doctor Johnson growled in this wise :—

"A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden; and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage."

Englishmen can afford to let the Ursus Major of their literature growl at Pope's vanity, when they consider that his grounds at Twickenham had a marked effect on English landscape gardening; that the Prince of Wales had his garden designed after that of Pope's; that Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure-grounds, received his best lessons from the Poet, and that England is indebted to him for the weeping willows that adorn its church-yards as emblems of Sorrow, or hang gracefully over its waters.

"But how did Pope get his willow?"

Be patient, my boy, and listen.

In that far-off country, in the East, where the "rivers of Babylon" flow, and the Weeping Willow flourishes, the delicious Fig abounds. From Smyrna, the famous old seaport in Asia Minor, vast quantities of dried figs have been annually exported during many centuries. In a box of this fruit a scion of a Weeping Willow was borne to England. That box had been sent to Pope by a friend who had lost his fortune by the bursting of the "South Sea Bubble," and was seeking another in the marts of traffic in the East. When Pope opened the box he found a small twig not attached to the fruit. He was then planting everything around his Villa at Twickenham. That little twig he carelessly stuck in the ground on the brink of the river close by the water-porch of the grotto. It was a spot fortunately selected, for it was a thirsty plant. It grew rapidly; and to Pope's delight it proved to be a Weeping Willow, of which travelers in the East had charmed him with descriptions. He carefully cultivated and cherished his treasure, when known, for he was the only possessor of such in all England. And so it became the progenitor of its race in the British Islands. The Poet lived to see it grow to the size of some upon which the Hebrews hung their harps on the banks of the Euphrates.

Sir William Stanhope purchased Pope's home at Twickenham after the poet's death, and he and his successors, Lords Mendip and Spencer, guarded the tree and all else that had been consecrated by that poet's care with great vigilance. When, in 1775, a twig was plucked from it and brought to America, and probably became the progenitor of all the Weeping Willows in this country, the one at Twickenham was a lordly tree. And when, early in this century, a titled Englishwoman uprooted it without any special motive, apparently, it was a giant among willows, and was almost as fantastically gnarled as the oaks of Windsor.

"Tell me, please, who brought that twig from Pope's willow to this country?"

Be patient, my boy, and listen.

Our country, divided into provinces as it is now into States, was once a part of that "realm of England." The English Parliament or Congress made laws for the provinces. The English monarch executed them. Duties were required of these American subjects, while corresponding privileges were denied them. They complained and were frowned at. They asked for justice, and were threatened. They rebelled, and armies were sent to enslave them.

That was in the year 1775, when American militia-men were the jailers of British troops in Boston, and the prisoners had no way of escape but by the sea. Experienced generals with gay young staff-officers selected from the families of the nobility and gentry, and experienced troops, came into that open ocean door with the expectation of stamping out the kindling rebellion in six weeks. The voyage and the land-service were regarded by those young men as no more than parts of a pleasurable holiday excursion. Some of them brought fishing-tackle with them for indulgence in sport in the waters of New England. Others came prepared to shoot buffaloes on the heights of Roxbury, Charlestown, and Dorchester, and to hunt alligators in the lagoons of the Mystic and the Charles. Others, more

warlike, expected to send home Indian scalps as trophies gathered in the wilds of Cape Cod; and others, of a more domestic turn, had prepared to take possession of confiscated lands of the rebels, become planters, and perhaps marry Indian princesses. All this after the six weeks of fun in dispersing the rebels and hanging the leaders had been enjoyed.

Alas! Disenchantment speedily followed disembarking. It was evident that work, not sport, was to employ the time of the young English dreamers, and that fishing, and hunting, and planting confiscated rebel lands, were likely to be remote incidents in their lives.

One of the young officers, an aide to General Clinton, who had dreamed of becoming the owner of an American plantation, had visited Twickenham just before his departure from England, and there cut a vigorous shoot from Pope's willow, for the purpose of planting it on his estate here. It was carefully wrapped, for the preservation of its vitality, in oiled silk. He was one of the disenchanted; and the willow twig made its way into American soil and took root there, not by the work of his hands, but in this wise:

Soon after those reinforcements reached Boston, and had tried to break jail by way of Bunker's Hill, Washington was in command of the Americans that hemmed in the prisoners upon the little peninsula. Among his aides was his step-son, John Parke Custis, a well-educated young man and polished gentleman in manners. There was frequent intercourse between the chief officers of the two armies under flags of truce, and young Custis was usually employed by Washington as the bearer of his communications. He became well acquainted with, and even attached to the young officer with the willow twig; and, a short time before the British evacuated Boston, in the early Spring of 1776, the disenchanted aide-de-camp presented that twig to young Custis as a token of friendly regard. Custis, then lately married, owned an estate in Abingdon, Virginia, which he visited soon after the American army withdrew from before Boston, and planted the twig near his house. It, too, grew into a tree as lordly in stature as its parent at Twickenham, and became, it is believed, the progenitor of all the weeping willows in America.

"Who told you so?"

The son of that aide of General Washington, the late venerable George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington House, Virginia, whom the Great Patriot adopted as his son. He told me the whole interesting story when, in the twilight at the close of a soft April day, more than twenty years ago, we sat near a child of the Abingdon willow, watching the light that was gently fading from Georgetown and the National Capital, and dimly shimmering on the still bosom of the Potomac before us.

And he told me more. He said that General Gates, who had been a subaltern in the British Army; who was a leading commander in the American Army of the Revolution, and was a natural son of Horace Walpole (whose beautiful estate of "Strawberry Hill" was near Twickenham), took great pains, in after years, to transplant from Abingdon to the entrance of the lane that led to his house on Rose Hill, in the then suburbs of the city of New York, two thrifty shoots that came up from the roots of the willow. These flourished and became stately trees.

I saw Gates's mansion burn to ashes in the spring of 1845. His pleasant lane, that led from the Harlem Road to his house, had then become Twenty-second street, and was being lined on both sides with a dense population, chiefly from Ireland. One of the willows at the entrance-gate, a grand-child of Pope's famous tree, long survived the transition of the neighborhood from country to city; and until a few years ago it stood on the corner of Twenty-second street and Third avenue, in New York, a broad and lofty tree.

"But didn't you read to us the other evening, in the newspaper, that some other man, whose name was mentioned, brought the first Weeping Willow tree to this country?"

Yes. But I think the person who said so was misinformed, because the story seems improbable. I will tell you why. It tells us that Doctor Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, Connecticut, who was the first President of Columbia (formerly King's) College, in New

York, when in England to be ordained a minister in the Anglican Church, saw Pope, who gave him some cuttings from his Twickenham willow; and that these were planted on the borders of the Housatonic River, and so became, "probably, the progenitors of all the weeping willows which are seen in that part of the country."

Now, Mr. Johnson, then a young man twenty-seven years of age, was ordained in England in the year 1723. Pope had then been at Twickenham nearly eight years. The "South Sea Bubble," as a great speculating scheme was called, collapsed in 1720–21, and involved in ruin a large number of families in England. It was after that time that Pope's friend, one of the victims, went to Smyrna, and in course of time sent to the poet the box of figs containing the willow twig, which could not have been more than six or eight inches in length. That might have been in the ground about a year when Mr. Johnson was at Twickenham—not longer—and cuttings could not have been taken from it then. Probably Pope was not yet certified of the real character of the little estray from the East. It was planted by the side of the water porch of that "subterraneous way and grotto" which he described as just finished, in a letter written to his friend Blount a year after Mr. Johnson was there, and in which no such planting is mentioned.

These circumstances, and the fact that no writer before the Revolution, so far as I know, in mentioning the natural productions of this country, refers to a Weeping Willow, incline me to believe that Mr. Custis gave me a true history of the introduction of that tree into the United States.

"You said Pope's old willow was destroyed by an Englishwoman."

Yes; and she also tore down his villa, and near its place built a very common sort of a house in appearance. She had a legal right to do so when she became the owner of the property. But hear how one of her countrymen, who visited the spot twenty-six years ago, spoke of the act:—

"The house of the poet was gone—ruthlessly pulled down by a lady,—Queen of the Goths and Vandals might she well be called; a lady of rank was she, and title; and the only object in this wanton piece of barbarism would seem to have been to demonstrate, by an overt act, how little of communion, sympathy, or feeling may subsist in the heart of some of the aristocracy of rank for the abiding-place of the aristocracy of genius. The house—that house which Lord Spencer thought it the highest honor to preserve and adorn, from respect to its great inhabitant—was leveled with the ground; the willow tree, also springing from the hand of the poet, as much one of his works as the *Messiah* or the *Windsor Forest*—whose pendent boughs overshadowed the silvery Thames—was pulled up by the roots. Of all that the poet loved or delighted to cherish, the grotto alone remains; not, however, as he left it; but still there is enough to enable us to recall the rest."

That "Queen of the Goths and Vandals" was Lady Howe—Baroness Howe—who purchased the estate in the year 1807. With a seeming determination to efface every memento of the poet, she also removed a small monument which Pope had erected on a little hillock, to the memory of his mother, whom he tenderly loved and cherished. His Willow, alone, was capable of reproduction. Its children survived the fury of the feminine iconoclast. She could not slaughter the innocents. Its descendants may now be counted by millions. Every Weeping Willow tree in England and America is a beautiful, poetic, living memorial of one of the most gifted of the English-speaking race.

My boy will never look upon the willow we planted this morning without recalling the tradition of its emigration from its native water-courses, the life of the man who cherished it in its new home, and the romantic story of its transplantation in America. And it is my earnest desire that its fellow-trees, these grand old hills, and these broad treasure-fields; this pure air and golden sunshine; the magnificent storms in summer and winter; the cloud-pictures and the stars may so impress him with a sense of their abiding blessings for soul, body, and estate, that he may never cease to regard them as the best ministers to his earthly enjoyment. Pope at Twickenham, cultivating his willow

and other trees, and shrubs and flowers, doubtless felt and comprehended a great truth when he wrote to a feminine friend :—

"The weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season, when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon ; and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, that I had rather see the sun than anything he can show me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it.

"I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow ; for I doubt not that God's works here are what come nearest to His works there ; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and quietest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven ; as, on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and detraction, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies."

Sweetly did our own dear poet, Bryant, with a similar feeling, call his loved one to the country he so delights in, after telling her of the songs of birds, and the south wind softly whispering "The Spring is here!" saying :—

"Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before these lays from the elm have ceased ;
The violet breathes by our door as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is our door-side queen ;
She pushes upward the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wiry prison in maiden's bower ;
No pampered bloom of the green-house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet lays of the early season,
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye ;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
The opening flowers, and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows green in the sun are waiting
Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks."

A FACE IN THE STREET.

Poor, withered face, that yet was once so fair,
Grown ashen-old in the wild fires of lust—
Thy star-like beauty, dimm'd with earthly dust,
Yet breathing of a purer native air ;—
They who whilom, cursed vultures, sought a share
Of thy dead womanhood, their greed unjust
Have satisfied—have picked and left thee bare.
Still, like a leaf warped by the autumn gust,
And driving to the end, thou wrapp'st in flame
And perfume all thy hollow-eyed decay,
Feigning on those gray cheeks the blush that Shame
Took with her when she fled long since away.
Thou soughtest life and wealth in the great city :
Thou findest death—not even the world's cold pity !

MY VOCATION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I.

It was not strange that people should say I married him for a home; I was homeless enough when he took me, God knows. Worn and tired, too, with years of teaching. It had been hard—harder than you can know. It had racked me, body and mind. It had tried me, soul and spirit, until at last I almost hated the sight of the high brick walls and heavy gate that made my prison; until at last I almost hated the faces of the children! All my youth went there, though I clung to it; all my beauty—if ever I had any. Nothing remained that could charm, unless it was my hair, heavy and dark and soft to the touch.

"Why do you not leave it? Why do you not marry?" friends would question me. They did not know—how could I tell them!—that I loved no one who asked me, until John came. And then, though they had urged it upon me, they whispered among themselves that I had married him for a home! Perhaps because he was years older than I. Perhaps—I did not know. It troubled me, and yet what did it matter, since *he* knew.

So I left the school. The great gate clanged after me for the last time, and I could have cried with joy. Then I went to be John's wife, and to take care of little Bennie; for he had been married before.

At first I wished it were not so. At first it gave me a pang to think of this woman who had been to him all I could ever hope to be—perhaps even more. When he asked me to be his wife, in the grave, quiet way that seemed even then so strong, so restful, he told me this. It was like him, the way he spoke of her—the young wife who had made his home so bright for a little time, and then had gone away, leaving this little child. It was as I would like to be remembered if anything should take me now from him. But I was new in my great possessions then. I was jealous of invasion or prior claim. And I cried that night when he left me because he had said, "It has been the one hope of my life to go away and meet her. Until I knew you, Esther, I did not think that anything but the child could hold me here. I should like to stay awhile now, to brighten your life a little if I can. But I do not ask you to help me to forget her. Help me to be more worthy to meet her."

Yes: it was a strange request, perhaps, and many women would not have taken the little he had to offer. But I would rather have had that one corner than the whole heart room of any other man. Still I did cry. When we went home from the church where we were married, the first object that met my gaze was her picture. I knew it must be she, though I had never seen her face. The tears sprang into my eyes. John saw them. "Esther!" he said, and the tone of his voice, like his face, was troubled and perplexed. And then I sobbed. I, who should have been happy this one day if never again! He was not impatient with my childishness, as many men would have been. He was disturbed and hurt only—most of all for me.

"You will not mind, in time," he said, gently, "but now—shall it be hung in Bennie's room?"—"Wait, John, wait." The blood surged in and out my heart. It took away my breath. I went away from him and stood before the picture. It was a sweet young face, younger than mine, with that pitiful look in the soft blue eyes that seems often a premonition of early death. John had told me about her. How happy and frolicsome as a child she was. But this was one of the saddest faces I ever knew. Did it cross her mind at that moment, poor young mother, that she was to go away and leave her baby and John? There came over me such a pity for her with the thought, such a shame of myself, that I caught Bennie in my arms and made a great vow with my face hidden in his curls.

"We will go to her some day, dear John," I said,—"Bennie and you and I," and there was never anything more said about moving the picture.

I think Bennie did not seem the same to me after that. My heart had warmed towards him from the first for his father's sake; but he was nearer, holier now—the little child whom God had intrusted to my care while

its mother dwelt with the angels. If I could only do by him as she would have done!

It was such a kingdom—that old house! I had laid aside my sceptre, but I had put on a crown. The street had crowded close against the door. The world could look in at the windows. But behind it, shut in by a crumbling wall, was an old garden, with crooked paths bordered by box that reached almost to my waist; with a couple of mis-shapen apple-trees that had somehow outgrown the limits of all apple-trees until they brooded over the whole place. They bore a glorious promise of blossoms in early summer, and later a scant fruition, specked and sweet to the taste. Over the wall and clambering upon the houses on one side, woodbine and dainty clematis ran wild, and under the shadow of the same old wall bloomed narcissus and sweet old-fashioned pinks.

And it was mine, all mine! my home, where John and I would live, please God, for long, happy years. Where we would die. When he had gone away to his work and Bennie was building wonderful fairy castles upon the floor, I used to walk the length of the low sunny rooms, repeating the words to myself. Once, Dolly—my one maid—came upon me suddenly as I paced the upper rooms.

"Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, Dolly, no;" I said. "I have *found* it." And so I had.

I sewed or read or taught little Bennie when I had arranged the affairs of my kingdom; sitting in a low chair by the window. Sometimes the people hurrying by glanced in. I wondered if they knew that I was John's wife; that this was my home—my very own! Sometimes when the school-bell rang and the children crowded the sidewalk, I would seem to hear again the dull drone of the scholars over their lessons. Again with tired feet I would pace up and down the familiar room. The world would narrow to those four high walls, and life seem only a burden—to be rolled off at last. Then, with my face laid close to Bennie's, he would wonder at my sudden tears.

II.

THREE years of the peaceful life that I had planned—then John fell ill. And, the door once opened, troubles of which we never dreamed flocked in. He was not like to die; but week after week he lay quite still or crept about the house. He even gained slowly after a time. But he could not hope to work for months to come, and some craft of men, some wickedness of which I need not tell, seemed about to pull our house down about our heads, and make us beggars. Then, as if we were not desolate enough, peace went. I could not rest day or night for the question—what should we do? What should *I* do? To go about the house day after day in the old accustomed ways—to sit long hours pushing a bit of steel through endless seams;—all this I did; but oh, I was wild with anxiety and alarm.

I had put Bennie into his bed and read him to sleep one night, as usual. Some simple story it was, forgotten now. I only know it touched my heart, and bore me for the moment beyond my cares. When I had finished and the child slept, that poem of Uhland's floated into my mind:—

> There is a land where beauty will not fade
> Nor sorrow dim the eye;
> Where true hearts will not shrink or be dismayed
> And love can never die.

I said the words over softly to myself as I paced the floor. Through the half-shut door I could see John lying upon the sofa dimly outlined in the darkness; but with a ray from the gaslight outside falling across his white face, and touching his thin gray hair. Was there nothing I could do to help him!

Then it came to me—my vocation! I could read. I had had a gift of recitation from a child. At one time I had even given some attention to elocution, with a hope of something better than my dull school life. Other women took to the platform, why should not I? Was it helpfulness for John that made me strong with the thought, or was it the sudden mighty uplifting of forgotten ambitions?

To some, prophecy. To some, speaking with tongues. To me—this; strange that I should not have thought of it before! The German poem dropped from my lips and my thoughts. I went out, and kneeling down

by John, told him all my desire—my hope. I remember how dark and still the room was. How that one ray of light touched the girl's face upon the wall. I fancied it seemed less sad to-night. Yes; I could help him. Surely she must rejoice!

"It was a girl-dream of mine," I said at length, laying my hot cheek on his. "It is a gift, given me I never knew for what, until now."

He did not speak. Did it pain him that I had dreams unfulfilled? Oh, it must not!

"You see, John," I began again, "it is like—like—. Let me tell you a story, as though you were Bennie: Once upon a time there was a little spring that burst out of the earth. Oh, such a little spring as it was, dear! And it was years ago. No one thirsted. No one saw it but one. So this one laid over it a stone, and it dried away and was forgotten!" Something wet lay on John's cheek. Oh, he must not think I was sorry at the sealing up of the fountain! "And when it dried away (are you listening, dear?) even the place was forgotten, because all manner of pleasant plants grew over it. Not weeds; but lilies, like those that bloom in our garden in the summer. And *heart's-ease*. Yes; most of all grew *heart's-ease*, quite hiding the spot where the little spring had been.

"And after a long time the earth was dry and choked; but no one remembered the spring until a careless hand—a little hand like Bennie's—pulled away the stone, and the waters poured out—a flood! Oh, John!" I cried, "it is this desire of mine! Let me try! there is nothing else that I can do."

"You can do? But it must not come on *you*. Only be patient awhile longer. Only wait. I shall be out soon now. Have patience, Esther. Yes; it is hard, I know; harder than doing; but mine is a brave girl!" he said, stroking my hair.

I drew my head away. Something like willfulness stirred in me. "Only *wait!*" I could not. I would not.

"John, I cannot!" I wished the words back. Yet I would not recall them. He put me aside, and rose up. I could not see his face, though he stood in the window. His back was towards me.

"So you have set your heart on this, Esther?"

"Yes, John," I answered faintly.

"When I married you I hoped to make your life an easier one than it had been." His voice trembled over the last words.

"O, John!" I crept close to him. I laid my head against his arm. One moment more and I should have spoken. "I will do anything that seems best to you," I would have said. He gave a little sigh. I fear with that he laid away many hopes and all the plans that he had formed.

"I will help you, if I can."

I raised my head quickly. "Do you mean—"

"Yes, dear; you may try."

I clung about his neck, and laughed and cried together.

"Even if I have to go away from you a little while," I said at length. "You'll trust me, John?" He turned my face to where the light fell on us both. I had never thought him handsome until then. "Trust you! Trust my wife!"

And that was all he said.

III.

So one night I made my trial. How it was brought about, no matter here. Helping hands for good or evil are always ready if one but wills.

All the dizzy lights blurred into one as I crossed the platform. All the nodding heads became a mass of terror indistinguishable. My hands were ice. My jaws were locked. The arm I essayed to move was held as if by iron weights.

When this chaos had slowly resolved itself into cold expectant faces I could have fallen. I could have died there, but for the eager pained eyes that met my own, the worn face, whiter than mine, I knew so well. I could not fail with John before me! One swift thought of him, of Bennie, and my mouth was opened.

Then all the flush and warmth that I had thought gone with my youth came back to me. The faces before me were as clay. I moulded them with my hands. I breathed into them the breath of life. A brief moment

and it was over—the hour of intoxication and triumph. Followed by the chairman of the lyceum committee, waited upon by some of the dignitaries of the town where I had read, I retired to the ante-room. They were courtly, gracious gentlemen, and when John with his dear eager face all aglow stood in the doorway, I noticed for the first time that he was bent about the shoulders—that he dressed in an old-fashioned way.

"Ah, your father," exclaimed one of the gentlemen who held my shawl. There was something more than surprise in the stare that followed the words. It brought all that was good in me to the surface. I walked straight across the room and put my hand into his arm. They to judge of John! "It is my husband, gentlemen," I said, as they hastened to congratulate him upon my success.

"Well, John," when we had left them and were on our way home. I was not satisfied yet; I desired that *he* should praise me. "Did I do well?"

"Oh, very well;" and though we were out in the darkness I was sure he smiled on me. I felt it in his voice, but my vanity still craved something more.

"Were you not surprised?"

"No; I always knew you could do anything you tried." It struck me that there was an echo of sadness to his voice. How could it be when I was wild with excitement and delight!

"Do praise me, John. Tell me that I was pretty to look at, that I succeeded as no other woman ever did!" And then I astonished him by bursting into tears. We were on the train going home. The lamps over our heads had flickered and gone out. I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. There was a taste as of ashes to the apples I had grasped.

He soothed me. "My good girl," he said. I remembered afterwards how, when others turned my silly head with praise of the beauty that came back to me, with praise of my talents and success, I was to him "My good girl who is trying to help her husband." Faint praise, I thought sometimes. But I knew afterwards that it was the one anchor that held me, as it was the one reminder of what I had striven to do.

Of course my home was no longer now my world; no longer first in my thoughts even. I realized this with a pang sometimes. I saw John one day fingering the leaves of the ivy that had made our parlor so bright through all the long winters. It had run in a kind of revel over the windows. It had perched itself upon the top of the pictures, and thrust its shoots out from every corner. It was dead now. I had forgotten to tend it. I made as though I did not see him when he touched it, and when he had left the house I tore it down. I had no idea the room could seem so bare as it did when the grasp of the dead fingers was loosened.

And yet no one could say that I neglected my home. It was well kept and orderly. Nothing was gone but the charm of love, and that is—everything! Suddenly, too, I realized that Bennie was six years old. Almost a man, I told him. So I did not hold him in my arms, or tell him stories any more. Indeed, he did not ask it after a while; but when I walked the floor and read aloud, as I did every day now, he would steal away into a corner with some old toy held tight in his little hands, and stare out at me with wondering, almost frightened eyes. It was John who comforted him when he was hurt in these days, into whose arms he crept when the shadows fell at night, while I—oh, I won golden favors of the world.

IV.

"HERE is a round of engagements for you." It was the bristly-haired little man presiding over that place of destiny, the lyceum bureau, who spoke. I had called at the office by request.

"But where?"

"Oh, West; the best field for a novice. It is a six weeks' tour."

Six weeks! I must think of it. I must talk it over with John.

The agent stood before a desk, sharpening a pencil. He cut it carefully but briskly to a point while I pulled at the glove in my hand, and did not speak.

"Sorry to hasten your decision," in that rasping tone so confusing to women unused to the sudden combinations and hasty con-

clusions of business—"but there is a lady in the next room who will take it if you do not. You have only to sign your name here," designating the spot with his finger.

His words whistled through my head like the wind. I was thinking my own thoughts. The desire to give it all up, to creep back into the old happy life, to be hid from the world, rose strong in me. There was no longer any necessity for my work. John's health had come back to him. Our troubles had flown away as they came. My pride fought with this desire.

"Let me think of it a moment." He shrugged his shoulders, but with a "Certainly, madam," returned to his desk.

I was weary from my long walk. I was trembling with nervous excitement. For an instant everything in the room seemed rushing by. I put out my hand and clutched the window-sill. I leaned my head upon it and did not try to think. Only to wait until the roar —did it come up from the street?—had ceased. When everything was stilled—even to my heart—I said to it, "We will not go;" and then there came a thought of him who buildeth a tower and counteth not the cost—of him who putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back. I took up the pen and wrote my name. Then I came out into the street feeling as though I had bound myself with chains.

I almost hoped that John would forbid my going. I almost hoped he would blame me when I told him what I had done. But he did neither.

"I have thought of Bennie and of you," I said. But I could not meet his eyes, for mine would fill with tears. Try as I might, I could not blot out the picture of John and Bennie here alone through all the long winter evenings—of the lack of comfort, the possible contingencies of sickness and death!

But no; I would not think of it. I was called to a higher sphere; I had answered the voice. I had put my hand to the plow. I would never look back.

"There is Dolly," I went on, in the cold, hard tone of attempted composure that sounds so much like indifference. "She knows my ways. She is faithful, and six weeks will soon pass."

Oh, how endless and dark they stretched out before me, even as I said the words!

"Do you really desire to go?" There was a great pleading in John's voice. I hardened my heart against it.

"Yes;" but the word struggled in my throat.

"Because you know you need not; and—and we shall miss you. Shall we not, little man?" He bent over Bennie, who leaned against his knee.

"She's gone away," affirmed Bennie, in that slow, solemn tone peculiar to children, and without looking at me.

"No;" said John, "but we shall be very lonely if she does go."

"She's gone away," reiterated the child, and he was right.

V.

THE applause still rang in my ears. I could hear the rustle and tread of the crowd, the hum of voices as it retreated. I had read in the theater of a Western city, and now in the green-room awaited the carriage that was to take me back to the hotel.

It was a pretty tiring-room—fitted for some star, doubtless—all white and gold, with lilies upon floor and hangings, with lily cups upon the chandelier that lit up the mirrors, where I could see repeated again and again my weary face. A soft white shawl, a meshed lace-like head-covering, a pair of gloves, a bouquet—I had thrown them all down beside me, and lying back in the depths of an armchair, waited.

"You are tired to-night," said the gentleman upon the divan opposite, as he consulted his watch.

"Yes! More tired than I can tell," I answered, closing my eyes. He left me a moment.

"It was a stupid mistake of mine," he said when he returned. "I should have ordered the carriage earlier."

"Pray don't disturb yourself. It will soon come, I don't doubt."

"If I could bring you any thing. Let me see, there should be—yes; there is some wine here." He unlocked the cabinet as he spoke and took out a decanter. I shook my head. John and I held queer old-fashioned notions.

"But I insist," he said; "you must take it. You are ill."

He poured out the wine. I drank it down.

"Strange that we should have met here to-day," he said. "I've never once seen you since—Don't mind; I forgave you long ago. I kept your letter too—the tenderest saying of a *no* man ever had from woman."

"Pray don't speak of it. Why bring up what has been years forgotten?" My face was warm and conscious, I knew; though I tried to speak coldly. Perhaps it was the wine—it burned in all my veins. Perhaps it was the flowers. How strong their perfume was!

"Why not? I ought to have overcome any pain I had years ago. And you—you never cared, you know."

I felt his eyes upon me; but I would not open mine. It came to me like the far-off stretching out of hands, that I ought to rise and go away; that it was not good for me to be here. I tried to think of home. I tried to think of John, from whom I had heard nothing now for many days; but both were vague and indistinct. Nothing was real or near to me but the heavy perfume of the flowers and the face of this man watching mine. He had been walking the room as he spoke; as he came near now he leaned over my chair. He bent down and touched my hair—the hair that John nad stroked!

I started to my feet. There came to me at that moment such a vision of my home, such a vision of my husband—not handsome or fine in dress as this man; but strong and true of soul!—as no woman ever had before!

"I want to go home." I gathered up the wraps lying at my side. The flowers fell to the floor. What were the sickening, sweet things to me?

"And so you shall," he answered in a light tone as he laid his hand upon my shawl.

"I want to go home to *John!*" and this time I did not fear to meet his eyes. His hand fell from the shawl. Without a word he turned and led the way down the narrow stairs to the street. The carriage was waiting.

At midnight I was on my way home.

With my face once set, I could have flown, had wings been given me. I could not bear with the slow motion of the train—the slow drag of time. Sleep I could not. Was it the wine that burned so like fire within me? that brought strange fancies as the night wore away? I clung to the seat, laughing aloud, as we fairly bounded over the road. I could have shouted my delight as with face pressed against the window-pane I watched the dizzy, spark-lit darkness rushing past.

Through all the next day I seemed to sleep and dream. Still we went on; but now I had ceased to care. Some one spoke to me. It was a woman, gentle-faced and young. Bennie's mother, I thought, and yet I knew she was in heaven.

"You must be ill?" she said.

"Oh no; I'm going home—to John!" and then I slept again.

It was dusk when I crept up to the house. When I pushed open the heavy door I did not heed the darkness within. It was a pleasant shade. I seemed to have been walking under a scorching sun, though my feet were crusted with snow. I groped about the rooms, searching for something—I had forgotten what: I stole up the stairs. There was a dim light, a little form that lay quite still in Bennie's bed, a figure bending over it, the face hidden by the thin gray hair. I remember—no; I remember nothing more.

VI.

It was pleasant, and soft, and cool—this somewhere where I lay. I would open my eyes. Oh no; not yet. I would think. My heart gave a great bound. The eyes opened of themselves, and there was John's dear face, smiling down upon me, and Bennie's little hands creeping into mine.

I think I know how the son felt whose father met him while he was yet a great way off. Oh, when they put the ring upon his finger how it must have shamed his soiled hands! And when they hung the chain about his neck how it must have weighed him to the earth! And when they set before him the fatted calf killed in his honor, how the first morsel must have choked him!

"I am not good enough to be your wife," I sobbed; "let me take Dolly's place."

But John comforted me.

UNWEDDED.

Oh, thou beloved, who shouldst have been mine own,
Serenely beautiful and wise and strong,
Consoler whom my life has never known,
How have I missed thee, seeking thee alone
All my life long?

Somewhere upon the wide and misty track
I strayed behind, or did not wait for thee;
And so must always mourn my bitter lack,
For on this weary road we go not back.
Ah, woe is me!

Often, with sorely burdened heart and mind,
When there were none to aid or understand,
How have I groped with tears, alone and blind,
In the thick darkness, longing but to find
Thy helpful hand!

For I believed that Love is doubly armed
Against all woes, and with unshaken breath
Could pass through pain and suffering unalarmed;
Could take up poisonous things and not be harmed,
And dare even death.

"And how shall Love, immortal and sublime,"
I said, "be hindered of its best estate
By any petty chance of space or time?"
Alas! my life has lost its freshest prime,
And still I wait.

How beautiful our mingled lives had been,
Had we but found each other in our youth!
The world had grown, despite its stain and sin,
Sweeter because we two had lived therein
Our utter truth.

Then all the myriad ills which Fate contrives
Wherewith to fret men's hearts, to us had been
But motes along the sunshine of our lives;
Naught could have harmed us, since the true soul thrives
By discipline.

Then this unending toil and ceaseless toss
Had never marred my life; the hindering load
Of worldly circumstance, of gain or loss,
Had seemed to us but cobwebs, stretched across
Our upward road.

Where art thou, love? Far as the farthest pole
Hast thou, too, vaguely dreamed of what should be?
Or, mated early with some feebler soul,
Hast struggled with thy bonds in grief and dole,
Longing for me?

I had been more than all the world to thee,
So proudly tender, so entirely true,
So wise and tireless in my ministry,
More dear than any other soul could be,
All my life through.

Alas! the sun's last glimmering has kissed
The highest mountain-tops to gold; and now
The crimson west has changed to amethyst,
And all the vale is dim with chilly mist,
But where art thou?

Too late! too late! the darkness gathereth,
And the night falleth, pitiless and dumb;
I cannot reach thee with this hopeless breath;
But when I walk the other side of death,
Wilt thou not come?

A VISIT TO THE "GREAT YO-SEMITE."

Our preparations for visiting the Great Yo-Semite Valley were of the most pioneer description. The only portion of our outfit on which we prided ourselves was our stable. The greatest of luxuries, a really good saddle-animal, is easily obtained in California. Everybody rides there; if you wish to create a sensation with your horsemanship in the streets of San Francisco, you must ride ill, not well. All honor to the Spaniards, Greasers, and Mixed Breeds, for having planted the noble idea of horsemanship so firmly in the country that not even street-railroads can uproot it, and that Americans who never sat even so little as an Atlantic State's pony, on going there presently take to the saddle as if "to the manner born."

Pilgrims to the Yo-Semite go by two or three different routes, but we shipped ourselves from San Francisco by steamer to Stockton. The distance from Stockton to Mariposa is about ninety-five miles; a line of stages is running, at moderate charges, on alternate days; fenced ranches, and wide, open, rolling plains diversify the scene as we go along.

Here and there you find an isolated herdsman or a small settlement dropped down in this not unfruitful waste, and several times you come to a hybrid town with a Spanish *plaza*, and Yankee notions sold around it. We went the distance leisurely to Mariposa, stopping here and there to sketch and botanize; besides, we were dragging with us what they call in Jersey a "carry-all," a wagon obtained second-hand in Stockton, in which we carried our heavier outfit till we should get our extra pack-beasts at Mariposa, and to which we had harnessed, for their first time, an implacable white mule with an incapable white horse, to neither of which was the other's society or its own new trade congenial.

Mariposa being an excellent starting-point to the Yo-Semite Valley and the Mariposa grove of mammoth trees, it is likely to become a place famous in history and the note-books of travelers.

To serve our party (which numbered eight, —five gentlemen and three ladies) we secured a man and a boy. Regarding the former, perhaps the more truthful assertion would be that he secured us; for, as will shortly appear, though we bought his services, he sold us in return! He was a meager, wiry fellow, with sandy hair, serviceable-looking hands, and no end of self-recommendations. As he said he had been a teamster, and knew that soup-meat went into cold water, we rushed blindly into an engagement with him, taking him for better or for worse.

The boy we obtained near Mariposa. At fifteen years, and in jackets, he was one of the keenest speculators in fire-arms I ever saw; could swap horses or play poker with anybody'; and, take him for all in all, in the Eastern States, at least, I shall never look upon his like again.

We are soon in the Mariposa grove. Who can picture, in language or on canvas, the thrilling and intense surprise when the eye first looks upon this marvelous scene! Long vistas of forest shades, formed by immense trunks of trees, stretch far away: now arched by the overhanging branches of the lofty Taxodiums, then by the drooping boughs of the white-blossomed Dogwood; while one hears ever the mysterious moaning and whispering of the great pines and firs.

I have not met a single person this side the continent who believes the literal truth which travelers tell about these marvelous giants. People sometimes think they do, but that is only because they fail to realize the proposition. They have no concrete idea of how the asserted proportions look.

We rode through one tree, a distance of a hundred and fifty-three feet. A group of these trees is appropriately called "The Graces." One mighty tree that had fallen by fire and been burned out, into which we walked for a long distance, we found to be inhabited; a grizzly had made his nest there. In the language of another, "The mightiest tree that has yet been found now lies upon the ground, and, fallen as it lies, it is a wonder still; it is charred, and time has stripped it of its heavy bark, and yet across the butt of the tree, as it lay upturned, it measured thirty-three feet without its bark; there can be no question that in its vigor, with its bark on, it was forty feet in diameter, or one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. Only about one hundred and fifty feet of the trunk remains, yet the cavity where it fell is still a large hollow beyond the portion burned off; and upon pacing it, measuring from the root one hundred and twenty paces, and estimating the branches, the tree must have been four hundred feet high. We believe it to be the largest tree yet discovered."

Leaving this spot, for some twelve miles farther on a series of tremendous climbs tasked us and our beasts to the utmost, but brought us by noon to a lovely green meadow, walled in on one side by near snow-peaks. Now on the last stage of our pilgrimage, we were nearly on a plane with the top of the mighty precipices which wall the Yo-Semite Valley, and for two or three hours longer found the trail easy, save where it crossed the bogs of summit-level springs. Plunging into the thick forest, our dense leafy surroundings hid from us the fact of our approach to the valley's tremendous battlement, till our trail turned at a sharp angle and we stood on "Inspiration Point."

Fanciful as that name had appeared, we found it then only the spontaneous expression of our own feelings. We did not so much seem to be seeing from that crag of vision a new scene on the old familiar globe, as a new heaven and a new earth into which the creative spirit had just been breathed. I cannot give vision utterance.

We stood on the verge of a precipice more than three thousand feet in height—a sheer granite wall, whose terrible perpendicular distance baffled all visual computation.

There faced us another wall like our own, —how far off it might be we only could guess, —a wall like our own, but, as yet, we could not know that certainly, for of our own we saw nothing. Our eyes were spell-bound to the tremendous precipice, which stood smiling, not frowning at us, in all the serene radiance of a snow-white granite Boodh,—broadly burning, rather than glistening, in the white-hot splendors of the setting sun. From that sun, clear back to the first trace of purple

twilight flushing the eastern sky-rim—yes, as if it were the very butment of the eternally blue Californian heaven—ran that wall, always sheer as the plummet, without a visible break through which squirrel might climb or sparrow fly—so broad that it was at first faint-lined, like the paper on which I write, by the loftiest waterfall in the world—so lofty that its very breadth could not dwarf it, while the mighty pines and Douglas firs along its edge rose mistily from the granite lid of the Great Valley's upgazing eye. In the first astonishment of the view we took the whole battlement at a sweep, and seemed to see an unbroken sky-line; but as ecstasy gave way to examination, we discovered how greatly some portions of the precipice surpassed our immediate *vis-à-vis* in height.

First, a little east of our off-look, there projected boldly into the valley from the dominant line of the base a square stupendous tower that might have been hewn by the diamond tools of the genii. Here and there the tools had left a faint scratch, only deep as the width of Broadway and five hundred feet in length; but that detracted no more from the unblemished four-square contour of the entire mass than a pin-mark from the symmetry of a door-post. A city might have been built on its granite flat top. And, oh! the gorgeous masses of light and shadow which the falling sun cast on it,—the shadows like great waves, the lights like the spumy tops and flying mist thrown up from the heaving breast of a golden sea! In California, at that season, the dome of heaven was cloudless; but I still dream of what must be done for the bringing-out of "Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah's" coronation-day majesties by the broken winter sky of fleece and fire! The height of his precipice is nearly four thousand feet perpendicular; his name is supposed to be that of the valley's tutelar deity. He also rejoices in a Spanish *alias*,—some Mission Indian having attempted to translate by "El Capitan" the idea of divine authority implied in Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah.

Far up the valley to the eastward there rose high above the rest of the sky-line, and nearly five thousand feet above the valley, a hemisphere of granite, capping the sheer wall, without an apparent tree or shrub to hide its vast proportions. This we immediately recognized as the famous Great North Dome. Between Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah and the Dome the wall rose sometimes into great pinnacles and towers, but its sky-line is far more regular than that of the southern side, where we were standing.

But I will hasten on. To describe more fully the valley at this point, the intermediate crests and pinnacles which topped the perpendicular wall of the North Dome, as it stood within our vision like the teeth of a saw, clear and sharp-cut against the blue sky; to try to delineate the plumb-line uprightness of these mighty precipices, to describe this scene further would consume too much space now.

The Great South Dome, I believe, is generally spoken of in the masculine gender, but native tradition makes it feminine. Nowhere is there a more beautiful Indian legend than that of Tis-sa-ack.

Far below lies a sweep of emerald grass turned to chrysoprase by the slant-beamed sun. Broad and fair just beneath us, it narrows to a little strip of green between the butments that uplift the giant domes. Far to the westward, widening more and more, it opens into the bosom of great mountain ranges,—into a field of light, misty by its own excess, —into an unspeakable suffusion of glory, rising from the phœnix-like pile of the dying sun. Here it lies almost as treeless as some rich old clover-mead; yonder its luxuriant smooth grasses give way to a dense wood of cedars, oaks, and pines. Not a living creature, man or beast, breaks the visible silence of this inmost paradise; but for ourselves, standing at the precipice,—the great world petrified, as it were, rock on rock,—might well be running back in stone-and-grassy dreams to the hour when God had given him as yet but two daughters, the crag and the clover. Earth below was as motionless as the ancient heavens above, save for the shining serpent of the Merced, which silently trailed along the middle of the grass, and twinkled his burnished back in the sunset wherever for a space he glided out of the shadow of the woods.

To behold the promised land proved quite

a different thing from possessing it. Only those who have had such a journey can understand how much like a nightmare of endless roof-walking was the descent down the face of the precipice. A painful and most circuitous dug-way, where our animals constantly had to stop, lest their impetus should tumble them headlong, all the way past steeps where the mere thought of a side-fall was terror, brought us in the twilight to a green meadow, ringed by woods, on the banks of the Merced.

Here we pitched our first Yo-Semite camp. Horses and mules were dismissed to the deep green meadow, with no further qualification to their license than might be found in ropes seventy feet long fastened to deep-driven pickets. We soon had a roaring fire and something to eat, after which we selected a cedar-canopied piece of flat sward near the fire for our bed-room, and, as high up as we could reach, despoiled our fragrant *balldacchini* for the mattresses, which were sweet enough to rest upon.

During our whole stay in the valley we made it our practice to rise early, take breakfast, — we generally had game, — next the horses (even the mules were "horses" here) were brought up from picket; then together or separately we rode away whither we listed.

But, our man! Our stores began to fail. One morning we equipped him with a horse, a pack-mule, and sundry commissions, bidding him good speed on the trail to Mariposa. He was to return in five days. On the morning of the seventh one of the party started either in pursuit, or to meet him on the way. We were getting ominously near the bottom of our flour-bag. In five days more the gentleman returned, leading an extra mule loaded with reinforcements; but our traitorous "man" we saw no more.

Five miles farther up this valley we came to the Yo-Semite Fall proper, but, in the Indian, "Cho-looke." By geological survey this fall is credited with the astounding height of twenty-eight hundred feet! In the spring and early summer no more magnificent sight can be imagined than is obtained from a standpoint right in the midst of the spray, driven, as by a wind blowing thirty miles an hour, from the thundering basin of the lower fall. At all seasons "Cho-looke" is the grandest mountain waterfall in the known world.

Near here is also another fall called "Po-ho-no," or "The Bridal Veil." As "Tis-sa-ack" is a good, so is "Po-ho-no" an evil spirit of the Indian mythology. The savage lowers his voice to a whisper and crouches tremblingly past "Po-ho-no;" while the very utterance of the name is so dreaded by him that the discoverers of the valley obtained it with difficulty. This fall descends in an unbroken sheet of nearly a thousand feet perpendicular, thus being the next in height among all the valley cataracts to the Yo-Semite itself. Its name of "The Bridal Veil" is very appropriate; for, to one viewing it in profile, its snowy sheet, broken into the filmy, silvery lace of spray, and falling quite free of the brow of the precipice, might well seem the veil worn by the earth at her granite wedding—commemorating the one-thousandth anniversary of her nuptials. Near by stands a nameless rock, three thousand feet in height; and yet another, called "Sentinel Rock," a solitary truncate pinnacle, towering thirty-three hundred feet.

A lovely place in the valley is the shore of Lake "Ah-wi-yoh," a crystal pond of several acres in extent, lying right at the mouth of the narrow strait between the North and South Domes. What a spot here by this tranquil water for an artist! Such a play of color! Our artist friend rose at dawn and worked solely for the love of his art. After passing the great cleft eastward, we found the river more enchanting at every step. We were obliged to penetrate in this direction entirely on foot, clambering between squared blocks of granite dislodged from the wall beneath the North Dome, any one of which might have been excavated into a commodious church, and discovering, after a reconnoissance of five miles, some of the loveliest shady stretches of singing water, and some of the finest minor waterfalls in our American scenery.

Our last camp was pitched among the crags and forests behind the South Dome. We were compelled, in some places, to squeeze sideways through a narrow crevice in the rocks, at imminent danger; in others we became

quadrupedal, scrambling up acclivities with which the bald main precipice had made but slight compromise. We went on and on, but look where we would, impregnable battlements hemmed us in. Oh, mighty Yo-Semite! Higher still might we see, glittering like diamond lances in the sun, the eternal snow-peaks themselves.

BLIND.

All the looks those eyes can cast
Must on precious faces fall.
O Remembrance! fix them fast—
Pictures on the inner wall.

What can move him more than this?
Sons and daughters from afar
Bring their youngest, lest he miss
Seeing what their treasures are.

None too soon. Poor yearning eyes,
All their seeing has been done!
But the inner light shall rise,
That shall be the blind man's sun.

Little Mary, grandpa's pet,
Softly climbs upon his chair.
Oh! how close a child can get
Without breaking in on prayer.

Lips are moving close to hers,
And though large eyes open wide,
Yet she neither speaks nor stirs,
Since she's found a place to hide.

'Twixt his bowed head and the breast
She has wedged her golden hair,
On his silver locks to rest,
Casting added glory there.

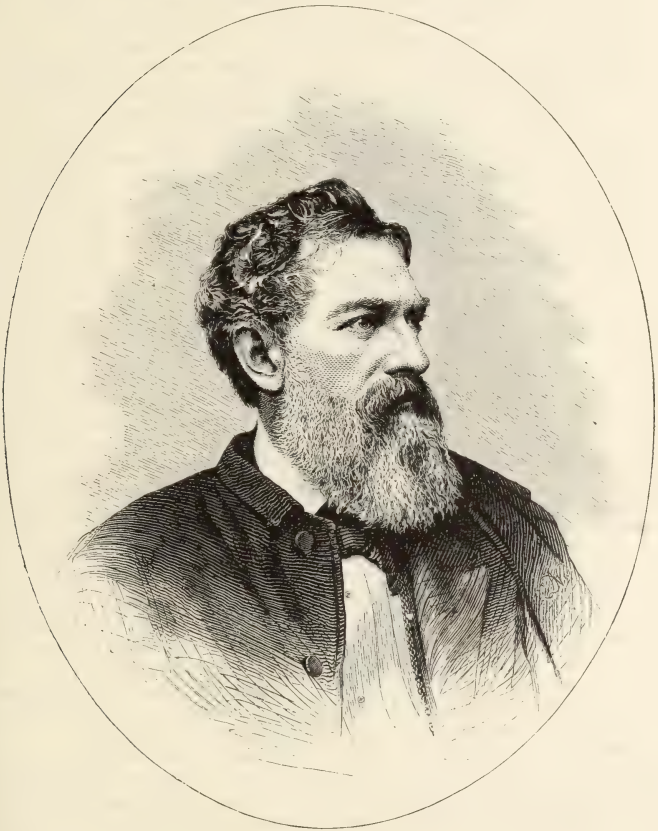
Lying there so quietly,
Mary hears her own sweet name,—
Looks up eagerly to see
For what end the summons came:

Thinking not, though she'd been told,
Of a some one gone before,
Whose dear name she has in hold,
For whose sake she's loved the more.

Blind, all blind, yet, little one,
To a Mary he can see
Do these prayerful whispers run,
Though he loves you tenderly.

LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS.

NO. II.



HENRY PETERS GRAY.

HENRY PETERS GRAY, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

Few men have attained reputation and easy circumstances with so little apparent effort as the subject of the present sketch—Henry Peters Gray,—at this writing the President of the National Academy of Design, and ranking fairly among the first of living portrait painters.

Mr. Gray is the son of George W. Gray, a New York merchant, and grandson, on his mother's side, of Mr. Harry Peters, whose farm forty-five years ago, later the site of Vauxhall Gardens, embraced many acres east of Broadway, the homestead occupying the position of the dwelling now opposite the New

York Hotel. Mr. Gray was born in 1819, in Greenwich street, which contained the residences of the wealthier merchants of that day, sharing favor only with State street and Bowling Green. He finished his education at Clinton. His love of art developed soon, for we find him exhibiting at the Academy in 1839, when he was but twenty years old. On this occasion he exhibited five pictures—four portraits and one composition, "Le Chapeau." Immediately after his election as an Associate he visited Europe, accompanying Huntington and Ver Breick on the voyage. In Europe he remained some eighteen months, studying assiduously and returning with many evidences of his industry and of the rapid development of his talent as an artist. In 1842 he was elected an Academician, and before the close of that year had completed seventy-five paintings. So much at least in evidence of the working energy so characteristic of him.

In 1843 he married Miss Clark, a lady of kindred tastes, and to-day a leader among our woman artists and President of their Association.

After his marriage Mr. Gray visited Boston, and painted numerous portraits there. In 1845 he went a second time to Europe to study, accompanied this time by his wife. He studied closely the works of the old masters in the famous galleries and chapels of Rome and Florence, making copies of them and painting original compositions, many of which were highly valued then and are still much esteemed. In Rome his second son was born. He returned to New York in 1846. From this time until 1861 he worked indefatigably, gaining reputation steadily and taking an active part in the affairs of the Academy, being frequently a member of its Council. During this period, although his chief labor was portrait painting, he painted a large number of important compositions, classic, historic, and *genre*. Among these may be named his "Immortality of the Soul," and "Our Father who Art in Heaven," painted in 1847; "Wages and War," "The Apple of Discord," and "Repose," in 1849, the last named being exhibited in England in 1851. In 1854 he painted the "Wood Spirit;" in 1856, "Hagar and Ishmael;" in 1858, "The Anointing," "Roman Peasants," "Pride of the Village," and "Building of the Ship;" in 1860, "Susannah," "Charity," and "Venus and Paris." Add to these and other compositions of less note three hundred and eighty portraits, and Mr. Gray's claim to genius, on the score of industry alone, is indisputable, surely.

In 1861 he was elected Vice-President of the Academy, in place of the venerable Chas. C. Ingham. This office Mr. Gray held until the election of 1870, when he was chosen President, on resignation of Mr. Huntington. He contributed two paintings to the Paris Exposition of 1867, the "Venus and Paris," and "Pride of the Village," above noted.

As Vice-President of the Academy, the same indomitable energy characterized his labors for the benefit of that institution. Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gray were the originators of the Fellowship Fund, to which the Academy owes its material prosperity. Of this fund he still continues Treasurer.

Important among the artist's compositions, more recent than those named, are his "Origin of the American Flag," "America in 1862," "Portia and Bassanio," "St. Christopher," "Geneviève," and "Cleopatra." But, as we have already said, his later years have been chiefly occupied in portrait painting, his work being highly esteemed for general delicacy of treatment and purity of color. A good example of his best qualities as an artist is his cabinet "Portrait of an Old Lady," at the Spring Exhibition of this year.

Mr. Gray is a man of noticeably fine physique, massive head, well-cut features, and a keen, if somewhat restless eye. He unites, in a rare degree, the artist and the man of the world. His sensitiveness is no barrier to his progress; he believes in work and does it, in his studio and out of it, and proceeds to conclusions with determination. The honors conferred on him by his brother Academicians are the legitimate reward of his faithful labors as their Associate and of his great industry and talent as an artist.



J. Q. ADAMS WARD.

J. Q. ADAMS WARD.

WHO will gainsay us when we boldly state it as part of our belief, that had there not been a good bank of clay near the old saw-mill at Urbana, thirty years ago, Chatfield, the potter, would not have settled there, but would have gone farther on? "What then?" Just this: that America would have had to-day, in all probability, one sculptor less—and she has none too many who deserve the name. For in Urbana, at that time, was the home of Farmer Ward, whose boy Quincy was nearing the age of twelve, and tall and strong enough, for his years, to suggest the material for a sturdy farmer. And a farmer Quincy would have been no doubt, but for the genius which was in him, the bank of clay we spoke of, and the potter Chatfield.

And how it came to pass that the farmer's

son became a sculptor is what we have sat down to tell. It is a simple story, yet one full of interest and inspiration,—the history of him whose latest work—his statue of Shakespeare—is ranked amongst the first of modern works of art.

John Quincy Adams Ward was born in Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, on the 29th day of June, 1830. His father, the inheritor of three hundred acres, and a man of culture, was thoroughly appreciative of the value of a good education, and did the best by his children that the place afforded. Quincy distinguished himself less in school than out of it, however. He had acquired a village reputation, the envy of his playmates, long before he awoke the jealousy of his classmates. For the potter's shop had been his favorite haunt, and here he had acquired a skill at modeling which astonished the older heads, and was a fruitful source of pleasure to the younger. The potter's work had a charm for him which even play had not. It was a rare delight to him to see the shapeless clay develop into graceful form in the workman's hands. He was in his glory when he was permitted to handle the plastic stuff and "make something." The clay bank—the store-house of the potter—was near the homestead, and here, during all the pleasant months, had Quincy a workshop of his own, of which he did not fail to profit. Some of his early efforts at creation were ambitious ones. Churches, saw-mills, and whole villages of people fashioned he, to the wonder and delight of all the lazy rogues who came to watch him. It was here the potter first saw Quincy's work. As a matter of course he became his friend and patron, and gave him the freedom of his workshop. Here in every leisure moment Quincy reveled among the clay, and learned to turn pots with skill, preferring the job immeasurably to the pursuit of vulgar fractions. Here he acquired his first knowledge of tools less primitive than his fingers, and, in early proof of his skill in using them, he ornamented some pots with bas-reliefs, which called general attention to his work, and gave him undisputed rank among his comrades ever after. A *chef d'œuvre* at this time was his representation of a train of cars, then rather a novelty to the western villagers. Even the potter, who was something of a critic, could afford to admire this effort, and, as the height of *his* ambition for the young artist, suggested that he should be sent to Cincinnati to learn toy-making. "*There is money in that business*," quoth the potter.

But Cincinnati had no attractions for Quincy, nor had the money of *that* business. His father had no decided views as yet about the future of the boy, nor did his success in modeling suggest any. On the contrary, the family rather disliked Quincy's weakness for the clay. But there was time enough, he was but entering on his teens. And so Quincy continued to attend his school, and to potter away his leisure hours, making clay figures of men on horseback, cattle, and whole theaters occasionally, which he traded off among the village boys for toys of their making or their purchase.

Like all imaginative children, our young artist was passionately fond of reading; but, luckily for him, he had not the privilege of too many books. He had, however, a library in a single work—his father's *Cyclopædia Britannica*. In this he read of drawing, modeling, and of Michael Angelo Buonarotti. Here he had his first revelation of the possibilities of Art, and henceforward his thoughts began to shape into more definite purpose, and his desire to grow stronger that one day he too might become a sculptor.

Quincy was not the only member of the family with artistic tastes; hence he had sympathy and encouragement at home. His sister had learned to make wax-flowers, as was the fashion with young ladies, more then than now,—and hereby hangs a tale. For upon this wax-flower making the young modeler had often cast a hungry eye. He had longed to attempt a statuette in wax, and here was the material for his purpose. Wax could be had for flowers; but in the quantity and quality for figure-making, that was another affair and not to be spoken of. It might be thought about, however, and brooding thereupon begot the ways and means. Somehow the wax disappeared mysteriously from the sister's box, and found its way into Quincy's hands.

Having no vulgar prejudice against color, and being economical of scraps, in a few months he found himself in possession of enough material for his figure. But he had no model. To steal *that* by piecemeal was impossible; so he had to content himself with reference to engravings and occasional consultation of his own proportions, which we may presume were delicate enough at fifteen to suggest, in some degree, the fairer ones of the Venus non-comeatable.

This work, as you may presume, had to be done in secret; hence was it the labor of many months. A shady spot in a distant field was the artist's workshop, where, day after day, he labored to give form to his ideal of female beauty, hiding his statuette in the grass, when too late to work longer at it, to return to it again upon the morrow. It disappeared one day. The artist was in despair, and it is presumed gave some hint of the nature of his loss at home; for although he found the figure some days afterwards in the long grass,—where he himself had placed it, doubtless,—it soon after disappeared, this time to return no more. This was his last great effort at Urbana.

Quincy was sixteen years old when he was taken from school that he might help upon the farm. He tried hard, he says, to content himself with the dull routine of farm life; but, as a farmer, gave promise only of ignominious failure. His heart was not in the work, and the struggle of duty with inclination was most painful. He did his best, however, for three years, but grew more and more discontented daily. His unspoken wish was still to be a sculptor, but there seemed no outlet now from his farmer's life. A change came at last. Seeing how unhappy he was in his effort to reconcile himself to his work at home, it was proposed by the family that he should study medicine; and for a brief time he gave himself to this, thereby educating himself unconsciously for his future work, by becoming familiar with the anatomy of the human form. Whilst thus engaged his health gave way, and during his illness his sister, who lived in Brooklyn, visited her father's home. She expressed her anxiety about Quincy's future, and asked him to tell her of his troubles. He was too timid and too hopeless then to suggest his wishes, but the kind woman got to the bottom of his heart before she left, and promised him her help. She would call on H. K. Brown, whose studio was in Brooklyn, and whom she knew well.

Faithful to her promise, and accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Thomas waited upon the sculptor Brown, then rising into fame. He gave her but cold encouragement for Quincy; told her that the artist had a hard road to travel, and that success was not always at the end of it. So she wrote to her brother: "If you think you have genius of the highest order, then you may come on and study." He didn't think he had, poor fellow, so buried his hopes once more, and tried to work on manfully in the rough harness of his country life. But the effort cost him dearly. He fell ill again; and at the fall of the year most gladly accepted his sister's invitation to visit her home in Brooklyn. This was in 1849. Soon after his arrival his sister asked him to call at Brown's studio with her; but at first he refused to go,—his ambition had all but left him. Ultimately, however, he was prevailed upon to pay the visit, and was duly introduced to Mr. Brown, by whom he was received in the kindliest way.

Here for the first time he saw the "properties" of a sculptor's studio—the blocks of marble and heaps of clay, the modeling tools and other necessities of the art. One young man was cutting at a block of stone; another was fashioning clay into some desired shape. Ward thought he could do this or that, even as he saw it done, and his courage grew. It was a revelation of the processes of artistic labor, which inspired confidence and awoke ambition once again!

Before leaving, Brown told him to get something and copy it. He might tell him then whether or not he had sufficient talent for a sculptor in him. With this advice, and with kind, encouraging words from the sculptor, all of which Quincy as tenderly stored away, our young aspirant left the studio of the master.

It was not long, you may be assured, until something was found to copy—a cast of the Venus de Medici, such as was readily obtain-

able, then as now, for a few shillings, of the Italian figure-venders. With his old love for the nude, and his intuitive perception of the beautiful, Quincy thought little of the difficulty in the task thus self-imposed. He only knew that this Venus was a pretty thing to copy, and he carried the stucco beauty to his sister's home in triumph. Another journey and he returned with clay from the potter's, —then set to work.

His model finished, he carried it to the sculptor's. Brown was out; but he found no lack of approval of his effort from the men and boys who were at work. He left his Venus for the master to see when he returned. In a few days he called again, with beating heart. The sculptor expressed his gratification, said some flattering things, and ended by offering to take Quincy as a pupil. Ward went to work at once, and remained with H. K. Brown for nearly seven years.

He speaks in the most grateful way of the master's kindness, of his most excellent counsel, and of the encouragement he ever gave him; nor is he stinted in his admiration of the sculptor's genius and of his thoroughness as a teacher. With Brown he learned not only to model in clay, but in wax likewise; to set up large figures, also to cut in marble and to work in bronze. In all the mechanical work, in fact, he received the most thorough drilling.

Quincy began as a paying pupil, but before the first year was out he was receiving wages for modeling. He then felt that he must stand alone, and that the struggle of his life had begun indeed.

During his stay with Brown, the sculptor received his commission for the equestrian statue of Washington for Union Square, New York. At this Ward worked as a skilled assistant.

When Mr. Brown left Brooklyn, which he did about the close of Ward's seventh year as his pupil, the latter continued to occupy the studio, where he received commissions for portrait busts and other work, more or less routine in character. While here he also made his first studies for the "Indian Hunter," the Pioneer Simon Kenton, and several other compositions. But it was still up-hill work as far as money-getting was concerned, and our artist was yet unknown to fame.

In 1859 he went to Washington, and modeled several busts there. Just about this time the Art Commission to superintend the decoration of the Capitol was appointed. The young sculptor dared to hope that there was some chance for him, and made several designs which he submitted to the Commissioners, but nothing came of them. His time in Washington was not lost, however, even if he knew "the proud man's contumely," "the insolence of office," and "the spurns which patient merit from the unworthy takes,"— which we do not say he did, whatever we may think about it. Certainly *he* makes no complaint. On the contrary, he has a grateful remembrance of the patronage he received; for while there he made busts of T. P. Hale, Joshua Giddings, Alexander H. Stephens, and others. His bust of the latter was not finished, however, until some time after, when he visited Mr. Stephens in his home in Georgia, and there completed it. Here also he made copies, in bronze, of his statuette model of the Indian Hunter, which were flatteringly received and well paid for. This was the first appearance of this design, and its reception encouraged him to essay the life-size figure on his return to New York. He did not return that year, however, but spent the winter in Columbus, Ohio, where he modeled a bust of Governor Dennison.

In New York again, in 1860, Ward rented a studio in Dodworth building, where he was chiefly occupied during that year at portrait busts, giving all his spare time to study. During the year following he made an engagement with Messrs. Ames & Co. to model designs for presentation swords for them exclusively. This was fairly profitable work, for the demand for these costly gifts was good during the early portion of the war. Among his designs were those for swords for Admiral Foote and General Oglesby. The mountings of these swords were of solid gold, and they cost each about $3,000. During this year he made a study for his figure of the Freedman, and during this and the following he made busts of Rev. Dr. Dewey, Dr. Mott, Dr. Webster, and others. This was

a season of hard work and of but limited income; but the time was nearing, fruitful of reward for all this patient toil and noble effort. Ward was elected an Academician in 1863. He now felt that it was due to himself to make a struggle to set up his Indian life size, but he saw the necessity of special study for the work before commencing it in earnest. So, as soon as possible, and even then at no little sacrifice of his means, he left for the Northwest, where he spent several months among the Red men, studying their habits and making wax models of them, which have since been pronounced marvels in truthful delineation of form and character.

It was not until 1864, therefore, that "The Indian Hunter" was finished in the clay. The artist felt that on its reception, favorable or otherwise, his immediate future in a great measure must depend; so he spared neither thought nor labor to realize his ideal.

It was exhibited in plaster at the gallery of John Snedicor, on Broadway, where, as all interested in the growth of art and acquainted with its later history know, it received an enthusiastic reception from art lovers generally, and won unqualified admiration from the critics. It was exhibited here but a few days when the proposition was made, by several of our wealthy citizens, to purchase it for the Central Park.

In the mean time Ward, thus warmly encouraged, proceeded to have the statue put in bronze, at his own expense. The work was finished before the opening of the Paris Exposition in 1867, and the sculptor, who in the mean time had agreed to the terms of purchase, was permitted to send the statue to Europe for exhibition. Its exposition there did our country honor, and confirmed the artist's reputation and his right to rank among the first of living sculptors.

And now it was no longer the struggle for bread or reputation; both in the future were well assured. Orders came in beyond the artist's ability to execute. The Academy had already conferred the fullness of its honors.

Whilst the Indian, in plaster, was still on exhibition in the Broadway gallery, Mr. Belmont, the banker, gave Ward a commission for the heroic statue of Commodore Perry, since executed in bronze, and erected at Newport on a temporary pedestal: the elaborate work on that intended to support it being even yet unfinished. Of this pedestal, however, we shall speak hereafter.

About the same time that he received this important commission he received one also for his "Good Samaritan," designed to commemorate the discovery of ether as an anæsthetic, since erected on a pedestal illustrated with bas-reliefs in the Public Garden at Boston.

On the return from Paris of the American works of art exhibited there, they were placed in the National Academy, conspicuous among them the Indian Hunter. At the close of this exhibition the statue passed into the hands of the Central Park Commissioners, by whom it was placed in the position it now occupies, west of the south end of the Mall, near the Marble Arch, where it is pointed to with pride as the first unmistakable expression of American art in sculpture—American in subject, by the son of a western farmer, the pupil of a native sculptor—a work thoroughly unconventional in treatment, bearing no impress whatever of the influence of a foreign school, an indigenous expression of the New World's genius.

Soon followed the commission for the statue to commemorate the bravery of the Seventh Regiment of the N. Y. S. N. G., a heroic figure in bronze, some time since completed by the artist, but yet to be erected in the Park. Before the completion of this commission, the statue of Shakespeare for the Park was talked of, and for this Ward made several designs, one of which was approved of by the Commissioners. To execute this work a larger studio was necessary, and as our artist was now comparatively wealthy, and the future looked fair indeed, he purchased the site on Forty-ninth street near Fifth avenue, where he erected a home for himself and for one who, during the long years of his trials, had sustained him as a woman's loving, hopeful nature only can sustain. Here also he built his studio, in the rear of his dwelling-house, and prepared to put his noblest thought in the colossal shape in which it is to be given to

the people. There was but little to wish for now, save that the future should fulfill the promise of the present; and there was no cloud above all the broad horizon. But, alas! the storm was near which was to make this fair home desolate. His wife died after a brief illness. That this was a bitter loss all felt who knew this noble lady. Her influence on the artist's thought and work was known to all who knew him. A woman of rare mental gifts and exalted nature, she inspired his thoughts and supported him in his labors. No sacrifice was too great that aided his advancement.

Devoted to her husband and to his glorious art, her faith was inexhaustible; her courage never failed. To her clear and wholesome criticism he owes much of his success; to her woman's tenderness he owes it that his dark hours were but few in the least hopeful of his days of struggle.

It was in 1869 that Ward began his work on the Shakespeare statue, of which the praises of the critics to whom it was exhibited in plaster but a few months ago, still echo in our ears. This statue was to have been unveiled on the 23d of April last—the anniversary of the Poet's birthday—but the bronze was not finished in time. So we shall probably have to wait until the same date of next year.

The sculptor is now at work upon a colossal figure of General Reynolds, who was killed on the field of Gettysburg, whereon this monument will be erected. He also works, at intervals, on the bas-relief of the pedestal for the Perry statue, illustrating the important events in the life of the great Commodore.

As this is the age of figures, we would never be forgiven if we omitted a seasoning of them to give our story spice,—and so we throw in a handful. For his first great success, "The Indian Hunter," Ward received $10,000; for his plaster model of "The Good Samaritan," $5,000; about $17,000 will pay him for his figure of Commodore Perry and the pedestal; $23,000 was his commission for the Seventh Regiment Statue, and $20,000 for the Shakespeare. So adding to these sums those paid him for his minor works,—his group for the Equitable Insurance Company, now on its way here from Rome, where it was cut; his numerous portrait busts and designs,—it will be seen that Ward has worked industriously for his reputation, and, as the figures show, to profitable end.

A brief description of the man, for the sake of those too far removed to meet him, for he is accessible to all who court his kindly presence, and our task is done.

Ward is somewhat above the middle height, with the form of an athlete and the grace of movement of one. He is fair, in features Celtic rather than Saxon, reddish-yellow beard close cropped, and pendulous moustache in shade to match. His manner indicates the high-strung nervous temperament; he talks rapidly and well, as one with whom words, at best, but ill translate the plenitude of thought, and yet are never fashioned to disguise it. His conversation has the rare charm of thorough earnestness. He neither waits to choose the better word, nor shapes his phrase conventionally. You know more of him in an hour than you could of most men in a lifetime. His world is one of good fellows generally; he talks about it as he finds it, and helps to elevate one's standard of average human nature.

Ward was elected Vice-President of our National Academy in 1870, and re-elected this year. He is closely identified with all progressive movements in the Academy, where his advice is sought and prized.

AN AMERICAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE DESIGNS SUBMITTED BY WM. H. BEARD.



MAIN ENTRANCE.

"To use an expressive Americanism," says Mr. Jarves in his *Art Thoughts*, "Central Parks *pay*. So do National Museums, as that city will discover which is the first to found one on a Central Park scale of organization and administration." This is not the noblest way of looking at such a subject; but it is at any rate worth while to inquire what proportion of the populace can be attracted by a museum which shall be not merely a collection of curiosities, but a school of the very highest culture. Mr. Jarves gives some curiously interesting facts about the visitors to the famous galleries of Europe, though accurate statistics are unfortunately not attainable. At the museums of the Louvre and Versailles, 300,000 francs are realized annually from the sale of catalogues, which are not bought by one visitor in twenty. Before canes and umbrellas were admitted with their owners, 100,000 francs were taken in one year from their deposit at the doors. At the current fee of two sous each, this sum would represent 1,000,000 persons who brought these articles with them. A vast majority of the visitors to such places are always strangers, the Parisians themselves not furnishing one-tenth of the whole number. The statistics of the British Museum give corresponding results. Certain continental towns, especially in Italy, may almost be said to live on their art collections, for they have little other support than the travelers whom these collections attract. "Were one of our towns to own a great museum, visitors would flock thither from all parts of the Union in such numbers as would soon repay its outlay, and

leave it, as it were, a free gift to posterity, with a prolific income for the benefit of the citizens at large."

The Central Park, being a free pleasure-ground, can have no direct income, but in a single generation it will nearly repay the city all that it has cost. To say nothing of the enhanced price of the lots immediately around it, whatever adorns and improves the city as a whole, whatever makes New York pleasanter for a permanent residence and more attractive as an occasional resort, must add to the value of every house in it. We are beginning already to realize how much the Central Park has done for us, and to appreciate the importance of the arts and elegances of life, judged even from the low stand-point of the vulgar money-getter. When therefore it was recently proposed to found in this city a great Museum of Art, which should hold at least as high a place among the famous collections of the world as our Park is to hold among the public gardens of modern times, the project was soon recognized as practical. The first report of the Committee to whom the preparation of the scheme was intrusted, expressed a fear that an undertaking so difficult and costly might be opposed as visionary. "If the ideas of the Committee," said these gentlemen, "appear at a first view to be on too large a scale, and to involve an expenditure for which the public mind is unprepared, whether as a private or a public undertaking, they would refer to the analogous case of the Central Park, and ask, How many persons, five years before it became a fact, would have supposed it possible to realize that magnificent project on the scale and with the completeness we now see? The institution which we hope in due time to see equally successful calls for no such vast means, but contains within itself possibilities of equally extended usefulness." But the fears of the Committee were not justified by the event. The people have accepted their ideas with something like enthusiasm, and the opening of the Museum is now only a question of time—and a very short time at that.

The foundation of such a work is not often the realization of any one man's scheme. It is the fruit of much general preparation, and often of some crude experiment; and the historian of art may deem himself fortunate if, in awarding the glory for such an enterprise, he be not called upon to decide the conflicting claims of several independent founders. Perhaps when the Metropolitan Museum of Art shall have taken its rank among the great galleries, we may puzzle ourselves with vain efforts to determine whose enthusiasm gave it the first impulse, and whose intelligence presided over its plan. The public is satisfied now with knowing that the scheme came to light at a meeting of the Union League Club, early in 1869, and was matured by a committee of that body, embracing several well-known artists and gentlemen prominent in other walks of life. It is not generally known, however, how the subject was first brought to the notice of the Club. The printed report of the Executive Committee only informs us that the suggestion came from a letter written by "some American citizens in Paris" to Mr. John Jay, then President of the Club. Those citizens were Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, and Mr. Bowles, one of the well-known bankers. The letter was referred to the Art Committee, consisting at that time of George P. Putnam, J. F. Kensett, J. Q. A. Ward, W. Whittredge, George A. Baker, Vincent Colyer, and Samuel P. Avery. By their recommendation a meeting was held in the Club Theater on the 23d of November, 1869. Mr. Bryant presided. Professor George F. Comfort delivered an address on the subject of Art Museums, and explained the feasibility of founding one in New York. A committee of fifty eminent citizens was chosen to draw up a scheme of organization. And finally, on the 31st of January, 1870, the "General Committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art" was organized, with John Taylor Johnston for President, and a long list of other officers, representing the best culture of New York. The Committee was afterwards enlarged. A sub-committee was charged with the practical management; there were numerous meetings and consultations; a great deal was done by the personal efforts and solicitations of the gentlemen most deeply interested in the project; and so in a few months the work was fairly in hand. The difficulties seemed more and more formidable the closer

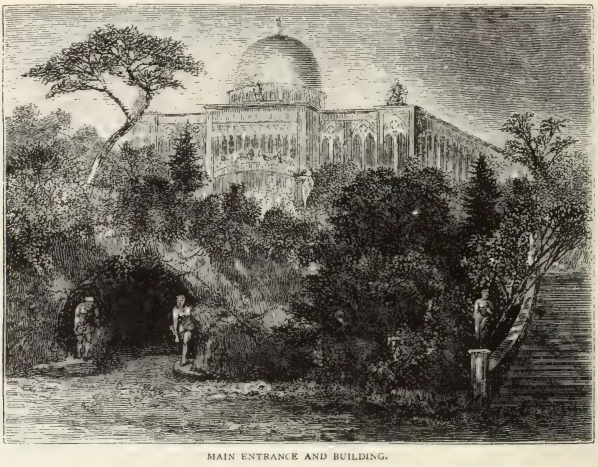
they were examined, and the great difficulty of all was of course to get the money. Even the erection of a suitable building would cost a fortune; for the building itself ought to be the chief feature of one of the most important departments of the Museum—the best example of architectural art which America was capable of producing. It was decided, first, to invite subscriptions from the rich men of the United States, the payment of $1,000 to constitute any one a Patron of the Museum, $500 to found a Fellowship in perpetuity, and $200 to establish a Fellowship for life. Secondly, an appropriation must be asked from the Legislature as soon as the voluntary subscriptions reached a respectable sum. Thirdly, a Loan Exhibition was proposed, if it should seem on investigation that a fair profit could be obtained from it with little risk.

The subscription list grew longer and faster than even the most ardent friends of the Museum expected. Already the contributions from this source amount to about $250,000, and when the Committee went to Albany with a request that the Legislature would now vote some of the people's money for what was so clearly a means of popular education, they could show that private munificence had done its full share. The result was one of the most magnificent appropriations ever made at one time for the encouragement of art,—we do not say by an American legislature, but by any government in the world. Half a million of dollars was set apart for the erection of the Museum building, with the condition that the expenditure should be under the control of the Department of Public Parks. An equal sum was voted at the same time for a Museum of Natural History.

As the matter now stands, the Governor, the Mayor, the President of the Department of Parks, the Commissioner of Public Works, the President of the National Academy of Design, and the President of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Archi-



SECOND ENTRANCE.



MAIN ENTRANCE AND BUILDING.

tects, are ex-officio members of the Board of Trustees; and the gentlemen upon whose good judgment the choice of an architect and the character of the building chiefly depend are Mr. P. B. Sweeny, the President, and Judge Hilton, the Secretary, of the Department of Parks. The manner in which the Central Park has been managed during their term of office, and the cordial support which they have given to the very competent architect of that beautiful pleasure-ground, Mr. Jacob Wrey Mould, encourage us to hope the best results from their co-operation with Mr. Johnston, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Putnam, Mr. Detmold, Mr. Blodgett, and other representatives of the original promoters of the enterprise. It should be understood, however, that the gift from the State in no wise obliges the private contributors to accept whatever plans the agents of the State may adopt. The purchase of statuary, pictures, and other works of art, the arrangement of the Museum, the rules of exhibition, are altogether under the control of the Committee, and if they be not satisfied with the building provided for them, they are at liberty to withdraw their funds and seek hospitality elsewhere.

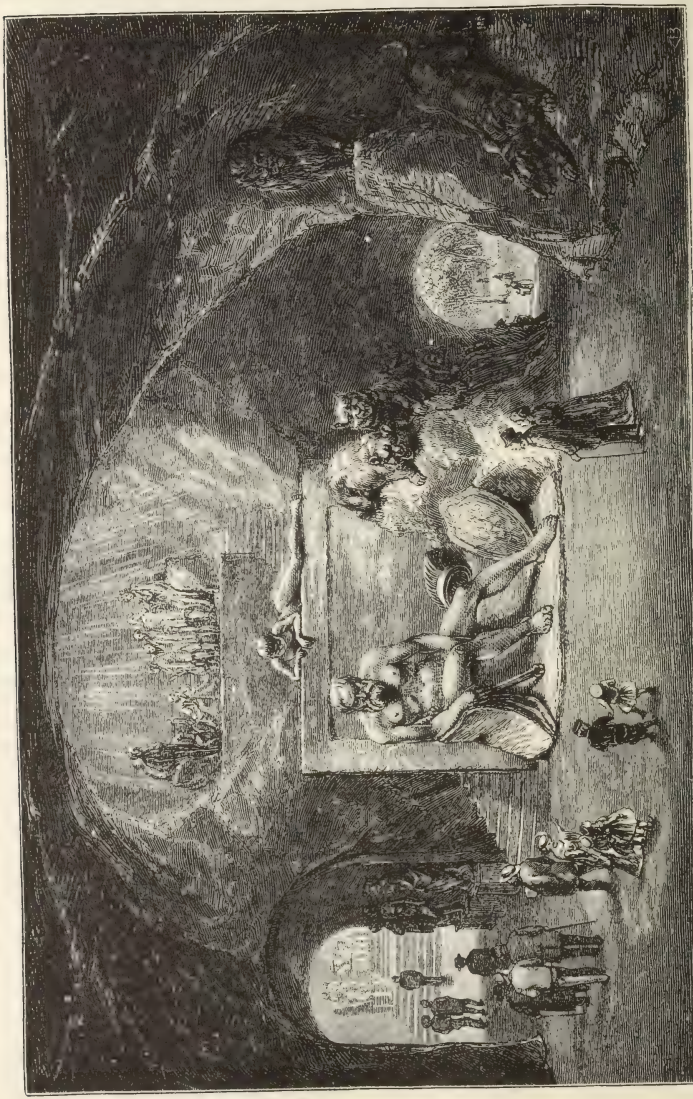
The site has already been selected. Manhattan Square, that rough, broken piece of ground on the west side of the Eighth Avenue, between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first street, opposite the lower end of the smaller Receiving Reservoir, is to be devoted to the Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History, and workmen are now clearing the land. Besides the approach from the street, there will be an entrance from the Central Park by means of a subterranean passage under the Eighth Avenue.

But while one party of artists and connoisseurs has made so much progress, another has been working towards the same end with very fair prospects of success, making no public appeals, but getting the co-operation of liberal patrons of art, and looking after certain collections which may be bought when the proper time comes. Mr. Albert Bierstadt is one of the chief leaders in this movement; Mr. William H. Beard is another. Mr. Beard, however, seems to have been the first in the field, and some important parts of his scheme for a museum were put upon paper long before the meeting at the Union League Club, whose results we have just been tracing. Several years ago the late Mr. Henry Keep purposed devoting some of his wealth to the foundation of an Art Gallery, and it was for him that Mr. Beard first sketched the remarkable plans which we have chosen to illustrate this article.

Entering heartily into the views and aspirations of his friend Bierstadt, he has since completed the rough draughts of the Keep Museum, and laid them before the enthusiastic coterie which, without State help, or even recognition, is laboring so earnestly for the æsthetic culture of the people. Let us say at once, however, that between the Metropolitan Museum Committee and the leaders of what, for want of a better name, we may call the Beard movement, there is no hostile rivalry. They originated independently and thus far they have worked independently, but there is no reason why they should not come together after a while and unite their efforts for a common cause. Neither has yet developed its plans in full, and it may be found that both are tending towards precisely the same objects by nearly the same road.

The essential feature of Mr. Beard's design is the underground approach, and how closely that accommodates itself to the scheme of a Museum on Manhattan Square we need not pause to explain. In one of the views which we have engraved, the elevation of a building is seen in the background, but this is a mere fancy sketch, added by the artist to show the relation of the gallery and its approaches, and not intended as an architectural plan. Let us assume that Mr. Beard's suggestions are adopted by the Committee. The assumption we know is perfectly gratuitous, for the Committee has not even considered the drawings, and only two or three of its members have seen them; but for the sake of convenience we take their adoption for granted. Entering the Museum from the Park, we find, somewhere near the Eighth Avenue wall, the opening of a wide and well-ventilated tunnel. Vines and shrubbery hang over the arched entrance. On either side stands a colossal stone figure: Ignorance, with threatening aspect, and Superstition, with repulsive mien, barring the avenue to æsthetic culture. Passing these grim giants, we find ourselves in an irregular and slightly tortuous subterranean roadway, with rough-hewn rocky sides—not a mere straight gallery, for Mr. Beard borrowed the idea from neither a railway tunnel nor a prim arcade. In the obscurity of this passage, symbolical of the rude origin of art, huge carven forms of beasts glare upon us from the shelving rock. The whole way is lined with figures, typical of the difficulties to be overcome before the student enters into the real enjoyment and comprehension of the beautiful. In the distance is seen a light ante-chamber, where another colossal figure, a benign old man, who may represent perhaps the guardian genius of the place, sits by a staircase, surrounded with fragments of ancient armor. The recumbent image of a naked youth looks upon him from above, and strange animals crouch upon the rocks by his side. Here the visitor finds himself at the portals of Art. The winding steps at the back of the old man lead to an elevated gallery of statues, effigies possibly of the famous characters of recent times. A tablet of stone bears the names of the founders of the Museum, and beneath it Time lies sleeping—a delicate intimation of the immortality of fame which will reward the gift of a thousand dollars or so to the Museum. Various passage-ways branch off from the room. One, guarded by grotesque antediluvian animals of immense size, leads out to the open air, and through it there gleams a vista of trim lawns and waving trees. Another mounts by broken flights of steps to galleries of sculpture, and so into the Museum proper.

Mr. Beard, it will be seen, has turned to account, in this design, his well-known taste and skill as a delineator of animal life, but it is not for these curious forms alone that his work has interest and value. It solves the problem of the subterranean entrance, which is not a mere freak, but a matter of convenience. It is almost essential that an entrance should be provided from the Park, and it can only be done by a pathway underground. Mr. Beard shows how this passage can be made an important adjunct to the Museum—quite as good in its way as any department of the building to which it leads. It will suit any style of architecture, any arrangement of the collections, and any kind of ground, for the necessary rock can of course be had elsewhere, if nature has not put it where it is wanted. Mr. Beard has also observed the historical order of the arts. Architecture, indeed, is the earliest of all, but it is to the Mu-



THE APPROACH TO THE ART MUSEUM.

seum building itself that we must look for our only specimen of that art. Sculpture comes next, and our designer meets us at the very threshold with specimens of the successive schools, from the representation of natural objects up to the realization of ideal forms, and the embodiment in marble of the purest poetic conceptions. From sculpture we pass on to painting and to the minor arts of design, such as pottery, mosaic, ornamental work in metals and textile fabrics, and the many other branches that must be embraced in any great art collection.

But whether this peculiar scheme be followed or not, the Museum is soon to be built, and the work of collection will quickly follow, —nay, in an indirect way, has already begun. If a loan exhibition should be decided upon, private collectors will be urged to lend their treasures for a few months, and dealers will doubtless contribute some things, with the understanding that they may be removed if they find a purchaser. A sub-committee reported some time ago in favor of such an exhibition, and a little inquiry proved that the value and number of the works of art in the country which would probably be available for such a purpose were unexpectedly great. There are rich collections of paintings, both ancient and modern; there are collections of rare engravings, of fine old wood carvings, of engraved gems and enamels, of porcelain, of tapestries, of oriental art; and there are some excellent sculptures. Enough of these might be brought together, not indeed to form a complete historical museum of art, but at least to make a deeply interesting exhibition, and to give a fresh stimulus to the public desire for a grand permanent gallery. The country is ripe for it, and we have no hesitation in predicting that all the money which may be wanted can easily be obtained.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 316.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TAPESTRY.

HAVING heard what I was about at the Hall, Charley expressed a desire to take a share in my labors, especially as thereby he would be able to see more of his mother and sister. I took him straight to the book-rooms, and we were hard at work when Clara entered.

"Here is your old friend Charley Osborne," I said. "You remember Miss Coningham, Charley, I know."

He advanced in what seemed a strangely embarrassed—indeed rather sheepish manner, altogether unlike his usual bearing. I attributed it to a doubt whether Clara would acknowledge their old acquaintance. On her part, she met him with some frankness, but I thought also a rather embarrassed look, which was the more surprising as I had let her know he was coming. But they shook hands, and in a little while we were all chatting comfortably.

"Shall I go and tell Mrs. Osborne you are here?" she asked

"Yes, if you please," said Charley, and she went.

In a few minutes Mrs. Osborne and Mary entered. The meeting was full of affection, but to my eye looked like a meeting of the living and the dead in a dream—there was such an evident sadness in it, as if each was dimly aware that they met but in appearance and were in reality far asunder. I could not doubt that however much they loved him, and however little they sympathized with his father's treatment of him, his mother and sister yet regarded him as separated from them by a great gulf—that of culpable unbelief. But they seemed therefore only the more anxious to please and serve him—their anxiety revealing itself in an eagerness painfully like the service offered to one whom the doctors have given up, and who



IN THE ARMORY.

may now have any indulgence he happens to fancy.

"I say, mother," said Charley, who seemed to strive after an airier manner even than usual—"couldn't you come and help us? It would be so jolly!"

"No, my dear; I mustn't leave Lady Brotherton. That would be rude, you know. But I dare say Mary might."

"Oh, please, mamma! I should like it so much—especially if Clara would stop! But perhaps Mr. Cumbermede—we ought to have asked him first."

"Yes—to be sure—he's the foreman," said Charley. "But he's not a bad fellow, and won't be disobliging. Only you must do as he tells you, or it'll be the worse for us all. *I* know him."

"I shall be delighted," I said. "I can give both the ladies plenty to do. Indeed I

regard Miss Coningham as one of my hands already. Won't Miss Brotherton honor us to-day, Miss Coningham?"

"I will go and ask her," said Clara.

They all withdrew. In a little while I had four assistants, and we got on famously. The carpenter had been hard at work, and the room next the armory, the oak-paneling of which had shown considerable signs of decay, had been repaired, and the shelves, which were in tolerable condition, were now ready to receive their burden, and reflect the first rays of a dawning order.

Plenty of talk went on during the dusting and arranging of the books by their size, which was the first step towards a cosmos. There was a certain playful naïveté about Charley's manner and speech when he was happy which gave him an instant advantage with women, and even made the impression of wit where there was only grace. Although he was perfectly capable, however, of engaging to any extent in the *badinage* which has ever been in place between young men and women since dawning humanity was first aware of a lovely difference, there was always a certain indescribable dignity about what he said which I now see could have come only from a *believing* heart. I use the word advisedly, but would rather my reader should find what I mean than require me to explain it fully. Belief to my mind lies chiefly in the practical recognition of the high and pure.

Miss Brotherton looked considerably puzzled sometimes, and indeed out of her element. But her dignity had no chance with so many young people, and was compelled to thaw visibly; and while growing more friendly with the others, she could not avoid unbending towards me also, notwithstanding I was a neighbor and the son of a dairy-farmer.

Mary Osborne took little part in the fun beyond a smile, or in the more solid conversation beyond an assent or an ordinary remark. I did not find her very interesting. An onlooker would probably have said she lacked expression. But the stillness upon her face bore to me the shadow of a reproof. Perhaps it was only a want of sympathy with what was going on around her. Perhaps her soul was either far withdrawn from its present circumstances, or not yet awake to the general interests of life. There was little in the form or hue of her countenance to move admiration, beyond a complexion without spot. It was very fair and delicate, with little more color in it than in the white rose, which but the faintest warmth redeems from dead whiteness. Her features were good in form, but in no way remarkable; her eyes were of the so-called hazel, which consists of a mingling of brown and green; her figure was good but seemed unelastic, and she had nothing of her brother's gayety or grace of movement or expression. I do not mean that either her motions or her speech was clumsy—there was simply nothing to remark in them beyond the absence of anything special. In a word, I did not find her interesting, save as the sister of my delightful Charley, and the sharer of his mother's griefs concerning him.

"If I had as good help in the afternoon," I said, "we should have all the books on the shelves to-night, and be able to set about assorting them to-morrow."

"I am sorry I cannot come this afternoon," said Miss Brotherton. "I should have been most happy if I could. It is really very pleasant—notwithstanding the dust. But Mrs. Osborne and mamma want me to go with them to Minstercombe. You will lunch with us to-day, won't you?" she added, turning to Charley.

"Thank you, Miss Brotherton," he replied; "I should have been delighted, but I am not my own master—I am Cumbermede's slave at present, and can eat and drink only when and where he chooses."

"You *must* stay with your mother, Charley," I said. "You cannot refuse Miss Brotherton."

She could thereupon scarcely avoid extending the invitation to me, but I declined it on some pretext or other, and I was again, thanks to Lilith, back from my dinner before they had finished luncheon. The carriage was at the door when I rode up, and the moment I heard it drive away, I went to the dining-room to find my coadjutors. The only person there was Miss Pease. A thought struck me.

"Won't you come and help us, Miss Pease?" I said. "I have lost one of my assistants, and

I am very anxious to get the room we are at now so far finished to-night."

A smile found its way to her cold eyes, and set the blue sparkling for one briefest moment.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Cumbermede, but——"

"Kind!" I exclaimed—"I want your help, Miss Pease."

"I'm afraid——"

"Lady Brotherton can't want you now. Do oblige me. You will find it fun."

She smiled outright—evidently at the fancy of any relation between her and fun.

"Do go and put a cap on, and a cotton dress, and come," I persisted.

Without another word she left the room. I was still alone in the library when she came to me, and having shown her what I wanted, we were already busy when the rest arrived.

"Oh Peasey! Are you there?" said Clara, as she entered—not unkindly.

"I have got a substitute for Miss Brotherton, you see, Clara—Miss Coningham—I beg your pardon."

"There's no occasion to beg my pardon. Why shouldn't you call me Clara if you like? It *is* my name."

"Charley might be taking the same liberty," I returned, extemporizing a reason.

"And why *shouldn't* Charley take the same liberty?" she retorted.

"For no reason that I know," I answered, a trifle hurt, "if it be agreeable to the lady."

"And the gentleman," she amended.

"And the gentleman," I added.

"Very well. Then we are all good boys and girls. Now Peasey, I'm very glad you're come. Only mind you get back to your place before the ogress returns, or you'll have your head snapped off."

Was I right, or was it the result of the slight offense I had taken? Was she the gracious, graceful, naïve, playful, daring woman—or could she be—or had she been just the least little bit vulgar? I am afraid I was then more sensitive to vulgarity in a woman, real or fancied, than even to wickedness—at least I thought I was. At all events, the first *conviction* of anything common or unrefined in a woman would at once have placed me beyond the sphere of her attraction. But I had no time to think the suggestion over now; and in a few minutes—whether she saw the cloud on my face I cannot tell—Clara had given me a look and a smile which banished the possibility of my thinking about it for the present.

Miss Pease worked more diligently than any of the party. She seldom spoke, and when she did, it was in a gentle, subdued, almost mournful tone; but the company of the young people without the restraint of her mistress was evidently grateful to what of youth yet remained in her oppressed being.

Before it was dark we had got the books all upon the shelves, and leaving Charley with the ladies, I walked home.

I found Styles had got everything out of the lumber-room except a heavy oak chest in the corner, which, our united strength being insufficient to displace it, I concluded was fixed to the floor. I got all the keys my aunt had left behind her, but sought the key of this chest in vain. For my uncle, I never saw a key in his possession. Even what little money he might have in the house, was only put away at the back of an open drawer. For the present, therefore, we had to leave it undisturbed.

When Charley came home, we went to look at it together. It was of oak, and somewhat elaborately carved.

I was very restless in bed that night. The air was close and hot, and as often as I dropped half asleep I awoke again with a start. My thoughts kept stupidly running on the old chest. It had mechanically possessed me. I felt no disturbing curiosity concerning its contents; I was not annoyed at the want of the key; it was only that, like a nursery rhyme that keeps repeating itself over and over in the half-sleeping brain, this chest kept rising before me till I was out of patience with its intrusiveness. It brought me wide awake at last; and I thought, as I could not sleep, I would have a search for the key. I got out of bed, put on my dressing-gown and slippers, lighted my chamber candle, and made an inroad upon the contents of the closet in my room, which had apparently remained undisturbed since the morning when I missed my watch. I believe I had never entered it since. Almost the first thing I came upon

was the pendulum, which woke a strange sensation for which I could not account, until by slow degrees the twilight memory of the incidents connected with it half dawned upon me. I searched the whole place, but not a key could I find.

I started violently at the sound of something like a groan, and for the briefest imaginable moment forgot that my grannie was dead, and thought it must come from her room. It may be remembered that such a sound had led me to her in the middle of the night on which she died. Whether I really heard the sound, or only fancied I heard it—by some half mechanical action of the brain, roused by the association of ideas—I do not even yet know. It may have been changed or expanded into a groan, from one of those innumerable sounds heard in every old house in the stillness of the night; for such, in the absence of the correction given by other sounds, assume place and proportion as it were at their pleasure. What lady has not at midnight mistaken the trail of her own dress on the carpet, in a silent house, for some tumult in a distant room? Curious to say, however, it now led to the same action as the groan I had heard so many years before; for I caught up my candle at once, and took my way down to the kitchen, and up the winding stair behind the chimney to grannie's room. Strange as it may seem, I had not been in it since my return; for my thoughts had been so entirely occupied with other things, that, although I now and then looked forward with considerable expectation to a thorough search of the place, especially of the bureau, I kept it up as a *bonne bouche*, the anticipation of which was consolation enough for the postponement.

I confess it was with no little quavering of the spirit that I sought this chamber in the middle of the night. For, by its association with one who had from my earliest recollection seemed like something forgotten and left behind in the onward rush of life, it was, far more than anything else in the house, like a piece of the past embedded in the present—a fragment that had been, by some eddy in the stream of time, prevented from gliding away down its course, and left to lie forever in a cranny of the solid shore of unmoving space. But although subject to more than the ordinary tremor at the thought of unknown and invisible presences, I must say for myself that I had never yielded so far as to allow such tremor to govern my actions. Even in my dreams I have resisted ghostly terrors, and can recall one in which I so far conquered a lady ghost who took every means of overcoming me with terror, that at length she fell in love with me, whereupon my fear vanished utterly—a conceited fancy, and as such let it fare.

I opened the door then with some trembling, half expecting to see first the white of my grannie's cap against the tall back of her dark chair. But my senses were sound, and no such illusion seized me. All was empty, cheerless, and musty. Grannie's bed, with its white curtains, looked as if it were mouldering away after her. The dust lay thick on the counterpane of patchwork silk. The bureau stood silent with all its secrets. In the fireplace was the same brushwood and coals which Nannie laid the morning of grannie's death: interrupted by the discovery of my presence, she had left it, and that fire had never been lighted. Half for the sake of companionship, half because the air felt sepulchral and I was thinly clad, I put my candle to it and it blazed up. My courage revived, and after a little more gazing about the room, I ventured to sit down in my grannie's chair and watch the growing fire. Warned however by the shortness of my candle, I soon rose to proceed with my search, and turned towards the bureau.

Here, however, the same difficulty occurred. The top of the bureau was locked as when I had last tried it, and not one of my keys would fit it. At a loss what to door where to search, I dropped again into the chair by the fire, and my eyes went roving about the room. They fell upon a black dress which hung against the wall. At the same moment I remembered that when she gave me the watch, she took the keys of the bureau from her pocket. I went to the dress and found a pocket, not indeed in the dress, but hanging under it from the same peg. There her keys were! It would have been a marvel to me

how my aunt came to leave them undisturbed all those years, but for the instant suggestion that my uncle must have expressed a wish to that effect. With eager hand I opened the bureau. Besides many trinkets in the drawers, some of them of exceedingly antique form, and, I fancied, of considerable value, I found in the pigeon-holes what I was far more pleased to discover—a good many letters, carefully tied in small bundles, with ribbon which had lost all determinable color. These I resolved to take an early opportunity of reading, but replaced for the present, and, having come at last upon one hopeful-looking key, I made haste to return before my candle, which was already flickering in the socket, should go out altogether, and leave me darkling. When I reached the kitchen, however, I found the gray dawn already breaking. I retired once more to my chamber, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, my first care was to try the key. It fitted. I oiled it well, and then tried the lock. I had to use considerable force, but at last there came a great clang that echoed through the empty room. When I raised the lid, I knew by the weight it was of iron. In fact, the whole chest was iron with a casing of oak. The lock threw eight bolts, which laid hold of a rim that ran all round the lip of the chest. It was full of "very ancient and fish-like" papers and parchments. I do not know whether my father or grandfather had ever disturbed them, but I am certain my uncle never had, for as far back as I can remember, the part of the room where it stood was filled with what had been, at one time and another, condemned as lumber.

Charley was intensely interested in the discovery, and would have sat down at once to examine the contents of the chest, had I not persuaded him to leave them till the afternoon, that we might get on with our work at the Hall.

The second room was now ready for the carpenter, but, having had a peep of tapestry behind the shelves, a new thought had struck me. If it was in good preservation, it would be out of the question to hide it behind books.

I fear I am getting tedious. My apology for diffuseness in this part of my narrative is that some threads of the fringe of my own fate show every now and then in the record of these proceedings. I confess also that I hang back from certain things which are pressing nearer with their claim for record.

When we reached the Hall, I took the carpenter with me, and had the book-shelves taken down. To my disappointment we found that an oblong piece of some size was missing from the center of the tapestry on one of the walls. That which covered the rest of the room was entire. It was all of good Gobelin work—somewhat tame in color. The damaged portion represented a wooded landscape, with water and reedy flowers and aquatic fowl, towards which in the distance came a hunter with a crossbow in his hand, and a queer, lurcher-looking dog bounding uncouthly at his heel: the edge of the vacant space cut off the dog's tail and the top of the man's crossbow.

I went to find Sir Giles. He was in the dining-room, where they had just finished breakfast.

"Ah, Mr. Cumbermede!" he said, rising as I entered, and holding out his hand—"here already?"

"We have uncovered some tapestry, Sir Giles, and I want you to come and look at it, if you please."

"I will," he answered. "Would any of you ladies like to go and see it?"

His daughter and Clara rose. Lady Brotherton and Mrs. Osborne sat still. Mary, glancing at her mother, remained seated also.

"Won't you come, Miss Pease?" I said.

She looked almost alarmed at the audacity of the proposal, and murmured, "No, thank you," with a glance at Lady Brotherton, which appeared as involuntary as it was timid.

"Is my son with you?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

I told her he was.

"I shall look in upon you before the morning is over," she said quietly.

They were all pleased with the tapestry, and the ladies offered several conjectures as to the cause of the mutilation.

"It would be a shame to cover it up again—would it not, Sir Giles?" I remarked.

"Indeed it would," he assented.

"If it weren't for that broken piece," said Clara. "That spoils it altogether. *I* should have the books up again as soon as possible."

"It does look shabby," said Charley. "I can't say I should enjoy having anything so defective always b[illegible]re my eyes."

"We must have it taken down very carefully, Hobbes," said Sir Giles, turning to the carpenter.

"*Must* it come down, Sir Giles?" I interposed. "I think it would be risky. No one knows how long it has been there, and though it might hang where it is for a century yet, and look nothing the worse, it can't be strong, and at best we could not get it down without some injury, while it is a great chance if it would fit any other place half as well."

"What do you propose then?"

"This is the largest room of the six, and the best lighted—with that lovely oriel window: I would venture to propose, Sir Giles, that it should be left clear of books and fitted up as a reading-room."

"But how would you deal with that frightful *lacuna* in the tapestry?" said Charley.

"Yes," said Sir Giles; "it won't look handsome, I fear—do what you will."

"I think I know how to manage it," I said. "If I succeed to your satisfaction, will you allow me to carry out the project?"

"But what are we to do with the books then? We shan't have room for them."

"Couldn't you let me have the next room beyond?"

"You mean to turn me out, I suppose," said Clara.

"Is there tapestry on your walls?" I asked.

"Not a thread—all wainscot—painted."

"Then your room would be the very thing!"

"It is much larger than any of these," she said.

"Then do let us have it for the library, Sir Giles," I entreated.

"I will see what Lady Brotherton says," he replied, and left the room.

In a few minutes we heard his step returning.

"Lady Brotherton has no particular objection to giving up the room you want," he said. "Will you see Mrs. Wilson, Clara, and arrange with her for your accommodation?"

"With pleasure. I don't mind where I am put—except it be in Lord Edward's room—where the ghost is."

"You mean the one next to ours? There is no ghost there, I assure you," said Sir Giles laughing, as he again left the room with short, heavy steps. "Manage it all to your own mind, Mr. Cumbermede. I shall be satisfied," he called back as he went.

"Until further notice," I said with grandiloquence, "I request that no one may come into this room. If you are kind enough to assort the books we put up yesterday, oblige me by going through the armory. I must find Mrs. Wilson."

"I will go with you," said Clara. "I wonder where the old thing will want to put me. I'm not going where I don't like, I can tell her," she added, following me down the stair and across the hall and the court.

We found the housekeeper in her room. I accosted her in a friendly way. She made but a bare response.

"Would you kindly show me where I slept that night I lost my sword, Mrs. Wilson?" I said.

"I know nothing about your sword, Mr. Cumbermede," she answered, shaking her head and pursing up her mouth.

"I don't ask you anything about it, Mrs. Wilson; I only ask you where I slept the night I lost it."

"Really, Mr. Cumbermede, you can hardly expect me to remember in what room a visitor slept—let me see—it must be twelve or fifteen years ago! I do not take it upon me."

"Oh! never mind then. I referred to the circumstances of that night, thinking they might help you to remember the room; but it is of no consequence; I shall find it for myself. Miss Coningham will, I hope, help me in the search. She knows the house better than I do."

"I must attend to my own business first, if you please, sir," said Clara. "Mrs. Wilson, I am ordered out of my room by Mr. Cumbermede. You must find me fresh quarters, if you please."

Mrs. Wilson stared.

"Do you mean, miss, that you want your things moved to another bedroom?"

"That *is* what I mean, Mrs. Wilson."

"I must see what Lady Brotherton says to it, miss."

"Do, by all means."

I saw that Clara was bent on annoying her old enemy, and interposed.

"Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton have agreed to let me have Miss Coningham's room for an addition to the library, Mrs. Wilson," I said.

She looked very grim, but made no answer. We turned and left her. She stood for a moment as if thinking, and then, taking down her bunch of keys, followed us.

"If you will come this way," she said, stopping just behind us at another door in the court, "I think I can show you the room you want. But really, Mr. Cumbermede, you are turning the place upside down. If I had thought it would come to this——"

"I hope to do so a little more yet, Mrs. Wilson," I interrupted. "But I am sure you will be pleased with the result."

She did not reply, but led the way up a stair, across the little open gallery, and by passages I did not remember, to the room I wanted. It was in precisely the same condition as when I occupied it.

"This is the room, I believe," she said, as she unlocked and threw open the door. "Perhaps it would suit you, Miss Coningham?"

"Not in the least," answered Clara. "Who knows which of my small possessions might vanish before the morning!"

The housekeeper's face grew turkey-red with indignation.

"Mr. Cumbermede has been filling your head with some of his romances, I see, Miss Clara!"

I laughed, for I did not care to show myself offended with her rudeness.

"Never you mind," said Clara; "I am *not* going to sleep there."

"Very good," said Mrs. Wilson, in a tone of offense severely restrained.

"Will you show me the way to the library?" I requested.

"I will," said Clara; "I know it as well as Mrs. Wilson—every bit."

"Then that is all I want at present, Mrs. Wilson," I said, as we came out of the room. "Don't lock the door though, please," I added. "Or, if you do, give me the key."

She left the door open, and us in the passage. Clara led me to the library. There we found Charley waiting our return.

"Will you take that little boy to his mother, Clara?" I said. "I don't want him here today. We'll have a look over those papers in the evening, Charley."

"That's right," said Clara. "I hope Charley will help you to a little rational interest in your own affairs. I am quite bewildered to think that an author, not to say a young man, the sole remnant of an ancient family, however humble, shouldn't even know whether he had any papers in the house or not."

"We've come upon a glorious nest of such addled eggs, Clara. Charley and I are going to blow them to-night," I said.

"You never know when such eggs are addled," retorted Clara. "You'd better put them under some sensible fowl or other first," she added, looking back from the door as they went.

I turned to the carpenter's tool-basket, and taking from it an old chisel, a screw-driver, and a pair of pincers, went back to the room we had just left.

There could be no doubt about it. There was the tip of the dog's tail, and the top of the hunter's crossbow.

But my reader may not have retained in her memory the facts to which I implicitly refer. I would therefore, to spare repetition, beg her to look back to Chapter XIV., containing the account of the loss of my sword.

In the consternation caused me by the discovery that this loss was no dream of the night, I had never thought of examining the wall of the chamber to see whether there was in it a door or not; but I saw now at once plainly enough that the inserted patch did cover a small door. Opening it, I found within, a creaking wooden stair, leading up to another low door, which, fashioned like the door of a companion, opened upon the roof:—nowhere, except in the towers, had the Hall more than two stories. As soon as I had drawn back the bolt and stepped out, I found

myself standing at the foot of an ornate stack of chimneys, and remembered quite well having tried the door that night Clara and I were shut out on the leads—the same night on which my sword was stolen.

For the first time the question now rose in my mind whether Mrs. Wilson could have been in league with Mr. Close. Was it likely I should have been placed in a room so entirely fitted to his purposes by accident? But I could not imagine any respectable woman running such a risk of terrifying a child out of his senses, even if she could have connived at his being robbed of what she might well judge unsuitable for his possession.

Descending again to the bed-room, I set to work with my tools. The utmost care was necessary, for the threads were weak with old age. I had only one or two slight mishaps, however, succeeding on the whole better than I had expected. Leaving the door denuded of its covering, I took the patch on my arm, and again sought the library. Hobbes's surprise, and indeed pleasure, when he saw that my plunder not only fitted the gap, but completed the design, was great. I directed him to get the whole piece down as carefully as he could, and went to extract, if possible, a favor from Lady Brotherton.

She was of course very stiff—no doubt she would have called it dignified; but I did all I could to please her, and perhaps in some small measure succeeded. After representing, amongst other advantages, what an addition a suite of rooms filled with a valuable library must be to the capacity of the house for the reception and entertainment of guests, I ventured at last to beg the services of Miss Pease for the repair of a bit of the tapestry.

She rang the bell, sent for Miss Pease, and ordered her, in a style of the coldest arrogance, to put herself under my direction. She followed me to the door in the meekest manner, but declined the arm I offered. As we went I explained what I wanted, saying I could not trust it to any hands but those of a lady, expressing a hope that she would not think I had taken too great a liberty, and begging her to say nothing about the work itself, as I wished to surprise Sir Giles and my assistants. She said she would be most happy to help me, but when she saw how much was wanted, she did look a little dismayed. She went and fetched her work-basket at once, however, and set about it, tacking the edges to a strip of canvas, in preparation for some kind of darning, which would not, she hoped, be unsightly.

For a whole week she and the carpenter were the only persons I admitted, and while she gave to her darning every moment she could redeem from her attendance on Lady Brotherton, the carpenter and I were busy,—he cleaning and polishing, and I ranging the more deserted parts of the house to find furniture suitable for our purpose. In Clara's room was an old Turkey carpet which we appropriated, and when we had the tapestry up again, which Miss Pease had at length restored in a marvelous manner—surpassing my best hopes, and more like healing than repairing,—the place was to my eyes a very nest of dusky harmonies.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OLD CHEST.

I CANNOT help dwelling for a moment on the scene, although it is not of the slightest consequence to my story, when Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton entered the reading-room of the resuscitated library of Moldwarp Hall. It was a bright day of autumn. Outside all was brilliant. The latticed oriel looked over the lawn and the park, where the trees had begun to gather those rich hues which could hardly be the heralds of death if it were the ugly thing it appears. Beyond the fading woods rose a line of blue heights meeting the more ethereal blue of the sky, now faded to a colder and paler tint. The dappled skins of the fallow deer glimmered through the trees, and the whiter ones among them cast a light round them in the shadows. Through the trees that on one side descended to the meadow below, came the shine of the water where the little brook had spread into still pools. All without was bright with sunshine and clear air. But when you turned, all was dark, sombre, and rich like an autumn ten times faded. Through the open door of the next room on one side, you saw the shelves full of books, and from beyond, through the narrow uplifted door, came the glimmer of

the weapons on the wall of the little armory. Two ancient tapestry-covered settees, in which the ravages of moth and worm had been met by skillful repair of chisel and needle, a heavy table of oak, with carved sides, as black as ebony, and a few old, straight-backed chairs were the sole furniture.

Sir Giles expressed much pleasure, and Lady Brotherton, beginning to enter a little into my plans, was more gracious than hitherto.

"We must give a party as soon as you have finished, Mr. Cumbermede," she said; "and——"

"That will be some time yet," I interrupted, not desiring the invitation she seemed about to force herself to utter; "and I fear there are not many in this neighborhood who will appreciate the rarity and value of the library—if the other rooms should turn out as rich as that one."

"I believe old books *are* expensive now a days," she returned. "They are more sought after, I understand."

We resumed our work with fresh vigor, and got on faster. Both Clara and Mary were assiduous in their help.

To go back for a little to my own old chest—we found it, as I have said, full of musty papers. After turning over a few, seeming, to my uneducated eye, deeds and wills and such like, out of which it was evident I could gather no barest meaning without a labor I was not inclined to expend on them,—for I had no pleasure in such details as involved nothing of the picturesque,—I threw the one in my hand upon the heap already taken from the box, and to the indignation of Charley, who was absorbed in one of them, and had not spoken a word for at least a quarter of an hour, exclaimed—

"Come, Charley; I'm sick of the rubbish. Let's go and have a walk before supper."

"Rubbish!" he repeated; "I am ashamed of you!"

"I see Clara has been setting you on. I wonder what she's got in her head. I am sure I have quite a sufficient regard for family history and all that."

"Very like it!" said Charley—"calling such a chestful as this rubbish!"

"I am pleased enough to possess it," I said; "but if they had been such books as some of those at the Hall——"

"Look here then," he said, stooping over the chest, and with some difficulty hauling out a great folio which he had discovered below, but had not yet examined—"just see what you can make of that."

I opened the title-page, rather eagerly. I stared. Could I believe my eyes? First of all on the top of it, in the neatest old hand, was written—"Guilfrid Combremead His Boke. 1630." Then followed what I will not write, lest this MS. should by any accident fall into the hands of book-hunters before my death. I jumped to my feet, gave a shout that brought Charley to his feet also, and danced about the empty room hugging the folio. "Have you lost your senses?" said Charley; but when he had a peep of the title-page, he became as much excited as myself, and it was some time before he could settle down to the papers again. Like a bee over a flower-bed, I went dipping and sipping at my treasure. Every word of the well-known lines bore a flavor of ancient verity such as I had never before perceived in them. At length I looked up, and finding him as much absorbed as I had been myself.

"Well, Charley, what are you finding there?" I asked.

"Proof, perhaps, that you come of an older family than you think," he answered; "proof certainly that some part at least of the Moldwarp property was at one time joined to the Moat, and that you are of the same stock a branch of which was afterwards raised to the present baronetage. At least I have little doubt such is the case, though I can hardly say I am yet prepared to prove it."

"You don't mean I'm of the same blood as—as Geoffrey Brotherton!" I said. "I would rather not, if it's the same to you, Charley."

"I can't help it: that's the way things point," he answered, throwing down the parchment. "But I can't read more now. Let's go and have a walk. I'll stop at home to-morrow, and take a look over the whole set."

"I'll stop with you."

"No, you won't. You'll go and get on with your library. I shall do better alone.

If I could only get a peep at the Moldwarp chest as well!"

"But the place may have been bought and sold many times. Just look here though," I said, as I showed him the crest on my watch and seal. "Mind you look at the top of your spoon the next time you eat soup at the Hall."

"That is unnecessary, quite. I recognize the crest at once. How strangely these cryptographs come drifting along the tide, like the gilded ornaments of a wreck after the hull has gone down!"

"Or, like the mole or squint that reappears in successive generations, the legacy of some long-forgotten ancestor," I said—and several things unexplained occurred to me as possibly having a common solution.

"I find, however," said Charley, "that the name of Cumbermede is not mentioned in your papers more than about a hundred years back—as far as I have yet made out."

"That is odd," I returned, "seeing that in the same chest we find that book with my name, surname and Christian, and the date 1630."

"It is strange," he acquiesced, "and will perhaps require a somewhat complicated theory to meet it."

We began to talk of other matters, and, naturally enough, soon came to Clara.

Charley was never ready to talk of her—indeed avoided the subject in a way that continued to perplex me.

"I confess to you, Charley," I said, "there is something about her I do not and cannot understand. It seems to me always as if she were—I will not say underhand, but as if she had some object in view—some design upon you—"

"Upon me!" exclaimed Charley, looking at me suddenly and with a face from which all the color had fled.

"No, no, Charley, not that," I answered, laughing. "I used the word impersonally. I will be more cautious. One would think we had been talking about a witch—or a demon-lady—you are so frightened at the notion of her having you in her eye."

He did not seem altogether relieved, and I caught an uneasy glance seeking my countenance.

"But isn't she charming?" I went on. "It is only to you I could talk about her so. And after all it may be only a fancy."

He kept his face downwards and aside, as if he were pondering and coming to no conclusion. The silence grew and grew until expectation ceased, and when I spoke again, it was of something different.

My reader may be certain from all this that I was not in love with Clara. Her beauty and liveliness, with a gayety which not seldom assumed the form of grace, attracted me much, it is true; but nothing interferes more with the growth of any passion than a spirit of questioning, and that once aroused, love begins to cease and pass into pain. Few, perhaps, could have arrived at the point of admiration I had reached without falling instantly therefrom into an abyss of absorbing passion; but with me, inasmuch as I searched every feeling in the hope of finding in it the everlasting, there was in the present case a reiterated check, if not indeed recoil; for I was not and could not make myself sure that Clara was upright;—perhaps the more commonplace word *straightforward* would express my meaning better.

Anxious to get the books arranged before they all left me, for I knew I should have but little heart for it after they were gone, I grudged Charley the forenoon he wanted amongst my papers, and prevailed upon him to go with me the next day as usual. Another fortnight, which was almost the limit of their stay, would, I thought, suffice; and giving up everything else, Charley and I worked from morning till night, with much though desultory assistance from the ladies. I contrived to keep the carpenter and housemaid in work, and by the end of the week began to see the inroads of order "scattering the rear of darkness thin."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARY OSBORNE.

All this time the acquaintance between Mary Osborne and myself had not improved. Save as the sister of my friend I had not, I repeat, found her interesting. She did not

seem at all to fulfill the promise of her childhood. Hardly once did she address me; and, when I spoke to her, would reply with a simple, dull directness, which indicated nothing beyond the fact of the passing occasion. Rightly or wrongly, I concluded that the more indulgence she cherished for Charley, the less she felt for his friend—that to him she attributed the endlessly sad declension of her darling brother. Once on her face I surprised a look of unutterable sorrow resting on Charley's; but the moment she saw that I observed her, the look died out, and her face stiffened into its usual dullness and negation. On me she turned only the unenlightened disc of her soul. Mrs. Osborne, whom I seldom saw, behaved with much more kindness, though hardly more cordiality. It was only that she allowed her bright indulgence for Charley to cast the shadow of his image over the faults of his friend; and except by the sadness that dwelt in every line of her sweet face, she did not attract me. I was ever aware of an inward judgment which I did not believe I deserved, and I would turn from her look with a sense of injury which greater love would have changed into keen pain.

Once, however, I did meet a look of sympathy from Mary. On the second Monday of the fortnight I was more anxious than ever to reach the end of my labors, and was in the court, accompanied by Charley, as early as eight o'clock. From the hall a dark passage led past the door of the dining-room to the garden. Through the dark tube of the passage, we saw the bright green of a lovely bit of sward, and upon it Mary and Clara radiant in white morning dresses. We joined them.

"Here come the slave-drivers!" remarked Clara.

"Already!" said Mary, in a low voice, which I thought had a tinge of dismay in its tone.

"Never mind, Polly," said her companion—"we're not going to bow to their will and pleasure. We'll have our walk in spite of them."

As she spoke she threw a glance at us which seemed to say—"You may come if you like;" then turned to Mary with another which said: "We shall see whether they prefer old books or young ladies."

Charley looked at me—interrogatively.

"Do as you like, Charley," I said.

"I will do as you do," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I have no right——"

"Oh, bother!" said Clara—"You're so magnificent always with your rights and wrongs! Are you coming, or are you not?"

"Yes, I'm coming," I replied, convicted by Clara's directness, for I was quite ready to go.

(To be continued.)

PETER CRISP.

A COMIC EPISODE OF ITALIAN TRAVEL.

Colonel M. and myself descended from the cabriolet of a vehicle, wherein we had been ensconced since daylight, at a miserable little inn on the road to Naples, when, to our consternation, at the same moment the *bête noir* of our Roman sojourn emerged from the *intérieur*, took out his phrase-book, and, repeating to himself the needed sentence, approached a fat, cross-looking woman, his fellow-passenger, and offering his arm and a *Voulez-vous promenade, Madame?* began to stride with her up and down the road before the door, while the horses were drinking. There have been many piquant chapters written on bores, but the traveling bore has never been adequately described. He has a singular advantage over his *confrères* who stay at home, inasmuch as the claim of a common nationality—especially before the tide of American continental travel had grown so full and pervasive—is one not easily repudiated; and, on the strength of it, if the victim be a good-natured man, an unlimited amount of intrusion and extortion may be practiced with impunity. It was on these grounds that Vernon, than whom a more thorough gentleman and agreeable companion cannot be imagined, had suffered himself tacitly to

accept, in the double capacity of *attaché* and *protégé*, a little pretentious and ignorant fellow-countryman, a sign-engraver by trade, who, having prospered in his calling, became ambitious to see the world and make what he called the *grand tower*. It was a mooted question whether the pleasure of Vernon's society, prized as it justly was, compensated for the vexations incident to that of his companion; and whether the latter were not, on the whole, counterbalanced by the amusement his absurdities occasioned; but practically the matter was settled by the laws of good-fellowship, which made us patient under an infliction that would otherwise be unmitigated to our amiable and accomplished countryman. To leave him to the tender mercies of Crisp would be anything but fair play; yet had we conceived the idea that he would follow Vernon to Naples, and secretly obtain a seat in the same carriage, we should long ago, in self-defense, have had recourse to the cut direct. However, we consoled ourselves with the resolve quietly to give him the slip on our arrival; and meantime beguiled the way by recalling Peter's ridiculous manœuvres at Rome, which, we agreed, would furnish a playwright with abundant materials for a farce, if not a comedy.

The first time we ever saw him was one morning when he appeared at our lodgings in search of Vernon, who could not hide his mortification at being thus discovered as an involuntary bear-leader. Peter Crisp was a dapper little man, with a face curiously made up of material shrewdness and complacency, —with a fussy manner and an affectation of style in dress which only served to emphasize his vulgarity. Vernon was ill when he encountered him at a hotel at Lyons, and became indebted for services then and there rendered, which made it seem ungrateful not to accept his proposition to become his *compagnon de voyage* and act as his interpreter of foreign lingos. By the time the poor fellow reached Italy he repented of his acquiescence; and at Rome appealed half comically and half in earnest to our forbearance; so that when Crisp came jauntily in and claimed acquaintance with us all, first as fellow-countrymen and then as friends of Vernon, we resigned ourselves to the penance with a good grace. "Some of you gentlemen," said he, with a patronizing glance around, "are invalids, I believe. No doubt you have found it hard to take exercise in these dirty streets. I have discovered a fine walk, and will show you the way whenever you like. You go to a square near here, and up a flight of steps, and there are clean paths in plenty." This offer of the freedom of the Pincian, and the novelty of the information, at once enlightened us as to the verdancy of our uninvited guest. Carriages were now announced for the day's excursion, which included a visit to the English Cemetery and the Forum. Of course Crisp took possession of the vacant seat, and Vernon exchanged looks of dismay with us as we rolled through the Piazza d'Espagna. Sauntering among the ruins for an hour, we saw Crisp standing apparently spell-bound before the arch of Septimius Severus, and gazing at the entablature through a double eye-glass. Regarding this as a mere piece of affectation, and yet curious to know what he made of the Latin inscription, we approached the archæological enthusiast, who exclaimed with professional zest: "Them ancients cut letters well!" Scarcely had the smiles excited by this original commentary subsided, when, speaking of Shelley and Keats, whose graves we were about to visit, the former name caught the ear of Crisp. "Ah," said he, "is Shelley in town? I had made a memorandum to call on him." And when we reached the pyramid of Caius Cestus, he ostentatiously transferred to the back of a letter the lines from the Tempest, on the slab which covers Shelley's heart, as an original epitaph written by Lord Byron; and when, returning, Shakspeare happened to be mention, he shook his head and gravely observed, that, from all he had heard, the bard "was very wild as a young man." Crisp's one political idea and national watchword was General Jackson. He challenged a comparison with him beside the sarcophagus of Scipio and the tomb of Hadrian; he proposed substituting the battle of New Orleans as a subject of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan, and shouted the name of his hero on the most inappropriate occasions, and to audiences igno-

rant thereof, with a complacency and a confidence that were amusing to us and bewildering to them. When hundreds of Italian voices were calling a favorite *prima donna* before the curtain, "Hurra for Jackson!" was the incongruous cry intermingled with those euphonious plaudits; and many a stolid Englishman became pugnacious when summoned to compare the old Roman of Tennessee with Nelson and Victoria. In vain was Peter reminded that the poor Capuchin he bullied, or the sarcastic beggar who improvised jokes at his expense, understood not a word of English; he only talked the louder, and rivaled Beppo, the lame mendicant on the Piazza steps, every time he passed him, in vociferous and unintelligible objurgations. Despite remonstrance, he insisted upon going to hear the Miserere, at the Sistine Chapel, in a green frock coat; and when the Swiss guard lowered his halberd and declared a black dress coat and gloves were required for admission, he looked gravely in his face—the speech having been translated—and replied in English, "Whatever you may think of this coat, I wore it at a levee of General Jackson." But on this occasion the name served as a password, for the soldier, thinking he claimed the privilege of military rank, raised his spear and answered apologetically—"Ah! *generale, passez;*" and doubtless to this day Crisp imagines that etiquette was waived in his favor out of respect to the old hero's name. Not for a moment did he forget to draw invidious comparisons between Rome and New York. Fleas he considered as an offset to pictures; Orvieto wine was contemptible beside Albany ale; the oysters were detestable after Shrewsburys and Saddle Rocks; and a Broadway omnibus the grand locomotive desideratum of the Eternal City. He contrasted the mole-like process of the lazy excavators at the Forum with the Celtic drain-diggers of the American metropolis; and his one *mot* was calling the climbing devotees of the Ara Cœli stairs the *ne* plus ultra of superstition. He sighed for Wall Street in the Via Appia, and declared if once Mayor of Rome he would whitewash all the walls and ruins, and drive the street-cobblers in-doors, abolish saints' days, and expel the odor of incense and garlic by daily distribution of chloride of lime; prohibit itinerant musicians, and substitute anthracite and furnaces for peripatetic *scaldini*.

It was funny to hear Crisp's art comments. He used to con his guide-book, and then extemporize in the galleries. One day he glanced hastily at the catalogue, and mistook the description of a Psyche for that of a Venus emerging from her ablutions, in the next vestibule; and, when a group of visitors passed before the former, volunteered to enlighten them: "This," said he, "is one of the most remarkable statues in Rome; it represents Frisky a-coming out of a bath." He exhibited what he asserted was a bust of himself—a declaration only sustained by the pug nose and the smirk. "Instead of paying a thousand dollars to Powers," he remarked, "I ordered this, at an alabaster shop on the Lung' Arno, for eighty; and do you know why it looks so lively? I found out that the way to get a good expression when sitting to an artist, is to imagine yourself some great man in a great fix. When I sat for that bust I thought myself Napoleon crossing the Alps." He was indignant at the mutilated antiques, and called them "a sell," especially the Hercules torso in the Vatican, and a copy of the Venus de Milo. "Who wants to see a man's belly and shoulders?" he asked, and "Why don't they put arms on that woman?" He laughed at a fellow-countryman who paid five hundred *scudi* for an "old master," a foot and a half square, when he had bought a young one, six feet by four in dimensions, for fifty; and displayed with great complacency a fragment of delf—part of a broken plate left by an English lunch party at Pompeii—as a bit of ancient pottery which, despite the vigilance of the guard, he had surreptitiously conveyed away as a trophy and relic. Ludicrous were the mistakes arising from Crisp's improvised Italian. One day when dining at a by-way *osteria*, his wry face and sputterings led to the discovery that, having perceived that cloth, tea, and various other commodities, when called for of English quality, were superior, he took it for granted that the adfective *Inglese* was the magic word to evoke from shopkeeper and landlord the best of

their stock; and, on this occasion, finding the salt very dingy of aspect, he thought to substitute a purer article by shouting for *sale inglese;* whereupon he was, after much delay, served with an ounce or two of Epsom salts, and had flavored his soup therewith to such a degree that its bitterness excited frequent anathemas against the Italian *cuisine.* When at a loss for a word he consulted his dictionary, and being ambitious to inaugurate an old-fashioned Christmas dinner at the "Leprè," he made a list of the ingredients of a plum-pudding, and anticipated the agreeable surprise which would delight the party, owing to his secret order to the chief cook. Unfortunately, however, Crisp had either forgotten or knew not how to direct the cooking of the rich materials, which, to his dismay and our diversion, were served in a crude and liquid state in an enormous tureen. But the climax of his rage against Italian viands arose from his obstinate attempt to Italianize our vernacular by some euphonious vowel termination—an expedient he had found successful in more than one instance when balked in attempts to make himself understood by the urbane natives. A sound of violent altercation greeted our entrance to the *trattoria* one day. Crisp was seated flushed and swearing—not according to the heathen, but the Christian vocabulary—flourishing a napkin indignantly and gazing with despair upon a plate of indigo. It seemed he desired turkey for dinner. Instead of *gallinaccio,* the legitimate Italian for that precious domestic bird, he had ordered persistently *tur-chino,* notwithstanding the shrugs of the waiter, who was so accustomed to his eccentricities as to believe him capable of any diet, and therefore after vain remonstrances, had taken him at his word. One morning the *Caffé del Greco* was crowded, but above the hum of conversation, and through the dense cloud of tobacco-smoke, rose a voice too well known to our little breakfast group, importunately crying "*brava, bravissima, ancora!*" Every one looked up from toast and omelet; every pipe was withdrawn; the waiters grinned; the John Bulls laid down *Galignani;* the Italians paused in their game of dominoes, and artistic arguments were brought to a sudden end. Louder and more frequent grew the clamor, and all peered curiously towards the vociferous quarter, until we begged the reluctant Vernon to go and stop his noisy *protégé,* who, when asked the meaning of his exclamations, replied, "Why, did they not call out *brava* and *ancora* at the opera when they wanted a thing over again? I want another cup of coffee, to be sure." This explanation circulated at once, and an Englishman of our acquaintance came pensively towards us with his hand pressed against his ribs. "Gentlemen," said he, "that countryman of yours will be the death of me. I sat beside him in the parquette last night, and although I assured him over and over again that my eyesight was excellent, and I was using it to the best advantage, he continued to thrust his sharp elbow into my side, with a 'Look there!' every time the *ballerina* made a pirouette, or raised her leg to a level with her eye; and the consequence is, I am sore and black and blue; and this morning he has spoiled my digestion by making me laugh, while eating, over his preposterous but elegantly got up note-book, wherein, among other impressions of travel, I read this:—'*Item.* The Vatican built by several Popes prior to the French Revolution.'"

At Naples, as usual, Crisp quartered himself upon Vernon. One day that victim of his own good-nature, looking up from his writing-table, beheld his chum at the window of their common sitting-room going complacently through an enigmatical pantomime. Placing his hand on his heart, he bowed and smiled, then opened his arms for an imaginary embrace, and ended by lifting up his eyes as in adoration, falling on his knees, and wafting kisses from his jeweled fingers. Vernon was mortified and alarmed, on approaching the window, to find that it overlooked the *palazzo* of a well-known and highly respected marquis, and that half a dozen *gamins,* a street musician, a water-carrier, a soldier, and a friar were watching Crisp from the opposite sidewalk. "Attend to your own affairs," was the latter's irritable answer to Vernon's remonstrance; "I've been reading about this country; this is the way they make love; you have frightened away a pretty woman who was doubtless on the point of reciprocating my advances." At that mo-

ment a knock was heard at the door, and in walked the landlord, pallid and trembling, with two gendarmes. "O Signore!" exclaimed the frightened Boniface, "I am a ruined man; the Marquis has complained to the police that his wife has been insulted by one of my guests, and a warrant for his imprisonment has come." All the possible scandal of this adventure flashed upon Vernon, while the gay Lothario became agitated and speechless. His more self-possessed companion resorted to a desperate expedient; taking the landlord aside, he whispered that Crisp was mad, and that he should take him by steamer that afternoon to Leghorn and put him in charge of the American Consul, to be sent home. A colloquy with the *gendarmes* ensued; an explanatory message was sent to the Marquis; and the result was that, after an hour's suspense, the officials retired with a shrug of compassion, and murmuring, "*Povero Americano—pazzo per amore!*"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

THE Treaty of Washington is not, as some have said, a final adjustment of all questions between England and the United States, but it goes much farther in that direction than could have been reasonably expected six months ago. It is a triumph of Christianity and common sense over the old barbarism of war and the standing folly of international jealousy, and stands out in shining contrast to the bloody arbitrament between France and Germany that the last twelvemonth has looked upon with horror and surprise. It may be said, however, that we conquered this peace with England as Germany conquered hers with France,—only our war was waged against our own countrymen. When we subdued the rebellion and restored peace, without revenge upon the authors of our civil war, we practically achieved this diplomatic victory over the old pretensions of England, which has now been announced in the formalities of a treaty. It has taken six years to bring England to the point of confession and open concession; and, in the interval, our own antagonism to our cousins across the water has been a good deal softened, and we have learned to concede something too. The Treaty, as it stands, is a work of mutual concession, and the fruit and token of international good-will. As such it bears an honorable distinction among the treaties of recent and of former times.

Although the British and Canadian press now insist stoutly that the terms of the new Treaty are harder upon the other two sides of the triangle than upon ours, we doubt that it will prove so. As between Canada and the United States, we believe the advantages of it will ultimately rest with Canada, especially if it should lead, as it now seems possible, to an early union between us and our northern neighbors. As between us and England, no doubt the points conceded by the British Government are much more important at present than those which we have waived. But we have restricted ourselves for the future more than England, inasmuch as our opportunities were likely to be greater. On both sides, however, the points conceded are in the interest of humanity and for the abridgment of belligerent claims; and the establishment of the American rule of international law, which the Treaty will ultimately insure, is a great step towards checking war and the extension of war to neutral nations. The settlement of the Alabama controversy and the certain amendment of the international law of neutrality are the main features of the Treaty, though the rest is important enough. In view of all that it secures and all that it averts, no treaty so momentous has been framed in modern times, and it should be the prayer of good men everywhere that it may be perpetual.

THE PIKE IN LITERATURE.

THE "Pike" (by which we do not mean the creature known in ichthyology by that familiar name, but a newly-discovered human species) has produced a strange and startling sensation in recent literature. Consternation, indeed, not dissimilar to that which his fishy namesake occasions by his sudden appearance among the smaller fry of less voracious habits, this awkward, inconsiderate, and profane person has excited in the quiet waters of our polite poetry. For a while he threatened to become the tyrant of our current verse, as Pope has named "the pike (with a small p) the tyrant of the flood." With great celerity he has darted through the columns of our newspapers, the pages of our magazines, while quiet, well-behaved contributors have stood one side and let him have his own wild way. And it began to seem, at one time, as if the ordinary, decent virtues of civilized society could stand no chance in comparison with the picturesque heroism of this savage in "dialect."

Presently, however, and naturally enough, a reaction from the wonder and silent acquiescence with which the appearance of the "Pike" had been received began to make itself felt, in the form of criticism and protest. And it is possible that the reaction may have gone, as reactions so often do, too far. At any rate, the time seems to be fit for a more careful and dispassionate examination of him.

We knew him first, transplanted from his native home, and playing his fantastic tricks and speaking his outlandish speech on the shore of the Pacific. Mr.

Bret Harte found him and made him public, and is responsible for his introduction into polite society. Whether all the "dialecticians" of Mr. Harte's volume are Pikes we will not affirm, but some of them certainly are. Dow of "Dow's Flat" confesses it, not without a certain pride in the avowal. And Mr. William Nye and the veracious James would seem to have been Dow's neighbors of a more or less unworthy sort.

But Mr. John Hay shows us the Pike before he is transplanted, with his foot still upon his native prairie, and his ingenious profanity and copious expectorations still mingling with the familiar waters of his muddy river. We must confess that he is a less attractive object here than in his ultramontane sphere. He changes, not his sky only, but his temper and habits somewhat, when he crosses over the Sierras. He loses something of his coarseness, and acquires a certain delicacy and subtileness of flavor when we find him in the Pacific waters. He does not swear so loud, nor bully us so vehemently. And his claim to the crown of heroism, and indeed of saintship, is rather insinuated, or left to be inferred, than clamorously or even defiantly asserted. For this very reason he is probably more easily and accurately studied in the county where he originated, and where, we believe, Mr. Hay was his appreciative fellow-citizen, than on the golden sands and amid the golden light which Mr. Harte's pictures reveal to us.

Undoubtedly the Pike is a fact. And if "the proper study of mankind is man," this peculiar species is certainly worth our careful scrutiny. We acknowledge, therefore, our obligation to the genius of the two writers we have named, for the fidelity with which they have depicted him. He is admirably, even fearfully real. Tilmon Joy and Jim Bludso are men whom Mr. Hay has seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, and become familiar with, so that he can record with artistic minuteness and scientific coolness their amazing and grotesque oaths, their shocking and scandalous behavior, as he certainly could not if he had only heard and seen them once or twice. It is easy to see that he must have stood spectator of the fight at Gilgal, although he claims no more than to have heard the various versions of the story out of which his coherent narrative is constructed. The "mystery," even to an eye-witness, may well have been a mystery still. If the Pike had to be depicted,—and we admit that he had to be,—it is well that it could be done with an accuracy so complete and even so painful. He stands on record now the most eloquent and effective illustration of the fact, pointed out so many years ago by Dr. Bushnell in one of his most characteristic discourses, that in the march of Empire westward, in the hard work of subduing the wilderness and laying the foundation of new States, barbarism is the first danger to be met and averted—the barbarism of the very adventurers who start as the pioneers of civilization and religion.

For the Pike (as we understand him) was not always a Pike. He used to speak a smoother speech and to speak it with purer lips. His coarseness and profaneness are the *detritus* of a morality which once had strength, of a religion which once had sacredness. Strength and even sacredness there are left in him still, discoverable amid the rubbish of words and the lawlessness of conduct which are most obvious. In the disintegration of character which he has suffered, all is not lost. Perhaps even the reconstructed character, which we cannot but hope for in him, may be on a larger scale, with traits of manly courage and generous heroism grander than those to which in our more finished civilization we have been accustomed.

And so we begin to discover why it is that we cannot refuse to Jim Bludso, for example (who, more than any of his fellows, is the typical Pike), our admiration and even our hope. For the doctrine that one virtue can compensate for the absence of another—that bigamy can be condoned by bravery, or infidelity to one's wife be atoned for by fidelity to one's business—we have only horror and disgust. If that is the doctrine of the last stanza of Jim Bludso (as perhaps the popular reader may easily enough have imagined), then it is simply mischievous and odious. That a deplorable sinner can leap to heavenly perfectness by some act of splendid heroism *in extremis*, is a doctrine which even those who do not disavow the name of "Universalist" have, for the most part, ceased to hold. We prefer not to understand Mr. Hay as asserting it, though we could wish that he had guarded himself more carefully against mischievous misapprehension. It is only the ambiguity of the "moral" which makes it dangerous.

"A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

And out of the "moral" of Jim Bludso it may be worth our while to extract and to treasure what is valuable.

For the lesson, then, which the Pike teaches by his more or less "horrid" example, that as in every saint there may be something sinful, so in every sinner there may be something good, let us be duly thankful. It cannot be taught too often. There is no duty more obvious than the duty of judging charitably if we are to judge at all; but there is also no duty more frequently neglected or disobeyed. That it is not always the most sensual vice which is the most fatal, and that Jim, with the unselfishness of his heroic sacrifice, might stand where the meanness of a smug hypocrisy could get no foothold, may be true enough. That virtue is admirable even when it is found in company with vice, in a savage, or in a degenerate Anglo-Saxon, is worth remembering. And that men are punished by the divine law for the sins which they have and not for those which they have not, for their vices and not for their virtues,—this, too, is a distinction which, though obvious enough when it is put into words, is not always observed in thought. Certainly it is not for his cowardice that we disapprove the Pike, for, whatever else he was, he was no coward. Let us give him his due, as best we may,

and be sure that in the judgment which is "just and perfect altogether," he will have it also.

We must say, however, that we think the Pike appears to the least advantage as a preacher. Gown and bands do not become him. And his views of practical morality are not well proportioned. If only, in future, Mr. Hay would be content to paint him without attaching to the picture any explanatory legend,—to record, and not to interpret him,—we should feel easier about him, and less reluctant to admit him to our drawing-rooms and libraries,—where indeed he scarcely feels at ease himself. Above all things, let him not mount the pulpit, lest we be compelled to denounce him as an impostor, and (what he would regard as even worse) a bore!

POLITICAL BIGOTRY.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is dead; and the little accident of the pistol has restored to conscientiousness and candor the press that has been so fertile and constant in its censure of him for many years. The man who, while living, was denounced as a demagogue without principle, a politician without patriotism, a traitor without shame, an intriguer for power for his party and place for himself through every range of political inconsistency and villainy, is now regarded as one who was thoroughly earnest and honest, even when he was in the wrong;—nay, as one who, when he became aware of his mistakes, had the manliness and boldness to rectify them publicly. "The new departure," as it is called, of the Democratic party was inaugurated by this man; and it certainly was no less than a public confession of error, and the definition of a new course for himself and for his party, so far as he represented it. Indeed, if we read alone the presses that once condemned him, we shall conclude that our bad Vallandigham is become quite a saint. The public heart warms towards the traitor, and begins to suspect that it has been bereft of a patriot.

Why this haste—this almost indecent haste—to eat one's words, and do justice to one to whom earthly justice is no longer of consequence? We suppose it must arise from a consciousness that the man was, while living, unjustly treated. Death makes us candid. The man's power to harm being gone—his influence to thwart our own selfish or party plans being destroyed by the dread power that will soon destroy us all—our motive to misrepresent is gone, and we hasten to be true. Articles written to-day in all the capitals of the civilized world on Louis Napoleon—written by those who dislike him, and published in journals opposed to him—could not possibly be written to-morrow if, in the mean time, some accident should stop the beating of his heart. Even his present powerlessness is not enough to quench the rancor of slander, or remove the motive of detraction. He must die before he can be treated decently, or win the credit of possessing a single humane or patriotic motive. If some benign accident should remove General Butler from the sphere of his earthly activities, the tide of eulogy would sweep around the nation. With all his egotism and meddlesomeness and bluster, it would be found that he was at heart a patriot, that he had served the nation well in many ways, and that, on the whole, the removal of his life from our national history would be a loss and not a gain.

This abuse of political men while living, and this laudation of them when dead, convict the political press of the nation of a bigotry of which it ought to be thoroughly ashamed. It all comes of our self-conceit. We make no room for opinions that differ with our own. To every man opposed to us we attribute unworthy motives. Our political opponents are regarded as men without principle. Their motives are more than questioned—they are denounced. Our active politicians seem to be knaves to thousands of their fellow-countrymen, and are treated as knaves by hundreds of presses; and so habitual and persistent are misconception and maltreatment in this respect, that men of sensitive natures and a tender regard for their own good names and reputations shrink from all participation in politics. It is true beyond dispute that a man of the most stainless character and the purest motives has only to become a candidate for office, or to participate influentially in political affairs, to become the target of a great army of dirt-throwers, who lose no opportunity to soil his name and blacken his motives. The fact shows how disgracefully our political conflicts are conducted, and how much their methods need reformation. We talk and write and act like children, and like very bad children too. Each party in a conflict assumes the possession of all the patriotism, all the principle, and all the virtue, and denies to its opponent every good and laudable motive. The courtesies of life are laid aside. It is no longer a matter of difference of opinion among gentlemen, in which no one loses his respect for his neighbor and himself, but it is a degrading squabble, from which no one comes with name untarnished and with hands unsoiled.

If the lesson which Vallandigham's death teaches us could inaugurate a "new departure" in the conduct of our political and party contests, his death would not be in vain. Are we not old enough as a people, and have we not learned enough from the events of the past few years, to be ready to go into the Presidential conflict that lies not far before us with something of fairness and dignity? It is a shame to us that our best men are disgusted with politics, and it is a shame to us that every prominent public man is subjected from the beginning of his career to the end to the grossest misconstructions and misrepresentations, which are never retracted until death strikes him down. We have only to make as much room for the opinions of our neighbor as we claim for our own, and accord to him the same purity of motive which we are conscious of possessing, to make politics respectable, and bring into public life those who will serve the country in the pure spirit of the fathers of the Republic.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHAT becomes of the soul of a man when he gets to be a sign-board? In the patent duplex ventilating chimney, with the tin whirligig atop, that passes up and down Broadway on two legs all day long, are there separate identities of man and chimney? Does the latter walk the streets at night—in spirit—after the legs have stepped from under it? And does the man take perforce to his pipe when he goes back at last to his own family and fireside? Is it a man with the soul of a chimney, or a chimney with the soul of a man; or is it something altogether solitary and soulless?

We wonder how the old fellow felt when he first paraded in his bright wooden uniform; through what stages of mortification he passed, what martyrdoms of manhood! Or, may be—more pathetic still—it was a fine thing from the beginning; quite a social uplift, a most distinguished occupation. For he is proud enough of it now. You can see that in his martial mien; in the occasional patronizing recognition of a rival peripatetic sign-board,—like the Iron Duke's reply to the salute of a London cabby.

Perhaps you knew old Tom who flagged at the Cherry street crossing; a withered, leathery old Irishman who had lived on and around the railroad ever since it was built. He began by stealing coals and peaches, and adventurous rides; was promoted to waterboy; after that, wielded pick and hammer on the track. There was a bad smash-up of flat-cars one day, and Tom, with a wooden leg, the gift of the Company, suddenly found himself at the summit of his ambition, in charge of the Cherry-street crossing; his own trim shanty not far off.

It was a lesson in life, just to see Old Tom announce the coming of a train. A glance up the road, a portentous stride across the track toward the depot, a pause, a pucker of the brow, a sudden straightening of the lank form, and the sentence—half menace, half command—is jerked forth, startling as the clang of a locomotive bell: "*ALL* aboord for New York." A dignified hobble back, and the shabby white flag is unfurled as by one who has announced the king's approach, and now stands proudly waving the royal standard before him.

One morning a new flagman appeared at Cherry street. A group of early passengers gathered around him. "It was the two comin' to once on him, and the down train bein' an extra like, and not lookin' that way, and—" he pointed to an ominous dark spot on the planks between the rails.

The new flagman had a spic and span new flag—Old Tom's flag and Old Tom had gone together. But somewhere and sometime we think we shall see him wave it again, with the old proud look on his leathery face.

DID it never strike you that there were necessary blessings as well as necessary evils in this world; certain good things that we cannot escape any more than we can certain so-called evil things; benefits that we accept with the same lack of responsibility, something of the same spirit of resignation, that we do the trouble we are called upon to bear? Sombre indeed would be the round of the seasons to some of us were it not for pleasures that needs must be devised and entered into for the sake of friends and guests beloved; and oh, the delicious holidays of convalescence! Are there not those who know the blessed relaxation of some morbid self-discipline, through the interposition of a master soul; those who, perplexed and irresolute while duty and desire debate at the parting of the ways, have joyfully welcomed the clear decision that directs them at last into the path leading through the green pastures and beside the still waters!

WHEN a man has genuine "jasm" and irrepressibility, a way of carrying out big enterprises to brilliant and successful issues—and combines with a dazzling audacity a certain downright manner and an off-hand air of generosity—we are apt to wink at his processes and praise his pluck. So, although the man be a reproach to the community in many unspeakable ways, we sometimes say: "Well, the fellow's no sneak; and if he had been given a different bent he would have 'run' his moralities with the same vim that he does his vices."

Perhaps in our day shamelessness is a recommendation: perhaps it is a manly and clever thing to bind one's dishonor as a crown about the brow! However that may be, we have no objection to giving the devil his due,—and we have a thousand times more respect for the good-natured knave himself than for those who march in his train.

Suppose that a fellow of the kind we have described, at the same time the most notorious scamp in a city where scamps were not a few, and who added an inordinate and ridiculous vanity to his other qualities, should choose to make a spectacle of himself by donning royal trappings and prancing down Broadway, on a warlike charger, to the brazen music of a hired band—do you imagine that a thousand men could be found in all the town who, for any mortal consideration of profit, pleasure, or éclat, could be induced to swell the impudent pageant?—in the broad daylight we mean—not when darkness would hide their faces from the gaze of honest and self-respectful men, and from the eyes of their wives and children? And if the thousand men were found, whom would you despise, or pity, most—the brilliant buffoon on horseback, or the crowd at his horse's heels?

DEAR NED:—In doleful dumps, eh? Well, well; it is the healthful kind, I guess. Nothing to do with indigestion, or that sort of thing. Occasional blues won't hurt you, my boy! In the "see-saw" of life the board that takes you lowest lifts you

highest, you know. Don't you remember little Dick Stryker's famous text, that he used to preach from so solemnly, enrobed in his mother's white dinner-cloth?—"When it's up it's down, and when it's down it's up!" Dicky's sermons were rather inconsequent, but there's a heap of philosophy in the text.

And so you are impatient of your tread-mill in the office of the *Weekly Vindicator;* you are tired of this "feeble fabulation" in the literary "slush;" you want to be doing better literary work, or none at all. "Words, words, words!" you cry (in your echo of Carlyle), a fig for all this periodic ginger-pop! You think of cracking stones on the turnpike, or taking to the peanut business. The sentiment does you credit, Ned. It is the artist within you that protests.

But I suspect that a part of your discontent arises from another source. I suspect—for I know something of your grit—that you have reached a point where many a man before you has stood in long, intense, terrible debate—"'I cannot both live and utter it'! Which shall it be with me for life: word or deed?"

Now my dear fellow, you know we have to take this world pretty much as we find it; and you and I find it, in our generation, universally addicted to periodicals of every cycle and sort. Thus a new art has arisen: the JOURNALISTIC ART,—a little off, it may be, of the line of "pure literature," so called,—but still an art, with its rules, its limitations, its mission;—an art most difficult, most noble, most potent. And in the practice of it, either as editors or writers for the press, what is there to prevent our being true to the highest principles, to everything that is finest and fittest? Is it not in the interest of culture that a leader or a local item should be pure in English and in tone?

And, moreover, do you not see now the word and the deed made one? To help give right direction to the current of opinion, to influence beneficently the life of a community by timely utterance—is this only "'words, words, words!"

Courage, mon ami! It is just such men as you who are wanted in just such places—men who carry into journalism the artistic sense, the high purpose, and as (under the circumstances) the best evidence of these—the liability to the blues.

Yours sincerely, O. C.

THE editor of the *Boston Congregationalist*, in a letter to his own paper, from London, gives an interesting description of George MacDonald in the pulpit. According to Mr. Dexter, MacDonald was bred a Congregational minister, is a graduate of a Congregational college, and was for several years pastor of a Congregational church in Sussex. Now, however, his name does not appear upon the official yearly list; but he still preaches occasionally, and Mr. Dexter was present when, one Sabbath evening, he officiated for Mr. Allon, at Canonbury:

"The large audience-room was very full. Mr. MacDonald wore no gown nor bands—as Congregational ministers are quite apt to do here, and as is the usual custom in that pulpit—and had nothing in any way distinctively clerical in his look or manner. He is of a little more than medium height, with a full and flowing dark beard and moustache, and quite long hair; an eminently handsome man, with a general look which suggests the scholar, if not—I do not know that he *writes* poetry—the poet. His voice is rather husky—I fancied a little abnormally so, as he seemed to have a cold. His reading was, to me, very impressive—not that it was faultless, or in any vocal respect near perfection, but that the Scriptures selected were striking, and their rendering somehow singularly earnest. From the Old Testament he read the 5th of Amos, and from the New a portion of the Revelation of John, including the description, in the 14th chapter, of the treading of the great wine-press of the wrath of God, when the blood came out 'even unto the horse-bridles,' etc.; and there was something in his emphatic tones, his Scotch pronunciation—decided, but not amounting to a 'brogue'—and his hirsute front, which gave him a weird seeming, something as if from among the herdmen of Tekoah, or the Isle that is called Patmos, one of the old prophets were come again to warn the wicked.

"His sermon was founded upon 2 Peter iii. 8. 'But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.' Having read the text, he closed the Bible, and, leaning over upon it, began a discourse purely extempore, so far as visible notes were concerned, speaking somewhat thus: The metaphysicians tell us, though I could never quite make sure that I understood it, while I have had an occasional glimmer of an idea what they mean by it, that there is no such thing as what we call time or space, to the Infinite. But this I can comprehend must be true, that in God's eyes a thousand years and a single day must be alike, in that He can see with one glance all that goes to fill up and make out the one as easily as the other; that, as one might say, it is no harder for Him to cognize the one than the other. Well, if this be so, I think it must follow thence that God is never in a hurry. It comes of our unbelief in Him that we are so apt to be in such a hurry. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' If we look at the history of the material world, or the intellectual world, or the social world, or the moral world, or the religious world, nothing is clearer than that God never was in a hurry, and that He can afford to wait. * * * As we contemplate the seething sum of all social wrong and bitterness and abomination, we are apt to get impatient with it all, and be eager to undertake some great and sudden thing against it. We cannot persuade ourselves to be willing to work slowly upon it from within, as the leaven works upon the loaf, as the life-principle of the mustard-seed pushes itself up into the tree; but we want to attack and vanquish it all somehow from the outside. But that was not

the way which Jesus took; He never attacked any thing from the outside, and he did the will of His Father.

"Ah, I would have you think less about being 'good,' and being 'kind,' and more about being *just*. I would have you earnest, not simply to talk about religion, but to be more honest toward the little despised, neglected duties of each, day by day.

"You feel out of heart, sometimes, that you don't get faster on. And yet likely you have not made any really great effort, after all. You say, perhaps: 'Ah, it's hardly any good trying!' But then you are almost always driven, when you sit down calmly to think of it, to the confession that you haven't been trying much notwithstanding.

"You get discouraged, very likely, because there are so many people in the world who do not seem to be really capable of such a thing as a genuinely spiritual idea. But let God mind His own; we have nothing to do with that. We must not be discouraged, because of the great things we cannot do, into omitting the little things we can do.

"It seems to me, sometimes, as if God had taken great trouble to make us. The problem was how to do it. I hope you don't think God made us, and made the world, out of nothing. I don't believe God made anything out of nothing; I think He made all things out of *Himself*. And making us thus out of Himself, the problem was how to make us so that we should be *ourselves;* and so I sometimes think He took a great trouble to throw us off, as it were, so far out of Himself as that we might become ourselves, and develop a will and a free will of our own, and with that free will turn around and seek Him. Men often confound will with impulse, as if these were identities, instead of opposites. As when they say of a child that continually goes astray: 'What a determined will it has towards evil:'—the fact being, all the while, that the child has no power of will at all, to resist the dominion of unbridled passion that leads it continually astray.

"Now, friends, you who want to be good, to be just, to be faithful, where lies your hope of deliverance? I do not speak to you—as a motive—of a hell, for I do not think you need it. But, do you know, I think from the extreme of the old-fashioned teaching that God made men on purpose to damn them, some modern theologians are much exposed to the going over to a very dangerous opposite extreme, and teaching that God will not damn men at all! I do not seek to drive you towards goodness with this fear of God's damnation, but let the man who persists in hardness and impenitence, and who goes on and on and out of the world scorning and neglecting the mercy of our Heavenly Father, be sure that there will be for him a future condemnation terrible to bear. But you, who are tenderhearted, and who want to be true, and are trying to be, learn these two things from our text: never to be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here, and never to fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord! Be charitable in view of it. Be earnest in the faith of it. God can afford to wait, why cannot we—since we have Him to fall back upon! Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust God to weave in your little thread into the great web, though the pattern show it not yet. When God's people are able and willing thus to labor and to wait, remembering that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, the grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day!

"The sermon, which was about thirty-three minutes in length, was of a character essentially unreportable, and I am sensible that the above sketch is very imperfect in its suggestion of it; but I believe it fairly conveys its prominent ideas in very nearly the order of their occurrence, and with something of the flavor of their speech. It was streaked everywhere with fine touches of poetic expression, which no report can convey, and held the closest attention of his listeners. The manner of its delivery was somehow fragmentary and twitchy, with frequent pauses, which—and his prayers had the same peculiarity—were a little displeasing at first, as suggesting a view to effect, but which gradually failed to give that idea as he warmed into his subject. I think my readers will agree with me that there was very little tendency toward Universalism in the discourse; and that it rather confirms a report which I have heard, that Mr. MacDonald, if he ever leaned in that direction, has seen the error of that way. I am sure he would be heard with deep interest in our American pulpits."

About MacDonald as a poet we may have something to say in a later number.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

QUEEN SUMMER.

THERE are lands where Summer, beautiful Queen, never leaves her throne. Her fearless blossoms flout the day; her bees and birds possess the land in fee-simple, and drink from honeyed cups which know not blight nor frost.

But in those lands she rules a despot. Her sun-tipped scepter is raised to destroy as often as to bless. Danger lurks in the fascination of her smile, and behind her shining seat, Death, a rival potentate, couches, and menaces with fleshless arm, and grins among the flowers.

To us Summer comes in different guise. Her short, sweet reign, hemmed in on the one hand and the

other by Spring and Autumn, exemplifies the good effects of "rotation in office." She comes rather as guest than sovereign, and, laying by her insignia of terrible beauty, dons a simpler garb, is tender, loving, beneficent. Mother-sweetness breathes in her smile; she will not command—she stoops to win, and her hands are heaped with gifts for us all.

Not merely gifts, but grants. She opens to us the doors, fast locked all winter-time, which lead to the out-door world. From our warmed and sheltered burrows we step into the very arms of Nature, all dews and stars, all sunsets and sunrisings, all affluence and fresh growth being ours. The weakest and the poorest may come. Queen Summer gives the Fête—spreading couches for tired limbs and a feast for the hungry, providing orchestras in which bird and breeze and rolling surf perform gratuitous harmonies, throwing open picture-galleries without admission-fee, and giving personal welcome to each new-comer. There is no condescension in her air. She not only invites, she woos and pleads, entreating us to come, to profit by the sweet opportunity, and to take what she alone can give.

It is a baptism to new life which she offers—a renovation—a cure. The consuming earthliness of things drops away like a scale under her touch; our weariness and cares and frets lift their heavy wings and are gone. We are made over afresh, with stronger fiber and better purpose—to re-commence, as commence we must, the inevitable strife with ourselves, with the Devil, with circumstance. The battle must begin again. It is much that we have rested, that royal hands help us don again our armor, and that it is lighter than before.

Where do we find this wonderful guest and mistress of ours? She is everywhere, yet many miss her. In shabby courts and dingy alleys she is met; the squalid children playing there are filled with vague rapture by her unseen presence. She sits beside us on the rocks, in the woods; she swings in tree-tops and looks in at garret windows with a smile. But to ball-rooms and hot assemblies she never comes. She eschews "hops," and answers no fashionable cards of invitation. The dancers, passing flushed and heated from the hot rooms, catch a glimpse of her wondering, moon-lit face; but she comes no nearer; the presence-chamber is elsewhere, and they who seek shall discover.

When a few more fast-vanishing weeks shall be past, Queen Summer will have left us. Let those of us who love her, therefore, hasten to kiss the hand of this our bounteous mistress, lest when she is gone our hearts shall reproach us with coldness and ingratitude and our empty lives for the neglect of her beautiful favors.

ICES.

It is one of life's smaller compensations that luxuries—so-called—change place now and then with necessaries—are cheaper, easier to come by, open to all. As in the tropics oranges dangle and bananas ripen for all the world, and no little black hand need lack a cooling palm-leaf, so in our land of plentiful winter, ice, elsewhere a choice rarity, has become a matter of every-day necessity—used by the poorest. How greatly it can relieve the heats of fervid summer only an American can fairly appreciate, for only in America are its innumerable applications made a subject of systematic study.

Iced water, iced soda, iced butter, ice-chests—how should we dispense with these, having once known their value?

"Ice-Cream!" has become a recognized street cry in our cities, vended by peripatetic salesmen from wheelbarrow freezers. And ices, once regarded as exclusively the province of the confectioner, are rapidly taking rank in public favor as the coolest, most delightful, and easiest of home-made summer desserts.

Given a "Five-minute Freezer" and a shilling's worth of ice, and other material costs almost nothing. With lemons at ninepence a dozen, Sicily oranges fourteen for a quarter of a dollar, currants and raspberries reddening in the garden, and strawberries at every corner, a mould of ice costs less than a pudding or a pie, and involves less heat and trouble of preparation. A bit of carpet and a mallet, a few minutes' pounding and stirring—your freezer is ready—your mixture poured in and covered over; you come and go leaving it to itself, with now and then a twirl of the dasher—half an hour and it is ready. The ghost of last winter has entered your kitchen and done his spiriting deftly.

The varieties of material are many. They sound the gamut of the seasons. There is an "Ice" for every month of the year, and a dozen for those in which ice is most palatable and welcome.

As for instance,—all the winter long, lemon and orange ices can be had, made simply of the juice of the fruits, cold water, and sugar. A little sweetmeat, or the left-over syrup from a can of peaches, may be added to enhance or vary the flavor, and the stiffly-beaten white of an egg makes the composition lighter and more delicate. Later, pine-apple ice comes on; then strawberry, raspberry, cherry—made precisely in the same way. Currant-juice well sweetened and frozen *without* water forms a ruby cone delightful to look and taste. Frozen peaches sliced into cream and well sweetened are delicious; and apple-sauce and cream is not to be derided. In fact there is no fruit or mingling of fruits which will not blend harmoniously under the magic influence of the freezer. The most unlikely things turn out most toothsome. We distinctly remember once eating a mixture of wonderful goodness, which proved on investigation to be compounded of milk, flour, a little melted butter, a *very* little cream, sugar, sliced peaches, and the juice of stewed pears! After that who shall hesitate?

One word more. Pound your ice very fine, and add plenty of *rock* salt, packing it close with a stick or broom-handle. These precautions taken, the freezing becomes a very easy affair.

A DELSARTE FOR EVERY DAY.

Why should we not have one? We mean a Pro-

fessor, who should carry out the theory of facial expression invented by M. Delsarte, and teach us the proper look and gesture for the *rôles* we happen to be enacting in daily life.

For example: We are supposed to be of the happy and fortunate people of earth. We wear purple and fine linen, and roll, sumptuous as Cinderella, in "Chariots of Heaven," with footmen, coachmen, and long-tailed steeds. Our visible occupation—our only one, at these precise moments—is to be happy. Our faces, attitudes, our whole atmosphere should express this; it should dimple in our cheeks and ring in our laughter. But as things stand we do not look happy in the least. Our countenances as we languidly press the silken cushions express nothing, unless it is, to use Col. Higginson's apt phrase, "the renunciation of all human joy." We do not smile nor speak; we look sourly ahead, as if riding at our own funerals. A carriage load of us professedly "happy" people is a gloomy sight to the lookers on. Delsarte would mend all this!

But again, there are occasions in life when it is appropriate to look gloomy. For instance, we attend the obsequies of an acquaintance, somebody whom we liked well enough, but who had no ancestral or blood-relation's claim upon our tears. Still the decencies of death demand a decorous gravity, and we observe it so long as we are in the darkened house, with its hush, its smell of flowers and geranium-leaves, and its subdued and mysterious tramp of boots going up and down stairs. But when, formally summoned by an usher with a list, we emerge again into the light and air, and are put into a hack with three other acquaintance, we forget to be solemn. They talk, we talk. The hackman slowly guides his horses in the long procession. Subdued laughs are audible. The passers-by catch glimpses of animated faces and nid-nodding bonnets. We appear infinitely more cheerful than we did when merely driving for pleasure! Delsarte is needed to mend this also.

Then there are weddings. The bride must be trained to look timid and the bridegroom blest. The attending parents should exhibit the fine lines of parental struggle, the brooding mother-look, the father's blent with love and pain—

> "As the dear wonted smile
> Fades from his hearthstone to rejoice
> A stranger's."

Nowadays we seem intent on our clothes and our bills. Men of wealth should pose after the portraits of Mæcenas (if any exist) or those of the Medici. Men of letters (in twelve lessons) should be instructed to look like Apostles of the Truth, and not, as at present, like the queer brown efts who inhabit old books. Men of the law should resemble Justice—unblindfolded, it is true, and wearing pantaloons, but bearing Fairbanks's patent scales—warranted. Men of genius should glow, scintillate, dazzle; no longer, smug and shaven, should they be passed unrecognized in the crowd of every-day men. They should assume rightful position. Delsarte will see to that.

All of us will look like what we are doing, if not like what we are. Our theory of what this is may—nay, probably will—differ from Brown's theory of the same thing. But there will be this advantage: Brown, and Jones too, will see at a glance what our mental position with regard to ourselves happens to be, and this very fact will spare us a multitude of rubs. By all means let us have a Delsarte.

CUT FLOWERS.

THE first thing to be considered in arranging cut flowers is the vase.

If it is scarlet, blue, or many-colored, it must necessarily conflict with some hue in your bouquet. Choose rather pure white, green, or transparent glass, which allows the delicate stems to be seen. Brown Swiss-wood, silver, bronze, or yellow straw conflict with nothing. The vase must be subordinate to what it holds.

A bowl for roses. Tall-spreading vases for gladiolus, fern, white lilies, and the like. Cups for violets and tiny wood flowers. Baskets for vines and gay garden blossoms. A flower-lover will in time collect shapes and sizes to suit each group.

Colors should be blended together with neutral tints, of which there are abundance—whites, grays, purples, tender greens—and which harmonize the pinks, crimsons, and brilliant reds into soft unison.

Certain flowers assort well only in families, and are spoiled by mixing. Of these are balsams, hollyhocks, and sweet peas, whose tender liquid hues are as those of drifting sunset clouds. Others may be massed with good effect. In arranging a large basket or vase it is well to mentally divide it into small groups, making each group perfectly harmonious with itself, and blending the whole with green and delicate colors. And, above all, avoid stiffness. Let a bright tendril or spray of vine spring forth here and there, and wander over and around the vase at its will.

The water should be warm for a winter vase—cool, but not iced, for a summer one. A little salt or a bit of charcoal should be added in hot weather, to obviate vegetable decay, and the vase filled anew each morning. With these precautions your flowers, if set beside an open window at night, will keep their freshness for many hours even in July, and reward by their beautiful presence the kind hand which arranged and tended them.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE student of Art attempting to get an intelligible idea of the general value of the painting of England, can hardly do worse than to begin with the Academy exhibition. Scarcely in the range of modern art can another annual exhibition be found which shall convey such evidence of poverty of thought in conception, and journeyman rashness and coarseness in execution, as is shown in an average R. A. exhibition. It is, for concurrent reasons, the school of mediocrity and frivolous conceits—on one side because an association of commonplace intellects will not brook the leadership of original minds, and on the other because the Academy is a shop where the end of labor and the proof of success are in the sales effected and the prices obtained. The title of R. A. is worth so much per cent. on one's untitled income; it imposes on an unthinking and unæsthetic public by the exaggeration of its pretensions, and the mass of Royal Academy goers take the painters at their own terms, and consider admission to the galleries an indefeasible proof of greatness.

And all this in spite of evidence which would satisfy any mind which was capable of changing a prepossession, that the best painters of England are not in the Academy, and that their works are generally proscribed there. Landscape, which is the only art in which the English school really excels, is not in favor in the R. A., and it is merely by a kind of enforced condescension to the only genuine taste which England shows, that now and then a second-rate landscapist enters their body. The great landscape names since Turner (who belonged to another kind of Academy) do not appear on the Academy rolls, and Linnell, Anthony, Palmer, and the list of water-color landscapists, the truest and most artistic of them all, have to give precedence to Vicat Cole, scarcely a second-rate painter, but the best of the Academy.

In the higher class of figure painting the same rule obtains,—Rossetti and Burne Jones, the two most remarkable colorists and painters of ideal subjects England possesses, never even exhibiting at the Academy, while in general excellence the water-color societies display a much higher average than the Academy.

The most patent defects of the English school as such are want of artistic training,—of culture, to use a term better understood in its relations to literature; with consequent want of tone and refinement, an incessantly intruding vulgarity and exaggeration in execution, in color, and in action, and an almost universal deficiency in sense of the beautiful and noble in subject. One goes through a French exhibition with a sense that the art has refined the artist—that a serious artistic aspiration has been the dominant motive in the body of workers; the culture appears in all directions; but in the Academy rooms one sees a huge mass of violent effort, of straining color, one picture competing with another like bidders at an auction, in violence of color and effect, to attract, not the eyes of an educated public taste, but of a class of exhibition-goers who are taken more by eccentricity than excellence, and whose appreciation goes more by the catalogue than the pictures.

To any one accustomed to continental art, and to the dignity and serene splendor of the old art, the Academy is painfully garish, frivolous, and convulsive as a whole; and when one comes to study out the details there is a great want of intellectual effort and an ostentation of erudition; revivals of past times, without sincerity or genuine appreciation, mingle with commonplace *genre* and obdurate realizations of the most commonplace incidents and scenes of to-day. Here and there, like poets lost in a crowd of shopkeepers, are a very few works of genuine artistic power and completeness; for as the English people, *ignobile vulgus*, is the most crude and hopeless of vulgarities, but with the rarest and finest *échantillons* of humanity occasionally cropping out, so that a thorough English gentleman is proverbially the most nearly perfect of gentlemen; so amid all their vulgar and uncultured shop art there comes now and then even in the Academy exhibition a work of genuine artistic inspiration and training. A little picture by Mason, an artist unknown in America, "A Milkmaid," is one of the most admirable pieces of pure low-toned color which we have ever seen in modern art—almost Venetian in richness and harmony of tone, reminding one in feeling of Gainsborough, though not at all in manner of execution. The portraits of G. F. Watts, again, are of a noble type, grave, largely treated, and indicative of a great artistic power, with as incomplete a scholastic training as one can find in any great work—feebleness of drawing even at times, and a most annoying incompleteness of accessory painting. The draperies and backgrounds of his portraits in this exhibition have all the modern carelessness of treatment, and even unusual crudeness and chalkiness—the points which show more than anything else the difference between modern and Venetian portraiture. The latter was as perfectly studied out as the most earnest religious pictures; the art was always the same—complete throughout, every point made effective and kept in its due relations to all the rest; like the chords of a sonata, no note irrelevant. Watts's portraits are the best, almost the only good in England—certainly the only ones in the exhibition, yet even they show at once the weakness of English art—its radical want of primary training. To the men of the old schools,—perfectly trained from youth, and taught to consider their work as a whole, and to draw and color for drawing's and color's sake—the power of doing appears in the least thing done as well as in the greatest—the painting of a button is as great as that of a head; while in all English work, though in the more important passages the weakness may be disguised by intense application and care in execution, the weakness becomes apparent as soon as the importance of the object is lost and the pains-

taking of hand is relaxed. This executive weakness is apparent throughout the whole school, and in no case does English art rise to a point where comparison with the old schools is possible. When one recalls the pictures which hung in the Academy rooms last winter, and remembers the brush-work of Rubens's wolf-hunt before the canvases of Ansdell or Landseer; the portraits of Rembrandt before those of Watts, and the execution of Velasquez or even Raphael before a picture of Millais, the impassable abyss between the old and the new schools becomes evident, and one feels that the day has gone by when art was the work or interest of the great minds of the day. Political life, religious reform, humanitarianism, carry away the earnest men, and even Ruskin, who once hesitated whether he should give his devotion to art or the church, now loses his enthusiasm for his early pursuits in the human interests which his surroundings present to him. Plastic art can be to modern men only an amusement, a thing for weary hours, and the English temperament, practical and intellectual above all, has even less aptitude than any other for those idle emotions which are the especial objects of pure plastic art. Now and then comes a mind of exceptional make, like Reynolds or Turner, which recognizes art as its especial sphere, and refuses to obey allegiance to the greater facts of life; but in general the modern mind only knows the side of art which conveys scientific or historical facts. Portraiture is to it only a greater photography, and historical painting really exists no longer; landscape alone has a certain recreative interest, but it is not to be doubted that, in all its essential elements, painting is one of the arts lost to general knowledge or appreciation of the practical world; and as the English is the most practical of all practical nations, art is, in spite of all effort, more completely an exotic in England than in any other country, and the feeling for art in any shape, music, architecture, painting, sculpture, etc., is lower and more forced there even than in America, where a large infusion of all other national temperaments saves us from the ban of our original stock.

In the present theme of discussion, the general tone of portraiture is the best of proofs of what we have said. Except Watts's, there are no portraits in the Academy worth noticing save as mechanical products and with reference to their originals—none which compare, for artistic and pictorial completeness, with those of the President of our National Academy, or for insight into character with those of Rowse.

The man who more than any other engages the suffrages of the Academy-goers is Millais; yet Millais, since his early pictures, in which a sustained concentration in study and a rare (to the English public) sense of the value of local color, made him a merited reputation, has every year run more and more into mere brush-work, and become more and more reckless of any purpose or artistic refinement in his pictures. His great picture of this year, Aaron and Hur sustaining the hands of Moses, represents all that is bad and vulgar in English art, as well as all that is most powerful in mere execution. The characters are not even conceived—they are taken from the models; and the action is the most trumpery of theatrical pose—Hur resembling a stock ranter playing Shylock and swearing he will have his bond. His Somnambulist is a picture which but for its being *his* would scarcely have been admitted even to the Academy—commonplace, without the merit of good painting even, except in a candlestick which she carries half inverted in one hand.

Leighton, who promises, it is said, to be the next President of the Academy, is out in force with several classical pictures. He is the artist on whose work hopes of a restoration of a pure classical style and subjective dignity to English art have been formerly laid by some of the truest critical English minds; but, like all the rest, once his position made and his reception assured, he has run off into extravagant exaggeration of his best points, until there is scarcely anything but a caricature of the classical renaissance left. The subject of the principal picture is Hercules struggling with Death for the life of Alcestis. The composition, in the usual style of classic painters, pseudo-Raphaelesque, shows the body of Alcestis stretched on the bier in the center; on the right Hercules, wrestling with Death, who is treated in a solid matter-of-fact style instead of the traditional bones and skull, overturns his grim adversary with an ease which in no way accounts for the exuberant muscle and grotesque *élan* of the demi-god. The head of Death is a good point—a vague, ashy face, frightful with its undirected and stony stare. On the left the attendants huddle together in a well-rendered fright, which is the most successful part of the picture; the rest consists of skillfully-posed but unskillfully-painted models to make up the "harmony" of the composition. The color is simply atrocious—a glare of glazes in which all execution and solidity is lost; in which there is no sense of harmony of color, only an exaggeration of tone with the most distant allusion to nature.

And when these three, Watts, Millais, and Leighton, are the *Dii Majores* of the Academy, what shall we expect of the *Minores?* Of Mason, whose "Milkmaid" we have alluded to, we can hardly expect more than he has given—the simplest of subjects treated in the most tender, if not the highest of poetic aspects. He has another picture, in which a landscape motive of great *naïveté* is treated with a simplicity and general manner so like the more happily-conceived "Milkmaid" that we quickly discover his limitation.

A picture by Walker, "At the Bar," gives at once an example of what is most genuine and powerful in English art, and what is most faulty in the treatment, from the point of view of plastic dignity and completeness. It is a large picture, with a woman at the bar waiting for the verdict or the sentence, as the case may be,—a haggard, ragged outcast caught out of the slums of London, plunged into the more despairing filth of the dungeon, and, worn and half-crazed, brought up for the word of life or death. She waits it with

a feverish intensity, a greed of even that wretched life of hers, the rendering of which is so perfectly dramatic, so instinct with imaginative reality, that one comes away from the Academy with the remembrance of it as the one real, living work there. But the picture has no "composition," no arrangement of any kind. The culprit leans on a bar, looking straight out of the picture, with a plain flat background, and no accessories except a ruffianly looking jailer, who sits in the lower left-hand corner of the picture. The painting of the whole is on the simplest planes, low-toned and pure in color and masterly in handling.

Taking out this picture and Mason's, some faint emulation of the French revivals of Pompeian art by Moore, there is nothing in the general impression of the Academy exhibition much at variance with the general tenor of the exhibitions of the New York Academy, except that it is more staring and crude in color and more caricatured in vigor of execution.

Fortunately for British art, the Academy is not the last tribunal of taste or excellence, and we shall find in the water-color exhibition (and the work of the men who do not exhibit anywhere) some material for sincere study and more grateful appreciation.

THE BATTLE OF DORKING.

COL. HAMLEY—if it is really Col. Hamley, who in the prophetic *Battle of Dorking* (reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* by the Putnams) has startled England to such a sense of her military weakness—certainly chose the most effectual, if not the kindest, way of accomplishing his purpose. After the subsidence of last summer's scare, when all parties had stiffened their backs with repeated "Who's afraid!" and persuaded themselves that the fate of France could never overtake England, his clever stroke of imagination sets them to trembling again in a way that must be as gratifying to the writer as humiliating to the government. The weak attempts to draw comfort from the assertion that the author lays on too much dark color, only testifies to the probable accuracy of the picture he draws. The story of the battle and the sudden overthrow of England by United Germany, three years after the fall of France, is told after the lapse of half a century by an old volunteer whose children are about to emigrate. The present condition of England is described with a few graphic touches—how trade increased and riches flowed in from every quarter. "Fools that we were! We thought that all this wealth and prosperity were sent us by Providence, and could not stop coming. In our blindness we did not see that we were merely a big workshop making up the things which came from all parts of the world; and that if other nations stopped sending us raw goods to work up we could not produce them ourselves." The war was precipitated by the blustering of the press upon the annexation of Denmark and Holland by Germany. The folly of the course was manifest, yet "we had always got out of scrapes before, and we believed that our old luck and pluck would somehow pull us through." But it didn't. The sudden bursting of the storm, for which the Germans were prepared and the English were not; the destruction of the fragment of the British fleet hastily got together,—the greater part of it being scattered to the four quarters of the globe, as ours was when the rebellion broke out,—the invasion, and the utter defeat of the English army hastily and confusedly thrown to the line of chalk hills near Dorking—are described with a rare combination of professional knowledge, creative power, and skillful handling of details. Those of our readers who had experience of volunteer fighting under bad generalship during our late war will appreciate the vivid truthfulness of the old volunteer's representation of the mythical fight at Box Hill, the Bull Run retreat upon London, and the street fighting in Kingston, where our two-days soldier ends his military career. "After the first stand in line, and when once they had got us on the march, the enemy laughed at us. Our handful of regular troops was sacrificed almost to a man, in a vain conflict with numbers; our volunteers and militia, with officers who did not know their work, without ammunition or equipment, or staff to superintend, starving in the midst of plenty, we had soon become a helpless mob, fighting desperately here and there, but with whom as a manœuvering army the disciplined invaders did just what they pleased." What makes the natural and minutely realistic description which the author gives of this imaginary reverse so stinging to all classes, is the too evident probability that an actual invasion would result in much the same way.

PANGENESIS.

ONE of Darwin's own disciples has lately dealt his favorite hypothesis of "pangenesis" a stunning blow. Denying, as Darwin does, the existence of a special vital principle, he was obliged to explain how each plant or animal is built up in its own manner. He therefore assumed the provisional hypothesis of "pangenesis," by which he means the doctrine that each portion of every organism gives off inconceivably minute gemmules like itself, which pass through the circulating fluids in infinite numbers, and which are transmitted from parent to offspring. Thus, by "pangenesis," millions of gemmules, representing all possible portions of a poppy or of an oak, are collected into its pollen and ovules, and thus pass into the ripening seed or acorn. Then, as the seed or acorn grows, these gemmules, which meanwhile have the convenient power of multiplying themselves, are severally attached where they belong. The gemmule which originated in the bark of the parent oak seeks the right spot to build up bark in the young tree, and the end of a bud attracts the floating gemmule necessary to complete its growth. Such, in popular language, is "pangenesis." Now, Mr. Galton, who by his book arguing the hereditary character of genius, had done Mr. Darwin good service, concluded to put this through a crucial test. When two breeds of rabbits are crossed,

the mongrel offspring show plainly enough that the difference of breed does not interfere with the free action of the "gemmules" of both parents. Now, if the blood swarms with these gemmules, it will not be necessary to cross two breeds to get a mongrel offspring. All that would be necessary is to transfuse the blood of one breed into the veins of a rabbit of another breed, and so we have both sorts of gemmules circulating in its system; and its offspring, though paired with one of its own kind, ought to be a mongrel. This experiment Mr. Galton tried repeatedly, nearly draining his rabbit of its own blood before making the transfusion. In order to make the interchange of blood more complete, he even pierced the carotid arteries of two rabbits of different breeds (a silver-gray and a yellow), and by connecting them by cross-tubes caused the blood of each to circulate for thirty-five minutes through the veins of the other. But in every case the offspring of the poor creatures experimented on proved to be utterly untainted by any sign of false blood. Mr. Galton publishes this as a complete refutation of pangenesis. And we are surprised that Mr. Darwin, with less than his usual candor, does not yield the point. His only plea in defense is, that it is quite conceivable that the gemmules may circulate in the cells and tissues of the body without inhabiting the blood. Quite inconceivable it will seem to almost everybody else.

THE new buildings for the English International Exhibitions are of a more substantial character than those experimenta previously constructed for that purpose. Beside the Royal Albert Hall, there is a large quadrangle of galleries enclosing the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society, with an immense conservatory. This will be a permanent attraction to the South Kensington district, where the art museum and picture galleries, already existing, are of so great value; the buildings nearly completed for the natural history collections now in the British Museum forming another feature. When all is finished the quarter will be, indeed, so far as the interest of the collection and exhibitions go, unequaled in the world. Unfortunately, the buildings are, without exception, of a poor and trivial architectural character, and unworthy their uses.

Every new attempt at architectural display only proves more and more conclusively the unartistic character of the English mind. Let the system be what it will—competitive or by commission—nothing comes out well, and the public monuments in general are quite worthy of Washington—lower one cannot go in the scale of taste. The exhibition of this year is quite a failure, so far as the *general* foreign contributions are concerned. The display of machinery is very meager, and save for the Indian work, which in matter of tissues and ornament is very lovely, and the picture collection, there is little to tempt study. The ceramic collections are very complete, but mostly English. The art collections are exceedingly interesting, and include pictures even by deceased artists, and which have been exhibited before in London, so that it becomes a sort of review exhibition. One finds here in the French collection the well-known pictures of Delacroix, Delaroche, Jules Dupré, etc., with those by the still living men, most of whom are represented. There is a wonderful moonlight by Daubigny, which three years ago was sent to the Royal Academy, whence it was about to be summarily expelled, and was only finally hung at the top of the room at the earnest intercession of one of the Academicians, a personal friend of the painter. Yet it is now generally admitted to be one of the finest landscapes in the International, and is certainly the most incomparable moonlight to be seen in any of the exhibitions of the year. There is an astonishing picture by Regnault (killed in the siege of Paris), a Moorish decapitation.

THE famous collection of jewels, vases, and terra-cottas from the excavations of Greece, Etruria, and Græcia Magna, belonging to the Castellani family, and well known to all visitors to Rome, is now in London for sale, the British Museum not having concluded the purchase, which has been pending for two years. This collection is not only the most complete, out of the great national museums, but is likely never to be equaled by future collections, as the ground of all the ancient cities has been, during the thirty or forty years which have been employed in making it, so thoroughly explored that few discoveries are likely to be made in future; while the Castellanis have had the pick of the Roman and Neapolitan market for two generations of collectors. Its price is large, £37,000, but not large considering the number and exquisite beauty of the gems and antique jewelry, which is of all ages, from the mythic to the 16th century, with several beautiful Greek statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, etc., etc. The English exchequer seems to forbid the purchase; it would be a wise thing in our great capitalists if they would secure it for our new art museum, and half a dozen New York merchants could do the work. Another such opportunity will never offer, and the collection could no doubt be sold for much more in detail, so that no re-collection could be made at anything like the same terms. The prices of such treasures rise every year.

AND apropos of prices, that of Millais's "Moses," described in the R. A. notice, is £5,000, the same as that of his last year's principal picture, "The Knight and Lady," which it is a genuine satisfaction to find unsold in the International of this year. No painter in England is so overrated as Millais, and the prices he puts on his pictures are sheer impertinence, considering their power and relative artistic excellence.

PICTURE buying and selling has assumed in England the character of a commerce in which enormous capital is invested and in which fortunes are made. No investment is so profitable as that in the work of a young man of rising reputation and great power of execution or originality. Many of the best painters of England work entirely for the dealers at regular prices, with sale

secured of every picture. They pass from hand to hand, and occasionally absurd prices are reached. It is like the tulip mania in Holland—only not so well justified, for tulips are always beautiful, while some of the pictures are far from it. Every spring-time a certain number of collections are brought to the hammer, and it is often found that the prices realized are six, eight, and even ten times the price first paid. The capitalist buys as he buys stocks.

Ruskin, in one of his piquant letters called *Fors Clavigera*, alludes to the sale of pictures at high prices in the following terms:—"Now it is perfectly true that you may sometimes sell a picture for a thousand pounds, but the chances are very much against your doing so—much more than the chances of a lottery. In the first place you must paint a very clever picture; and the chances are greatly against your doing that. In the second place, you must meet with an amiable picture-dealer; and the chances are somewhat against your doing that. In the third place the amiable picture-dealer must meet with a fool; and the chances are not always in favor even of his doing that."

THE GATES OF PARIS being again opened to the world, there is much interest in the investigation of her literature during the period of war. The quantity is larger than we could have expected, but with the exception of a few scientific novelties in the sphere of medicine and natural science, there is a real dearth of anything of interest. In the matter of jurisprudence and theology there is absolutely nothing, and indeed the same may be said of solid works in all branches of knowledge. Politics and social suffering are the pivots around which all the literature seems to turn, and a blind rage or an absolute cynicism seems to form the spirit of nearly everything that leaves the press. The present revolution appears to have produced no Mirabeau or Rouget de Lisle. Victor Hugo exhausted himself in silly egotism and hollow phrases, and was only outdone in rhetorical flights by the irrepressible Gambetta. It would seem to have been a splendid opportunity for the favorites of the people to produce something grand and inspiring in the line of threats to tyrants, but the epoch is barren of everything but almanacs, wheezy odes to victory, and satires on Napoleon. There are a few valuable treatises on the treatment of the wounded and the hygienic needs of Paris, as well as plans for raising the siege and driving away the Germans. There are, moreover, a flood of pamphlets and caricatures, and a multitude of new journals bearing the strangest titles; these latter have already had their day, and their antics have passed into history.

LITERARY PORTRAITS, after the manner of Sainte-Beuve, are becoming very popular abroad. The activity everywhere being developed on the continent produces a growing interest in those men who are representative, and the people are anxious to make a nearer acquaintance with those from whom they learn, or under whose literary or political guidance they have placed themselves. The journals of the day give occasional traits of these personalities in connection with their labors, but these are fragmentary, and therefore unfinished and unsatisfactory.

In accordance with this feeling, a German publicist of note, Von Wurzbach, announces a forthcoming series of "Portraits" of famous contemporaries, or, at least, of characters quite recently deceased, who have adorned the fields of literature, art, science, or politics, and given to them a characteristic trait or coloring. The first series is to consist of twelve numbers, each one containing a complete biography of sixty or seventy pages with portrait, and to be sold at the marvelously low price of one shilling gold, so as to bring them within the reach of all, and insure a wide circulation. Each number is complete in itself, and may thus be obtained by the admirers of its subject without the necessity of buying the whole. The series begins with Uhland, announced as the greatest lyric and political poet of the period. His recent death seems not to have diminished his influence with the people. Then follows Vogt, as the most active champion in the field of "liberal" science in its present interesting contest with religion. He is just now the most daring and reckless of the antagonists of the Bible in the arena of German thought; but he is at times as visionary in science as in politics, and spoils his cause by his manifest impracticability. Lasalle, though little known among us, is now exerting a large influence in the socialistic movements in Germany, and in the renewed political activity of the country is destined to be heard beyond the boundaries of his own land. Dumas, son, then comes in as the champion of the modern drama; Rossini as one of the most creative spirits in the realm of tones, and Gutzkow as the most significant representative of German novelistic literature. The series closes with Kaulbach as the great historical painter of the epoch, and Wagner as pathfinder in the sphere of dramatic music: Dawison as one of the most prominent dramatic artists of the present, and lastly, the famous Countess Hahn-Hahn as type of the most interesting feminine individualities of the period. This rare chance to get a view of the more intimate life and character of these prominent personages will doubtless be embraced by many, and a large sale of the series is expected.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN of Berlin is to be adorned with a splendid victory column to be crowned by a statue of *Borussia*—the Latin name for Prussia. The work is now in the hands of Drake, the most eminent sculptor of the Prussian capital. The column will be about one hundred and twenty feet in height, resting on a quadrilateral substructure fifty feet high. Borussia herself, to crown such a column, will need to be colossal, and we are told that she will be about thirty feet in height. She is represented as a young woman of mighty form and noble features, and is clothed not in armor but in antique garb. Her garments are gathered around the waist by a broad girdle, the front folds of which are ornamented in high relief by an eagle with outspread wings. The figure rests lightly on the left

foot, while the left hand bears the national standard, and the right a laurel wreath.

HUNGARIAN LITERATURE is making rapid advances since the political resurrection of the nation. We perceive no less than three new works just from the press, and all of historical or political importance. The first is entitled *Hungary under Maria Theresa and Joseph the Second.* It is a vivid portraiture of the struggles under these rulers, and a succinct account of the conflicts for provincial independence against the efforts for centralization. The second bears the title: *Count Andrassy and his Policy.* Its object is to defend Andrassy, the Hungarian Premier, in his conflicts with Von Beust, the Austrian Chancellor. It represents him as much more inclined to maintain the peace towards Europe and the Germans than his noted rival. And lastly we have: *The European Mission of Hungary.* The drift of this work seems to be the ambition of Hungary to extend her influence back over Europe rather than down the Danube and over Turkey. The real mission of this gallant nation seems to be to form a barrier between the Mohammedan and the Christian, and her statesmen are divided in their views regarding their neighbors, some seeing a wider field of influence with the Turk, and others clinging to the history and culture of the Occident.

TURKISH LITERATURE has just been enriched by a reprint of the oldest intellectual monument of the Turks of Inner Asia. It was found by Vambery, the famous wanderer of the Steppes, and by him deciphered from its ancient and obsolete script. It is a guide to rulers, and its wisdom is imparted by four characters bearing the names of Reason, Justice, Fortune, and Contentedness. It seems to be a production of the eleventh century, and is a sort of didactic poem penetrated with the spirit of Islamism. A few of its rules for prudence and virtue will give us an idea of the general spirit of this monument of Turkish wisdom:—"He who forgets death conquers his enemy. If a prince finds pleasure in the Sweet, his people will soon find their lot to be Bitterness. A ruler punishes the crimes of the people, but who is to punish the crimes of the ruler?"

A PERSIAN POEM has just been discovered in an old manuscript in the library of Breslau, in which the story of Tell and the Apple is distinctly told. It is supposed to have been brought to Europe by the early Crusaders, and to have formed the framework for the famous epic of Switzerland. The tale runs thus:—"A mighty king once loved a page so tenderly as not to permit his absence for a moment, and he adorned him with a splendor outshining that of all other pages. But when the king amused himself in archery the poor page almost died of terror, for the arrow's goal was ever an apple on the page's head. The arrow always split the apple, but the suffering page was blanched with deathly fear."

THE FLEMINGS of Belgium seem greatly excited in regard to their vernacular, which is closely allied to the Holland Dutch. Of late years the French language has made such strides in Belgium as to exclude the native tongue from the courts, the schools, the churches, and the large cities generally. Just now there is an exciting movement on the part of the lovers of the ancient tongue to reintroduce it into the Chambers and the schools; and orators and poets are trying their hand at it with a view of reviving a love for it. The latest announcement is a book of poems in Flemish, by two sisters named Loveling. The critics praise the ingenious manner in which the language is handled, but complain of an excess of sentiment.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE ALBERT-TYPE.

FOR a long time it was assumed by most people that the mission of photography was accomplished in giving us unstable reflections of things animate and inanimate on plates of silver, of glass, and on paper. One thing more might be secured, they hoped,—permanency for these sun-pictures. Few, even of those most sanguine of results from the new art, fancied that within a score of years it would become what it now is,—one of the leading art-industries of the world. And yet it would seem that we are but at the beginning of the great results which are to owe their existence to the parent art—Photography. We are strongly impressed with this by what is being accomplished by the photo-printing process, lately invented by Joseph Albert, of Munich, photographer to the King of Bavaria and Czar of Russia, and now practiced in this city by his accredited agent for the United States, Mr. Edward Bierstadt, at the rooms of the Photo-Plate Printing Co., Broadway. This new process promises to make a complete revolution in the art of illustration, by enabling us to print, in an ordinary lithographic press and with photographic accuracy of light and shade, all objects which can be photographed; and this, too, with a rapidity equal to that with which the commonest lithographic work is done. The process may be described, in general terms, as follows:

The operator is provided with a "negative"—say of a portrait—one, if you like, which the photographer has already printed with, by exposing the sensitive paper underneath it to the action of the light. On a piece of thick plate glass as large as the "negative," or larger, if he wishes to increase the margin around the head or bust or figure, the operator now pours a preparation of gelatine and bi-chromate of potash. This he does in a chemically dark room,—one illuminated with yellow light only. When the gelatine on the plate is sufficiently firm, the "negative" is laid upon it and exposed to the light. The bi-chromate of potash being, like the salts of silver in the paper process, sensitive

to the action of the light, a certain chemical change takes place in those portions of the gelatine upon which the light falls. This change renders the gelatine insoluble in water in precise proportion to the amount of light to which it has been subjected. As for example: the high lights of the negative, *i. e.*, facial prominences, linen, etc., etc., being opaque, the gelatine immediately underneath is unchanged, remains soluble; whilst that beneath the transparent portions of the negative, the black, becomes insoluble; the intermediate shades are of course represented by degrees of solubility. When the exposure is sufficient the plate is laid in a water bath to remove the bi-chromate. This done, it is removed from the bath and allowed to dry thoroughly, when it is ready to print from. The plate, being now placed in the press, is carefully wetted with a sponge. The insoluble gelatine, owing to the chemical change, rejects the water; the other portions receive it in proportion to the absence of the change. It will be obvious now, that when the roller, covered with fatty ink, is passed over the plate, the ink will be received most freely by the chemically changed gelatine, and by all other parts in the degree in which they rejected the moisture from the sponge; and thus we have the plate in that condition which when printed from gives us a result as correct in every way as the familiar photographic print. From one of these plates as many as two thousand prints may be obtained, and a boy or girl may turn off five hundred daily. As the "negative," or original picture, is in no way injured by the process, gelatine plates can be prepared *ad libitum;* so that by adding to the number of plates, an edition embracing many thousand copies of any subject can be printed with great rapidity, independent of light or weather, to which the sun printing process is so amenable. Mr. Bierstadt has already four presses employed, from which he is turning out most satisfactory work, including portraits, copies of drawings, and quite lately excellent *fac-similes* of important maps of great size and wonderful detail. Yet no steel plate could have given reproductions of this work so accurate as those produced by this process at a mere fraction of the cost to engrave them.

It will thus be seen that a new era in illustration is begun, which must be prolific of great results.

Those immediately interested in the process hope to see the day when the plate can be used in conjunction with letter-press; and talk of the "coming newspaper," appearing in the morning with pictures of the riot or procession of yesterday, in which the very faces of the participants can be readily recognized.

THE MORSE TESTIMONIAL.

To few men is it given to wear the crown which their life-struggle has fairly earned. Few inventors receive from an ungrudging world a full acknowledgment of their genius and a grateful return for their service to mankind. But to one man all this has come in our time; indeed, it happened but yesterday. An old man—a genius—whose invention had revolutionized the commercial and social interchanges of the world, stood among a vast concourse of those for whom he had created an industry, and with plaudits and music, and banners and flowers, and eloquent voices, received his crown. The young maiden who dictated the first message: "What hath God wrought!" had had only time to become a young matron meanwhile, and sat with moistened eyes to witness the triumph of her old friend. How fitting the response to this first message in the words: "Glory to God in the Highest: on earth peace, good-will to men." It all reads like a poem, because the story of a great life is rounded, and justice is done to genius and to toil; and an age that has had much said against it, and a country prone to forgetfulness, have vindicated their claim to respect. Blessings on the old man, and on the land that thus rewards him!

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

The Modern American child is quite likely to take whatever of privilege he can lay his hands on, but he certainly has rights to which very little respect is paid, and which his own little hands are quite powerless to achieve for himself. Mrs. George Vandenhoff tells us all about it in her lecture—a lecture which ought to be heard wherever children are reared. Particularly she tells us about the right of children to a healthy parentage and a happy childhood. The carelessness with which men and women abuse their bodies by all kinds of excesses, and then assume the functions and responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood, together with the reckless cruelty with which they introduce these innocent ones to a childhood of vicious or miserable conditions, are subjects that need to be talked about and considered all over the land. It is a momentous thing to call into existence a human being, and to become, in a very important sense, responsible for the conditions through which it is to reach its own self-government and self-support. How thoughtlessly this is done, all the frivolous associations of courtship and marriage bear witness. The appeal which our lady lecturer makes on this, and on many other points, is timely and Christian, illustrating as well her own culture of mind and heart as the general progress in the methods of reform.

SOME FIGURES.

We commend some facts and figures lately collected to our social reformers, begging them to inform us what bearing they have upon the question of female suffrage. Last Summer Mr. Thomas Meehan, one of our best American botanists, told the American Scientific Association, that in the case of pines and of some other trees which he had examined, in which the male and the female flowers or catkins are borne on separate shoots, only the most vigorous shoots produced female flowers, while, if a tree happened to be stunted, with thin spindling branches, these depauperated shoots produced only male blossoms. It was evident to him that the female element was in these cases much more

vigorous than the male. This seemed quite the contrary to what we know of the comparative vigor of the two sexes in the animal kingdom. But now we are informed on the best authority that in the human family the female sex has more natural vitality and vigor than the male; and figures seem to prove it. Why is it that in every country that has ever taken a census, and that, too, irrespective of the ravages of war, there are more females than males, while, on the other hand, there are always more males born than females? In England, during ten years, there were 104.5 males born to 100 females; in France, during forty-four years, there were 106.2 males to 100 females; in Prussia, 108.9 males to 100 females. But the male children die off faster than the female, showing that they possess less natural vigor of constitution. In the case of still-births the proportion is from 135 to 145 still-born males to 100 females; and during the first four or five years of life, while their treatment is precisely the same, 126 boys die in England to 100 girls, and in France the proportion is still more unfavorable. As a result of this smaller vitality men soon lose the advantage of numbers which they have at birth, and in savage or civilized countries the females preponderate. Still Nature does her best to correct the disturbed balance. Is it not she that a few years ago taught our women to kill themselves off as rapidly as possible by avoiding the fresh air, and by tight lacings and thin shoes, and are not the present reforms in these matters a "reform against Nature?"

WAKE-ROBIN.

On a summer Sunday, some years ago,—how many we do not know, and have no right to guess,—a boy lying on his back in the woods saw a strange bird flying over his head. He saw it but for a moment, noted a white spot on its wing, and it was gone. The boy's brothers were lying by his side, and doubtless saw the same bird, but to them it was simply a bird whose name they did not know. To him, it was a messenger from a world into which he must enter: so subtly and so surely is Wisdom known of her children, wherever she finds them.

This boy was John Burroughs, "seeker of birds" from that day forth: and because of that little bird's chance flying over John Burroughs' head on that Sunday afternoon, he has written, and we hold in our hands to-day, a most delicious book for summer reading, called "Wake-Robin." (Hurd & Houghton.) "Wake-Robin" is the common name of the white Trillium, which is in bloom in all our woods when the birds arrive. Mr. Burroughs finds in it, therefore, a fitting title for a book mainly about birds; but he gives this explanation half apologetically, and says that a "more specific title" would have suited him better. If he had found that "more specific title" his book would have lost, to our thinking, a part of its subtile charm. Nothing could be more daintily delightful on a title-page than is the word "Wake-Robin," (with its initial letters in scarlet, red-breasted, as one might say), and with a canopying bar overhead, in which a tiny Jenny Wren, under a sunshade, listens to the love-making of Robin himself. It is to be questioned whether "specific titles" to books are not mistakes in nine cases out of ten, as indeed all specifics are in danger of being. At any rate, the books most enchanting in atmosphere and spirit are the books to which it is impossible to give titles which are technical or specific. Such books are also difficult to describe or analyze. *Wake-Robin* is especially so. With comparatively little which could be called exact ornithological information, it yet is so graphic in its touches that one rises from it feeling as if he knew all about every bird mentioned in it. This is because the "touches" are from the hand of a student who might have written an ornithology if he had chosen. But many men have written ornithologies who could not have written *Wake-Robin*. Mr. Burroughs loves all nature, and is at home in all her ways.

"I sit down, with hands full of the pink azalea, to listen," he says. That is the difference between the mere man of specialties and the lover. The man with his hands full of pink azalea will hear more than he who passes the azalea by: "secrets lurk on all sides; there is news in every bush," for him. To him also will be given a fine felicity of descriptive phrase, such as lifetimes of patience less warm-hearted could never compass. This is perhaps the most notable charm in Mr. Burroughs's book. Witness these few sentences taken almost at random:

"That free, fascinating, half work and half play pursuit,—sugar-making." "Even the hen has a homely, contented carol." "Few writers award any song to that familiar little sparrow the Socialis; yet who that has observed him, sitting by the wayside, and repeating with devout attitude that *fine sliding chant*, does not recognize the neglect?" "It is Downy beating a reveille to Spring;" (the woodpecker's note early in March). "The strange clairvoyant call," (of the cuckoo). "The poet of the plain unadorned pastures," (the field-sparrow). "The parodist of the woods," (the cat-bird). "The ground warblers all have one notable feature,—very beautiful legs, as white and delicate as if they had always worn silk stockings and satin slippers." "A little grassy lane, golden with buttercups, or white with daisies, or *wading waist-deep* in the red raspberry bushes." "That scene-shifter, the wind." "What can be more welcome to the ear than these early first sounds? They have such a *margin of silence*." "The flowers that overleap all bounds in this section are the Houstonias. By the first of April they are very noticeable in warm, damp places along the borders of the woods, and in half-cleared fields, but by May these localities are clouded with them. They become visible from the highway across wide fields, and look *like little puffs of smoke* lying close to the ground."

All lovers of the Houstonia will linger with delight over this sentence. We know of no other which gives

fitting picture of the evanescent look of that lowly fairy blossom.

The chapter, "In the Hemlocks," closes with this paragraph: "Mounting toward the upland again, I pause reverently as the hush and stillness of twilight come upon the woods. It is the sweetest, ripest hour of the day. And as the hermit's (the hermit thrush) evening hymn goes up from the deep solitude below me, I experience that serene exaltation of sentiment of which music, literature, and religion are but the faint types and symbols."

This paragraph reminds one, in its "serene exaltation," of some of the prose which Col. Higginson writes when he writes of Nature. We cannot give it higher praise. In fact, we recognize all through the book so much and so rare kinship of occupations and loves, and even of expression, between the two men, that it is a surprise to find Mr. Burroughs making a hardly courteous mention, and an interpretation not quite fair, of a statement in the *Out-Door Papers* in regard to the trill of the hair-bird. The sentence referred to is perhaps ambiguously worded, but it certainly does *not* say that the trill of the hair-bird is "produced *by*" the fluttering of its wings on its sides, but that it is produced "with the aid of" a fluttering motion of the wings, like that which insects make in chirping. Whether this motion of the wings has or has not anything to do with the trill, it has certainly been observed to take place at the same time.

It is a little unfortunate that in the same sentence where Mr. Burroughs mentions this supposed mistake of a brother lover of birds, he should have overlooked so considerable an error (typographical, we presume) as the printing of the hair-bird's generic name "Fringillia," instead of "Fringilla."

There are other beauties, other portions of "Wake-Robin" which we had meant to notice; but we must leave them to speak for themselves to the fortunate finders of the book. All lovers of woods will be sure to find it sooner or later; and to all those poor souls, spiritually halt and maimed, who do not love woods, we recommend it as heartily as we would recommend crutches for cripples, or glasses for eyes blinded by shortness of sight.

LITTLE MEN.

WHOEVER wishes to enjoy a vivid sensation can do so by ordering a copy of Louisa M. Alcott's new book, *Little Men* (Roberts Bros., Boston), and opening the package in presence of children who have read *Little Women*, but do not yet know "Jo's boys." We enjoyed this sensation last week. We shall not forget it. The three little girls who gathered around our chair seemed multiplied into dozens by their darting and climbing and crowding to get a glimpse of the pages; the three little voices, usually the gentlest and sweetest little voices in the world, rose into a Babel of clamor.

"Oh, let me have the first reading!"

"No! I spoke first."

"Oh, that's too mean. You had first reading of *Little Women!*" and the book bade fair to be an apple of discord.

"Nobody is to have the first reading. Nobody can read all the time. You must take turns;" decided the wise mamma, impartial referee in all troublesome questions. And "turns" it was! From 6 A.M. till inexorable bedtime, not an hour in which some child might not be found curled up in some corner of that house, so buried in that book that she could only be roused sufficiently to ejaculate, "Oh, it's perfectly splendid!"

"I wish Miss Alcott would write a new book every week," said one.

"Why don't she?" said another; "I'm sure she could. I've read *Little Women* all through, eleven times, and this is nicer than that."

So it is. Charming as was *Little Women*, *Little Men* is in many ways better. Artistically, it is done with a more even hand; morally, it has a distincter and surer aim. It is not possible for any earnest and loving mother of boys to read the story of Jo's family without having her work made easier for the rest of her life. It is one of the best of the many good points in Miss Alcott's writing, this teaching fathers and mothers by winning the children first. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings she perfects her lessons, and so subtly that nobody suspects he is being instructed. Didactic would be the last adjective ever applied to her stories. People often resent even the word "instructive," used in description of them. It is better so. The beautiful healing will sink deeper for being undetected. If the titles had read "Little Women; or, How to Make Home Happy," and "Little Men; or, How to Bring up Boys," the pride of the Natural Man and the Natural Woman would have taken fire instantly, and have rejected the gratuitous advice. But no one who loves and comprehends children, and (therefore) grieves over the sad failure of the average parent, the average home, can read these stories carefully without seeing that they are brimful of cure for the common evils and mistakes in family management.

Another notable charm in Miss Alcott's stories is their absolute fidelity to real life. She is entitled to greater praise as an artist than has been bestowed upon her; ultimately she will be recognized as the very best painter, *en genre*, of the American domestic life in the middle classes; the very faithfulness, the aliveness—there *ought* to be that word—of her pictures prevents their having full justice done them at once; also the fact that, thus far, they are only simple "studies," and of very narrow range. It is so with Teniers's and Gerard Dow's pictures. One can look at them for weeks and enjoy them, without fully finding out how true they are. But go to the Pinacothek on a festa day, when the peasants are allowed to go in, and you start with surprise! You think they have stepped out of the very frames on the walls!

That Miss Alcott has sufficient artistic power to suc-

ceed in a longer story, with more variety, incident, and machinery, it would not be safe to infer: she certainly had not when she wrote *Moods*. But between that and her later works is an almost immeasurable advance: we say immeasurable, because it seems a positive change in *kind* as well as in quality of work. However, while she will give us simple stories which all boys and girls read with delight and profit, and all fathers and mothers laugh and cry over after their boys and girls have gone to bed, we may well be content, without desiring that she should attempt that almost impossible thing, the American Novel.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC.

THE highest enjoyment of a genuine boy is to do something that men do. If he is too small to do the real thing, he "makes believe,"—goes through the motions with imaginary tools, busying himself for hours together with a serious enjoyment older heads have little conception of. So long as imagination rules the little brain, such mock-labor answers every purpose. But the time comes when the would-be workman must see tangible results. His labor must be productive—of chips, at least. Happy is he then if he owns a knife and is master of a place where whittlings are permissible; thrice happy if he knows some lazy, genial Rip Van Winkle who will guide his feeble efforts in the manufacture of wind-mills, water-wheels, bows and arrows, darts, pop-guns, fly-traps,—all the implements of juvenile savagery. Parents mistake in neglecting to provide the necessary means for advancing these early lessons in the constructive art. The cost is slight, and in no way can money be more profitably spent—not even on books and schooling—than in aiding the boy to find pleasure in so wholesome, rational, and instructive a pursuit. Even if he will never need to turn his mechanical skill to the stern work of earning daily bread, it will be to him a source of beneficent enjoyment, a relief from other labors, all his life. With a pocket-knife, a gimlet, a hammer, a square, a small saw, and the *Young Mechanic*, all costing perhaps five dollars, a boy may be started on a course of constructive enjoyment practically limitless. The last-named book (G. P. Putnam & Sons) is, we trust, the precursor of a new line of juvenile literature specially adapted to the necessities of Young America. At first sight we thought the author had forgotten that average boys had very little money to spend on even such profitable luxuries as carpenters' and turners' tools: but we misjudged him. "Small boys need few tools, but much perseverance," is his motto; and he cleverly explains how to make the few tools mentioned above, or even fewer, go a great way in training the young mechanic. The elementary processes of wood-working are introduced by degrees, until the pupil has gone from the simple to the complicated, and mastered the main principles of the art of carpentry. Then the author's favorite instrument, the lathe, is introduced, and the tools, materials, and processes of turning are clearly described. In the last chapters the author explains the principles and construction of a steam-engine so deftly that any ingenious boy, following his directions, can make one that will not merely run, but work. The book is neatly illustrated, printed, and bound; and is one of the best works for a boy's library that can be found.

LANGE'S JOHN.

A CERTAIN mournful interest is awakened by the appearance of the *Commentary on the Gospel of John*, as one of the series of volumes in the great work of *Lange*, (Charles Scribner & Co.). It was on this volume that the Rev. Dr. E. D. Yeomans, of New Jersey, was engaged when the fatal disease, which carried him away in the very fullness of his activity and power, discovered itself. A touching note to the general editor, Dr. Schaff, in which the Christian scholar relinquishes reluctantly the labor in which he had found so much delight and profit, is given in the special introduction to the present volume. The work which was interrupted by the death of Dr. Yeomans was committed to skillful hands; but it has also received, no doubt, a greater share of the attention of the accomplished general editor than would have been thought necessary except for this interruption. How laborious and careful has been the attention which Dr. Schaff has given to it, is evident at a glance. The copious additions to the commentary, in the body of the work and in the margin, bearing his initials, are so numerous that it is in effect a new work—made over again in its American form, and enriched with the latest results of biblical discovery and scholarship which have accumulated since the German author dismissed it as complete. Those who know Dr. Schaff will recognize it as a cause for peculiar congratulation that the Gospel of John, which pre-eminently among all the books of Scripture needs not only the keen eye but the loving heart for its interpretation, should have had his personal attention and supervision to so great an extent. He has the German thoroughness without the German obscurity. We need only add that the study of the Gospel of John was never more important or more full of vital interest than it is to-day. And not only clergymen but thoughtful laymen will welcome any such assistance as the publication of this volume offers.

THE WONDER LIBRARY.

THE latest volume of the Wonder Library (C. Scribner & Co.) takes up the survey of *European Art* begun in the volume on Italian Art published last year, and critically reviews the masterpieces of the Spanish, German, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools. The names of over two hundred painters appear in the index in evidence of the wide range of the author's studies. The list of illustrations comprises eleven well-cut engravings after Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine, and others. Calling for no technical knowledge of art, and aiming at general instruction rather than minute criticism, this work, like its predecessor, serves admirably for the purposes of a popular series.


1st Mile
2d Mile
3d Mile
4th Mile
5th Mile
6th Mile
7th Mile
8th Mile
Recuperated

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1871. No. 5.

PICTURES FROM CANADA.



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC, FROM DURHAM TERRACE.

HAVE you ever in your holiday ramblings made one of the fashionable American tours, from the Falls of Niagara to the sea? Join me where "Utawa's tide," of which Moore sings in the "Canadian boat song," meets and marries the blue St. Lawrence; flounder down rapids, glide on calm waters, until anchor is cast at Kakouna, the Canadian Saratoga, or Gaspé, the land's-end where Jacques Cartier first planted the *fleur-de-lis* of France, over three hundred years ago. Sail down the majestic Saguenay, whose bosom receives in its course the waters of thirty rivers, and whose bottom has never been touched by plummet. Wander through villages and towns lying on both sides of the St. Lawrence; visit the ancient capital Quebec, with its towering citadel and twisted streets; stroll through the handsome metropolis Montreal, into the shops, hotels, and courts; read the signs as you pass, and the sainted and foreign names of streets and squares, and you are impressed with the uniqueness of this Province of Quebec, the striking contrast to the Province of Ontario or to the United States, and the strong foreign flavor in manners and customs, in architecture, language, and law.

Lower Canada, as it was called before the Confederation of the Provinces of British North America, is neither English nor French, but both blended in one, and yet without coherence. It combines in itself the prominent characteristics of London and Paris, with a dash of Rome, Dublin, and Edinburgh. It is distinctively neither ancient nor modern, but a curious jumble of both. Quebec city resembles Boulogne in the mixed French and English character ,and speech of its inhabitants. A traveler may imagine himself at once in Europe and in America: French vivacity cheek by jowl with English phlegm; manners and customs which revive recollections of La Vendée as well as of Devon. The Anglo-Saxon tongue is heard with the French; and do not be astonished, *mon ami*, if in conversation you do not quite comprehend the latter, though you were educated in Paris, or taught French in the orthodox number of lessons by an imported Monsieur or Madame. If you speak English only, you will find yourself as much misunderstood in many country districts, and even in the suburbs of the cities, as if you spoke Russian. All the surroundings are opposed to your idea of an English colony. The tricolor is nearly as prevalent as the Union Jack.

Quebec city is no more like New York than the Province of Quebec, or Lower Canada, is like the Province of Ontario, or Upper Canada. There is much less of the antique and anomalous in the Upper Province,



SIR GEORGE CARTIER

and there is more of progress, and an utter absence of the foreign and religious landmarks which characterize the Province of the French Canadian. Fashions are preserved in Lower Canada ten years after they have become obsolete in Upper Canada; and while in architecture and public improvements the city of Montreal is unrivaled in the whole Dominion, yet, outside of the metropolis, one feels that he has fallen among a people who, in many notable respects, are behind the times, and too strongly wedded to foreign associations and a religious autocracy to appreciate or take part in the growth and development of the country. The impress made by the early French settlers has not been effaced, even in the aspect of the cities and towns. Quebec city is equal to a Chinese puzzle, in the ramifications and distortions of the streets and buildings; and even the expropriating policy of the last ten years, and the necessities of the last thirty, have not been able entirely to rid Montreal of the narrow streets and close houses which represented the mind of the early French inhabitants.

Most of the early French emigrants to Canada originally came from Normandy and Brittany, and so many resemblances still exist that travelers who have visited these ancient provinces of France and also Lower Canada, have been forcibly struck with the many identical characteristics, and the resemblances in the agriculture of the two peoples. At the time of the conquest of Canada, in 1759, there were 80,000 French in the colony, the majority of whom were soldiers; and in a little over one hundred years this number has increased to over 1,000,000, and that without any emigration from France. The fecundity of the French Canadian beside the St. Lawrence has long ago passed into a proverb, as the fecundity of the Egyptian beside the Nile. The proportion of women in the above early census was very small, and the French government, about that time, instigated several female emigrations, and allowed the troops to marry. Intermarriages of red and white skins also occurred, some of the soldiers preferring the native to the imported wife, and to this day there are old families in the province who easily trace their Indian descent. The intermarriage of the French and Indian was facilitated by the fact that long before the Conquest the red-skins spoke a French *patois*, and professed the Roman Catholic faith—a community of interest which exists to this day —exerting a similar matrimonial influence in and near the Indian settlements of Caughnawaga, St. Regis, the Lake of Two Mountains, and Loretto, among Iroquois, Algonquins, and Hurons.

Here and there we find families who claim descent from the brilliant emigrations sent out by Louis the Fourteenth. Sir George Cartier, Minister of Militia for the Dominion, asserts himself to be a lineal descendant of one of Jacques Cartier's nephews; and other leading French Canadian politicians claim to have family alliance with the old nobility of France, who were attracted to Canada, or New France as it was first called, when the *fleur-de-lis* waved triumphant from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. Affecting to be Parisian was the fashion among young French Canadians about ten years ago, but Parisians ridiculed the poor imitation, and it went out of vogue.

It may here be interesting to advert to the consanguineous sympathy thought to exist between the French of France and Canada. It is altogether confined to the latter. The con-

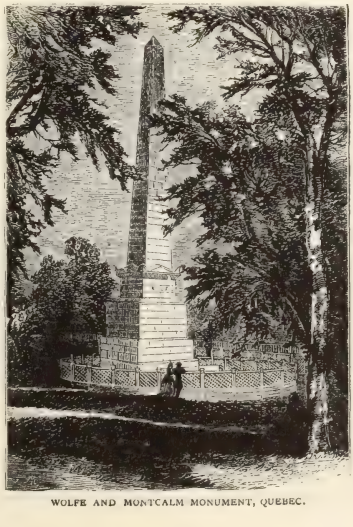
quest separated every political and social tie, and drew a line of demarkation as distinct as that made by the American Revolution between England and the seceding States. A Frenchman of France is as much a foreigner in Canada as a Turk. Personal intercourse has been rare; intermarriages are almost unknown; and any leading commercial relationship is mostly monopolized by English merchants and resident Parisians. French historians and politicians as well as French sovereigns have, as a rule, treated the French in Canada contemptuously. Chateaubriand did them the great injustice of saying that they were a doomed race, destined to dwindle away like the aborigines, with whom they mingled and sympathized; and other leading writers, at the time of the conquest and after, prejudiced the French nation against the Canadian people.

The French Canadians, as we find them to-day, are a very different people from what they were fifty years ago. With respect to the state of education, commercial enterprise, and agriculture among them half a century ago, the less said the better. We will take them as any traveler will find them to-day.

They are of the average height; stouter and stronger than the people of France, though lacking the gracefulness of carriage and *tout ensemble* of the Frenchman. The prevailing type of face is distinct from that of the English Canadian. It is dark and stern, while a gloom hangs over the countenance, which, however, is often relieved by a pleasant versatility of expression peculiar to the French character. The hair is remarkable for its luxuriance, darkness, and tendency to curl.

The French Canadians manifest a hereditary pride in dress. The upper class dress without fault; but the middling and lower classes verge upon the vulgar. A French servant-girl will appear on Sundays and church holidays in all the colors of the rainbow,—enormous chignon, crinoline, *et cetera*, in the most extravagant extreme. Butcher-boys and cabmen strut around in conspicuous suits of the brightest yellow, brown, and velvet, with black beaver hat, and a lavish display of pure oroide. The poorer classes strive and strain to keep up appearances beyond their means, and periodically the French clergy censure their extravagance from the pulpit. The days of beef-moccasins and home-spun cloth have vanished, even among the laborers. The interesting "Jean Baptiste" of twenty or thirty years ago, clad in the primitive gray or blue flannel coat and breeches, and the peculiar worsted cap called a "tuque," variegated colored sash, has become traditionary in the cities. It has even disappeared from the cab-stands and wharves of Quebec city, and those who wish to see it must look at its representation on the copper coins of the "Banque du Peuple," in the masquerades in the skating rinks, or in the water-colors of Kreighoff and Jacobi. Within the last twenty years, English and French Canadians have become so blended in many social respects that old distinctions of dress have been almost entirely obliterated, and there is not the same effort made to retain unsuitable fashions simply because they happen to be French.

The French of the cities do not, as many suppose, speak pure French. I have heard Parisians affirm that at first they had some difficulty in understanding perfectly the most of what educated French Canadians would



WOLFE AND MONTCALM MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

say, owing to the introduction of a peculiar idiom and the intermixture of English, producing a *patois* different from anything heard in France. They speak faster than the old French; their preachers and lawyers plead in a high vehement tone and with an excessive display of emphasis, which to the quieter Anglo-Saxon seems extravagant and somewhat absurd. They gesticulate in Quebec precisely as they do in Paris, and use many expletives in ordinary conversation. In the politest assemblies "Mon Dieu" is a common expression of astonishment, dread, and sorrow. They learn the English language much easier than the English seem to learn French, and for every English Canadian who speaks French there are twenty French who can converse fluently in English. As a traveler gravely remarked, "even the little French children speak French." There is a liveliness in their conversation which we do not hear in the English.

They are excessively fond of fêtes and holidays, shows and processions. Business is willingly suspended at the call of the Church to commemorate the birthday or death of a saint, the morning being spent in church, and the rest of the day wherever and however they please. They have an Athenian *penchant* for the theatre. They enjoy their holidays to perfection, and are the most easily amused people on earth. They are passionately fond of vocal and instrumental music and dancing, and have an especial capacity for these "gay arts." They are born musicians. The piano and violin are their favorite instruments. Doubtless this taste for music is greatly cultivated by the early and regular training of the ear by the magnificent music of their church choirs.



FRENCH CANADIAN COLLEGE-BOY AND GENTLEMAN, 1803.

The courtesy of all the French Canadian citizens, rich and poor, is proverbial. The very beggars constrain you by their civility to give them alms, and the cabmen cajole you by their politeness to increase their fare. They are a very sociable people, delighting in company at home and abroad, in clubs and associations. Nothing makes Lower Canadian society more agreeable, especially in the fashionable assemblies of winter, than the intermingling of the two races, with their divergent characteristics and different shades of manner. Looking at the sociable record of the past fifty years as it has existed, with few interruptions, between French and English Canadians, one almost forgets the history of Wolfe and Montcalm; and when young French Canada is seen retrieving the laurels his sires lost on battle-fields by conquering the affections of English maidens, and British officers preferring and winning "la belle Canadienne," one is forcibly struck with the social changes wrought by time and necessity, and the discomfiture of Lord Durham's predictions of an endless "contest of races" in Canada.

The French Canadians have a strong predilection for the professions, and even the sons of many humble farmers forsake the farm and attend the cheap Catholic colleges which abound in the province, with a view to becoming lawyers, physicians, or priests. To the mind of young French Canada there is a mysterious dignity in the professions, and a public notoriety peculiarly attractive. The bench and bar, the pulpit and college have French Canadian representatives of no mean order; but a large class, especially of lawyers, consists of mere adventurers, who earn a precarious

living, and whose one aim is to secure a comfortable berth under the pay of Government; or, like Sancho Panza, feeling themselves strong enough to rule kingdoms, they have no hesitation in contesting a constituency with the oldest politician in the country. Law students are as thick as berries, who with inordinate "cheek" announce themselves ready to devote their talents to the service of the country, and some of the Lower Canadian constituencies are represented by several of these long-haired, ambitious upstarts, who mistake fluency for eloquence, and excessive confidence for wisdom. The history of Lower Canada agitations is the history of individual cliques, instigated by just such beardless boys, and not the general *vox populi*. Politics is the attractive goal for the French Canadians. They are divided into two principal parties—the *Rouge* and the *Bleu*. The former, which is naturally in the minority in a Roman Catholic province, has also been called the annexation, reform, republican, and liberal party, and was represented during the struggle with Britain by Louis Joseph Papineau, the leader of the French Canadian Rebellion of 1837. It has always been opposed to priest power, and therefore has not flourished. The Bleus have been also called the priest, conservative, and confederation party,—composed of the Roman Catholic clergy and the large majority of French Canadians. The favor shown to the Confederation of the British American Provinces by the priests can now easily be understood. The class of men now returned to Parliament—even the briefless barristers before referred to—must have more education than was required by French Canadian constituencies fifty years ago, when many of their representatives could neither read nor write.

The spirit of commercial and social progress has recently taken hold of the French Canadians. Enterprise among them was rare until within the last twenty years. Some of the old merchants made fortunes, but a great many failed for want of the cosmopolitan spirit of business which is so essential to mercantile success. Within the memory of young men in their teens, the French Canadian was a by-word of reproach; their legislators opposed



FRENCH CANADIAN LADY AND PRIEST, 1803.

movements designed for improving public roads, making turnpikes, and opening and colonizing the country. Tumble-down shops, narrow and unmacadamized streets, bad roads, and dull times were directly traceable to the "*laissez faire*" policy of the French race. Unprejudiced travelers have attributed the backward condition of the Province either to the French race, or to the powerful sway of the Roman Catholic clergy. Better days have, however, dawned. Magnificent shops and terraces and wide streets have replaced very much of the old style. Several of the most flourishing banks have been established by French Canadian enterprise; the only well-managed line of steamers between Montreal and Quebec is owned by a French Canadian company. They are now less afraid of investing money in public enterprises, and the natural consequences of such advancement are being reflected upon the character and happiness of the people.

Leaving the French Canadian citizen, let us journey into the country among the agricultural class, who best typify the French Canadian of early history. A very plain distinction



OLD-TIME HUCKSTERS.

exists between the English and French farmer of Lower Canada. The former are pretty much like English-speaking farmers elsewhere in Canada and the United States; the latter are *par excellence* the most interesting peasantry on this continent.

The personal appearance of *les habitants*, as they are called, has been well portrayed on canvas by artists. The aquiline nose, small black or gray lustrous eyes, thin compressed lips, high cheek-bones, prominent chin, caused often by the loss of teeth, face wrinkled beyond the reach of arithmetic, shaggy black or gray hair, is the *habitant* and no one else. They are below the average height, with a dash of the Indian in the contour of the face, but none in the general figure.

They are tough as iron, and endure the extremes of heat and cold without discomfort, it being quite a common sight to see them splitting wood in the depth of winter, with their hairy bosoms exposed, when the thermometer is perhaps twenty degrees below zero. Indeed, there is this peculiarity about the constitution of the *habitants*, that they stand extremes of temperature, wet feet and clothes, with impunity, and survive accidents and illness which would kill nine out of every ten English farmers.

The *habitants* dress in *etoffe du pays* of blue or gray, the traditional *tuque* or cap, beef moccasins, and the characteristic sash around the waist. But the *tuque* is disappearing, we are sorry to say, and ordinary caps are taking its place. It alone served to mark the *habitant*. It is something like a long stocking, knit and closed at both ends, and one end being pushed into the other to double it, it is drawn over the head, down the back of the neck, and indeed over the whole face and shoulders if necessary. The beef moccasins answer for wet as well as dry weather. The sash keeps the body warm, and has been adopted as an ornamental and useful appendage by the citizens; and the snow-shoe clubs have adopted the *tuque*. Home-made clothing has given way considerably to the cheapness of mill manufacture; the growing taste for finery and colors tempts a more frequent visit to the village or city shops; and with the growth and development of the country, the French Canadian peasant and family imbibe a love for better apparel than their own humble ingenuity and industry can produce. The wooden shoe, which is generally in use among the peasants of Normandy, is commonly used by the French Canadian women in sloppy weather, or when working in the fields, and is also used as an outer shoe by the market women. The women also wear a curious old-fashioned cloak, level with the heels, which is often seen in Brittany.

The habitation of the *habitant* bears a striking resemblance to the dwellings of the Normandy peasants. In France, the flooring is always of brick or flat stones; in Canada, invariably of wood; but with this single exception, almost every other arrangement is identical. The poorest peasants build of logs or planks, and the wealthier of stone. The houses are commodious as to elbow-room, but the ceilings are seldom eight feet high, and therefore most uncomfortably hot in summer as well as in winter. One story suffices for the modest demands of the peasant and his family. The houses are almost

invariably whitewashed; have a bit of a rude garden and fence in front. Straggling pigs and hens grunt and cackle; a woful-looking dog stands at the fence on the watch for something to bark at; and numerous children flatten their noses at the window-panes, or chase the pigs in the garden as you pass. Nearly all the houses have a simple bake-house detached, built of stone and mortar, with an oven in the center, and a space underneath to build a fire. This is used altogether in summer for baking bread. A well with an ancient hoister is seen in rear of the house.

Down about Quebec, and in other old districts, it is common to see large wooden crosses erected near the houses, with a superstitious reverence peculiar to the character of the Canadian peasant. These crosses sometimes bear full-sized wooden representations of the cock that crowed when Peter denied Christ; the nails that were driven through our Saviour's hands and feet; the hammer, sponge, spear, and crown of thorns.

The door of the *habitant's* house opens into the principal room. The floor is painted yellow, and, covered here and there with strips of home-made rag carpeting, always presents a neat appearance. Large beams run across the ceiling without the usual covering, and do not improve the appearance of the interior; but, after all, are they not preferable to rats? A gigantic double stove stands on one side of the room during winter, and is conspicuous by the brilliancy of its polish. The bed-rooms are separated from this large room—which, by the way, is kitchen, dining and sitting room combined,—by thin wooden partitions, and are kept beautifully clean, the linen bedding and curtains being spotless as snow. The furniture is plain and simple, often home-made. A large pine table, and numerous rush-bottomed chairs stand in the front room, with a clock that would serve for a coffin if the works were taken out, —which works, by the way, are often of wood. There are one or two large cupboards; a plain assortment of brightly polished kitchen utensils; a gun and powder-flask above the cupboard; the inevitable draught-board in one corner; a few pictures of loved virgins, and some plaster images, and a crucifix on the wall, and several boxes of beautiful flowers at the windows, having all the advantages of a conservatory, as the house is kept hot. The culinary utensils, plates, spoons, bowls, and cups are of tin, crockery, or wooden ware.

A few special domestic virtues of the *habitants'* better-halfs commend them to good Christians, especially their absolute cleanliness and industrious ingenuity. They are generally models of toil and economy, and are never seen idle or moping around their homes. They sew and patch and plan, and in many a way utilize every spare ribbon and bit of cloth which many cast away. Warm quilts and rag carpets are made out of rags; nothing is wasted. The industrious will exhaust every resource to send their little children, from nine years of age, to what is called their "première communion"—a religious festival—dressed in immaculate white from head to toe; and in many a flounce and ribbon and bow one can see the tidy finger-work of the *habitant's* good wife. The beautiful neatness and cleanliness of the interior of their houses have often been remarked by travelers, and the clean and tidy exteriors of their



OLD-TIME CABMEN.



THE OLD FRENCH CANADIAN TRAPPER. (FROM A PORTRAIT STATUETTE.)

cottages are among the prettiest sights on either shore as one sails down the St. Lawrence, or rides along the country roads. Frequently I have seen the women on their knees scrubbing the very sidewalks in front of their humble homes; while the repeated scrubbings make the stone steps leading up to their doors shine like polished pine.

The food of the *habitant* in summer consists chiefly of the productions of his farm: fresh and salt meat, fish, and oatmeal porridge. Though they do not stint, they deny themselves many of the best farm productions, in order to realize money for them in the markets. In winter their supplies are more limited. Formerly, when roads were bad and markets distant, they only raised enough farm produce for their own consumption, but the English farmers introduced a spirit of traffic among them, and better communication has stimulated them to increase, though not to improve, their products. The *habitants* are miserable agriculturists, and with few exceptions resist all attempts to raise them from the mire of conservative ignorance. Although wooden ploughs and rotten barns no longer characterize the majority of farms, the *habitants* are a standing reproach to Lower Canadian agriculture, and the hereditary division and subdivision of land, which has cut up the original farms of one hundred years ago into lots for each member of the family, each member wanting a frontage on the road or river, has had its worst results on the French Canadian peasants. They are suspicious of any reform, and seldom being able to read or write, and generally only acquainted with their own language, have a very limited sphere of operation, and do not try to learn improvement,—"do not seem to know," said a traveler, "that any improvement has been made in agriculture since Noah planted his vineyard." The women and children do a great deal of hard work in the potato-fields, with a hoe called a *pioche*. They prefer a small piece of cleared land to treble its size of standing timber-land. Within the last twenty years some change has been slowly effected among the most intelligent farmers, and there are certainly model farms and worthy exceptions; but, taking the mass of *les habitants*, one cannot but regret that they did not follow the old *noblesse*.

who returned to France after Quebec was ceded to Britain, though France would not have had any cause to feel grateful for their allegiance. Scarcely a French Canadian peasant could be persuaded, not many years ago, to invest in labor-saving implements of any kind. Change was distasteful, and the same trait is the greatest drawback to the progress of Lower Canadian agriculture to-day. Along the banks of the St. Lawrence, the traveler on the steamer may see the housewife sitting opposite her cottage door, using the old spinning-wheel. Content with old methods and means is the bane of the *habitant*. He is impatient of severe farming toil, and yet dislikes to purchase the very means to save him labor.

It may seem a strange antithesis to say that the peasants toil hard and yet are indolent; but it is so. Their hard toil *on the farm* is simply necessary to existence; their indolence is shown in a neglect to extend, improve, and develop their resources. They let tares grow; they half do whatever they undertake, and have little or no idea of improving their living stock. A traveler observes, that if they happen to have a stony field they seldom think of building a fence with the stones, but they heap them in an immense pile and draw wooden rails from even two miles' distance. Agricultural societies and exhibitions are aiding greatly to teach the *habitants* how to improve, but the great improvement is to arrive when the present generation are gathered to their fathers, with their antiquated ideas and superstitious ignorance.

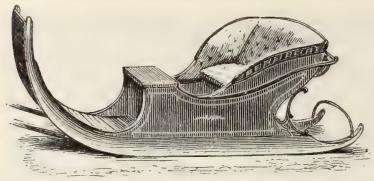
The families of the *habitant* are coworkers in the house and on the farm. They make linen from their own flax, and wool from their own sheep; they make their own hats from straw and fur; moccasins, socks, and gloves; soap and sugar from the maple; and tan hides for their own use. They are very anxious to make money, but have a miserable system of doing it. They bring small loads to market in a one-horse cart or sleigh, and hardly ever are there seen among the French Canadians the large double teams and loads used by the English-speaking farmers of Upper and Lower Canada. They are beginning to learn more about finance, but many do not know a one-dollar bill of the "Bank of Montreal" from a "ten" of the "Bank of Love."

They have a traditionary consolation in their old clay pipes. As a rule, the French Canadian people are inveterate smokers, many of the old market-women indulging to excess. Their domestic simplicity is remarkable, and in delightful contrast to the show and sham of the town. What Sir Hugh Bonnycastle said of them in 1845 still holds true, that "they are the most contented, most innocent, and most happy yeomanry and peasantry of the whole civilized world."

They are the most gentlemanly peasantry to be found when they like, but they can be the reverse. If they meet you on the country roads, they touch or lift their caps and say,



A FRENCH CANADIAN VILLAGE.



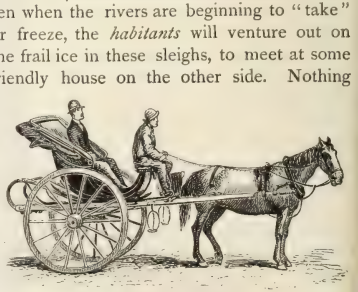
FRENCH CANADIAN CARIOLE.

"Bon jour, monsieur." They always extend their hand to greet you, and never receive the slightest favor without "Je vous remercie;" and if they should happen to trouble you in any way, instantly they touch their caps and say, "Pardon, monsieur." Visit their homes and you will receive the best seat at their humble board; praise their children and you will make them the firmest friends. But if you wish to see how much the *habitants* can dislike you, sneer at their superstitious veneration for their priest, and talk of the French Canadians as a "degenerate race."

In all seasons of the year the violin and dance may be heard in every village, and merry parties assemble to enjoy themselves as only French Canadians can. Pleasure is with them a serious business, while their amusements are simple, natural, and peculiarly French. They have a curious game of draughts, in which they use double the ordinary number of pieces, which is a favorite among all classes and conditions of the people. Games of cards have an especial attraction for them, and indeed all games of chance. Winter is their chief time for enjoyment; and when the snow has put an end to agricultural labors, the *habitants* settle down seriously to enjoy themselves. The light cariole carries pleasant parties from house to house, and every house is hospitable. After Lent comes "*jour de gras*," or day of feasting, when daily, for weeks, a perfect carnival of pleasure is proclaimed. They are very fond of a homely kind of dancing, in which old and young participate, amid loud exclamations and a revel of laughter. Just before Lent the engaged couples marry in haste, and the whole neighborhood is aroused to celebrate the event. Feasts and dances follow, and are often kept up for several nights, as among the Indians of Canada, whose marriages are not considered an accomplished fact until the end of the third day. Baptisms and deaths draw out the sympathies and sociable character of the people; the former uniting them in festivity, the latter in mourning.

The French Canadians have an inherited taste for fishing, and many earn their living with net, or rod and line. Spearing fish at night is very interesting, and well worth trying to see, and if possible to share in. Any fine summer night you may see dozens of bright flaming specks at the head of canoes out on the rivers and lakes, and, if near enough, the sudden stroke of the spearsman, and the captured fish lifted into the canoe. In winter they catch the *petite moreau*, or tommy cod, a sweetish little fish, which, if not bruised after caught, will revive in cold water after having been frozen stiff for three days. In the vicinity of Quebec and Three Rivers it is common to see temporary huts built over holes cut in the ice, where, with a stove to keep them warm, and a strong light burning at the edge of the hole to attract the fish, the *habitants* put down their lines or nets, and bring large quantities of the fish to the surface.

In a country like Canada, where the crop of snow is brought to such perfection, sleighing is naturally a general necessity, and likewise a general amusement. But the French Canadians are greater lovers of the horse as a racing animal than the English, and during the cold snaps are in their glory. Their favorite sleigh is the cariole,—low, small and comfortable, painted red, and often decorated with representations of plants which neither Linnæus nor his disciples could classify. Often when the rivers are beginning to "take" or freeze, the *habitants* will venture out on the frail ice in these sleighs, to meet at some friendly house on the other side. Nothing



A CANADIAN CALÈCHE.



THE "HABITANT" ON SNOW-SHOES.

daunted by moving cakes of ice, they pick out a road as best they can, trusting to good luck and the instinct of their ponies for a safe landing. Frequently horse and sleigh break through the ice, when, with the most perfect *sang froid*, the *habitants* drag them out if they can, and proceed on their journey!

The *calèche*, which is used in summer only, and which was once fashionable among the cabmen, has disappeared from Montreal and vicinity, though still used in and about Quebec. It is the shape of a large spoon without the handle, supported on two strong leather straps for springs. These straps, which are secured by two iron rollers, can be loosened and tightened from behind, so as to give the driver every variety of jolt, from a gentle dandling to an upset. Wings extend from both sides over the wheels, to prevent the mud splashing upon the occupant. A *calèche* holds two and the driver.

As a rule the French Canadians have little taste for purely physical recreations, and although a score of snow-shoe clubs exist in Canada composed of English members, there is only one small body professing to be a French Canadian club. They are not cricketers, lacrosse, or base-ball players; though they readily take to gymnastics. Young English Canada is perhaps a little too much disposed to extremes in physical exercise; is fond of athletics of all kinds, and the best classes are proficient in the use of their "bunches of fives." Young French Canada is more of a Frenchman; more fastidious and not so fond of hard work in his amusements.

I have said that the French Canadians are a musical people; a trait by which they came legitimately. Some of the village songs translated into English have not one particle of wit or humor in them, but they are popular among the *habitants*, and do not die out like the comic and sentimental songs of the cities. Many of their old airs may still be heard in Normandy. What some of them call their "National" air is the most generally popular among all classes. It runs as follows:—

LA CANADIENNE.

Vive la Canadienne,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Vive la Canadienne,
Et ses jolis yeux doux!
Et ses jolis yeux doux,
Tout doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux!

Nous la menons aux noces,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous la menons aux noces,
Dans tous ses beaux atours.
Dans tous, etc.

Là, nous jasons sans gêne,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Là, nous jasons sans gêne,
Nous nous amusons tous
Nous nous, etc.

Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère,
Et nous avons bon goût
Et nous, etc.

On passe la bouteille,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On passe la bouteille,
Nous chantons nos amours.
Nous chantons, etc.

This song has an endless number of verses, and has a peculiarly jaunty air, not unlike that of "Yankee Doodle."

There are two remaining subjects which may appropriately be considered in connection with the French Canadians as a people,—one is their language, the other their religion. If there are two points upon which they are sensitive and jealous, it is the preservation of "notre langage, notre religion;" but it is very easy to show how extreme worship of both has retarded their progress, and must continue to be an obstacle to the development of

the people. Lord Sydenham thought that the union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada would effect a fusion of the two races; but it had not the slightest visible effect. Back as far as 1799, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec said, "This total ignorance of the English language on the part of the Canadians draws a distinct line of demarkation between them and their English neighbors," and his Lordship proposed a systematic method of instructing the French children. At that time there were only one or two English members of the House of Assembly who spoke their own tongue, knowing they would nor be understood. At present many members speak only their own language, and important measures are debated "in the clouds." The greatest drawback to the French Canadian farmers, mechanics, and laborers has been their ignorance of *the* language of the American continent. Instances might be multiplied to show how trade and commerce, and every art and science, is seriously affected by the want of unity of speech, and how the expenses of municipalities and legislatures are exactly doubled by the necessity of printing every scrap of paper and public document in two languages. Unprincipled men have put themselves into prominence among the *habitants*, and misinterpret the views and feelings of an English opponent. They make the question of language and religion *derniers ressorts* when everything else seems to fail.

When the United States Government purchased Louisiana, the French language was abolished in the courts of law and public offices, and to-day the Louisiana French enjoy the benefits of competing on an equality with their English-speaking neighbors. If we look at this question dispassionately, we see as great an impediment existing to French Canadian progress, as was the exclusive use of the Gaelic in Scotland and the Welsh in Wales. I do not attempt here to exhaust the arguments in favor of the French Canadians using the English language in the courts of justice, and the legislatures, and of all public documents being printed in that language only. The proposition is of momentous interest to the present and future generations of French Canadians. The continent is English; the English language is in reality the ruling tongue of commerce, of civilization. The French Canadians cannot afford to do without it; and many of the most intelligent use it alone, believing that it is for the best interests of their race to understand it thoroughly.

The religious question has been much discussed among the French Canadians, and a great change is evidently working. A large number have been converted to Protestantism; a French Protestant church exists in Montreal which would have been demolished twenty years ago; missions are established in different parts for spiritual and secular education; and among those who still profess the Roman Catholic faith an anti-priest party has been formed, composed of intelligent French Canadians, under the name of the "Institut Canadienne." "Straws show which way the winds blow." Despite wholesale excommunication this institute flourishes, possesses a fine reading-room and library—both containing many interdicted newspapers and books. The members profess to be Roman Catholics, but not bigots, and hold the doctrine that the clergy have no right to interfere with the temporalities of their flock, or to dictate what books they shall read, or how they will manage their private and public secular institutions.

Take the French Canadian agricultural classes for all in all, they are a most devoted people, and reverence their church and clergy with a feeling bordering on the superstitious. They are taught from childhood to pay the utmost homage to their religion. They hold sacred the very walls of the church, and devotedly prostrate themselves on their knees in any corner of the building, and even on the steps and ground outside, on great occasions when the churches are filled and the people crowd around the doors. They always raise their hats when passing a Roman Catholic church. They may be seen, rich and poor, wending their way to early vespers at four or five o'clock in the morning. Their religion is sincere according to their light. Some below Quebec have social family worship, night and morning. Along the country roads there may still be seen a stray wooden cross here and there, originally erected by the clergy, where

the people would stop to say their prayers. On the summit of Belœil mountain, thirty miles distant from Montreal, an immense tinned cross was placed many years ago, which the *habitants* in the vicinity adored from their huts. This absolute subservience of the *habitants* to the will of their clergy is not generally the case in the cities and large towns, and we may expect to see a still mightier revolution for liberty of mind and estate within the next few years.

The unanimity with which the French Canadians enjoy their religious and national holidays is remarkable. They observe with an equal amount of respect the holidays prescribed by the church and the Sabbath appointed by the Lord, and consume more time in the discharge of their religious duties than is required by Scripture, or consistent with their temporal prosperity. The loss to the industry of the country by these holidays is immense in the aggregate, because in many establishments where French Canadians predominate other workmen have to cease from labor. Every holiday replenishes the coffers of the church. These many demands upon the time and purse constitute one reason why so many of the poorer classes emigrate to the United States—a marked change, by the way, as the French race are not partial to emigration.

No doubt the clergy exact too much from the people, and interfere too much with freedom, just as they did during the French *régime.* They endeavor to monopolize and bring secular matters under their "patronage," which is equivalent to bringing them under their rule. A year or so ago the Attorney-General of Lower Canada—a French Canadian—was brought to account by the press for first consulting the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec with reference to the propriety of submitting a certain measure to the local legislature, in which important interests of Protestants were concerned. Other matters have come to light to prove that the Roman Catholic clergy of Canada take more interest in its politics than is consistent with their position. They own newspapers, avowedly for the purpose of circulating their opinions on politics; they speculate in buying and selling of lands granted to them for church purposes, leasing many of the finest shops and terraces in Montreal and Quebec.

This church question is destined to be *the* great question of the day in Lower Canada.

MERCATOR, THE PATH-FINDER OF THE SEAS.

The new German Empire has still other ambitions than the proud attainments of its armies in the late deadly struggle, which virtually gave it the rule of the continent of Europe. Germania desires also to have its due influence on the waves, though it does not, like Britannia, aspire to rule them.

The consolidation of the various German States has given to the nation one fleet and one flag. Already German craft have penetrated the frozen region in quest of the northern passage and the Pole, while the commercial marine of the Fatherland is keeping up almost daily communication with our own great metropolis.

The Baltic will ere long become a German lake, for even now a line of steamers starts from Stettin, on the northern shore of Prussia, and, touching at Copenhagen and the ports of Sweden and Norway, winds its way through the intricate passages of their seas, and thus reaches the Atlantic and our own coasts. A ship-canal is already projected through Holstein to the North Sea direct, which will give a short and rapid communication to all the Baltic ports with the broad ocean and the wide world.

In these hours of promise for the German marine, it is quite natural that her sailors should regard with increased interest and pride the history and fame of one of her own sons, who well deserves to be entitled the Path-finder of the Seas. When the mariner on the ocean would know whither his trackless way is leading him, and with what accuracy and success he is pursuing his journey, he resorts to his inseparable companion, the famous chart known as "Mercator's Projection."

When the incipient navigator of even the British Isles presents himself for examination as to his capacity to guide their vessels to distant ports, the first question directed to him is invariably the one concerning the principles of Mercator's Projection, and his ability to put them to practical use.

If we open an extensive collection of maps of any land, nearly the first one that will meet our eye will be Mercator's, giving us the earth on a plane surface, so that the most unlettered navigator can at once determine the distance from place to place in a straight line, and decide, for instance, that England's shortest route to her great possessions in Australia is directly across the Atlantic, our own continent, and the Pacific Ocean.

To the novice this may seem a very simple thing, and quite unworthy of fame, but to the scientific navigator the skillful computation of the variation of latitude and longitude from the equator to the pole, stamps the discovery and the system of the chart as a work of immortal genius. It has stood for three centuries as a land-mark in the history of science, and it is as popular and useful today as when it first gave to the early navigators the unerring means of finding their way on the trackless ocean.

Now, the Germans are proud to claim Mercator as their own, though he was born in the Netherlands, while his parents were on a hurried visit to that country. His home was on the banks of the Rhine, and there he lived and died, the greatest of early German geographers. Until his advent, the most learned men in his favorite science fell into the strangest errors, and it was reserved for him to initiate a reform in geography, and pave the way to an accurate passage of the seas.

But his patient labors have never received a fitting recognition until now, when his disciples in Germany have resolved to celebrate the third centennial anniversary of the appearance of the famous Mercator's Projection by erecting a monument to the memory of its author. This revival of interest in the old navigator has led the Director of one of the first Nautical Schools of Germany, Dr. Breusing, of Bremen, to present to the world a history of his life, entitled *Gerhard Kremer, called Mercator, the German Geographer.* This is full of interesting details regarding the old veteran, and proudly states that when the Netherlands claimed the honor of his birth, that he himself would be none else than German, though for a while his cradle was rocked in the Low Lands.

According to the custom of that day, he translated his name into Latin on taking his place among scholars, and thus he became "Mercator." He was a man of deep religious convictions, and determined to devote a good portion of his life to combating the Aristotelian philosophy, which was then in vogue. As a means of support he became a teacher of mathematics; and to sustain his increasing family he made mathematical instruments and engraved maps. His interest in Biblical studies led him to publish, in 1537, a map of Palestine, and shortly afterwards he presented the world with another of Flanders.

Until that period Gothic characters had been used on all charts, but with great inconvenience; he was the first to introduce the Roman characters for that purpose, which soon became universal. He was extremely successful as a scientific mechanician, and made globes and other scientific instruments for Charles the Fifth.

In 1546 he ascertained the variation of the magnetic needle. This fact had been observed by Columbus, in his famous voyage of 1492, but during the whole of the sixteenth century scientific men had no accurate conception of it, and Mercator was the first to call general attention to the fact. He was also the first to introduce the elements of the theory of terrestrial magnetism, and finally calculated the position of the magnetic pole, the determination of which he considered a matter of transcendent importance. The peculiar portrait that we present of him is taken from an old engraving, representing him with a terrestrial globe, on which he is measuring with his compass the position of the magnetic pole.

His next great work was a large map of Europe, which is unfortunately only preserved on a small scale, but which settled his fame as the greatest map-maker of his time. He was then called to the chair of mathema-

tics of the famous Gymnasium of Duisburg, which he filled with great acceptance for three years, after which the Duke of Lorraine called him into his service to map out his land from a careful scientific survey.

Mercator was a man of the most varied talents, and seemed at home in every branch of science that in the least pertained to his favorite work. He was at once astronomer and chronologist, historian and theologian, mathematician and surveyor, map-drawer and engraver. And all these heterogeneous qualities he finally made subordinate to the great object of his life, which was the production of a cosmography or description of the universe, which should be a complete history of the heavens, of earth, and of man. The first volume of this appeared in 1568, on the subject of chronology, illustrated by many curious plates, and completed with a perfect harmony of the Gospels, showing that in all Mercator's labors his Biblical studies had a prominent part.

This was of great value for the period, but it was reserved for the following year for him to give to the world his famous chart, that was to form an epoch in the history of geography and navigation of the seas. Thence dates the reform in the science of chart-making, that presents no work of like import in all its history. After navigation of the sea had become possible by the discovery of the compass, the navigator could venture into the open ocean. But the charts that were to be his guide proved extremely unreliable, and only in rare cases did they lead him to his goal. Nothing seemed to come out right, and no chart-maker could make it do so until Mercator solved the riddle.

He found out the cause of the errors in the ancient charts, and invented the means through which alone they could be avoided; he not only presented the proper principle for the projection according to which marine charts must be laid out, but also gave full directions for its use. He illustrated the principles of his chart by explaining that his main object was to spread out the exterior of the globe on a plane surface, so that the position of all points might not only correspond to reality in latitude and longitude, but that also in respect to their direction and distance from one another they might be, as near as possible, like that of the surface of the globe.

This important object he effected in the projection that bears his name, in which the degrees of latitude are enlarged towards both poles in the same proportion that they hold in their relation to the equator. He gave a very clear exposition of the principles that guided him, and evidently showed that he was the first to comprehend them, although envious rivals have endeavored to rob him of this honor.

Thus Mercator continued to labor,—all that he produced bearing the stamp of genius. He examined ancient maps very closely, and especially those of Ptolemy, and corrected them where they did not correspond with the text; and thus he published in 1578, in Cologne, revised maps of Ptolemy, which are acknowledged to the present day. And as he cast light over ancient geography, so he planned an entirely new collection of modern maps, and worked at them for a quarter of a century, each one in its turn being an advance in geographical science. But he was not permitted to finish this great enterprise. He sickened and died in 1594, at the advanced age of 84 years. His last intelligible words were a request to the clergyman at his side to remember him in his prayers.

A son followed in the footsteps of the father and finished the work laid out. He published the entire collection under the name of "Atlas," which was chosen by Mercator before his death; and since that time every collection of maps bears the name of "Atlas," so that the whole race of Atlas-makers, down to the famous Stieler, and Kiepert, and Berghaus of the present hour in Germany, can trace back their lineage to their great father, Mercator.

For three hundred years the principal navigators of the world have acknowledged their indebtedness to Mercator, and the mariners of all nations mention his name with respect and gratitude; while Germany proudly claims him as her own. This gratitude towards the great reformer in the science of navigation



MERCATOR, THE GERMAN GEOGRAPHER.

found a lively voice a few months ago in the town of Duisburg,—where his most celebrated work was given to the world,—on account of the recurrence of the third centennial since the immortal chart saw the light. His admirers then resolved to lay the foundation of a fitting monument to his memory, and the nation will be sure to contribute generously.

WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

I was on my knees before my chrysanthemum-bed, looking at each little round, tight disk of a bud, and trying to believe that it would be a snowy flower in two weeks. In two weeks my cousin Annie Ware was to be married: if my white chrysanthemums would only understand and make haste! I was childish enough to speak words to them to that effect; but the childishness came of love,—of my exceeding, my unutterable love for Annie Ware; if flowers have souls, the chrysanthemums understood me.

A sharp, quick roll of wheels startled me. I lifted my head. The wheels stopped at our gate; a hurried step came down the broad garden-path, and almost before I had had time to spring to my feet, Dr. Fearing had taken both my hands in his, had said,—"Annie Ware has the fever,"—had turned, had gone, had shut the garden gate, and the same sharp quick roll of wheels told that he was far on his way to the next sufferer.

I do not know how long I stood still in the garden. A miserable sullenness seemed to benumb my faculties. I repeated,—

"Annie Ware has the fever." Then I said,—

"Annie Ware cannot die; she is too young, too strong, and we love her so."

Then I said again,—

"Annie Ware has the fever," and all the time I seemed not to be thinking about her at all, but about the chrysanthemums, whose tops I still idly studied.

For weeks a malignant typhus fever had been slowly creeping about in the lower part of our village, in all the streets which had been under water in the spring freshet.

These streets were occupied chiefly by laboring people, either mill-operatives, or shopkeepers of the poorer class. It was part of the cruel "calamity" of their "poverty" that they could not afford to have homesteads on the high plateau, which lifted itself quite suddenly from the river meadow, and made our village a by-word of beauty all through New England.

Upon this plateau were laid out streets of great regularity, shaded by grand elms, many of which had been planted by hands that had handled the ropes of the *Mayflower*. Under the shade of these elms stood large old-fashioned houses, in that sort of sleepy dignity peculiar to old New England. We who lived in these houses were also sleepy and dignified. We knew that "under the hill," as it was called, lived many hundreds of men and women, who were stifled in summer for want of the breezes which swept across our heights, cold in winter because the wall of our plateau shut down upon them the icy airs from the frozen river, and cut off the afternoon sun. We were sorry for them, and we sent them cold meat and flannels sometimes; but their life was as remote from our life as if they never crossed our paths: it is not necessary to go into large cities to find sharp lines drawn between the well-to-do and the poverty-stricken. There are, in many small villages, "districts" separated from each other by as distinct a moral distance as divides Fifth Avenue from the Five Points.

And so it had come pass that while for weeks this malignant typhus fever had been creeping about on the river shore, we, in our clearer, purer air, had not felt even a dread. There had not been a single case of it to west of the high-water mark made by the terrible freshet of the previous spring. We sent brandy and wine and beef-tea into the poor, comfortless, grief-stricken houses; and we said at tea-time that it was strange people would persist in living down under the bank: what could they expect? and besides, they were "so careless about drainage and ventilation."

But now, on the highest and loveliest spot, in the richest and most beautiful house, the sweetest and fairest girl of all our village lay ill of the deadly disease.

"Annie Ware has the fever." I wondered if some fiend were lurking by my side, who kept saying the words over and over in my ear. With that indescribable mixture of dulled and preternaturally sharpened sense which often marks the first moments of such distress, I walked slowly to my own room, and in a short time had made all the necessary preparations for leaving home. I felt like a thief as

I stole slowly down the stairs, with my traveling-bag in my hand. At the door I met my father.

"Hey-day, my darling, where now? Off to Annie's, as usual?"

He had not heard the tidings! Should I tell him? I might never see him again; only too well I knew the terrible danger into which I was going. But he might forbid me.

"Yes, off to Annie's," I said in a gay tone, and kissing him sprang down the steps.

I did not see my father again for eighteen days.

On the steps of my uncle's house I met old Jane, a colored woman who had nursed Annie Ware when she was a baby, and who lived now in a little cottage near by, from whose doorsteps she could see Annie's window, and in whose garden she raised flowers of all sorts, solely for the pleasure of carrying them to Annie every day.

Jane's face was positively gray with sorrow and fear. She looked at me with a strange sort of unsympathizing hardness in her eyes. She had never loved me. I knew what she thought. She was saying to herself: "Why not this one instead of the other?"

"O auntie!" I said, "I would die for Annie; you know I would."

At this she melted. "O honey! don' ye say that. The Lord—" but she could say no more. She threw her apron up over her head and strode away.

The doors of the house stood open. I walked through room after room, and found no human being. At last, at the foot of the stairs in the back part of the house, I came upon all the servants huddled together in a cowering, weeping group. Flat on the floor, with his face to the wall, lay black Cæsar, the coachman. I put my hand on his shoulder. He jerked away impatiently.

"Yer jest kemme lone, will yer?" he said in a choking voice; then lifting up his head, and seeing it was I, he half sprang to his feet, with a look of shame and alarm, and involuntarily carrying his hand to his head, said:—

"O miss! who's gwine to think yer—" but here he too broke down, and buried his face in his great hands.

I did not speak, but the little group instinctively opened to let me pass up the stairs. I had a vague consciousness that they said something as I turned into a little cross-hall which led to Annie's room; but without attending to their words I opened her door. The room was empty; the bed stripped of clothes; the windows wide open. I sank into a chair, and looked from side to side. I was too late, after all! That was why none of the servants dared speak to me. A little slipper of Annie's lay on the floor by the bed. I took it up and turned it over and over in my hands. Then I became conscious that my Aunt Ann was speaking to me,—was calling me by name, earnestly, repeatedly, with terror in her voice.

"My dear, dear child; Helen, Helen, Helen, she is not dead. She is in my room. Come and see for yourself."

I had seen my Aunt Ann every day for nineteen years,—I never knew her until that moment; I never saw her real face until that moment.

I followed her slowly through rooms and passage-ways till she reached her own chamber. The door was open; the room was very dark. On the threshold she paused, and whispered, "You must not be frightened, darling. She will not know you. She has not known any one for six hours."

I knelt down by the bed. In a few moments my eyes became used to the darkness, and I saw Annie's face lying motionless on the farther edge of the bed, turned to the wall. It was perfectly white except the lips, which were almost black, and were swollen and crusted over with the fearful fever. Her beautiful hair fell in tangled masses, and half covered her face.

"She seems to be lying very uncomfortably," said Aunt Ann, "but the doctor ordered that she should not be disturbed in any way."

I looked at my aunt's face and listened to her voice in bewilderment. The whole world had for years called her, and with apparent justice, "a hard and unsympathizing woman." No human being had ever seen a really free unconstrained smile on her face, or heard from her lips an impulsive word. When it was known that the genial, rollicking, open-

hearted Henry Ware was to marry her, everybody shuddered. As years went on, everybody who sat by Henry Ware's fireside, and was kindled and made welcome by his undiminished and unconquerable cheeriness, felt at the same time chilled and paralyzed by the courteous, unexceptionable dignity of Mrs. Ware. Even I, having the freedom of a daughter in their house, and loving my uncle hardly less than I loved my father, had never once supposed it possible that anybody could love Aunt Ann, or that she would have permitted it. I always felt a little terror when I saw Annie kiss her, or my uncle put his arm around her. My own loving, caressing, overflowing mother had given me by inheritance, and had taught me by example, a type of love which knew no life without expression. And very well I knew that that sweet mother of mine, whom the whole town loved, and who herself loved the whole world, seemed always turned into stone by the simple presence of Aunt Ann.

And now Aunt Ann was sitting on the floor by my side, clinging to my hand, resting my head on her bosom, and, as I felt instantly and instinctively, revealing in her every tone, look, word, such intensity and passionateness of feeling as I had never in my whole life seen before. I saw then that she had always held me side by side with her own child in her heart, and that she knew the rare quality of the love I had for Annie.

"I ought not to have let you come here," she said, more as if speaking to herself than to me; "they, too, have but one."

"But, Aunt Ann, you could not have kept me out," I whispered.

"Yes, I knew that, my child," she replied; "but no one else would know it."

From that moment there was between my Aunt Ann and me a subtle bond which partook of all the holiest mysteries of love. There were both motherhood and the love of lovers in my love for Annie. Annie's mother felt them, and was willing to have her own motherhood added to and ministered to by them. From that moment I believe not even her husband seemed so near to her in her relation with her child as I did.

I will not write out the record of the next two weeks. They seemed, as they passed, two thousand years; and yet, in looking back on them, they seem only like one terrible breathless night. My aunt and I alone did all that was done for Annie. There were whole days and whole nights during which she talked incessantly, sometimes with such subtle semblance of her own sweet self that we could hardly believe she did not know what she said; sometimes with such wild ravings that we shook in terror, and could not look at her nor at each other. There were other days and nights through which she lay in a sleep, which seemed no more like real sleep than the shrill voice of her ravings had seemed like her real voice. These were most fearful of all. Through all these days and nights two men with white faces and folded arms walked up and down in the rooms below, or crouched on the thresholds of our doors, listening for sign or word from us. One was Annie's father, and the other was her lover, George Ware. He was her second cousin, fifteen years older than she, and had loved her since the day she was one year old, when at the ceremony of her christening, he, a proud shy boy of sixteen, had been allowed to carry her up-stairs with her sweet name resting fresh and new on her little dewy forehead. Ah, seldom does such love spring and grow and blaze on this earth as had warmed the very air around Annie from the moment of her birth. George Ware was a man of rare strength, as this love showed; and with just such faithfulness as his faithfulness to Annie he had loved and cared for his mother, who had been for twenty years a widow. They lived on the outskirts of the town, in a small house almost buried in the heart of a pine wood. The wood was threaded in all directions by miles of narrow paths which shone in the shaded sunlight as if they were satin-floored. For nineteen years it had been George Ware's joy to roam these paths with his cousin Annie; first, the baby whom he drew in her wicker wagon; next, the wayward little child who walked with stumbling steps and clung to his finger; next, the gay school-girl who brought all her perplexities and all her joys to be confided to him under the pines; next, the shyer and

more silent maiden who came less often, but lingered helplessly until twilight made the fragrant aisles solemn and dim as closed cloisters; at last, the radiant, the child-like woman! The promised wife!

No winter could set a barrier across these pine-wood paths. When the whole country about lay blocked and drifted, and half buried with snow, all these spicy foot-roads were kept clear and level, and ready for Annie's feet. Whole days of George Ware's strength went into the work and the joy of doing this. In open spaces where the snow had drifted deep, he wrought it into solid walls almost as high on either hand as Annie's head. In dark nooks, where the spreading pines and hemlocks lay low and wide, he tossed the snow into fantastic and weird masses on the right and left, and cleared great spaces where he knew the partridge berry would be ready with a tiny scarlet glow to light up the spot.

This was George Ware's wooing. It never stepped into the glare, the contention of profaner air. It was not a seeking, a finding, a conquest; but a slow, sure growth of possession, which had as eternal foundation and seemed as eternally safe as the results of organic law.

George's picture hung in Annie's room, opposite the foot of her bed. Opposite the foot of the bed in her mother's room hung a large engraving of the Sistine Madonna. I fancied that in Annie's quieter moments her eyes rested with a troubled look upon this picture, and one day, when she was in a deep sleep, I exchanged the pictures. I felt as if even lifeless canvas which had George's face painted upon it might work her good.

At last there came a night,—they said it was the fourteenth, but the words conveyed no meaning to me,—there came a night when Dr. Fearing, who had been sitting by Annie's bed for two hours, watching her every breath, sprang suddenly to his feet, and beckoned to my aunt and me to follow him into the next room. He shut the door, walked very swiftly up to us, looked first into her face, then into mine; then felt her pulse, and then mine, and then turning to me, said,—

"It will have to be you." We looked at him in sudden terror. The tears were rolling down his wrinkled cheeks.

"What is it, William?" gasped Aunt Ann.

"It will have to be you," he went on, looking me in the face, and taking no notice of her question; "your pulse can be trusted. There has been a change. When Annie wakes out of this sleep she will know you. It may be in two hours, and it may not be for six. But if in that first moment she is alarmed, or agitated in any way, she will die."

"O William, let me stay. I *will* be calm," moaned my poor aunt.

Then I observed, for the first time, that she had called him "William." And then, for the first and last time, I heard Dr. Fearing call my Aunt Ann "darling," and I remembered in that instant that it had been said once in my hearing, that it was because of his love for Mrs. Henry Ware that Dr. William Fearing had lived and would die a lonely man.

"Darling," he said, and put one hand on her shoulder, "you would kill your child. I forbid you to cross the threshold of that room till I come back. You will thank me tomorrow. Can you not trust me, Ann?" and he looked down from his full height, this lonely, brave old man, into the face of the woman he had loved, with a look like the look of one who dies to save another. It was but for one second, and then he was again the physician, and turning to me, went on, "I have another patient to whom I *must* instantly go, and whom I may not be able to leave for hours. You can do all that I would do,—I believe,"—then he felt my pulse again, and nodding his head with a sort of grim professional satisfaction, which no amount of sentiment could wholly divert from its delight in the steady nerves and undisturbed currents of a healthy body,—resumed, "You have but one thing to do: when she wakes, look perfectly composed; if she speaks, answer her in a perfectly natural voice; give her two drops of this medicine, and tell her to go to sleep again. If you do this, she will fall asleep at once. If you show the least agitation, she may die,—probably will!"—and Dr. Fearing was gone.

My aunt sat silently weeping. I kissed her without speaking, and went back to my chair

by Annie's bed. I dropped the two drops of medicine into a spoon, and propped the spoon carefully on a little silver waiter, so that I could reach it instantly. It was just three o'clock in the morning. Hour after hour passed. I could not hear Annie's breath. My own dinned in my ears like the whirr of mills. A terror such as I can never describe took possession of me. What if I were to kill Annie? How could I "look composed"; "speak naturally"? What would she say? If I could but know and have my answer ready!

I firmly believe that the dawn of light saved my senses and Annie's life. When the first red beam shot through the blinds at the farther end of the room, tears came into my eyes. I felt as if angels were watching outside. A tiny sun-beam crept through the slats and fell on the carpet. It was no more than a hair's breadth, but it was companionship to me. Slowly, steadily it came towards me. I forgot all else in watching it. To this day I cannot see a slow-moving sun-beam on a crimson floor without a shudder. The clock struck six, seven, eight, nine. The bells rang for schools; the distant hum of the town began. Still there was no stir, no symptom of life, in the colorless face on the pillow. The sunbeam had crept nearly to my feet. Involuntarily I lifted my right foot and stretched it out to meet the golden messenger. Had I dared to move I should have knelt and reached my hand to it instead. Perhaps even the slight motion I did make hastened Annie's waking, for at that instant she turned her head uneasily on the pillow and opened her eyes. I saw that she knew me. I wondered how I could have distrusted my own strength to meet her look. I smiled as if we were at play together, and said—

"Good morning, dear."

She smiled languidly and said, "How came I in mamma's bed?"

I said, quietly, "Take this medicine, darling;" and almost before the drops had passed her lips her eyes closed, and she had fallen asleep again.

When Dr. Fearing came into the room at noon he gave one swift, anxious glance at her face, and then fell on his knees and folded his face in his hands. I knew that Annie was safe.

Then he went into the next room, silently took Aunt Ann by the hand, and leading her back to Annie's bed-side, pointed to the little beads of moisture on her forehead and said—

"Saved!"

The revulsion was too much for the poor mother's heart. She sank to the floor. He lifted her in his arms and carried her out, and for the rest of that day my Aunt Ann, that "hard and unsympathizing woman," passed from one strange fainting-fit into another, until we were in almost as great fear for her life as we had been for Annie's.

At twilight Annie roused from her sleep again. She was perfectly tranquil, but too weak to lift even her little hand, which had grown so thin and so wrinkled that it looked like a wilted white flower lying on the white counterpane.

But hour by hour she gained strength under the powerful restoratives which were used, and still more from the wonderful recuperativeness of her elastic temperament. From the very first day, however, an indefinable terror of misgiving seized me as often as I heard her voice or looked into her eyes. In vain I said to myself: "It is the weakness after such terrible illness;" "it is only natural." I felt in the bottom of my heart that it was more.

On the fourth day she said suddenly, looking up at the picture of George Ware,—

"Why! Why is Cousin George's picture in here? Where is the Madonna?"

I replied: "I moved it in here, dear, for you. I thought you would like it."

"No," she said, "I like the Madonna best: the dear little baby! Please carry George back into my room where he belongs."

My heart stood still with terror. She had never called George Ware her cousin since their engagement. She especially disliked any allusion to their relationship. This was her first mention of his name, and it was in all respects just what she would have said a year before. Dr. Fearing had forbidden us to allude to him, or to her wedding-day, or, in fact, to any subject calculated to arouse new trains of thought in her mind. I wondered

afterward that we did not understand from the very first how he had feared that her brain might not fully recover itself, as the rest of her exquisitely organized body seemed fast doing.

Day after day passed. Annie could sit up; could walk about her room; she gained in flesh and color and strength so rapidly that it was a marvel. She was gentle and gay and loving; her old rare, sweet self in every little way and trait and expression; not a look, not a smile, not a tone was wanting; but it was the Annie of last year, and not of this. She made no allusion to her wedding, the day for which had now passed. She did not ask for George. The whole year had dropped out of her memory; part of her brain was still diseased. No human touch could venture to deal with it without the risk of the most terrible consequences.

Dr. Fearing's face grew day by day more and more anxious; he was baffled; he was afraid. He consulted the most eminent physicians who had had experience in diseases of the brain. They all counseled patience, and advised against any attempt to hasten her recollections upon any point; they all had known similar cases, but never one so sharply defined or so agonizing as this. Still they were unanimous in advising that nothing should be said to startle her; that all must be trusted to time.

Through these terrible days George Ware was braver than any one else. His faith in the absoluteness of his relation with Annie was too great to be disturbed. He was by nature as patient as he was resolute. He had not wooed his wife for eighteen years to lose her in any way now except by death. He comforted us all.

"Do be brave, sweet mother of Annie," he used to say to my poor Aunt Ann; "all will be well. It is nothing to me to wait another year, after having waited all these. It is not even hard for me to go without seeing her, if that is best."

For all that, his face grew thin and his form bent, and his eye heavy, as week after week passed, and he came daily to the house, only to be told the same weary thing, that Annie had not asked for him. The physicians had said that it would be better that she should not see him until she had of her own accord mentioned his name. Her nerves were still in such a state that any surprise threw her into palpitation and alarm which did not pass off for hours. No human being could tell how great might be the shock of seeing his face; how much it might recall to her; and whether, if it recalled all, she could bear it. From the outset George believed the physicians were wrong in this; but he dared not urge his instinct against their knowledge; and he was patient of nature, and so the days went on, on, on; and there was no change except that Annie grew steadily better, and our hearts grew steadily sicker and sicker until we almost looked back with longing on the days when we feared she would die. And yet in every single respect, except the memory of her lover, Annie was the same as before. The closest scrutiny could discover no other change in her, except perhaps that she seemed even gayer than she used to seem, and a shade less tender, but this also was as she had been before she had promised to be George Ware's wife.

One morning George brought me a small bunch of lovely wild things from the pine woods. Tiarella leaves just tipped with claret color by the early frosts, sprays of Linnea, two or three tiny white maiden's hair ferns, all tied by a knot of partridge-berry vines thick-set with scarlet berries.

"Give these to Annie for me, will you, dear Helen?" he said, "and observe very carefully how she is affected by them."

I remembered that it was just one year ago that day, that he had asked her to be his wife, and I trembled to think of what hidden meanings I might be messenger in carrying her this silent token. But I too felt, as George did, that she was drifting farther and farther away from the memories we desired she should regain; and that no physician's knowledge could be so true as love's instinct; and I asked no counsel of any one, but went swiftly to Annie with the leaves in my hand.

"O you darling! How perfectly lovely," she exclaimed with a laugh of delight. "Why, these must have come from George's woods. Have you been up there?"

"No, dear," I said, "George brought them for you, this morning."

"Oh, the good darling!" she exclaimed. "Is it decided about his going to India?"

I could not repress a little cry of anguish and terror. A year ago there had been a plan for his going out to India on a mercantile venture, which promised great profit. It had been given up, partly because his mother felt that she could not live without him, partly because he felt that he could not longer live without Annie.

"What is it, dear?" she said, in her exquisite sympathizing voice, with a little flush of alarm on her pale cheek; "what hurt you? are you ill? Oh, my poor Helen, you are all worn out with nursing me. I will nurse you presently."

"Only a little twinge of my old neuralgia, sweet," I said faintly; "these autumn winds are setting it at work again."

She looked anxiously at me for a few seconds, and then began to untie the bunch of leaves, and spread out the long vines on the bed.

"Oh, if I only had some moss," she said.

I ran to the green-house and brought her handfuls of beautiful dripping mosses from the rocks in the fernery. She filled a saucer with them, putting the Tiarella leaves all round the rim, and winding the Linnea vines in and out as they grow in the woods. Then she leaned back on her pillows and began breaking the partridge-berry vines into short bits, each with a scarlet berry on it. These she set upright in the moss, changing and rearranging them so often that I wondered what could be her purpose, and leaned forward to see.

"No, no," she said playfully, pushing me back, "not till it is done."

Presently she said, "Now look!"

I looked and saw a perfect, beautifully formed G made by the scarlet berries on the green moss.

"There," she said, "I'll send that back to George, to show him that I found him in the berries; or, no," she added, "we'll keep it till he comes to see me. The doctor said I could be carried down-stairs to-morrow, and then I shall begin to 'receive,'" and she laughed a gay little laugh, and sank back tired.

This moment stands out in my memory as the saddest, hardest one of all. I think at that moment hope died in my heart.

When I told George of this, and showed him the saucer of moss—for she had ordered it to be set on the drawing-room table, saying, "It is too pretty to stay up here with bottles and invalids,"—he buried his face in his hands for many minutes. When he lifted it, he looked me steadily in the eye, and said,

"She has utterly forgotten this whole year. But I will win her again."

Then he knelt down and kissed every little leaf and berry which her hands had touched, and then he went away without speaking another word.

It was decided after this that it could do no harm for him to see her. Indeed, he now demanded it. His resolution was taken.

"You need not fear," he said to Dr. Fearing, "that I shall agitate her by approaching her as if she were my own. She is not my own. But she will be!"

We all sat with trembling hands and beating hearts as the hour approached at which we knew the experiment was to be made.

Annie had been carried down-stairs, and laid upon a lounge in the western bay-window of the library. The lounge was covered with dark green damask. Old Cæsar had so implored to be allowed to carry her down, that Annie had insisted that he should be gratified; and she went down as she had so often done in her childhood, with her soft white face lying close to his shining black one.

As he put her down, in her rose-colored wrapper, on the dark green damask, he knelt before her and burst out, in spite of himself, into a sort of wild chant of thanksgiving; but as we entered the door he sprang up ashamed, and turning to Aunt Ann, said: "Beg pardon, missis, but this rose yere was too much pink rose for old Cæsar!"

It was "too much pink rose" for any human eyes to see unmoved. We all cried: and Annie herself shed a few tears, but finally helped us all by saying gayly,

"You'll make me ill again if you all go on like this. I hate people that cry."

No stranger's eye would have detected the thousandth part of a second's pause which

George Ware's feet made on the threshold of that room when his eyes first saw Annie. Before the second had ended he was simply the eager, glad, affectionate cousin, and had taken calmly and lovingly the child's kiss which Annie gave him as she had done every day of her life.

We could not speak. My uncle pretended to read his newspaper; my aunt's hands shook in their pretense of sewing; I threw myself on the floor at the foot of Annie's lounge and hid my face in its cushions.

Brave George Ware's brave voice went steadily on. Annie's sweet glad voice, weak and low, but still sweeter than any other voice I ever heard, chimed in and out like fairy bells from upper air. More than an hour passed. I do not know one word that we said.

Then George rose, saying: "I must not tire you, little Annie, so I am going now."

"Will you come again to-morrow?" she asked as simply as a little child.

"Yes, dear, if you are not the worse for this," he replied, and kissed her forehead, and walked very quickly away without looking back. I followed him instantly into the hall, for I had seen that in his face which had made me fear that, strong man as he was, he would fall. I found him sitting on the lowest step of the staircase, just outside the door.

"My God, Helen," he gasped, "it isn't only this last year she has forgotten. She has gone back five years."

"Oh no, dear George," I said; "you are mistaken. She remembers everything up to a year ago. You know she remembered about your going to India."

"That is nothing," he said impatiently. "You can't, any of you, see what I mean, I suppose. But I tell you she has forgotten five years of me. She is to me just as she was when she was fourteen. Do you think I don't know the face and voice and touch of each day of my darling's life? oh, my God! my God!" and he sank down on the stair again in a silence which was worse than groans. I left him there and went back to Annie.

"How old Cousin George looks," she was saying, as I entered the room; "I didn't remember that he was so old. Why, he looks as old as you do, sweet papa. But then," reflectively, "after all, he is pretty old. He is fifteen years older than I am—and I am nineteen: thirty-four! that is old, is it not, sweet papa?" said she, half petulantly. "Why don't you speak, any of you?"

"You are getting too tired, my darling," said her father, "and now I shall carry you up-stairs."

After Annie was asleep, my Aunt Ann and I sat for hours in the library, going over and over and over, with weary hopelessness, all her words and looks, and trying to comfort each other. But I think each knew the utter despair of the other's heart.

From this time George came and went with all his old familiarity: not a day passed without his seeing Annie, and planning something for her amusement or pleasure. Not a day passed without her showing in many ways that he made a large part of her life, was really a central interest in it. Even to us who knew the sad truth, and who looked on with intentness and anxiety hardly less than those with which we had watched her sick-bed weeks before—even to us it seemed many times as if all must be right. No stranger but would have believed them lovers; not a servant in the house dreamed but that Miss Annie was still looking forward to her wedding. They had all been forbidden to allude to it, but they supposed it was only on account of her weakness and excitability.

But every day the shadow deepened on George Ware's face. I could see, though he would not admit it, that the same despair which filled my soul was settling down upon his. Dr. Fearing, too, who came and spent long evenings with us, and cautiously watched Annie's every tone and look, grew more and more uneasy. Dr. ——, one of the most distinguished physicians of the insane in the country, was invited to spend a few days in the house. He was presented to Annie as an old friend of her father's, and won at once her whole confidence and regard. For four days he studied her case, and frankly owned himself baffled, and unable to suggest any measure except the patient waiting which was killing us all.

To tell this frail and excitable girl, who had fainted more than once at a sudden noise, that this man whom she regarded only as her loving cousin had really been her promised husband—and that having been within two weeks of her wedding-day, she had now utterly forgotten it, and all connected with it—this would be too fearful a risk. It might deprive her forever of her reason.

On the other hand, she seemed in every respect, even in the smallest particular, herself. She recollected her music, her studies, her friends. She was anxious to resume her old life at all points. Every day she made allusions to old plans or incidents. She had forgotten absolutely nothing excepting the loverhood of her lover. Every day she grew stronger, and became more and more beautiful. There was a slight under-current of arch mischievousness and half petulance which she had never had before, and which, added to her sweet sympathetic atmosphere, made her indescribably charming. As she grew stronger she frolicked with every human being and every living thing. When the spring first opened and she could be out of doors, she seemed more like a divine mixture of Ariel and Puck than like a mortal maiden.

I found her one day lying at full length on the threshold of the green-house. Twenty great azalias were in full bloom on the shelves—white, pink, crimson. She had gathered handfuls of the fallen blossoms, and was making her gray kitten, which was as intelligent and as well trained as a dog, jump into the air to catch them as she tossed them up. I sat down on the grass outside and watched her silently.

"Oh, you sober old Helen," she said, "you'll be an owl for a thousand years after you die! Why can't you caper a little? You don't know how nice it is."

Just then George came slowly walking down the garden path, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

He did not see us. Annie exclaimed,

"There's Cousin George, too! Look at him! Wouldn't you think he had just heard he was to be executed at twelve to-day! I don't see what ails everybody."

"George, George," she called, "come here. For how many years are you sentenced, dear, and how could you have been so silly as to be found out?" And then she burst into a peal of the most delicious laughter at his bewildered look.

"I don't know, darling, for how many years I am sentenced. We none of us know," he said, in a tone which was sadder than he meant it should be, and sobered her loving heart instantly. She sprang to her feet, and threw both her arms around his right arm, a pretty trick she had kept from her babyhood, and said:—

"Oh you dear, good darling, does anything *really* trouble you? How heartless I am. But you don't know how it feels to have been so awfully ill, and then to get well again. It makes one feel all body and no soul: but I have soul enough to love you all dearly, you know I have; and I *won't* have you troubled: tell me what it is this minute;" and she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

One wonders often if there be any limit to human endurance. If there be, who can say they have reached it? Each year we find that the thing which we thought had taken our last strength, has left us with strength enough to bear a harder. It seemed so with such scenes as this, in those sunny spring days when Annie Ware first went out into life again. Each day I said, "There can never be another moment quite so hard to meet as this!" and the next day there came a moment which made me forget the one which had gone before.

It was an evil fate which just at this time made it imperatively necessary for George to go to the West for three months. He had no choice. His mother's whole fortune was at stake. No one but he could save it; it was not certain that he could. His last words to me were:—

"I trust more in you, Helen, than in any other human being. Keep my name constantly in her thought; write me everything which you would tell me if I were here."

It had become necessary now to tell the sad story of the result of Annie's illness to all those friends who would be likely to speak to her of her marriage. The whole town knew

what shadow rested on our hearts; and yet, as week after week went by, and the gay, sweet, winning, beautiful girl moved about among people again in her old way, people began to say more and more that it was, after all, very foolish for Annie Ware's friends to be so distressed about her; stranger things had happened; she was evidently a perfectly well woman; and as for the marriage, they never liked the match—George Ware was too old and too grave for her; and, besides, he was her second cousin.

Oh, the torture of the "ante-mortems" of beloved ones, at which we are all forced to assist!

Yet it could not be wondered at that in this case the whole heart of the community was alive with interest and speculation.

Annie Ware's sweet face had been known and loved in every house in our village. Her father was the richest, most influential man in the county, and the most benevolent. Many a man and woman had kissed Henry Ware's baby in her little wagon, for sake of Henry Ware's good deeds to them or theirs. And while Mrs. Ware had always repelled persons by her haughty reticence, Annie, from the first day she could speak until now, had won all hearts by her sunny, open, sympathizing atmosphere. No wonder that now, when they saw her again fresh, glad, beautiful, and really looking stronger and in better health than she had ever done, they said that we were wrong, that Annie and Nature were right, and that all would be well!

There came to our town this spring a family of wealth and position who had for many years lived in Europe, but who had now returned to make America their home. They had taken a furnished house for a year, to make trial of our air, and also, perhaps, of the society, although rumor, with the usual jealousy, said that the Neals did not desire any intimacy with their countrymen and women. The grounds of the house which they had hired joined my uncle's, and my Aunt Ann, usually averse to making new acquaintances, had called upon them at once, and had welcomed them most warmly to her house. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Neal and two sons, Arthur and Edward. They were people of culture, and, of course, of wide experience; but they were not of fine organization nor of the highest breeding; and it will ever remain a mystery to me that there should have seemed to be, from the outset, an especial bond of intimacy between them and my uncle and aunt. I think it was partly the sense of relief with which they welcomed a new interest—a little break in the monotony of anxiety which had been for so many months corroding their very lives.

Almost before I knew that the Neals were accepted as our familiar friends, I was startled one morning, while we were at breakfast, by the appearance of Annie on her pony, looking in at our drawing-room window. She had a pretty way of riding up noiselessly on the green grass, and making her pony, which was tame as a Newfoundland dog, mount up on the stone steps, and tap with his nose on the panes of the long glass door till we opened it.

I never saw her so angelically beautiful as she was this morning. Her cheeks were flushed and her dark blue eyes sparkled like gems in the sun. Presently she said, hesitating a little,—

"Edward Neal is at the gate; may I bring him in? I told him he might come, but he said it was too like burglary;" and she cantered off again without waiting to hear my mother's permission.

All that morning Annie Ware and Edward Neal sat with me on our piazza. I looked and listened and watched like one in a dream, or under a spell. I foresaw, I foreknew what was to come; with the subtle insight and knowledge of love, I saw all.

Never had I seen Annie so stirred into joyousness by George's presence as she seemed to be by this boy's. The two together overflowed in a sparkling current of gayety, which was contagious beyond any one's power to resist. They seemed two divine children sent out on a mission to set the world at play. What Edward Neal's more sensuous and material nature lacked, was supplemented by the finer, subtler quality of Annie's. From that first day I could never disguise from myself that they seemed, so far as mere physical life goes, the absolute counterparts of each other.

I need not dwell on this part of my story

When young hearts are drawing together, summer days speed very swiftly. George Ware, alas! was kept at the West week after week, until it came to be month after month. My uncle and aunt seemed to have deliberately resolved to shut their eyes to the drift of events. I think they were so thankful to watch Annie's bounding health and happiness, to hear glad voices and merry laughs echoing all day in their house, that they could not allow themselves to ask whether a new kernel of bitterness, of danger, lay at the core of all this fair seeming. As for the children, they did not know that they were loving each other as man and woman. Edward Neal was twenty-one, Annie but nineteen, and both singularly young and innocent of soul.

And so it came to be once more the early autumn; the maple leaves were beginning to be red, and my chrysanthemums had again set their tiny round disks of buds. Edward and Annie had said no word of love to each other, but the whole town looked upon them as lovers, and people began to reply impatiently and incredulously to our assurances that no such engagement existed.

Early in October George came home, very unexpectedly, taking even his mother by surprise. He told me afterwards that he came at last as one warned of God. A presentiment of evil, which he had struggled against for weeks, finally so overwhelmed him that he set off for home without half an hour's delay. I found him, on the night after his arrival, sitting in his old place in the big arm-chair at the head of Annie's lounge; she still clung to some of her old invalid ways, and spent many evenings curled up like a half-shut pink daisy on the green damask cushions. He looked worn and thin, but glad and eager, and was giving a lively account of his Western experiences when the library door opened, and coming in unannounced, with the freedom of one at home, Edward Neal entered.

"O Edward, here is Cousin George," exclaimed Annie, while a sea of rosy color spread all over her face; and half rising, she took George's hand in hers as she leaned towards Edward.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Ware," said Edward, with that indefinable tone of gentle respectfulness which marks a very young man's recognition of one much older, whom he has been led to admire. "Annie has been talking to me about you all summer. I feel as if I knew you almost as well as she does. I'm heartily glad to see you."

A nature of finer grain than Edward Neal's would have known the whole truth in that first second, by the blank, stern look which spread like a cloud over George Ware's face; but the open-hearted fellow only thought that he had seemed too familiar perhaps, and went on,—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ware. It must appear strange to you that I took the liberty of being so glad; but you don't know how kindly I have been allowed to feel that your friends here would permit me to call all their friends mine," and he glanced lovingly and confidently at my aunt and uncle, who answered by such smiles as they rarely gave. Oh, no wonder they loved this genial, frank, sunny boy, who had brought such light into their life.

In a moment George was his courteous self again, and began to express his pleasure at meeting Mr. Neal, etc., but Annie interrupted him.

"Oh, now don't be tiresome; of course you are to be just as good friends with Edward as you are with me: sit down, Edward. He is telling us the most delicious stories. He is the dearest Cousin George in the world," she added, stroking his hand, which she still kept in hers.

It gave Edward no more surprise to see her do this than it would have done to see her sit in her father's lap. Even I felt with a sudden pang that George Ware seemed at that moment to belong to another generation from Edward and Annie.

Edward seated himself on a low cricket at the foot of the lounge, and, looking up in George's face, said most winningly—

"Please go on, Mr. Ware." Then he turned one full, sweet look of greeting and welcome upon Annie, who beamed back upon him with such a diffused smile as only the rarest faces have. Annie's smile was one of her greatest charms. It changed her whole face; the lips made but a small part

of it; no mortal ever saw it without smiling in answer.

It was beyond George Ware's power to endure this long. Probably his instinct saw in both Edward's atmosphere and Annie's more than we did. He rose very soon and said to me, "If you are going home to-night, Helen, will you let me walk up with you? I have business in that part of the town; but I must go now. Perhaps that will hurry you too much?" he added, with an inquiring tone which was almost imploring.

I was only too glad to go. Our leave-taking was very short. A shade of indefinable trouble clouded every face but Edward's and Annie's.

George did not speak until we had left the house. Then he stopped short, took both my hands in his, with a grasp that both hurt and frightened me, and exclaimed,—

"How dared you keep this from me! How dared you!"

"O George," I said, "there was nothing to tell."

"Nothing to tell!" and his voice grew hoarse and loud. "Nothing to tell! Do you mean to say that you don't know, have not known that Annie loves that boy, that puppy?"

I trembled from head to foot. I could not speak. He went on:

"And I trusted you so; O Helen, I can never forgive you."

I murmured, miserably, for I felt myself in that moment really guilty,—

"What makes you think she loves him?"

"You cannot deceive me, Helen," he replied. "Do not torture me and yourself by trying. Tell me now, how long this 'Edward' has been sitting by her lounge. Tell me all."

Then I told him all. It was not much. He had seen more that evening (and so had I) than had ever existed before. His presence had been the one element which had suddenly defined an atmosphere which had before been hardly recognized.

He was very quiet after the first moment of bitterness, and asked me to forgive his impatient words. When he left me he said,—

"I cannot see clearly what I ought to do. Annie's happiness is my only aim. If this boy can create it, and I cannot—but he cannot: she was as utterly mine as it is possible for a woman to be. You none of you knew how utterly! Oh, my God, what shall I do!" and he walked away as feebly and slowly as an old man of seventy.

The next day Aunt Ann sent for me to come to her. I found her in great distress. George had returned to the house after leaving me, and had had almost a stormy interview with my uncle. He insisted upon asking Annie at once to be his wife; making no reference to the past, but appearing at once as her suitor. My uncle could not forbid it, for he recognized George's right, and he sympathized in his suffering. But his terror was insupportable at the thought of having Annie agitated, and of the possible results which might follow. He implored George to wait at least a few weeks.

"What! and see that young lover at my wife's feet every night!" said George, fiercely. "No! I will risk all, lose all, if need be. I have been held back long enough," and he had gone directly from my uncle's room to Annie herself.

In a short time Annie had come to her mother in a perfect passion of weeping, and told her that Cousin George had asked her to be his wife; and that she had never dreamed of such a thing; and she thought he was very unkind to be so angry with her: how *could* she have supposed he cared for her in that way, when he had been like her elder brother all his life.

"Why, he seems almost as old as papa," said poor Annie, sobbing and crying, "and he ought to have known that I should not kiss him and put my arms around him if—if—" she could not explain; but she knew!

Annie had gone to her own room, ill. My aunt and I sat together in the library silently crying; we were wretched. "Oh, if George would only have waited," said Aunt Ann.

"I think it would have made no difference, aunty," said I.

"No, I am afraid not," replied she, and each knew that the other was thinking of Edward Neal.

George Ware left town the next day. He

sent me a short note. He could not see any one, he said, and begged me to give a farewell kiss for him to "the sweet mother of my Annie. For mine she is, and will be in Heaven, though she will be the wife of Edward Neal on earth."

When I next saw our Annie she was Edward Neal's promised bride. A severe fit of illness, the result of all these excitements, confined me to my room for three weeks after George's departure; and I knew only from Aunt Ann's lips the events which had followed upon it.

George Ware's presence on that first night had brought revelation to Edward Neal as well as to all the other members of that circle. That very night he had told his parents that Annie would be his wife.

The very next night, while poor George was being swiftly borne away, Edward was sitting in my uncle's library, listening with a blanched cheek to the story of Annie's old engagement. My uncle's sense of honor would not let him withhold anything from the man seeking her for his wife. The pain soon passed by, however, when he was told that she had that very day refused her cousin, and betrayed almost resentment at his offer. Edward Neal had not a sufficiently subtle nature, nor acquaintance enough with psychological phenomena to be disturbed by any fears for the future. He dismissed it all as an inexplicable result of the disease, but a fixed fact, and a great and blessed fortune for him. My uncle, however, was less easily assured. He insisted on delay, and upon consulting the same physicians who had studied Annie's case before. They all agreed that she was now a perfectly healthy and strong woman, and that to persist in any farther recognition of the old bond, after she had so intelligently and emphatically repudiated all thought of such a relation to her cousin, was absurd. Dr. Fearing alone was in doubt. He said little; but he shook his head and clasped his hands tight, and implored that at least the marriage should be deferred for a year.

Annie herself, however, refused to consent to this: of course no satisfactory reason could be alleged for any such delay; and she said as frankly as a little child, "Edward and I have loved each other almost from the very first: there is nothing for either of us to do in life but to make each other happy; and we shall not leave papa and mamma: so why should we wait?"

They were not married, however, until spring. The whole town stood by in speechless joy and delight when those two beautiful young beings came out from the village church man and wife. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The peculiar atmosphere of almost playful joyousness which they created whenever they appeared together was something which could not be described, but which diffused itself like sunlight.

We all tried resolutely to dismiss memory and misgiving from our hearts. They seemed disloyalty and sin. George Ware was in India. George Ware's mother was dead. The cottage among the pines was sold to strangers, and the glistening brown paths under the trees were neglected and unused.

Edward and Annie led the same gay child-like lives after their marriage that they had before: they looked even younger and gayer and sunnier. When they dashed cantering through the river meadows, she with rosy cheeks and pale brown curls flying in the wind, and he with close crisp black hair, and the rich, dark, glowing skin of a Spaniard, the farming men turned and rested on their tools, and gazed till they were out of sight. Sometimes I asked myself wonderingly, "Are they ever still, and tender, and silent?" "Is this perpetual overflow the whole of love?" But it seemed treason to doubt in the presence of such merry gladness as shone in Annie's face, and in her husband's too. It was simply the incarnate triumph and joy of young life.

The summer went by; the chrysanthemums bloomed out white and full in my garden; the frosts came, and then the winter, and then Annie told me one day that before winter came again she would be a mother. She was a little sobered as she saw the intense look on my face.

"Why, darling, aren't you glad? I thought you would be almost as glad as I am myself?" Annie sometimes misunderstood me now.

"Glad! O Annie," was all I could say.

From that day I had but one thought, Annie's baby. Together we wrought all dainty marvels for its wardrobe; together we planned all possible events in its life: from the outset I felt as much motherhood to the precious little unseen one as Annie did. She used to say to me, often:

"Darling, it will be half my baby, and half yours."

Annie was absolutely and gloriously well through the whole of those mysterious first months of maternity which are to so many women exhausting and painful. Every nerve of her body seemed strung and attuned to normal and perfect harmony. She was more beautiful than ever, stronger than ever, and so glad that she smiled perpetually without knowing it. For the first time since the old days, dear Dr. Fearing's face lost the anxious look with which his eyes always rested upon her. He was at ease about her now.

Before light one Sunday morning in December, a messenger rang furiously at our bell. We had been looking for such tidings, and were not alarmed. It was a fearful storm; wind and sleet and rain and darkness had attended the coming of Annie's little "Sunday child" into its human life.

"A boy—and Miss Annie's all right," old Cæsar said, with a voice almost as hoarse as the storm outside; and he was gone before we could ask a question farther.

In less than an hour I stood on the threshold of Annie's room. But I did not see her until noon. Then, as I crept softly into the dimly-lighted chamber, the whole scene so recalled her illness of two years before that my heart stood still with sudden horror, in spite of all my joy. Now, as then, I knelt silently at her bedside, and saw the sweet face lying white and still on the pillow.

She turned, and seeing me, smiled faintly, but did not speak.

A speechless terror seized me at her first glance. *This* was my Annie! The woman who for two years had been smiling with her face had not been she! The room grew dark. I do not know what supernatural power came to my aid that I did not faint and fall.

Annie drew back the bed-clothes with a slow, feeble motion of her right hand, and pointed to the tiny little head nestled in her bosom. She smiled again, looked at me gently and steadily for a second, and then shut her eyes. Presently I saw that she was asleep; I stole into the next room and sat down with my face buried in my hands.

In a moment a light step roused me. Aunt Ann stood before me, her pale face all aglow with delight.

"O Helen, my darling! She is so well. Thank God! thank God!" and she threw her arms around me and burst into tears.

I felt like one turned to stone. Was I mad, or were they?

What had I seen in that one steady look of Annie's eyes? Was she really well? *I* felt as if she had already died!

Agonizingly I waited to see Dr. Fearing's face. He came in before tea, saw Annie for a few minutes, and came down-stairs rubbing his hands and singing in a low tone.

"I never saw anything like that child's beautiful elasticity in my life," he said. "We shall have her dancing down-stairs in a month."

The cloud was utterly lifted from all hearts except mine. My aunt and uncle looked at each other with swimming eyes. Edward tried to laugh and look gay, but broke down utterly, and took refuge in the library, where I found him lying on the floor, with his face buried in Annie's lounge.

I went home stupefied, bewildered. I could not sleep. A terror-stricken instinct told me that all was not right. But how should I know more than physician, mother, husband?

For ten days I saw my Annie every day for an hour. Her sweet, strange, gentle, steady look into my eyes when we first met always paralyzed me with fear, and yet I could not have told why. There was a fathomless serenity in her face which seemed to me superhuman. She said very little. The doctor had forbidden her to talk. She slept the greater part of the time, but never allowed the baby to be moved from her arms while she was awake.

There was a divine ecstasy in her expression as she looked down into the little face; it never seemed like human motherhood.

One day Edward came to me and said: "Do *you* think Annie is so well as they say? I suppose they must know; but she looks to me as if she had died already, and it were only her glorified angel body that lies in that bed?"

I could not speak to him. I knew then that he had seen the same thing that I had seen: if his strong, rather obtuse material nature had recognized it, what could it be which so blinded her mother and father and the doctor? I burst into tears and left him.

At the end of a week I saw a cloud on Dr. Fearing's face. As he left Annie's room one morning, he stopped me and said abruptly,—

"What does Annie talk about?"

"She hardly speaks at all," I said.

"Hm," he said. "Well, I have ordered her not to talk. But does she ask any questions?" he continued.

"No," I said; "not of me. She has not asked one."

I saw then that the same vague fear which was filling my heart was taking shape in his.

From that moment he watched her hourly, with an anxiety which soon betrayed itself to my aunt.

"William, why does not Annie get stronger?" she said suddenly to him one day.

"I do not know why," he answered, with a solemn sadness and emphasis in his tone which was, as I think he intended it to be, a partial revelation to her, and a warning. Aunt Ann staggered to a chair and looked at him without a word. He answered her look by one equally agonized and silent, and left the room.

The baby was now two weeks old. Annie was no stronger than on the day of his birth. She lay day and night in a tranquil state, smiling with heavenly sweetness when she was spoken to, rarely speaking of her own accord, doing with gentle docility all she was told, but looking more and more like a transfigured saint. All the arch, joyous, playful look was gone; there was no additional age in the look which had taken its place; neither any sorrow; but something ineffably solemn, rapt, removed from earth. Sometimes, when Edward came to her bedside, a great wave of pitying tenderness would sweep over her face, with such a Christ-look that he would fall on his knees.

"O Helen," he said once, after such a moment as this, "I shall go mad if Annie does not get well. I do not dare to kiss even her hand. I feel as if she never had been mine."

At last the day and the hour and the moment came which I had known would come. Annie spoke to me in a very gentle voice, and said:

"Helen, darling, you know I am going to die?"

"Yes, dear, I think so," I said, in as quiet a voice as hers.

"You know it is better that I should, darling?" she said, with a trembling voice.

"Yes, dear, I know it," I replied.

She drew a long sigh of relief. "I am so glad, darling; I thought you knew it, but I could not be sure. I think no one else understands but you. I hope dear mamma will never suspect. You will not let her, if you can help it; the dear doctor will not tell her; he knows, though. Darling, I want you to have my baby. I think Edward will be willing. He is so young, he will be happy again before long; he will not miss him. You know we have always said it was partly your baby. Look at his eyes now, Helen," she said, turning the little face towards me, and into a full light.

I started. I had never till that moment seen a subtle resemblance in them to the eyes of George Ware. We had said that the baby had his mother's eyes—so he had; but there had always been a likeness between Annie's eyes and George's, though hers were light-blue, and his of a blue so dark that it was often believed to be black. All the Wares had a very peculiar luminousness of the eye; it was so marked a family trait that it had passed into almost proverbial mention, in connection with the distinguished beauty of the family. "The Ware eye" was always recognizable, no matter what color it had taken from the admixture of other blood.

At that moment I saw, and I knew that Annie had seen, that the baby's eyes were not so much like her own as like the deeper, sadder, darker eyes of her cousin—brave

hopeless, dear George, who was toiling under the sun of India, making a fortune for he knew not whom.

We neither of us spoke; presently the little unconscious eyes closed in sweet sleep, and Annie went on, holding him close to her heart.

"You see, dear, that poor mamma will not be able to bear seeing him after I die. Common mothers would love him for my sake. But mamma is not like other women. She will come very soon where I am, poor mamma; and then you will have to take papa home to your house, and papa will have comfort in little Henry. But he must be your baby, Helen. I shall speak to Edward about it soon."

She was not strong enough to talk long. She shed no tears, however, and looked as calm as if she was telling me of pleasant plans for a coming earthly summer. I also was perfectly calm, and felt strangely free from sorrow. The absolute spirituality of her whole atmosphere was contagious. It was as if I spoke with her in heaven, thousands of centuries after all human perplexities had passed by.

After this day she grew rapidly weaker. She had no pain. There was not a single physical symptom in her case which the science of medicine could name or meet. There was literally nothing to be done for her. Neither tonic nor stimulant produced the least effect. She was noiselessly sinking out of life, as sometimes very old people die, without a single jar or shock or struggle. Her beautiful serenity and entire freedom from suffering blinded Aunt Ann's eyes to the fact that she was dying. This was a great mercy, and we were all careful not by a word or look to rouse her to the truth. To all her mother's inquiries Annie invariably replied, "Better, dear mamma, better, only very weak," and Aunt Ann believed, until the very last, that the spring would make her well again.

Edward Neal's face during these weeks was like the face of a man lost in a trackless desert, seeking vainly for some sign of road to save his life. Sickness and death were as foreign, as inconceivable to the young, vital, irrepressible currents of his life, as if he had been a bird or an antelope. But it was not now with him the mere bewildered grief of a sensuous animal nature, such as I should have anticipated that his grief would be. He dimly felt the truth, and was constantly terrified by it. He came more and more reverently into Annie's presence each day. He gazed speechlessly into her eyes, which rested on him always with angelic compassion and tenderness, but with no more look of human wifely thought than if they had been kneeling side by side before God's white throne. Sometimes he dared not touch even so much as the hand on which his own wedding-ring rested. Sometimes he would kneel by the bedside and bury his face and weep like a little child. Then he would throw himself on his horse and gallop away and not come home until twilight, when he was always found on Annie's lounge in the library. One night when I went to him there he said, in a tone so solemn that the voice did not sound like his:

"Helen, there is something I do not understand about Annie. Do people always seem so when they are going to die? I do not dare to ask her if she loves me. I feel just as much awe of her as if she had been in heaven. It seems sometimes as if I must be going mad, for I do not feel in the least as if she had ever been my wife."

"She never has, poor boy," I thought, but I only stroked his hair and said nothing; wondering in my heart at the subtle certainty with which in all natures love knows how to define, conquer, reclaim his own.

The day before Annie died she asked for her jewel-case, and spent several hours in looking over its contents and telling me to whom they should be given. I observed that she seemed to be searching uneasily for something she could not find.

"What is it, dear?" I said. She hesitated for a second, and then replied:

"Only a little ring I had when I was a girl."

"When you were a girl, my darling!" I exclaimed. She smiled gently and said:

"I feel like an old woman now. Oh, here it is," she added, and held it out to me to open for her the tiny padlock-shaped locket which hung from it. It had become so tightly

fastened together that it was with great difficulty I could open it. When I did so, I saw lying in the hollow a little ring of black hair, and I remembered that Annie had worn the ring when she was twelve years old.

She asked me to cut a few of the silky hairs from the baby's head, and then one little curl from her own, and laying them with the other, she shut the locket and asked for a piece of paper and pencil. She wrote one word with great difficulty, folded the ring in the paper, wrote another word on the outside, and laid it in a corner of the jewel-case. Then she sank back on the pillows, and slipping her left hand under her cheek said she was very tired, and almost instantly fell into a gentle sleep. She did not rouse until twilight. I was to sleep on the lounge in her room that night, and when she waked I was preparing it.

"Darling," she said, "could you sleep as well in my big chair, which can be tipped back?"

"Certainly, sweet," I said; "but why?"

"Because that can be drawn up so much nearer me; it will be like sleeping together."

At nine o'clock the wet nurse brought the baby in and laid him in Annie's bosom, sound asleep. She would not allow him to lie anywhere else, and was so grieved at any remonstrance, that the doctor said she must be indulged in it. Whenever she was awake and was not speaking to us, her eyes never left the baby's face.

She turned over with her face to the chair in which I was lying, and reached out her left hand towards me. I took it in my right one, and so, with our hands clasped above the little sleeping baby, we said "good-night" to each other.

"I feel much better to-night than I have for some days, dear Helen," she said; "I would not wonder if we all three slept until morning."

Very soon I saw that she was asleep. I watched her face for a long time; it was perfectly colorless and very thin, and yet there was not a look of illness on it. The ineffable serenity, the holy peace, made it look like the face of one who had been transfigured, translated; who had not known and who never could know any death. I cannot account for the sweet calm which I felt through all these weeks. I shed no tears; I did not seem even to sorrow. I accepted all, as Annie herself accepted it, without wonder, without murmur. During the long hours of this last night I lived over every hour of her precious, beautiful life, as I had known and shared it, until the whole seemed to me one fragrant and perfect flower, ready to be gathered and worn in the bosom of angels. At last I fell asleep.

I was wakened by a low murmur from the baby, who stirred uneasily. Annie's hand was still locked in mine; as I sought to disengage it cautiously, I felt, with a sudden horror, that the fingers were lifeless. I sprang to my feet and bent over her; she did not breathe. Out of that sweet sleep her body had passed into another which would know no waking, and her soul had awakened free. Slowly I withdrew the little sleeping baby from her arms and carried it to the nurse. Then I went to Dr. Fearing's room,—(he had slept in the house for a week); I found him dressed, but asleep on a lounge. He had slept in this way, he told me, for four nights, expecting that each would be the last. When I touched him on the shoulder he opened his eyes, without surprise or alarm, and said,—

"Did she wake?"

"No," I replied, and that was all.

The morning was just dawning; as the dark gray and red tints cleared and rolled away, and left a pale yellow sky, the morning star, which I could see from Annie's bedside, faded and melted in the pure ether. Even while I was looking at it it vanished, and I thought that, like it, Annie's bright soul, disappearing from my sight, had blended in Eternal Day.

* * * * * * *

This was four years ago. My Aunt Ann died, as Annie had said she would, in a very few months afterward. My uncle came, a broken and trembling man, to live in our house, and Edward Neal gladly gave his little son into my hands, as Annie had desired. He went abroad immediately, finding it utterly impossible to bear the sight of the scenes of his lost happiness. But he came back in two years, bringing a bright young wife with him, a sunny-haired English girl, who, he said, was

so marvelously like Annie. She is like the Annie whom he knew!

Every day their baby boy is brought to our house to see his brother; but I think two children of one name never before looked so unlike.

My little Henry is the center of his grandfather's life and of mine. He is a pensive child, and has never been strong; but his beauty and sweetness are such that we often tremble when we look in his face and remember Annie.

George Ware is still in India. Every ship brings brave, sweet letters, and gifts for the baby. I sent him the little paper which I found in the corner of Annie's jewel-case, bearing his name. I knew that it was for him when I saw her feeble hands laying the baby's hair and hers together in the locket.

In November Annie's grave is snowy with white chrysanthemums. She loved them better than any other flowers, and I have made the little hillock almost into a thicket of them.

In George Ware's last letter he wrote :—

"When the baby is ten years old I shall come home. He will not need me till then; till then, he is better in your hands alone; after that I can help you."

MOUNTAIN VIEWS AND ADVENTURES.

MOUNTAINS have a peculiar fascination about them, whether we look up to their serene summits from below, or down from their lofty elevation on the spreading landscape at their base.

Lifting their dreamy tops far up into the heavens, there seems to be a conscious majesty about them. Keeping ward and watch over the world below, they stand

> "Like earth's gigantic sentinels,
> Discoursing in the skies."

The desire to stand on these great outlooks is almost universal, and the greater the difficulties and dangers they present, the greater seems to be the desire to surmount them.

Perhaps no one view combines more of the sublime and beautiful than that from the Righi Culm at sunrise.

Standing on the brow of this lofty precipice in the cold, gray light of early morning, you see on your right the whole range of the Bernese Alps, stretching for nearly a hundred miles, white and ghostly in their robes of virgin snow. On the left, the whole land of the Swiss, with its lakes, streams, and hallowed associations, spreads on and on, till lost in the distance. At length a golden streak begins to tinge the east, that seems farther off than the zenith above. It grows steadily brighter, until at last the farthest sky-piercing peak catches the glow, and flames up over the snow-fields beneath. Suddenly another flashes out beside it; and then another and another receives the same fiery baptism, till nearly for a hundred miles, from the Sentis to the Jungfrau, the whole range of giant summits stand bathed in a deep rose-color against the background of blue sky, while gleaming glaciers go streaming down into fathomless abysses, and white snow-cliffs lean out over shadowy gorges. As one gazes on that hundred miles of rose-colored mountains, that in the increasing light seem to melt and flow together, the senses grow bewildered; it seems as if God had thrown the robe of His glory over them. And when the fiery orb itself, that has wrought all this wondrous beauty, rolls into view, and floods the whole landscape with his radiance, sweet valleys, lakes nestling amid the hills, and broad plains break on the astonished sight as it wanders entranced over a space nearly three hundred miles in circumference, crowded in every direction with beauty and sublimity.

Totally unlike this is the view from some of our mountain summits. From the top of Tahawus, in the Adirondacks, the sweep of the eye is just about as extended as from the Righi Culm, yet the whole vast area embraced is a sea of verdure. With the exception of two craggy peaks that shoulder up almost against you, there is not a barren summit or naked cliff, nor a hand-breadth of cultivation in sight. There are numberless lakes, but all framed in green foliage; there are mountain

ranges, but their rough outlines are concealed and softened down by heavy forests till they roll away like vast green billows along the blue and distant heavens. You cannot see even a river—you only know where its torrent rolls by a deep gash in the forest.

The Alps, not only from the isolated character of their peaks, thus furnishing unobstructed views, but from their proximity to civilization, are visited by more travelers, and have been the scene of more adventures than any other group or chain of mountains in the world. Mont Blanc is the king of these lordly peaks; and though many lives have been lost in attempting its ascent, yet scarcely a year passes that some hardy traveler does not scale its summit; even women attempt it, and one not long ago perished upon it. The sad fate that recently overtook three gentlemen,—one of them a clergyman and another a physician, —with eight guides, when near the summit, is still fresh in our memory. One moment their friends in the vale of Chamouni, through their glasses, saw them, — mere black specks hanging along the white dome,—the next, a sudden snow-storm swept over them, wrapping them from sight. Hour after hour it raged on, and when it cleared up nothing living was visible on the smooth white surface.



ASCENT OF THE GALENSTOCK.

The ascent of the Galenstock in 1845, by three gentlemen, named Desor, Dollfus-Ausset, and Daniel Dollfus, was attended by a thrilling adventure which came near having a tragical termination. This peak is 15,853 feet high, and though of less elevation than many others, owing to its peculiar formation, the last 3,000 feet, being a steep unbroken slope of ice, is very difficult to climb, while its isolated position gives it a wide, commanding view. Unable to mount this smooth inclined plane of ice, excepting by cutting steps the entire way with their hatchets, and fearing to do this, lest the notches should become rounded and smoothed by the heat while they were taking their observations on the top, and thus make the descent impossible, they were compelled to wait for a fresh fall of snow of such consistency that the foot would not slide beneath it. This occurred the latter part of August, and the four gentlemen, with five guides, set out on their perilous expedition. Starting at three o'clock in the morning, they reached the Col du Grimsel at four. The sky was clear, and the fires of the rising sun made the chain of Monte Rosa appear like "an immense fire of red-hot coals." Crossing the glacier of the Rhone, they reached the base of the Galenstock, and began the ascent. The snow would yield two or three inches, just enough to make easy and

firm stepping, and by eleven o'clock they reached the summit, a cupola of pure snow. They stayed here for nearly two hours, making their observations and enjoying the wondrous spectacle beneath and around them. Beetling cliffs, gorges whose depths the eye could not penetrate, gleaming glaciers, and a wild chaos of ragged snow-peaks met the eye at every turn.

In descending they were careful to follow the track they had made in coming up. Chatting merrily over the success of their expedition, and the achievement of having ascended a peak never before trodden by men, they were making their way rapidly down the slope, when, caused doubtless by the jar of their weight, a mass of ice and snow split transversely across the mountain, eighty feet thick, tumbled over upon the steep slope and went roaring down towards its base. Desor was in front with the leading guide, and so near to him did this snow-cliff split from the mass above that it grazed his foot, while it actually opened between the legs of the guide, and would have carried him down with it had he not fortunately fallen up-hill, against the slope. A clear azure cliff gleamed out for a moment, as the loosened mass parted, and then there came a blinding shower of snow up from where it struck, obliterating everything from sight, and shutting each from the view of the others. Not a cry broke from the appalled party. But when their horror-struck countenances at length were revealed to each other, one was found to be missing, his staff alone remaining, sticking out of the snow. At first they expected every moment to see a new split run along the mountain, but none occurring, they began to take hope,and then to see what had become of the missing one, who was the son of Mr. Dollfus. Tying a rope around his waist, and bidding the guide hold on, Desor threw himself on his face, and stretching his head and neck over the icy cliff, endeavored to pierce the turbulent depths beneath him. Three thousand feet below that whirling mass was driving on its stormy way, in the midst of which, in all probability, young Dollfus was borne onward. After a little while, however, he detected through the gradually settling snow-drift, eighty feet below, a dark object sticking above the white surface. Gazing steadily upon it, he at length discovered that it was the head and shoulders of Dollfus. A single jutting rock lay in the path of the avalanche, over which it rolled, leaving a portion of its mass upon it, and young Dollfus with it. Had he fallen a few feet either one side or the other, he would have been carried three thousand feet down, and left a mangled mass among the rocks. But was he even now alive? As Mr. Desor called out that he saw him, the father exclaimed in anguish, "Is he alive?" The former could not answer, for all below was now still as the snow-heap. At length he perceived a motion of the head and arms. "He lives!" he shouted back. In an instant a dark form darted past, and disappeared over the cliff, while a cry of horror burst from all. It was the young man's favorite guide, who, with a devotion sublime as rare, with one leap darted to his side. Fortunately he struck in the débris of the avalanche, half-way down to his friend, and sank so deep in it that he could not extricate himself.

Young Dollfus at length recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, and looking up, saw Desor peering over the cliff above him. In a moment, forgetting his own perilous position, he called out, "Is father safe?" When told that he was, he took courage and tried to rise, but found that he could not use his right arm. Desor hallooed to know if it were broken or put out of joint?

He could not tell, but with noble self-forgetfulness replied, "Broken or dislocated, it is nothing, since there is no one hurt but me." The next thing was to get him up. A guide with a rope round him was first let down thirty feet to the one who had daringly leaped over the cliff, and dug him out. The two, with the skill and care of experienced chamois-hunters, then felt their way down to Dollfus, whom they disinterred. Although they found one of his legs as well as an arm so injured that he was almost entirely helpless, yet by dint of main strength they got him up to the perpendicular face of the cliff, when a rope was fastened round him and he was drawn up. The guides were then hoisted to the top in the same way. Hours had now passed, and

the sun was just sinking behind a distant peak, when they again began their way homeward. Young Dollfus was unable to walk, so one of the guides took him on his back and bore him down the mountain.

The death of Lord Douglas and Mr. Hudson, a clergyman, and two others, a few years ago, on the Matterhorn, is still fresh in the memory of many. One of the survivors gave a detailed account of the tragic event in the London *Times*. The party reached the summit, about 14,000 feet high, in safety, and after enjoying the sublime spectacle presented to them at that great elevation, commenced their descent. There were six in all, and for greater security they tied themselves together with a long rope, about twenty feet apart. They descended by the steps they had cut in the ice as they went up, and to lessen the chance of accident, and to be sure that only one should slip at a time, when the head one moved, the rest, strung back up the slope for a hundred feet, held firmly in their places.

The strongest, boldest guide went first, and next to him a gentleman named Hadow, who was the least able to take care of himself. Creeping cautiously down in this manner, it seemed that the head guide stopped to assist Hadow, by placing his feet in the steps cut in the ice. He then turned to resume his place, when the latter, becoming terrified, slipped, and fell on him, knocking him over. The guide uttered one quick, startling cry, and then shot like an arrow downward. The sudden tightening of the rope, with such a heavy jerk, drew the clergyman, and after him Lord Douglas, from their feet. It was all the work of a moment, but Mr. Whymper and his guide, the instant they heard the cry of the leading guide, knew what it meant, and braced themselves with all their might to resist the shock when it came. It was a terrible moment, for with a single glance they saw their companions flying down the mountain. Could they hold the weight or not, flashed like lightning through their minds. In a twinkling they felt the sudden heavy strain. The rope snapped asunder at the first jerk, and the guide, Mr. Hadow, the clergyman, and Lord Douglas shot unchecked away. For a few seconds only they were seen, vainly stretching out their hands as they slid downward, to lay hold of something to stop their progress, and then one after another shot over the precipices, their speed accelerating as they flew on towards the glacier that waited for them four thousand feet below. The survivors, horror-struck, remained where they were for half an hour, gazing down that dizzy descent. The two guides that remained cried like infants, and were so unnerved that not only were they unable to help Mr. Whymper, but were in danger of slipping themselves, and for two hours he expected to join his companions



AN AVALANCHE ON THE PEAK OF MORTIRATSCH.



ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

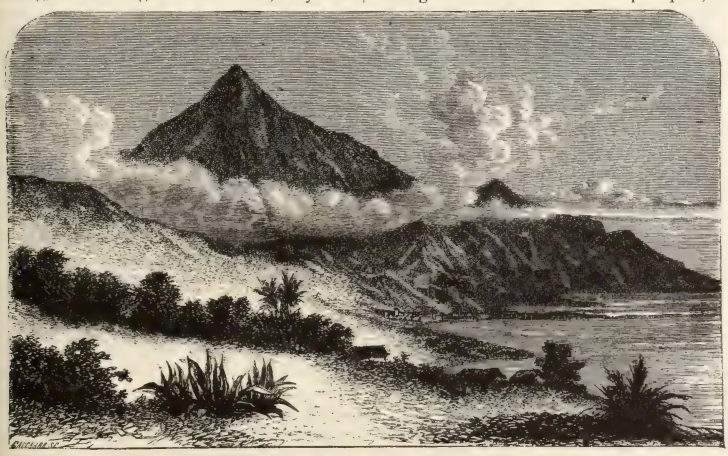
below. All the bodies were afterward recovered but that of Lord Douglas, who still sleeps amid the avalanches of the Matterhorn.

Three chief perils assail the climber of the Alps: losing foothold on the steep slopes, where it is next to impossible to stop his descent until precipitated over some cliff, and buried or crushed to pieces at the bottom of an abyss; falling into deep crevices concealed by snow, and the danger of avalanches. The death of these adventurers resulted from the first. The lady who perished last year on Mont Blanc stepped into a crevice. By having good guides, and following their instructions, the latter danger may be usually avoided, as well as that arising from falling avalanches. The track of these can be calculated very accurately, and unless caught on some exposed spot, which they are compelled to cross, experienced mountaineers manage to dodge them. We remember once wishing to ascend the Col de Balme, when, though in July, the usual path was so blocked with snow it could not be traversed. Our guide declared the ascent impossible; but unwilling to lose one of the grandest views in the Alps, which was to be obtained from it, we sought out a peasant who lived at its base, and asked him if he could not guide us up. He replied that none but a chamois-hunter had ventured on it that year; still he would try. He led us, however, to a chamois-hunter, who agreed to take charge of us on condition that we would rigidly follow his directions. He said there was only one way of reaching the top, and that was by climbing an ascending gorge between two mountains, till we came to the white, snow-covered peak; then pressing up that by sheer strength. This gorge was filled with the débris of avalanches, and the least commotion in the air would bring one down at any moment. We must therefore agree not to shout, nor converse in a loud tone, and moreover we must keep the center of the chasm, so that if he detected an avalanche beginning to move on either mountain, we might flee to the base of the opposite one. By obeying these instructions we accomplished the ascent in safety, and were rewarded by one of those views that time can never wholly efface.

A few years ago a party, having ascended the Morteratsch, a mountain in the center of the Grisons, had an experience with an avalanche that came near ending fatally. By the letter of Mr. Tyndall, one of the party, to the London *Times*, it seems that three gentlemen, with only two guides, reached the summit

without difficulty. In descending they left the track by which they had gone up, and crossing a piece of ice, by steps cut in it with a hatchet, struck a slope of snow that yielded just enough to give them foothold. To help each other in case of accident, they were all five tied together by a rope. Jenny, an experienced guide, took the lead. They had proceeded some distance in this way, the one behind carefully stepping in the tracks of the one preceding him, when Jenny turned around, and cautioned them not to miss a step, for the shock of the fall might bring down an avalanche. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when one of the men slipped and fell. In an instant an avalanche, loosened from its resting-place, thundered down upon them. The three in the rear were whirled in a tangled mass past the two in advance. These instinctively braced themselves to resist the shock, when the rope should become taut. But it was all in vain; the impetus of the three descending men jerked them from their foothold, and away all went together on the "back of the avalanche." Hatchets driven into the ice as they rolled over, to arrest their progress, and their alpenstocks thrust wildly out for the same purpose, were jerked from their hands, and now sliding, now rolling over and over, they shot rapidly downwards towards fearful chasms. "The three foremost men rode upon the forehead of the avalanche and were at times almost immersed in the snow." They were carried with such velocity that the whole five were borne bodily across a crevasse, barely hitting the farther edge. This, however, checked their speed a little, and Jenny, partly recovering himself on the edge of another fissure, jumped boldly into it. He knew the rope attached to those who had been carried over it would keep him from going to the bottom, while the weight of his body, he being a heavy man, hanging in the crack, he hoped would arrest the downward progress of the rest. It was a quick, heroic thought, and bravely carried out. But it was of no avail—the momentum of the descending bodies jerked him out as though he had been an india-rubber ball—the sudden terrible tightening of the rope almost taking the breath out of his body. He however struggled desperately to his feet. Being last of all, the snow of the avalanche in which the others were submerged was mostly in front of him, and he endeavored to drive his heels at every plunge into the hard crust, shouting all the time at the top of his voice!

Before the slope down which they were driving reached the brow of the precipice, be-



THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.



CHIMBORAZO.

yond which was death, it became less steep, and the avalanche slackened its speed. Hope revived in all. The mighty mass, however, did not halt, but, crossing this partially level spot, began again to accelerate its motion. Seeing this, the two forward friends threw their arms around each other, and resigned themselves to their terrible fate. Tyndall struggled desperately to unbuckle his belt to which the rope was attached, but finding it impossible, he braced himself with all his might. Jenny, however, with wonderful self-possession and coolness, had succeeded, in this short lull of their descent, in getting a firm foothold, and bearing on the rope with his great weight, he brought the whole to a stand-still just on the verge of the precipice, over which a few seconds more would have carried them. They arose stunned and bruised, but not seriously wounded, and reached the bottom in safety, after certainly one of the most extraordinary slides on record.

Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, is distinguished for being the highest mountain in the island, and for the sacred character attached to it, rather than for any great difficulty in ascending it. It is sixty miles distant from Colombo, the chief seaport, and capital of the island. The summit is comparatively level, with the exception of a rock about seven feet high in the center, and is seventy-four feet long by twenty-four wide—the whole surrounded by a stone wall. The Buddhists assert that the founder of their religion descended upon this mountain, and left the impress of his foot on the rock, still existing, they say, in a slight hollow, a little over five feet and a half long and two and a half wide. This is rimmed with brass and studded with gems, and covered with a roof supported by four pillars. Thither pilgrims constantly resort, and go through certain religious ceremonies with a priest, concluding with friendly salutations to each other.

The view from the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe is said to be peculiarly grand and beautiful. The naked mountain stands in the midst of a smiling country, dotted with towns and villages; the harbor below is white with sails, while beyond, the ocean, sprinkled over with the Canary Isles, stretches away till it melts into the far horizon. It is over 12,000 feet high, and its last peak difficult of ascent. First, one ascends an elevation called Monte Verde—afterwards the Mountain of Pines, and then reaches a plain out of which shoots up the peak proper. Near the top there is nothing but pumice-stone—the summit itself consisting of a crater some eight

miles in circumference and nine hundred feet deep, out of which rises the Peak, three thousand feet high, sending up its steady column of smoke. This is the statement of Berthelot, who made the ascent twice, and is endorsed by the French Geographical Society. He went down into this enormous crater and looked up to the mighty rim, nine hundred feet above him, and to the smoking peak, three thousand feet higher still, with feelings of mingled awe and wonder. "Truly," he exclaimed, "an astonishing spectacle! If in imagination we go back to the ages of geological disturbance in which this frightful volcano was in all its activity, we shall not be able to think without horror of that flaming gulf of more than twenty-seven miles in circumference and nine hundred feet in depth. Out of this seething, boiling sea of fire, this mighty peak doubtless sprang, overtopping with its fiery shaft the burning, tossing flood below. What Titanic forces were at work below the bottom of the sea that could rend the crust of the earth, drive back the waves, and pile this mountain mass more than two miles high in the heavens!"

The cold of this high region acts as a condenser on the mists that rise from the warm plains and rich vegetation below, and as the sun advances in its course, white clouds roll up around the base, so that one above can see only a white undulating sea, where in early morning was a panorama of almost unequaled splendor.

But in the new world still more remarkable peaks lift themselves into the regions of perpetual snow. Chimborazo, almost from under the equator, sends its serene top nearly four miles and a half into the tropical heavens, and even in this burning region is covered with perpetual snow nearly three thousand feet from the summit. And yet, so genial is the climate, that inhabited cultivated farms are found at an elevation equal to that of most of the Alpine peaks. Only a little over a thousand feet lower than the top of the Jungfrau, men start with mules to make the ascent.

In 1802, Humboldt and Bonplan attempted to reach the top; but when they attained an altitude of 19,300 feet, the highest point ever before trodden by man, they were met by a fearful chasm, five hundred feet wide. Though the extreme rarity of the atmosphere, at this great elevation, was such that the blood oozed from their eyes, lips, and gums, it was with the deepest disappointment that they were compelled to turn back without reaching the summit, that rose so mockingly near. In 1831, Boussingault made a similar attempt. He carried his mules to an elevation equal to the summit of Mont Blanc. But the hurried, panting breath of the animals, and the constant wistful turning of their heads towards the plain below, admonished him to abandon them, and he continued on foot. But mighty precipices barring his progress, around or over which he was compelled to climb, while the treacherous snow slipped beneath him at almost every step, increased the danger with each advance, until at last, environed with precipices, he was compelled reluctantly to abandon the enterprise, having reached a point only about three hundred feet higher than that attained by Humboldt. Even after nearly an hour's rest, his pulse was over a hundred. It is impossible to describe the wonderful view that is presented at this height.

After the rains of winter are over, and the atmosphere is spiritually clear, this mountain,



THE CONDOR.

with its enormous circular summit standing out against the deep blue sky, presents a magnificent spectacle from the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

But of all the gigantic peaks of the Andes, Cotopaxi is the most wonderful. A perfect cone, it rises right from under the equator nearly four miles into the clear atmosphere, while the smoke of the volcano that slumbers in its heart floats above it like a plume. The thick layer of snow that covers it conceals all irregularities, and, smooth and white as a model, it gleams in the tropical sun. Its eruptions have been terrific. In 1803, Humboldt heard the churning of the tremendous engine that hurled its fires into the heavens more than a hundred and fifty miles. Its roarings have been heard 600 miles, and once its mighty tongue of flame shot nearly 3,000 feet into the heavens.

As every foot of the earth's surface teems with animal life, so even these vast elevations unreached by man are not a perpetual solitude. As the Lämmergeier of the Alps scale their loftiest summits, so the Condor hovers above the serene heights of the Andes.

When Humboldt, with the blood oozing from his face, was looking up to the summit of Chimborazo, that he could not reach, he saw to his amazement a condor sailing above it. Stretching his enormous wings to an extent of twelve or fourteen feet, heedless alike of the cold and extreme rarity of the atmosphere, he slowly fanned the air, as his bright piercing eye surveyed the earth beneath. Why he seeks this rare, cold atmosphere is a mystery. Serene as the sublime untrodden heights around him, he sails alone where the eye of man cannot pierce, and in an untroubled atmosphere sees the lightnings leap and play, and hears the thunder burst and the hurricane roar far, far below him.

THE SONGSTER.

A MIDSUMMER CAROL.

I.

WITHIN our summer hermitage
I have an aviary,—
'Tis but a little, rustic cage,
That holds a golden-winged Canary:
A bird with no companion of his kind.
But when the warm south wind
Blows, from rathe meadows, over
The honey-scented clover,
I hang him in the porch, that he may hear
The voices of the bobolink and thrush,
The robin's joyous gush,
The bluebird's warble, and the tunes of all
Glad matin songsters in the fields anear.
Then, as the blithe responses vary,
And rise anew, and fall,
In every hush
He answers them again,
With his own wild, reliant strain,
As if he breathed the air of sweet Canary.

II.

Bird, bird of the golden wing,
Thou lithe, melodious thing!

Where hast thy music found?
What fantasies of vale and vine,
Of glades where orchids intertwine,
Of palm-trees, garlanded and crowned,
And forests flooded deep with sound—
What high imagining
Hath made this carol thine?
By what instinct art thou bound
To all rare harmonies that be
In those green islands of the sea,
Where thy radiant, wildwood kin
Their madrigals at morn begin,
Above the rainbow and the roar
Of the long billow from the Afric shore?

Asking other guerdon
None, than Heaven's light,
Holding thy crested head aright,
Thy melody's sweet burden
Thou dost proudly utter,
With many an ecstatic flutter
And ruffle of thy tawny throat
For each delicious note.
—Art thou a waif from Paradise,
In some fine moment wrought
By an artist of the skies,
Thou winged, cherubic Thought?

Bird of the amber beak,
Bird of the golden wing!
Thy dower is thy caroling;
Thou hast not far to seek
Thy bread, nor needest wine
To make thine utterance divine;
Thou art canopied and clothed
And unto Song betrothed!
In thy lone aërial cage
Thou hast thine ancient heritage;
There is no task-work on thee laid
But to rehearse the ditties thou hast made;
Thou hast a lordly store,
And, though thou scatterest them free,
Art richer than before,
Holding in fee
The glad domain of minstrelsy.

III.

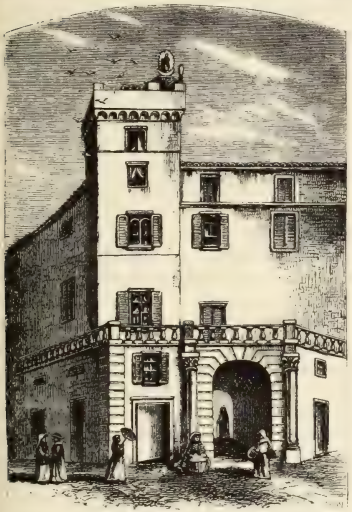
Brave songster, bold Canary!
Thou art not of thy listeners wary.
Art not timorous, nor chary
Of quaver, trill, and tone,
Each perfect and thine own;

But renewest, shrill or soft,
Thy greeting to the upper skies,
Chanting thy latest song aloft
With no tremor nor disguise.
Thine is a music that defies
The envious rival near;
Thou hast no fear
Of the day's vogue, the scornful critic's sneer.

Would, O wisest bard, that now
I could cheerly sing as thou!
Would I might chant the thoughts which on me throng,
For the very joy of song!
Here, on the written page,
I falter, yearning to impart
The vague and wandering murmur of my heart,
Haply a little to assuage
This human restlessness and pain,
And half forget my chain:
Thou, unconscious of thy cage,
Showerest music everywhere;
Thou hast no care
But to pour out the largesse thou hast won
From the south wind and the sun;
There are no prison-bars
Betwixt thy tricksy spirit and the stars.

When from its delicate clay
Thy little life shall pass away,
Thou wilt not meanly die,
Nor voiceless yield to silence and decay
But triumph still in art
And act thy minstrel-part,
Lifting a last, long pæan
To the unventured empyrean.
—So bid the world go by,
And they who list to thee aright,
Seeing thee fold thy wings and fall, shall say:
"The Songster perished of his own delight!"

SCENES FROM THE MARBLE FAUN.



HILDA'S TOWER.

PASSING one day along a narrow Roman street leading from the neighborhood of the Palazzo Borghese to the city post-office, I noticed the name "Via Portoghese" painted on the corner of a street stretching at right angles to the one along which I was lounging. Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* had been published but a few months previously, and, fresh from its perusal, I at once thought of the "Via Portoghese" in which the author had located his "Hilda's Tower." Looking up, I was surprised and delighted to find the tower standing close before me.

The Via Portoghese is a short street, fifty or sixty feet in length, which divides at its western end into two other streets diverging from it at an angle like the upper strokes of a Y. Precisely at the point of junction of these three streets, and looking down the Via Portoghese, stands the tower,—square, grim, and battlemented, as Hawthorne has described it. On the summit is the shrine of the Virgin, with its attendant lamp. Immediately below the battlements is a small window, which, on the day when I discovered the tower, was half-draped with a white curtain which Hilda's fair hands might have looped up. The white doves were "skimming, fluttering, and wheeling about the topmost height of the tower," and nothing was wanting to complete the scene but the delicate figure of Hilda herself, leaning out of the window and calling her feathered companions to their morning meal.

Subsequent inquiry showed that this was really the tower which Hawthorne had in mind when he drew "St. Hilda's shrine." It is known in Rome as the "Torre della Scimia," or the Monkey's Tower, and owes its name to a legend that the child of one of its former proprietors was once carried to the top of the tower by an ape, but was miraculously saved in consequence of a vow made by the judicious parent that he would place a picture of the Virgin on the summit and burn a lamp before it forever, on condition that his child should escape uninjured. The lamp, however, has long been extinguished; and in this respect Hawthorne, who makes quite a feature of the ever-burning lamp, has varied slightly from the prosaic truth. An examination of the interior of the tower showed another instance of poetic license on the part of the novelist. The room which he allotted to Hilda is nearly uninhabitable. The ceiling is but a few feet in height, and the



ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.



THE "BRAZEN PONTIFF" AT PERUGIA.

small window admits but a feeble glimmer of light. It was, at the time of my visit, used merely as a storeroom, and was choked with broken furniture and sacks of grain. The use made by Hawthorne of this tower is, however, an instance of his peculiar method of blending the most conscientious realism with the most poetic romanticism. Neither the Puritan of the *Scarlet Letter* nor the Monkey Tower of the *Marble Faun* would suggest to unpoetic minds anything of romance; but while Hawthorne paints them with careful fidelity, he throws about them an atmosphere in which they blend harmoniously with the purely ideal creations of his poetic imagination.

In the chapter entitled "On the Edge of a Precipice," "Donatello" is made to hurl "Miriam's" persecutor over the edge of the Tarpeian Rock. This rock Hawthorne locates on the western side of the Capitoline Hill, in the narrow courtyard adjoining the Palazzo Caffarelli; or at least he makes Kenyon prefer "this to any other site as having been veritably the Traitor's Leap." There is a steep precipice at the place, but Hawthorne may not have been ignorant that the antiquaries have agreed that the actual Tarpeian Rock was on the southern side of the hill. In fact, the precise locality where Manlius hurled the Gauls from the sacred hill is now pointed out in the gardens of that part of the Capitoline now called Monte Caprino. However, the description given by Hawthorne of the lonely spot where the crime of "Donatello" and "Miriam" was accomplished, is minutely accurate.*

While speaking of the *Marble Faun*, its readers may not be uninterested in the accompanying sketch of the statue of Pope Julius III. in the great square of Perugia. Perhaps the most dramatic and picturesque chapter in the book is that which describes the meeting of "Miriam" and "Donatello" under the shadow of the "Brazen Pontiff's" outstretched arm.

To Perugia, as well as to Rome, Hawthorne has given a new interest; and it is not until the tourist who journeys northward from Rome has crossed over Monte Beni—on the road from Florence to Bologna—that he passes beyond a region which owes one of its chiefest charms to the rare genius of the author of the *Marble Faun*.

* "The path ascended a little and ran along under the walls of a palace, but soon passed through a gateway, and terminated in a small paved courtyard. It was bordered by a low parapet. . . . On one side was the great height of the palace, with the moonshine falling over it, and showing all the windows barred."—*Marble Faun*, Vol. I., p. 210.

CHINESE SKILLED LABOR.

THE utility and economy of Chinese labor have been fully demonstrated on the Pacific Coast. The forty thousand Chinamen in California have found employment in almost every branch of domestic and skilled labor and in some departments of agriculture. They do all the laundry work and make all the cigars, lucifers, and paper collars for San Francisco. They are the best house-painters, the most economical harness-makers, and the quickest carpenters and joiners in California; and the latest information represents that they have taken to making watches, displaying marvellous alacrity and delicacy of touch in handling the implements of the jeweler.

Since to establish the practical value of any

system of labor is to ensure its ultimate adoption in spite of the most energetic and malignant opposition, it is safe to assume from the facts cited above that all doubts of the future stability of Chinese industry, in California at least, are put to rest. Two notable experiments in the East have lately demonstrated, in the face of a noisy if not virulent social, political, and industrial antagonism, that it can be safely engrafted upon the more firmly established labor system of the older States of the Atlantic Coast.

The first of these experiments to bring the question of Chinese labor to the attention of Eastern manufacturers was begun at North Adams, Massachusetts, by Mr. Charles T. Sampson, a shoe manufacturer. The first year of trial has just ended in such complete success that the undertaking is about to be extended by the introduction of an additional force.

Mr. Sampson started out with the design of breaking up the Trades' Unionism which had previously dictated to him whom he should employ and what prices he should pay, and he has succeeded so far as at least to relieve himself from dependence on a class of workmen who, by organization, had nearly made themselves masters of an important branch of Massachusetts manufactures. Fortunately for the success of the experiment, its manager was a man of wealth, enterprise, and determination. He began life as a farmer at eighteen, with only his father's debts as a legacy. These he assumed, though not legally or morally bound to do so, paying all off to the last penny, and finally establishing himself as a manufacturer of shoes. Ten years ago, before improved machinery became common in shoe factories, he had the hardihood to introduce the first of Well's pegging-machines against a determined strike. Every man in his employment left his shop, declaring the use of machinery would eventually destroy their industry; thus attempting at this late hour in this enlightened country the ignorant strikes against labor-saving machinery which had failed in England many years before. Mr. Sampson persisted against all opposition, declaring his machinery would elevate and create labor, and offered to employ more men than he had ever hired before. Finally the men returned to work, and there has been no "strike against machinery" in Massachusetts from that day to this.

Mr. Sampson was also the first manufacturer in Massachusetts to resist a Trades' Union "strike against one workman," as attempts of the Knights of St. Crispin to dictate the dismissal of journeymen not of their order has been called. He employed a man named St. John who was a good shoe-maker, though evidently not a very moral man, and who, to crown his many offences, refused to be a Crispin. The lodge demanded his dismissal, and, when Mr. Sampson refused, directed its members to leave the shop. He kept the factory running with that one man for three weeks; but at the end of that time St. John was attacked and badly beaten by the strikers, and, on recovering, played the traitor to the man who had sustained him, accepting a bribe, disappeared, and Mr. Sampson was then compelled to fill his shop with other workmen, who proved in time to be Crispins, though denying or renouncing membership with that order on entering his service. These subsequently attempted to compel him to pay higher wages by resorting, under the direction of their lodge, to an old trick of Trades' Unions—that of turning out inferior work. On remonstrating with the men on the character of their work they answered that they were "not allowed to make any better shoes until the prices were advanced." He discharged them and engaged another force from a neighboring town. The Union, however, directed these hands not to begin work at Mr. Sampson's, as his old employés were on a "strike;" the new force therefore declined to go to the benches. "Act your pleasure," said the manufacturer, vexed beyond endurance at this dictation of the Union. "If you go back I shall just as surely enter a wedge that will destroy your order in five years. I have made my last proposition, and shall do no more."

The men left North Adams; and the same day Mr. Sampson's foreman started for San Francisco to secure a force of Chinese. It was in this way, and under these circumstances, that the experiment

was forced on the manufacturer by the journeymen.

The first application for the new force was made to a shoe manufacturer of San Francisco named Battles, who employed Chinese, and who commended them as "imitative but not ingenious," and workmen who "could imitate anything they see." He introduced the agent to Ah Yung, of the house of Kwong, Chong, Wing & Co.; and after two days' delay, spent in investigating Mr. Sampson's character and credit (for "they are very particular where they send their men, and mean to be sure that their people will get their pay and be treated well"), the firm furnished seventy-five young fellows from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age, selected, after personal inspection by Mr. Sampson's agent, from a large number who applied. The contract was closed immediately, the firm signing on the part of the men, and binding them to Mr. Sampson for a certain number of years, after which they are to be at liberty to dispose of themselves as they see fit, or to renew the contract.

The payments, according to this agreement, are made to the men themselves through their foreman who keeps their accounts, and who pays the balance, after deducting their expenses of living, to each man.

Mr. Sampson was charged a commission of one dollar for each man obtained, and was required to pay their passage to North Adams by rail. He used two emigrant cars at an expense of about $125 for each passenger, making an original outlay of nearly $10,000, an unavoidable expenditure as the initial of every such enterprise. As an indication of the general appearance of this pioneer "gang" of Chinese, I may add here the remark of a conductor on the road from Omaha to Chicago, who pronounced them "the cleanest lot of emigrants that ever went over the road." On reaching North Adams (June 13, 1870), they were at once organized into "teams" of three each and set to work. They were total strangers to everything connected with shoe-making, never having seen the operation. The only possible communication with them was by signs, and each team had to be shown the process of making a shoe, the foreman and the proprietor being their tutors.

Their power of imitation was at once revealed to be marvellous; their apprehension and reasoning quick beyond conception. The first week's work was "about the average work of beginners," and the improvement was exceedingly rapid. After three months' operation they managed to turn out a larger weekly aggregate than the same number of Crispins had formerly done, though individually they proved to be slower workmen.

It was found impossible to make them understand that the same care and precision were not to be exercised on cheap shoes as on high-priced ones; they finished all classes of goods equally well. But they labored regularly and constantly, losing no blue Mondays on account of Sunday's dissipations, nor wasting hours in idle holidays; and thus they succeeded in making more shoes than their white brethren had averaged. The quality of their work was found to be fully equal to that of the Crispins. There were two reasons why this result was not unexpected. The Chinese were more pains-taking, working more slowly, and neglecting no part of a shoe, or class of goods: and the improved machinery left little depending on their skill. Hence, as the result of the first three months, Mr. Sampson found that the Chinese were producing goods at a cost of $2 a case less than the Crispins had done. At the end of twelve months this saving in production had increased to $7 per case. Further than this his seventy-five Chinamen made 120 cases a week, whereas the same number of Crispins had never produced more than 110 cases in the same time. The saving in the cost of production on a week's work was, therefore, $840,—about $40,000 a year,—in itself a handsome profit on a business which under Crispin dictation and interference, to use Mr. Sampson's expressive language, "had hardly held its own."

Apply this calculation to the entire shoe manufactures of Massachusetts, and the result is startling.

There are 115 establishments in the State, employing 5,415 men (besides women and children), and capable of producing 7,942 cases of shoes per week. Under the Chinese system of Mr. Sampson, a saving of $69,594 per

week, or say $3,500,000 a year, would be effected, thus revolutionizing the trade.

The benefit of this saving in the cost of production, in case the change in labor from Crispin to Chinese becomes general, would be reaped by the consumer. If it does not become general, of course the manufacturer who employs the cheap labor will be the one to benefit by it. No one contemplates seriously that the system will ever be applied to all the shoe factories in the whole State of Massachusetts, and hence the consumer will not advantage by Mr. Sampson's experiment. But this fact will all the more certainly induce other manufacturers to employ Chinese, thus displacing the Crispins. Mr. Sampson has declined to detail more fully the results of his experiment, except as to the habits and peculiarities of the Chinese; and these I do not give here, as they are familiar to most readers of this magazine, and do not properly enter into an industrial consideration of the subject.

I have been unable also to obtain as full details as I could have wished of a co-operative scheme into which Mr. Sampson's discharged operatives were forced by the advent of the Chinese. Thirty-one of the displaced workmen clubbed together, and at an original expenditure of $196 per man established themselves in a small factory at North Adams, which they have continued to run ever since. They have become not merely better, but steadier workmen, and produce for themselves not only a superior class of goods to that which they made for Mr. Sampson, but a much larger average each week. This experiment is already pronounced one of the most successful of co-operative manufacturing schemes in that State.

The experiment of Capt. James B. Hervey at the Passaic Laundry, near Belleville, New Jersey, differs essentially from that of Mr. Sampson at the North Adams shoe factory. Capt. Hervey, like Mr. Sampson, was positive of character and persistent of purpose. He had been in early life a sea-captain, and brought to the direction of his Chinese laborers the discipline he had enforced before the mast. Later in life he had imbibed a passion for books, and became a confirmed bibliophile; but though the absorbing pursuit of illustrating books injured his health, it does not seem to have detracted from his determination of character or rendered him in any sense irresolute. Hence, no doubts of his ability to manage the Chinese, or fears of interference or opposition on the part of white workmen, were suffered to deter him from the scheme. Unlike Mr. Sampson, he was forced to resort to Chinese labor by no "strike" or disaffection on the part of his former hands, but because of the impossibility of securing a full and constant supply of competent help. His business was the preparation for market of newly manufactured linen, principally shirts, the process being one of washing by machinery and ironing by hand. His laundry is of capacity sufficient to prepare about 3,000 dozen shirts a week and to give employment to at least 200 women, but it was impossible to obtain and retain more than 60 or 70 good workers at one time. Fresh hands were no sooner instructed than they left Belleville for laundries nearer their former homes, or in the neighboring metropolis. Usually a girl's first month in the laundry as a beginner was her most remunerative one, simply because she did not choose, when she had her first month's wages in her pocket, to work steadily through her second, but insisted on going home or to the nearest city, to spend her earnings and her time. Labor thus untrustworthy was fast compromising Mr. Hervey in his engagements, and he found that he must either "shut up shop" or employ the Chinese. Mr. Sampson had just inaugurated his enterprise at North Adams, and after consulting that gentleman as to the best means to secure a force of Chinamen, he left for San Francisco.

He applied to the same company which had supplied Mr. Sampson, and secured 68 men, paying the same commissions and expending the same sum in transportation. The contract was identically the same as that of Mr. Sampson as far as the latter is known. Mr. Hervey has not attempted to conceal that he pays his men $30 a month and furnishes them with lodgings; but not with food. He pays $60 a month to a foreman, who is, however, only an interpreter in fact, the management of the men demanding a white foreman. He also supplies a native cook for every

thirty men, at $30 a month. He calculates that it cost him about $150 each to bring his 68 men to Belleville and fit up their barracks for them,—an expenditure of over $10,000 before he could even test their capacity. The experiences of both Capt. Hervey and Mr. Sampson show that it is useless to attempt an enterprise of this kind without a proportionately heavy risk at the start. The Chinese are not to be had in countless hordes for the mere asking, as some manufacturers have imagined.

The Chinese are eager to go wherever they can learn a trade, but are timid about concluding a bargain for the sale of their labor for several years to strangers of whose character and credit they know nothing. Men who cannot furnish ample assurances of their financial ability to carry out their contracts and protect their hands from violence, need not hope to deal successfully with these people; and all who contemplate employing Chinese labor in the East, must, first of all, resolve to risk at least $125 per man before beginning work.

Capt. Hervey's men reached his establishment about the close of September, 1870. The spasmodic rage against the "Heathen Chinee" was then at its highest pitch, and threats were freely and openly made against him as against Mr. Sampson; but, nothing daunted, the Captain stoutly defended his place by surrounding it with a high and strong fence, and got his new hands fairly at work, without serious interruption, by the first of October.

He fitted up twelve apartments in his laundry as bed-rooms, and furnished each man with an iron bedstead and a cotton mattress. These the Chinese indignantly rejected as dirty, and fitted up beds of a pattern they had been used to. They consisted of plain boards, elevated two or three feet from the floor, on which was spread a single thickness of straw matting as a mattress. The coverings were of two or more thicknesses of blankets sewn together. The blankets and matting are daily hung in the sunlight to air and to preserve them from vermin, and the bare bed then serves as a chair and lounge. This mode of living is certainly not sumptuous, but it is cleanly. American, English, and Irish sailors do not find on shipboard or in the boarding-houses they frequent in port as neat and cheerful bunks as those of the Chinese laundrymen at Belleville, and there are in New York city no tenement-houses containing as many persons as are here confined to one building which are as free from infectious filth and demoralizing dissensions. A mess-room was constructed from an old wash-room of the laundry, and filled with cheap pine tables and benches, and an oven for cooking, which the Chinese constructed to suit themselves. By the terms of the contract the Chinese furnish their own supplies. They live as a club, and very cheaply, rice being their bread and butter; beef, pork, mutton, and fish, with all the vegetables, their staple food, and preserved ginger and other native fruits their delicacies. Their only drink is tea, which they take after and between meals, never using water except for bathing purposes. They sip whiskey after meals occasionally, but only as a penalty for losses at their games. They do not gamble for money, but the loser at any game is compelled to take a sip of whiskey as a punishment for losing. Of course this violates all our civilized notions of gaming and drinking, but the poor savages know no better!

The same process of instruction by signs and example, which had been pursued at North Adams, was resorted to at Belleville. The Chinese learned with wonderful rapidity. They at once proved careful and correct, but not rapid workers. Their shirts at the end of two months' experience were as well finished as those of the women, not because they were as good ironers, but because they worked, so to speak, more conscientiously. They could be taught to neglect no part of a shirt because unimportant, nor to devote less care to any classes of goods because they happened to be cheap. They ironed the back of a shirt, not visible when folded or worn on the person, with as much care as they did the bosom, and the commonest colored and check shirts were as conscientiously finished as the finest frilled and ruffled linen. Of course this added nothing of cost to the manufacturer, but it subtracted very largely from the profits of the laundryman. As a natural

consequence of their indiscrimination the Chinese proved slower ironers than the girls who could be taught the "trick of the trade." The best of the Chinese was unable to finish in the same time more than four-fifths as many shirts as the slowest of the girls; but, working regularly every day, the slowest of the Chinese managed to complete in the course of the week more shirts than the fastest worker among the unsteady women. Chinese labor is not cheaper than that of the women, generally speaking, but it is steady and trustworthy, and therein lies its chief economy to a manufacturer, whose business reputation and success depends upon his performance of his contracts. With the irregular work of the women Capt. Hervey hesitated to make promises, and could not always keep them; with the Chinese to depend upon he has no doubts as to his ability to do all he contracts for, and he never fails to return work promptly. This is a consideration in the economy of every manufacturer on which they will lay proper stress, though the general reader may fail to appreciate its importance.

The following figures, taken at random from the books of the Passaic Laundry, show the rate at which the fifty women employed there were paid for the first six months after the advent of the Chinese; and it will then be easy to establish by comparison the relative value of the labor of the Irish woman and Mongolian male :—

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mch.	Av.
Girl No. 1,	$60.00	$55.00	$55.00	$55.00	$55.00	$55.00	$55.83
" " 2,	62.94	36.38	20.18	37.99	25.35	45.00	37.84
" " 3,	68.09	30.45	30.62	37.47	43.65	33.30	40.60
Monthly average.....							$44.75

The first girl was by no means the most rapid ironer in the laundry, but she worked steadily through the whole half-year *for a purpose.* (N. B. It was to get married.) The others after the first month idled, and lost almost half their time in shopping and visiting.

Now let it be remembered that each of the Chinese in the same time ironed fully as many shirts as either of these women, for which he was paid $30 a month, and the economy of their labor is at once apparent. There was a saving in each instance of not less than $10 a month. For one hundred and fifty Chinese, the number at work July 17, the total saving each month would be not far from $1,500, or $18,000 a year saved by the change from woman's work to that of men. The increased production of the laundry consequent on the regularity of the labor is not included in this calculation.

So much for the result of these two experiments, which are to affect so seriously the future labor questions of the country. They have proved that it is not dangerous, financially nor socially, to openly introduce the new laboring element into the most populous States and largest manufacturing districts of the Union. They have shown that Chinese labor is as valuable in the oldest States as in the newest settlements; in skilled trades as in the ruder work of the mine, the railway, or the farm; and this, too, by illustrations which no argument can refute. It must not be forgotten that these two practical illustrations of the cheapness of Chinese labor over that of men in a skilled trade, and that of women in a branch of industry heretofore considered exclusively their own, were carried out in rural districts. The Chinese companies refuse at this time to send their men to the large cities; and wisely, for the danger of such an experiment would be very great. The laboring classes of such a city as New York are so large and jealous, the dangerous classes so numerous, and consequently so decidedly aggressive, that it would be unsafe, for some years to come, to attempt the introduction into large cities of the Chinese in "gangs"—and it must be remembered that they will not come at all except in "gangs" of fifty or more. This part of the problem yet remains to be solved, and it must be done with great care and caution.

A WOMAN'S EXECUTION, PARIS, MAY, '71.

Sweet-breathed and young—
The people's daughter:
No nerves unstrung—
Going to slaughter!

"Good morning, friends!
"You'll love us better—
"Make us amends:
"We've burst your fetter!

"How the sun gleams!
"(Women are snarling);
"Give me your beams,
"Liberty's darling!

"Marie's my name—;
"Christ's mother bore it!
"That badge? No shame:
"Glad that I wore it!"

(Hair to her waist;
Limbs like a Venus;
Robes are displaced);
"Soldiers! please screen us!

"He at the front?
"That is my lover:
"Stood all the brunt;
"Now the fight's over!

"Powder and bread
"Gave out together.
"Droll! to be dead
"In this bright weather!

"Jean, boy! we might
"Have married in June!
"This the wall? Right!
"*Vive la Commune!*"

THE RIVER OF EGYPT.

The modern enterprise which has once more opened the ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, in restoring to the uses of mankind what is probably the most ancient of terraqueous engineering works, has not only solved an important question for commerce, but has also, it may be, suggested a reply to more than one historical enigma.

The ruins of Egypt, imperfectly as they have been studied or understood, point unmistakably to a degree of population, wealth, and power, in some remote past, appertaining

to this north-eastern shoulder of Africa, which its merely agricultural resources, in their best estate, must have been utterly inadequate to sustain. Only commerce, and that the most extended and successful, could have provided the means for such undertaking and achievement, and we may now regard it as probable that such a commerce was the parent of the agriculture, rather than the reverse. If, as formerly, Egypt is to supply a channel and entrepots for the busiest trade of three continents, we may see the same cause reproducing its ancient effects in the way of irrigation, recovery of lands, and restored fertility.

Certain lines of investigation which have been incidental to the ship-canal question have brought to light and notice a series of records, historical and geological, and more or less reliable, which may be briefly presented, in outline, in a discussion of the "River of Egypt,"—that somewhat neglected puzzle of Biblical commentators. The topography, and especially the boundaries of this ancient land of Egypt, are made matter of important reference in that earliest of our historical books, Genesis, in which we find our record of the creation of the world itself; and this importance they have not ceased to maintain, if even we regard them only in their relations to sacred history and prophecy and the extent of the Israelitish autonomy.

The present Suez canal has its termini at Port Said, on the Mediterranean, near the supposed site of ancient Pelusium, and at Port Suez, on the Red Sea. It has a length of ninety-nine miles, in an irregular north and south line; an average width, at top, of 328 feet, and at bottom of 246 feet, with a depth which it is proposed to maintain at 26 feet. It is of special interest to the aim of this present paper that the main difficulty in preserving the necessary depth of water is the continual drifting in of sand from the adjacent desert, and the consequent expense of dredging t out.

Along the line of this canal, throughout its southern half, remain the vestiges of the ancient work, which still is called "the Canal of the Ptolemies." Near Lake Timsah, in the middle of the Isthmus, these traces are found to be deflected westwardly towards the Nile, and their track is very closely followed by the modern "fresh-water" canal, which was completed prior to the main work, for construction purposes, though employed to some extent for general navigation, and still of value as an auxiliary. It connects with the Nile at Zagazig, the ancient Bubastis, and is a very near approach to a reproduction of the "Canal of the Ptolemies," which latter, both in its direction and termini, varied greatly from its own more ancient predecessors.

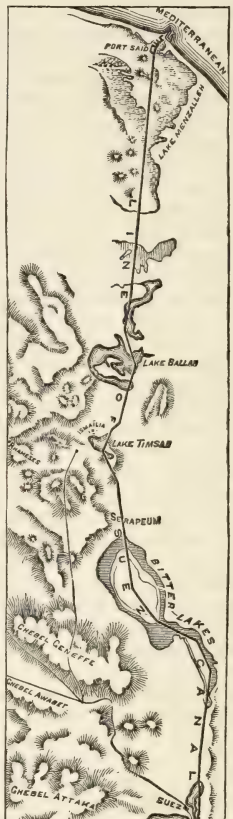
An examination of the level over which the Suez "thorough-cut" from sea to sea has been constructed, especially if the observer follow, as the canal could not, precisely, the more extremely depressed lines, forces the conclusion that if this part of the Isthmus was originally intended to be kept above high-water mark, that intention was but meagerly provided for. While more than two-thirds of the surface, measured longitudinally from north to south, is below the level of the sea, and is consequently occupied by large salt lakes and marshes, the average elevation of the remainder is but from five to eight feet. At no time have there been more than a very few miles of ground over which a passage could be effected dryshod. In the more or less direct line which their design compelled the engineers to adopt, the highest points encountered were only two miserable hillocks of thirty or forty feet in height. At the bases of these, and in their approaches on either side, a very moderate amount of rock-blasting needed to be done; but this, as will be seen, could have been avoided by an east or west deflection, unless a change in the level of the ridge of rock has taken place *within the historic period.* Only a dozen miles of sand, part of which is at times a marsh, intervenes between the northern extremity of Lake Timsah, in the center of the Isthmus, and a long, irregular, swampy bay, known as Lake Ballah, which sets directly in from the shallow sound called Lake Menzalleh, on the Mediterranean. It is along the shores of this very bay—Lake Ballah—to a distance of more than twenty miles north-west of the cuttings and blastings made by the French engineers above Lake Timsah, that the remains of the canal known as that of Pharaoh Necho are still visible. It

is to be noted that the older work either found less difficulty in the central ridge, or, like the modern, disregarded it. In either case it is not unlikely that, with M. de Lesseps, the constructors were willing to follow the indications of earlier history or tradition, if not the plain geological facts before their eyes.

It will be seen that there is very little solid Isthmus between Lake Timsah and the waters which connect with the Mediterranean. Between that lake and the Red Sea the land is low, with a marked northerly and southerly depression, a large part of which is occupied by the expanse of brackish water known as Lake Amer (bitter lake), and this, with Lakes Menzalleh, Ballah, and Timsah, was practically utilized by carrying the channel of the canal through them, thus very materially reducing the cost and difficulty of the undertaking.

The southern extremity of Lake Amer is separated by a mere sand-bar, of but ten miles width, from the head of the Gulf of Suez, on the Red Sea; and of the ninety-nine miles of the great canal, over seventy miles merely required that a channel of the requisite depth should be dredged through the natural conveniences supplied by the lakes. Judging from their maps and other publications, no doubt seems to have been left in the minds of M. de Lesseps and his engineers, that all of the valley of the "bitter lakes" (Lake Amer), as high up, at least, as the supposed site of ancient Serapeum, if not to Lake Timsah, was once occupied by the "tongue of the Red Sea," and their opinion is clearly sustained by all the topographical indications as well as by tradition. And yet the charts attached to some Biblical commentaries, accepted by scholars until within a few years, were adorned at this point by the crowsfeet that call for a chain of mountains, so liberal in its provisions is the science of speculative geography.

The several topographical surveys made by direction of Napoleon I., the Pasha of Egypt, and the engineers of M. de Lesseps, offer a strong probability that a channel equal in depth and of much greater width than the present canal, though not so direct or so well adapted to the purposes of navigation, could



LINE OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

have been dug through from sea to sea without encountering anything in the nature of solid land more formidable or permanent than the shifting sands which in fact constituted nine-tenths of the displacement actually performed. This fact, though not sufficiently defined to be received as positive proof, certainly offers strong presumptive evidence in support of the supposition which has been advanced by what we may term "geographical geologists," that at some indefinite past time even the few miles of marshy sand which separate Lake Timsah from Lake Ballah had not been "filled in," and that thus a natural communication existed at this point between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean —a strait through which the tide ebbed and flowed, and which made a continental island of the great African peninsula. It is possible that this may never become susceptible of positive determination, nor would it be possible, even if desirable, to designate the period when the strait ceased to exist. The

drifting sands of the desert, as the Canal Company have found to their cost, would amply account for the apparent filling up and disappearance; but, if that were not assuredly so, the same result would have followed a very slight upheaval of the earth's crust, much smaller in degree and much more slow of accomplishment than some which are known to have taken place during our historic period, or others which are now notably going forward.

If, for the sake of the argument, we assume the ancient existence of such a strait as we have described, it would hardly be forcing conjecture beyond reasonable exertion to suppose that the very destruction of what must, in that case, have been a great commercial facility of earlier days, suggested to those primitive canal diggers, of whom we are about to speak, the idea of the artificial substitute which they provided. It would certainly go far to explain the somewhat singular direction, judged by existing topography, which seems to have been taken by the work of Pharaoh Necho.

The supposition of this strait is no new idea; it is even attributed to vague and untraceable tradition; and when the engineers of the First Napoleon,—him of Jena, Waterloo, and St. Helena,—who were by him commissioned, during his famous expedition to Egypt, to explore the line of the old canal with reference to a new one, made their report to him, they dwelt upon the several indications and probabilities at some length. Napoleon was at that time in grave doubt as to whether Europe, Asia, or Africa, or all three combined, should furnish the field for the realization of his ambitious dreams, and in any event he could see the importance of possessing such a transit. Chief Engineer Lepère, in his report, devised a curious buttress to his own belief that once the two seas were naturally united. He remarked that among all the multiform hieroglyphs of Thebes there appeared no trace of that useful beast, the camel, although many inferior animals were plainly portrayed, and drew the inference that the "ships of the desert" were unknown in Africa until such time as the caravans of the East were able to continue their marches over dry sand to the gates of the Egyptian capital. The zealous Frenchman had probably overlooked the part played by the Jews and Assyrians on those same hieroglyphs and bas-reliefs, while his limited Scriptural reading prevented him from conjecturing that the same path which sufficed for the asses of Joseph's brethren would have done as well for the camels of the Midianites who sold that remarkable Hebrew to Potiphar. Perhaps a more probable supposition, from Lepère's point of view, may be, that those camels got their backs up at being employed in the slave-trade, and refused to cross the ferry.

Although written history has not preserved for us so much as a memorandum concerning the natural strait, it is a significant fact that all reliable Egyptian records which have come down to us, however ancient, describe the artificial canal as in existence at the time they were compiled, and as being even then a work of remote, if not unknown, antiquity. History appears to have known no time when this unique structure was not already pre-historical. The dates supplied by purely oriental writers are not always the most authentic, but the Arabian chronicler, Schems-Eddin, attributes the construction of the canal to one of the early Pharaohs named Tarsis-ben-Malia, and states that this was the identical prince who occupied the throne of Egypt at the time of the visit of Abraham and Sarah.

If we are to trust Schems-Eddin so far as to believe that a "thorough-cut" existed in the days of the Patriarch's contemporary, we are not really brought thereby a whit nearer to its probable originator, for it is a point to be remarked, that each one of the more prominent of those many masters of Egypt, native or foreign, who have from time to time repaired, dredged out, reconstructed, or otherwise restored the canal, has received from flattering or ignorant contemporaries the credit of having been its original constructor. So entire, at different periods, have been the disuse and consequent destruction of the work, and so completely *de novo* its rehabilitation, that in not a few cases these ascriptions of honor have been reasonably well merited; but at all events there is no ground

for supposing Tarsis-ben-Malia-Pharaoh to have been an exception to the general rule.

Strabo attributed the canal to Sesostris, but his reign was seven centuries, or thereabouts, later than Abraham's visit to Egypt; and in Strabo's day, fifty years before the Christian era, the work in use was the one near the line of the present "fresh-water auxiliary," and Strabo may have been right as to that.

Herodotus, on the other hand, gives the honor to Pharaoh Necho, son of Psammetichus, the same who caused his Phœnician sea-captains to circumnavigate Africa, in the path which was afterwards followed by the Portuguese sailors of Prince Henry the Navigator and his successors; but Pharaoh Necho was at least six hundred years nearer to our own time than Sesostris.

If the dates are at all trustworthy, it was only some eighty years later that Darius the Persian would have tried his hand at it, either in the way of repairs, or as completing an unfinished enterprise, but was dissuaded by his engineers on the ground that the waters of the Red Sea were higher than those of the Mediterranean, and that to cut through the natural barrier between them and the Nile would be to inundate Egypt, and salt forever the valuable waters of that stream. This peculiar hydrographical superstition even survived the subsequent practical successes, and exercised a powerful influence in our own time, receiving positive confirmation from the investigations of what claimed to be European science, and was only exploded some forty-five years ago by the French engineers of Ismail Pasha. A difference of average elevation there is, truly, but so slight that its hydraulic force is dissipated and lost in Lake Amer. It was the lack of such a tidal power, perhaps, which permitted the drifting sand to obliterate the original natural passage.

The sage conclusions of the Medo-Persian engineers, however, seem to have lost their effect for a time, and failed to deter the Ptolemies, between two and three centuries later, from obtaining the credit, according to subsequent writers, of having been the first to really complete and utilize the undertaking. Beyond doubt the Greek shrewdness of these monarchs led them not only to repair and preserve so important an adjunct of their military and commercial power, but to add considerable improvements thereto, so that they created a certain degree of justice for the name "Canal of the Ptolemies," which the vestiges now bear upon the latest maps.

Even this, however, does not seem at all to have diminished the glory gained afterwards by the Roman Emperors, especially Adrian and Trajan, in following so good an example, and the restored channel was known for centuries after as "the Canal of Trajan."

Then came another period of at least partial neglect and decay, until the comparatively modern Moslems gratified their own proud ignorance by changing the then ancient title, perhaps for like reasons, to that of "the Canal of the Prince of the Faithful." Not all of them, however, were thus self-satisfied, for, according to the historian Makryzy, they were willing to give the honor of the work to an ancient king of Egypt who gallantly had the canal made for the use of Hagar, mother of their ancestor Ishmael, of pious memory, at that particular time in her illustrious life when she reigned in Mecca.

It is possible that the title of M. de Lesseps is better than that of any of these, for he was the first, if we disregard the claims of Pharaoh Necho as too shadowy, to go back to the true intimation of nature and measurably restore the strait which had existed before the oldest Pharaoh of them all. The entire history, mouldy as it is with green antiquity, is clothed with romance as with a garment. Even when Antony fled from Actium, after he had thrown away the scepter of the world for very love, he found his Cleopatra busily employed in directing the dredging of the old canal, that her fleets might once more pass from sea to sea.

Under the Moslem rulers, by all odds the most enlightened sovereigns of their time, the canal was reopened and maintained, with some interruptions, until but a short time before the discovery of America. In the year of the Hegira 839, or 1435 A.D., Mohammed ben Hassan revolted in Medina, the City of the Prophet, against Abou Djafar, then Caliph of

Irak, and that potentate, by way of providing against possible military contingencies as well as to shut off supplies of corn from the insurgents, sent orders to his lieutenant in Egypt to fill up "the Canal of the Prince of the Faithful." The order was obeyed with soldierly thoroughness, and the subsequent swift decay of Moslem power and intelligence prevented any attempt at reconstruction until the present day.

If there ever was a natural strait between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, it is probable that a tradition thereof, embodied in the names given to the locality, would have been preserved among the adjacent tribes and peoples; at all events, as a national border and permanent landmark, the Isthmus would be made a matter of constant reference, nor would its peculiar characteristics of marsh and water fail to find expression in any designation by which it should be described in the figurative languages of the orientals.

If we look at the map we shall discover that the Red Sea, the Sea of Kolsom, is forked into two bays at this its northwestern extremity, and that the westerly arm sets up into the desert, long and narrow. Scientific observation joins with history and tradition in declaring that this deep inlet once extended still further inland, not less, probably, than fifty miles through the long valley now mostly occupied by marshes and salt lakes. The disappearance of this part of the old strait has taken place since David's time, and it reduced the Isthmus, with the help of the marshy bays on the Mediterranean shore, to perhaps less than twelve miles of low sand.

This narrow strip must have thus been all that properly represented the Isthmus of Suez, and, so far as solid land is in question, all the subsequent ages of drift and transformation have but little more than doubled its extent. Here was preserved not only the tradition but the name of that pre-historical "River of Egypt" which commentators have persisted in confounding with the Nile, to the manifest impeachment of often reiterated prophecies as well as the veracity of several of the sacred historians. Both the military availability of this Isthmus and the inhospitable character of the region to the eastward, constituted it a perpetual boundary landmark between Egypt and the dominions of whatever power for the time being included Palestine, and such it continues to this very day.

When Moses gathered the Hebrews for their Exodus, he was well aware that the narrow caravan track between the two seas would be occupied by its customary armed force, while the long tongue of the Gulf of Kolsom prevented him from creeping around the present Red Sea terminus, and rendered the miraculous parting of the waters an imperative necessity, to march forward upon which required all his faith and obedience.

It is not to be supposed that either Moses, his followers, or his successors in the leadership of Israel, were otherwise than familiar not only with the topography of the Egyptian Isthmus, but with the terms by which it was customarily designated; nor would they deem any specially minute description requisite for its identification. If, then, we bear in mind this and the several points previously set forth, a few quotations from Bible authors will be sufficient to establish the fact that neither in the promises, the descriptions, nor the prophecies, which refer to this "River of Egypt," was there any shadow of exaggeration, inaccuracy, or obscurity. Just what was meant was said, neither more nor less, and all was clear to those who then read or listened.

In Genesis xv. 18, the promise was given to Abram, "Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the River of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates."

Care was taken here to employ the Hebrew word *Nahar*, for river, and not *Yeor*, which was the well-established name of the Nile, as used in the same book.

The promise is repeated, through Moses, in Exodus xxiii. 31, where the same boundary is described, "I will set thy bounds from the Red Sea even unto the sea of the Philistines" (the Mediterranean), and the Hebrews, who had jealously preserved the promise to their great ancestor, fully comprehended that the two descriptions were identical.

After Moses had passed away, the same promise was repeated to Joshua, in the book of Joshua xiii. 3, but the words are more specific, for the landmark is spoken of as

"Sihor, which is *before* Egypt," and the meaning of Sihor, "the muddy," evidently refers to the impassable marshes which in that day occupied much of the place of the ancient tidal flow, in the same manner as it is elsewhere applied to the Nile itself for similar reasons.

Moses himself, at one time, drew a still more accurate map of the Promised Land, in Numbers xxxiv. 5, where he told the Hebrews, "and the border shall fetch a compass from Azmon unto the River of Egypt, and the goings out of it shall be at the sea."

A man familiar with the country, and who happened to have heard Moses that day, could have at once traced with his staff, in the dust, the future outlines of the kingdom of Solomon, for he would not have dreamed that Moses was talking of the Nile.

So much for the promises, which were also prophecies, and now let us take a look at the manner of their fulfillment.

No historical geographer, orthodox or infidel, has ever asserted that even Solomon in all his glory exercised any control over the right, or eastern, bank of the Nile, though all are agreed that several Jewish sovereigns, or their Syrian and Assyrian conquerors, were lords of all the Asiatic mainland, to the borders of the Red Sea and thence to the Mediterranean. Nor can we reasonably accuse honest and intelligent men, in describing the outlines of their own country, of including within them a region which they not only did not reach, but which even national vanity had never claimed. And yet, the Hebrew leader, in Joshua xv. 4, says of the border of Judah, "it passed toward Azmon and went out unto the River of Egypt, and the goings out of that coast were at the sea." And in the 47th verse of that chapter, "Unto the River of Egypt and the great sea," the word sea in both cases referring to the Mediterranean.

But Joshua was then giving orders for military movements and dividing untaken spoil, and we must look further. The author of the First Chronicles says, chapter xiii. 5, "So David gathered all Israel together, from Shihor of Egypt even unto the entering of Hemath," but no supposition can be entertained that David's sweeping conscription brought him Egyptian recruits from beyond the long shoulder of the Gulf of Kolsom.

If it should be contended that David was a "grasping man" and apt to overreach, his son Solomon has left a reputation for wisdom and moderation which forbids ignorance on his part of either the actual or traditional termini of his dominions; and, according to 1 Kings, viii. 65, Solomon invited to his great and solemn feast "all Israel, a great congregation, from the entering in of Hamath unto the River of Egypt."

Precisely to this Red Sea tongue and this ancient strait did the rule of the wise king extend, though the open desert, if it was then a desert altogether, is likely to have been a species of often harried "march" or debatable ground, too often trodden by the feet of armies, even if not too barren of itself to be permanently peopled.

There are many passages in the Scriptures where "the River of Egypt" is taken as a symbol of the land itself, or of its people and power, or of its idolatry, and some of them manifestly point to the Nile; and were it not that the precise words in the original are generally different from those in the passages we have quoted, there might be danger of confusion and uncertainty. Such danger as there is, however, is effectually dissipated by Isaiah, even in the act of describing a physical change which has since been visibly accomplished. In the 15th verse of the 11th chapter of his prophecies, the inspired Israelite announces that "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea;" and in "the burden of Egypt," Isaiah xix. 5, 6, he says, "And the waters shall fail from the sea, and the river shall be wasted and dried up, and they shall turn the rivers far away,—the brooks of defence shall be wasted and dried up."

The "tongue of the Egyptian sea" is less in length by fifty miles than it was in Isaiah's day, and the entire system of natural and artificial water-courses, which made the land a garden between the "River of Egypt" and the Nile, is utterly destroyed.

It is a pleasant thing to recognize the fulfillment of old prophecies, and as pleasant to establish the accuracy of historical descrip-

tions which have puzzled us or filled us with doubts, and it may be that modern investigations on the line of the Suez Canal have helped to do this much for us. The future history of the great work may accomplish yet more, by exhibiting more clearly the strong ideal and physical parallel and likeness between the Nile and the "River of Egypt," which caused them at times to be interchanged or identified in Bible imagery. What the Nile was to Egyptian agriculture, such, at different periods, from the most remote antiquity unto comparatively modern times, was the "River of Egypt" to Egyptian naval power and commercial influence, and we may now reasonably hope that the ancient relation is to be reproduced. Should such be the case, future orators and penmen will assuredly combine the two in their tropes and metaphors quite as frequently as did the Old Testament worthies; and such figurative license on their part will no more confuse their readers and hearers than it did the Hebrews of old, should the same well-known landmarks be hereafter employed in describing the boundaries of that future Syrian province which shall begin at the tongue of the Red Sea, the River of Egypt, and the Great Salt Sea.

THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

A HYMN.

In cloud by day, in fire by night,
Jehovah's pillared symbol hung;
And day and night, in Israel's sight,
Its heaven-sent token earthward flung.

It rested o'er their sacred tent,—
And in their camp the host abode;
It lifted thence, and onward went,—
And they its desert pathway trode.

They saw it rest, they saw it rise,
The signal of Jehovah's will;
They watched it with unfailing eyes,—
And struck their tents, or waited still.

Not now in columned shade or flame,
Our steps, O God, Thy glory leads;
But signs divine Thy will proclaim,—
Thy banner still Thy church precedes.

Thy light is on our pathway shed,
Thy counsel on our hearts impressed,—
And by Thy guiding Spirit led,
Thy watching host move on, or rest.

PETER BLOCH.

A HARTZ LEGEND.

Peter Bloch, the charcoal-burner, was out of sorts. He couldn't work—he couldn't talk—he couldn't even eat (the last an occupation of which he was very fond), when Katrina, his betrothed, came with his noonday meal of strong beer and still stronger cheese and sauerkraut, prepared by her own rosy hands.

Peter looked askance at Katrina,—at her round, blooming, honest face, her short plump figure, and bare feet, and for the first time in his life thought her—coarse. And for the first time in his life, also, he turned up his nose at the beer, and the cheese, and the sauerkraut, and thought *them* coarse. So Katrina, with her dinner-basket on her arm, went away sorrowful, leaving Peter sitting idly on a log, apart from the other workmen, smoking a short black pipe and gazing out sullenly upon the gloomy forest, the smoking charcoal-kilns, and the little cottage, with its cabbage-garden and pig-sty, to which he was soon to bring home Katrina. Very poor and despicable it all now appeared to him. And yet only yesterday how proud he had been of that cottage! And how he had cultivated those cabbages, and fed those pigs, until they were as round and fat as—as Katrina, nearly,—which was saying a great deal for them.

The truth was, Peter Bloch was dying of envy and discontent. Only an hour ago he had seen pass along the forest road the young Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh, with a brilliant train of attendants, on his way to take possession of the castle of the late Count, his uncle, and to marry the late Count's daughter, the present fair and peerless Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden,—who with an equally imposing train had ridden forth to meet him, and with the bailiff and the châtelaine on either side, had delivered to him the keys of the Castle.

All this had Peter Bloch seen; and from that moment envy and covetousness had poisoned the well-springs of his heart. Why should nature have made his lot in life so different from that of this young man? he asked himself. Why should *he* be a charcoal-burner, and the other a nobleman? Why should he live in a hut, and the Count in a castle? And the Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden was so fair—slim and white, like a lily,—whilst Katrina much more resembled a red cabbage, thought Peter, with a sneer. And she had brought him beer and sauerkraut, whilst up at the Castle there was to be this very day a grand feast, with richest viands and rarest wines,—the latter stolen from the Baron Stickinseide, in that knight's absence; and also an ox roasted whole. A fine fat ox Peter knew it to be, since it was only to-day that it had been taken from his poor neighbor, Hans Hapner, who had depended upon its sale for winter clothing for his large family of little ones.

"*Ach!*" sighed Peter Bloch; "I would that I were the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh. Then might I be happy."

"*He he! ha ha! ho ho!*" tittered a voice close beside him. And a hot breath, as of a charcoal-kiln, passed over Peter Bloch's cheek.

He turned round and saw, leaning against a neighboring fir-tree, an extremely tall and thin individual, clad in a tight-fitting suit of black, with a remarkably high-crowned hat on his head, a red cloak over his shoulders, and oddly-shaped shoes, half hidden by enormous red rosettes. The eyes of this personage were black as coals, and twinkled with merriment, as he laughed with a mouth stretched from ear to ear.

Peter stared, and the stranger, having apparently exhausted himself with laughter, bowed apologetically, and seated himself on the log by his side.

"Excuse me, *mein Herr*," he said; "but you—*he he!*—you were wishing to be the noble Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh?"

"What is that to you?" said Peter, sullenly.

"Only that it may be in my power to help you to your wish," answered the stranger, suavely. And he put his hand to his mouth, with a slight cough, as if to repress an involuntary delighted "*he he!*"

Peter looked incredulous.

"You do not believe me?" said the strange man, his little eyes twinkling maliciously.

"*Nein*," said Peter, doggedly.

"Try me!" said the man in black. "See here! write your name at the bottom of this parchment, and if you do not immediately become what you wish, then shall you throw me into your charcoal furnace and burn me to a cinder."

"You agree to that?" quoth Peter.

"As I am an honorable soul who fears the fire;" was the reply. "*He he! ha ha! ho! ho! ho!*"

So great was his merriment that it was some moments ere he could recover himself sufficiently to unroll the parchment and present to Peter a sharp-pointed iron pen.

"There is no ink," said Peter.

The man in black seized the pen, and without a word plunged the sharp point, with a sudden quick motion, into Peter Bloch's shin, left exposed by the rolled-up leathern breeches. "Oh, oh!" screeched the charcoal-burner, hopping around on one foot and rubbing the wounded limb, which burnt as if seared by a hot iron.

"It is nothing," responded the man in black, with a grin. "Here, take the pen before the blood dries, and write your name."

Peter obeyed; not from any faith in the stranger's promise, but simply from curiosity. He could not write, so was about to make the usual cross-mark when the stranger, with a startled yell, arrested his hand.

"Not that!" he shrieked, glaring upon the affrighted Peter, and trembling all over. "Not that, but do as you see me do;" and he made a peculiar flourish of his long finger upon the parchment, which Peter imitated as well as he could, with the iron pen dripping with his own blood.

"*He he he! ha ha ha! ho ho ho ho!*" resounded in hollow dying echoes through the forest, and the man in black was gone; whilst the charcoal-burner suddenly felt himself flung to the earth with a shock which at once deprived him of his senses.

When Peter presently began to recover, he debated whether he were not in a dream. A great many people were pressing around him with exclamations of alarm and concern. He heard their remarks vaguely.

"His neck is broken."

"No, it is his back. Don't you see he is paralyzed?"

"Of a truth it is his highness's skull that is fractured. What is to be done?"

"Take him to the castle," said one voice.

"He must not be moved on any account," said another.

"A hot bath!"

"A cold bath!"

"Rub him!"

"Bleed him!"

"Water!"

"Brandy!"

"A blister!"

"A cooling lotion!"

"A doctor!"

"You, Breschoff, ride to the castle like a whirlwind for the doctor! Tell him our noble lord the Count has fallen from his horse, and is lying senseless!"

It was true, as Peter Bloch now began to comprehend. The young Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh had, just before reaching the castle, been thrown from his high-blooded steed, and Peter found, to his great astonishment, that somehow he, Peter Bloch, was inhabiting the Count's body. He was himself the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh—only that he was still in spirit, in thought, in feeling, in everything but body, Peter Bloch, the charcoal-burner.

"Hurrah!" feebly shouted the Count Peter, endeavoring to rise. Whereat there was some staring among the retinue, mingled with the expressions of joy at his recovery.

"I pray you, my Lord Count," said the seneschal of the castle, "condescend to accept of my horse for the nonce, since it has pleased your highness's to run away. Teufel is high spirited, but gentle."

Peter put up his right foot, encased in pointed boot and gold spur, lifted the other awkwardly over the saddle, and found himself seated with his back to the horse's head.

"My Lord Count has not yet recovered himself," said the equerry; but one of the late Count s pages tittered behind his plumed cap

as he held the stirrup whilst the Count reversed his position.

Now Peter had never in his life before been on horseback.

He clutched the reins with one hand, the horse's mane with the other, and rolled unsteadily from side to side, in mortal terror at every step of the high-pacing steed.

"It is only that his honor is still dizzy from his fall," said the mortified equerry, believing what he asserted. But the master-of-the-horse from the castle, looking upon the Count with an experienced and criticising eye, muttered to the master-at-arms his firm conviction that his highness was ignorant of the noble art of horsemanship—an opinion in which the other agreed.

Reaching the castle, the Count was advised by the medical man to retire and rest for an hour or so, in which time the feast would be spread in the great banqueting hall. But Peter, who felt perfectly well, and had, it will be remembered, missed his dinner, could not help thinking of the fat ox, and of all that he had heard, but had never seen, and still less tasted, of the delicious wines and luxurious viands of the castle larder. So he at once declared himself hungry, and ordered that refreshments should be brought to him.

The steward, with his white badge and baton of office, marching in front, ushered in some half-dozen henchmen, bearing various dishes: such as a highly spiced game-pastry, eels done in wine, pickled porpoise, stewed truffles, olives, and a pie composed of minced venison, mixed with apples, raisins, wine, sugar, beef, spice, and woodcock. The butler followed with wines of various kinds. Peter ate long and drank deeply—until he could eat and drink no more. Not that he liked either the dishes or the wines, for the first were utterly distasteful to his palate, and the latter he considered insipid and mawkish, and, if the truth were told, not to compare with good beer. But he was hungry,—and besides, were not these the luxuries of the great and rich, for which he had often in secret sighed? Wherefore, as we have said, he ate and drank his fill, until with the last mouthful of the mince-pie a deadly sickness came over him, and he was compelled, with the assistance of the servants, to effect a hasty retreat from the table. And then he fell heavily on his bed and slept the sleep of him who has drunken too freely.

The steward and the butler looked at each other, and elevated the whites of their little eyes and the pinks of their fat hands.

"My Lord Count is a glutton," wheezed the steward.

"My Lord Count is a drunkard," gasped the butler. And all the henchmen and pages agreed with those two.

As for the Lord Count's own followers, they did not know what to think. Never before had they known his temperate highness to eat and drink like this.

In about two hours Peter Bloch—that is, the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh—awoke, feeling dull and heavy.

"I don't like this," muttered the Count. "I never felt like this when I was Peter Bloch." And he sighed.

"What would my noble Lord Count have?" queried the page-of-the-chamber, bowing low before him.

The Count scratched his head and reflected. He had had enough to eat and drink—also, sleep sufficient; and he was at a loss what more to desire.

"Will it please my lord to take a bath?"

The Count Peter submitted. He wasn't in the habit of taking baths; and he now thought it very unnecessary and disagreeable, and when it was over made up his mind to take no more. Then he yawned, and wondered what else he could do. He felt very much inclined to step out and take a look at his pigs and cabbages—a thing which had always afforded him a certain pleasure and satisfaction. But he remembered, with a half sigh, that there were no pigs and cabbages here.

"Will it please my lord's highness to have music?" suggested the attentive page, observing his lord's air of *ennui*.

Peter Bloch did not care a straw for music, nor, in fact, know anything about it beyond Katrina's hand-organ, inherited from her father, on which, in the quiet evenings when their work was done, she was accustomed to grind extraordinary sounds to marvelous tunes. Peter rather liked this organ; it

soothed him and gave him a pleasant, drowsy home-feeling; and now, when he heard a harp skillfully played upon by the castle minstrel in an adjoining apartment, he thought it greatly lacked the charm of Katrina's hand-organ.

"I don't care for music," quoth the Count, indifferently, "unless"—a bright idea occurred to him—"unless the Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden will play—"

"But my Lord Count, at this hour—and in private! My lady is not accustomed to show herself at all times—neither to entertain suitors, save on suitable occasions. I pray you, my Lord Count, reflect."

But the Lord Count wouldn't reflect. All that he knew was, that he was Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh, and that he was in his own castle, where every one was bound to obey him; wherefore he sent his page with a message demanding the presence of the Lady Hildegarde. In fact, he remembered her beauty, and that she was his betrothed; and his heart began to warm toward her, insomuch that he refused to listen to any excuse of the Lady, so earnestly did he desire her presence, and to gaze upon the loveliness of which he had hitherto been favored with but a distant glimpse.

So the Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden came, flushed and haughty, followed by her maidens bearing a harpsichord. Count Peter Bloch felt a little in awe of her magnificence, until reflecting that he was a rich and handsome Count, and the future lord of the haughty beauty, he gradually gathered courage to commence love-making. This he did in his own way, as he had been accustomed with Katrina. He stole to a seat by the Lady's side, put his arm around her waist, pinched her cheek, and bestowed upon her rosy lips a resounding smack, designed to express admiration and respectful homage.

The Lady Hildegarde Adelberga sprang to her feet with a shriek whereat everybody within hearing rushed into the apartment. Her relative, the old Baron Bluffenburg, on being informed of what had occurred, half drew his sword, but put it up again. For was not the Count in his own castle? And was not the fair Lady his betrothed? And, most of all, was not the Count more powerful than he? Wherefore, though highly indignant, the burly Baron prudently restrained himself.

"The Count is a brute!" said the Baron to the other guests who had been invited to the feast. And they all agreed with him.

As to the Count himself, he concluded that the Lady Hildegarde was excessively silly and absurd; and that he would prefer Katrina's simple good sense and honest affection any day.

In due time the feast was announced to be in readiness, and the noble Count and his guests were ushered into the banqueting-hall. The Count's appetite had partially returned, but he looked with disfavor on the drink and food before him.

"To what shall I have the honor of assisting my Lord Count?" inquired the head steward, humbly.

"Beer!" said the Lord Count. Whereat the butler stood aghast.

"The Count is a fool," said the butler to the chief henchman, who nodded assent.

"Cheese!" continued his highness; "and sauerkraut!" And the steward turned pale.

"There is no question of it," he communicated in confidence to the chief cook. "The Lord Count is undoubtedly mad."

"Mad as a March hare," assented the chief cook, licking the boar's-head fat from his fingers. And all the turn-spits and scullions looked at each other and shook their heads.

The banquet was but half over, when suddenly the loud blast of a trumpet sounded without, and the whole company sprang from their seats and rushed upon the battlements.

There, in front of the portcullis, appeared a gigantic horseman, clad in complete armor, with a large armed retinue behind, and in front a herald, who trumpeted forth, in the name of the valiant Baron Breckisnech, a haughty defiance to the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh to immediate and mortal combat; by reason of the still unsettled feud that had existed between the said Baron Breckisnech and the late Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh. And unless this challenge were immediately and promptly responded to, he,

the said valiant Baron Breckisnech, would straightway assault the castle, hang the Count from the highest tower, cut off the heads of the seneschal and the warder thereof, and with those bloody trophies adorn the bastions of the main gate-way. "So mought it be!" concluded the herald, solemnly.

The whole castle was now in dismay and confusion. All looked to the valor of the Count for salvation, and no time was lost in bringing his armor and buckling it upon his trembling limbs.

"I—I am not well enough to fight," gasped the Count, feebly. Whereupon his highness's medical advisers were summoned.

"The Lord Count is perfectly well," said the chief physician, feeling his pulse.

"Perfectly well," echoed the assistant physician, examining his tongue.

"But I—I can't fight," said the Count, grasping the huge sword as though it were a charcoal rake.

"My lord must try," said the master-at-arms, sternly.

"The Lord Count is a coward," said all the men-at-arms and retainers, in disgust; whilst the seneschal and the warder, rubbing their throats, earnestly urged upon the Count expedition. But the Count wouldn't hurry.

"I can't fight," he said. "My health won't allow of it."

"You must fight," said the Baron Bluffenburg. "Your honor demands it."

"I won't fight," said the Count desperately.

"You shall fight," said the Baron, resolutely.

So the Baron took him by the arm and led him towards the gates, and when he resisted, the master-at-arms took his other arm, and the seneschal and the warden pushed behind; and so they dragged and pushed him out at the gateway and across the draw-bridge, until he stood face to face with the valiant Baron Breckisnech, who advanced, sword in hand, to the encounter.

The next moment Peter Bloch felt a sharp burning pain in his breast as the Baron's blade went through him. He grew blind, and dizzy, grasped wildly at his own sword, and fell.

Consciousness returned slowly to Peter Bloch.

He looked around and saw, to his great surprise and joy, that he was in his own little cottage in the forest. He smelled the fresh resinous odor of the fir-trees, he heard the grunting of the pigs in the sty, and he saw from the open window the charcoal-kilns and the cabbage-garden; and sweeter than these to his delighted eyes was the plump, rosy face of Katrina, who close beside him was making a goat's-milk posset, into which her tears slowly fell.

"*Ach, himmel!*" said Katrina, kissing him tenderly on either cheek; "but he knows me now: he is well!"

"How was it?" asked Peter, heartily returning the salute and staring around.

"We found you lying senseless under the fir-tree, where I left you sitting when you refused your dinner," answered Katrina, soberly.

"Like the fool I was," muttered Peter.

"And you have been so strange ever since, *mein Peter;* asking for a little wine, and inquiring about 'the Lady Hildegarde.'"

"Ah!" muttered Peter Bloch to himself, "that was the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh. He was here in my body whilst I occupied his, or—or have I been dreaming, I wonder?"

"How did it happen?" inquired Katrina, in her turn. "There was an awful smell of brimstone about the fir-tree, so old Gottlieb just now thought it best to brand the mark of the cross upon your breast, to preserve you from the power of the Evil One. Here is the mark, you see. Did you feel the burn? It was that which aroused you."

"And it was that which also saved me," said Peter. "That Baron Breckisnech, in his black armor, was the very man I saw beneath the fir-tree this morning. I knew him before he let down his visor and rushed upon me. He thought to have me, did he, body and soul? But the cross saved me; *ach, Gott!* the cross saved me."

Katrina thought him dreaming still. And whether or not it was a dream, Peter Bloch was never, to his dying day, able to decide. Of one thing only was he positively sure—and that was that he was much happier as Peter Bloch the charcoal-burner, with his wife Katrina, than he could ever have been as the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh and the

husband of the Lady Hildegarde. Probably Nature, of whom he had complained, knew this when she chose for his soul a corresponding body and station in life. She knows what is best for us, after all.

AN ADVENTURE IN JAPAN.

"THAT is all rubbish," said our military friend; "the miserable beggars, impudent as they are, would never dare to assault an Englishman."

"By all means, then, let us have a canter on the Yeddo road, this bright bracing afternoon. I, for one, am not to be deterred by any foolish forebodings," said a lady of the party, a bright, fearless English girl, whose partiality for out-door exercise had been increased rather than diminished by a residence of two or three years in the East.

We were discussing that comparatively light, but highly agreeable mid-day meal called "tiffin," and the expediency of riding out in a body that afternoon, in the cheerful dining-room of an American merchant's residence in Yokohama, Japan.

The year was 1862, and our party upon this occasion consisted of two ladies, the wife of the merchant alluded to and the young English lady, a friend of the former who had but recently arrived from Shanghai, China, on a visit, and five gentlemen. The latter, with the exception of him who first spoke, and who was an officer in H.B.M.'s 99th Regiment of foot, a detachment of which was then stationed in Yokohama as a guard to the embassy, were civilians who, for a longer or shorter period, had been engaged in mercantile pursuits in China or Japan. Three of the gentlemen, an English merchant of Hongkong, who had made a very handsome fortune during a lengthened residence in China, and two Americans, one of whom was the writer, were visiting Japan for the purpose of recovering from the deleterious effects of the climate of Kathay.

We were expecting to return to the flowery kingdom soon—our English companion, Mr. H., whose "ducats" were already made, to take the first steamer for "merrie England," and we, his fellow-travelers, to return to our business in Shanghai for a few years longer. We had been in Japan about a month, and had seen everything that was curious and interesting in and about Yokohama.

We had even visited Yeddo, the great and populous capital of the empire; and, under the guidance of our minister and his accomplished and agreeable secretary, had "done" that city, with its almost unlimited store of wonders, in the rapid and somewhat unsatisfactory manner peculiar to our countrymen.

In a small yacht belonging to our host we had explored the entire coast within twenty miles of the harbor of Yokohama, enjoying to the full the bright and balmy weather of the early autumn days, and the enchanting scenery for which this portion of Japan is noted. By the locality which has since been brought into notoriety as the scene of the Oneida disaster we often coasted, and in the little cove where, some seven years afterwards, the few survivors of the crew of that unfortunate vessel landed, we were accustomed to run our little craft ashore upon the beach, and betaking ourselves to a disused Buddhist temple in the vicinity, enjoy our luncheon, our cigars, and our *dolce far niente* until the waning day warned us to leave this paradise if we would reach home in time for dinner—the great event of the day, by the way, in the far East.

Until within about a week of the occurrence I am about to relate, we had experienced nothing but kindness from the natives, who, from the highest of the Yaconins and other two-sworded dignitaries down to the lowest coolie, had seemed to us to possess the very quintessence of courtesy. A more kindly, civil, and obliging people than the masses of the Japanese does not exist, and their courtesy to strangers surpasses anything which we have ever seen, even among the high-bred nations of civilized Europe. Then, as now, the feeling

of the people of Japan (unlike that entertained by their neighbors of China) was decidedly friendly towards foreigners, and though they had detected some of the foreign residents in the act of cheating and imposing upon them grossly, the courteous treatment of Europeans by the Japanese people was something to be wondered at.

The good feeling exhibited by the people in general added greatly to the pleasures of a residence in that country, at that time almost a *terra incognita* to our countrymen and the people of Europe. We had heard, however, from our host and other older residents (for at that time no foreigner had been more than a few months in Japan), that a very different feeling existed among the Daimios, the hereditary and feudal princes of Japan, who lord it over the masses of the people, but more especially their own retainers, very much as did William the Norman's barons over the Saxon thralls in centuries long gone by. To these powerful nobles the innovations introduced by foreigners, and the bare idea of their presence in the long-secluded empire, was intolerable. The hostility of those whose domains were in the vicinity of the foreign settlements of Nagasaki, Yokohama, and Hakodadi, however, had, up to this time, been confined to threats against the foreigners themselves, and persecution of those of their retainers who had had commercial or other dealings with them. But of late the Daimios in the vicinity of Yokohama and Yeddo had grown bolder in their denunciations of the yellow-haired barbarians, as they called the foreign settlers, and a very uneasy feeling had been created in the little colony of Europeans whom business inducements had tempted to settle in this distant and somewhat inhospitable country.

Of late, too, a change had been noticed in the bearing of many of the Yaconins, or military officers; though no real occasion to fear for our personal safety, provided we confined ourselves to our own quarter of the town, had yet been given us.

As I have before said, up to this time we had ridden where and when we liked, and as pedestrians had traversed the country for many miles around.

Now, however, a "change came o'er the spirit of our dream," and after a general consultation, participated in by all the foreign residents, it was thought best to circumscribe our movements for a while, and to keep out of harm's way by exposing our precious persons as little as possible to the view of the wrathful Daimios. Of course we always went fully armed, and ready for any emergency, that is, the male portion of our little colony, though it was rather inconvenient and provoking to feel that our revolvers must be always within reach, and not to be lost sight of for a moment, either during the day or night.

Our little party at the residence of our own hospitable entertainer had become thoroughly weary of home pleasures, though a billiard table was always accessible, and a friendly game of whist served to make the evenings pass most agreeably. Nor were those creature comforts, which serve to reconcile us with life in any region, at all wanting. But even of these "wanities," as Sam Weller would have called them, one tires eventually.

Upon the particular day alluded to at the commencement of this article, while seated at the dining-table, after having discussed the scrambled eggs, the shrimp omelet, the oranges, mangoes, and other fruits of the country, which formed the slight but agreeable repast called "tiffin," the conversation turned upon our grievances, and the opinions above quoted were given utterance to.

"I must positively leave in the *Scotland* next week, and should like a few more of those jolly canters through the paddy-fields and on the bay road, before leaving," said H., the Englishman.

"Pshaw, I see no further need for this unbearable seclusion: and I, for one, am determined to enjoy myself as I please during the remainder of my stay here," ejaculated my American companion, whose mouth, however, was stuffed so full of "curry" as to prevent his remark from being as forcible as it otherwise might have been.

"A fig for Ky Soo, or Satsuma himself, or any of the other bloodthirsty big wigs," said Captain Power, the English officer; "I'll lay

you five pounds that we don't see one of them, and if we do, they will not trouble any one under *my* protection."

The captain's words seemed to give the desired confidence to his hearers, and when the ladies, too, began to plead for "just one more little ride into the country," our host, though not without many dubious shakes of the head, consented to give orders for the saddling of the horses that afternoon.

In an hour after the party had risen from the table, a period of time which had been devoted by the gentlemen to their cigars, and by the ladies to a brief nap and the arrangement of their riding-dresses, we had mounted our horses and were riding in single file through the gates of the compound which surrounded our friend's residence.

The benefits of pursuing a non-committal policy, and refraining from noticing any petty slights which the officials might attempt to put upon us, was inculcated upon us by our host ere we took our departure—but were forgotten, I fear, before he was well out of sight. The afternoon was a lovely one. The breeze just setting in from the sea, served to temper what, at that hour, would have been an almost oppressive heat. The leaves upon the trees were just assuming their autumn dress,—their funeral robes, if they did but know it, though it be the gayest of all the dresses in their wardrobe,—and the richness and variety of these tints were a source of no little delight and wonder to our little cavalcade.

Our route—for we had chosen the road which wound around and skirted the bay and led us to the neighboring village of Kanagawa—lay through the most thickly populated, and, consequently, most interesting, portion of the town. By the foreign residences on the Bund; by the Custom-house, in and out of which half-naked coolies were constantly passing, and carrying each a burden such as would have dismayed two ordinary laboring men in any more civilized quarter of the globe; by the curio-shops, crammed full of the handiwork of this most ingenious people—curiosities, indeed, to the newly arrived visitor from a foreign land, but an old story to those of us who had spent any length of time in the East; by the crowded native quarter, into which Europeans seldom set foot, the head of each household sitting at his door and at work at his occupation, saluting us with a bow and the usual "o-hi-o," equivalent to "good day to you" in English; by the poorer quarter, where the smell, or rather conglomeration of smells, was almost intolerable; where the people seemed to have little to eat and less to wear, and where the naked children, engaged in the manufacture of dirt-pies—for all the world like the rising generation at home—insisted upon getting under our horses' feet, and recklessly permitting those sagacious animals to walk almost over them; through the suburbs of the city, and by a people more widely scattered but quite as industriously occupied, and out into the country we moved at a brisk trot, which was quickened into a gallop as we at length passed the last cluster of native huts, and over the hard, finely constructed road, which connects Yokohama with the opposite city of Kanagawa and with Yeddo, the famous capital of the empire.

Our recent seclusion, and the possible dangers of the present trip, gave a zest to this ride which had not been possessed by any of the others, and we were very merry as we galloped along, three or four abreast, upon this fine autumn afternoon, enjoying the scenery and the bad jokes which were perpetrated from time to time by some one or other of the party.

So merry were we, and so loud was our laughter, that the poor people whom we occasionally passed, and who were endeavoring, by much sweat of the brow, to get something out of the little patches upon which they depended, looked after us with the utmost astonishment, envying no doubt the appearance of happiness which our conduct presented.

We had ridden some eight miles from our starting-point, and were within two miles of the town of Kanagawa, when we came suddenly upon a large native procession, consisting of soldiers on foot and on horseback, civilians, high officers of State evidently, and others to the number of three or four hundred. There was no music to herald the approach of this imposing body, but flags and banners of the most gorgeous hue and material were vis-

ible by the score, and the advance-guard of soldiers, which was sent on ahead to clear the way for the great personage who was to follow, was preceded by the bearers of two immense yellow silk banners, on which were worked the arms of the Prince who was approaching. Near the center of the approaching procession, which occupied the entire breadth of the road, as well as its length for some distance, we could observe the presence of some great personage, who was borne in a chair, elevated above the heads of all, by nearly a score of bearers, and surrounded by a body-guard of high officials, whose drawn swords flashed and gleamed in the sunlight, and, with the parti-colored banners, formed a decidedly pleasing picture. A rabble of perhaps a hundred people, peasantry and retainers of the Prince in question, followed the armed body and the Daimio, who was visiting Yokohama for the first time since the advent of the foreigners.

So suddenly had we come upon this warlike body that we had no time given us to form any plan of action. By making ourselves as little conspicuous as possible, and by showing a disposition to be obliging, we hoped and expected to avoid giving offense, and entertained no other supposition than that, after the procession had passed us, we should be allowed to continue our way unmolested.

After a moment's consultation we retired to the extreme edge of the road, placing the two ladies of our party in the center of the group, and giving his high mightiness, the Daimio, the entire road for the passage of himself and retinue. By this time the procession in front of us had come to a halt, and we could hear much angry talking between the great man and his officers, the subject, as we could perceive by their gestures, being ourselves and what they probably chose to consider our unwarrantable impertinence in being there at all.

"I am afraid we may have some trouble with these fellows," said Mr. H., the English merchant, "especially as our Japanese is too limited to allow of our making much of an explanation."

"Hang the beggars, why should we?" said our gallant and plucky friend, the captain; "what is it to them if we come out for a ride and happen to stumble upon them: a cat may look at a king, I suppose, and the old cock in the green and red coat yonder is no great beauty, if he did but know it."

The color had deserted the cheeks of our lady companions, but in no other way did they show any signs of trepidation. The younger lady even attempted to laugh at the occurrence of the little *contre-temps*, but the shouts and imprecations of our Japanese friends became just then much louder, and the attempt of our bright-eyed young companion was a failure.

While we were waiting to see how the turmoil in the ranks of the enemy, which had now risen to a frightful pitch, was to end, a two-sworded dignitary advanced towards us, and demanded to know by what right we occupied and encumbered the road which his most noble and mighty master honored by passing over.

To this the English officer, the only one amongst us who understood anything at all of the language, made answer in a firm but very courteous tone of voice, that our meeting with the Daimio was purely accidental, and that, so far from desiring to obstruct his road, we had retired out of it to the best of our power, and to the very farthest extent that the ground would allow. Instead of mollifying the ambassador, however, the reply of the captain seemed to make him furious with anger. Drawing both his swords, he cut and carved the air, and danced about in such a grotesque and utterly foolish manner as excited our risibilities, and, though it was highly imprudent, extracted a sound of laughter from our party that would certainly have pleased him had he possessed a grain of humor.

Heaven only knows what report he made of us upon his return to his master, but we heard the latter give some sharp, loud orders, and before we had time or opportunity to see or think of much more, we found ourselves attacked by some twenty or thirty men with drawn swords. H., our English friend, who was about returning home to spend his well-earned fortune, and to pass many years of comfort in his native land, was cut down before our eyes within a few seconds after the attack commenced. So sudden had been the attack that time was not even given us to

draw our revolvers; but to the failure to secure these weapons we probably (those of us who escaped) owe the saving of our lives. The English captain fought like a lion with his bamboo walking-stick, and the same gentleman afterwards complimented the rest of us on the brief but stubborn resistance which we made. But our only safety was instant flight, and it was but the work of a moment to start off the ladies, one of whom had had her bonnet cut completely from her head by the butchers who attacked us, though neither had evinced any desire to faint or embarrass us in any way whatever. We could do nothing for poor H., and a moment's hesitancy would have cost all the rest of us our own lives. We put spurs to our horses, and, with the ladies ahead, rode back along the road over which we had come so merrily a short time before, at a pace which, we venture to say, has never been equaled in that locality since. As though apprehensive of the effects of the mischief which they had already done, our assailants did not attempt to pursue us any great distance. With sad, scared faces we pulled up our horses about a mile from the scene of the catastrophe. I had received a severe though not very serious sabre cut in the shoulder, and the English captain quite a dangerous wound in the head, and a less serious one in the leg. Upon our arrival at home, to which we now made the best of our way, our own ailments were speedily attended to, and we soon became convalescent. But it was many months before the nervous systems of the ladies recovered from the shock sustained upon this occasion, and a still longer period had elapsed before we could think and speak of the incidents of that time with anything like composure.

The fate of poor H. was indeed a sad one. Cut down from his horse beside us, and desperately wounded, he had managed to crawl to the steps of a hut a few feet from the scene of the encounter, and for a moment hoped to elude further pursuit and molestation. But the order to finish him coming directly from the Daimio, he was again surrounded, and, while begging piteously for his life, was speedily hacked to pieces.

The course pursued by the English Government with reference to this outrage is now historical. Though the Daimio himself could not be brought to justice, the Tycoon's government complied with the demands of England so far as to surrender a score of the poor followers of the prince, who were speedily beheaded, and to pay a very heavy money indemnity to the family of poor H. in England. The resolute conduct of the British officials in Yeddo, however, and the earnest protest of the American commodore on that station, had the desired effect. For years afterwards no foreigner was molested anywhere in the vicinity of the treaty ports. We ourselves rode several times over the same ground before taking our departure from the country, and upon the spot where poor H. was so brutally murdered we erected a little cross, around which the foreign residents afterwards placed a railing, and to which a pilgrimage was made by every visitor to the country for many a long day after.

THE ELMS OF OLD TRINITY.

SHAME on the ruthless hands that tore away
The venerable elms, whose graceful domes
Of lofty verdure canopied these graves!
Their overarching limbs, through which the Sun
Flickered with chastened ray, spread like a shield,
By Nature interposed to guard the dead;
And waved in dalliance with the fitful wind,
Or with it lapsed to monumental calm.
What cenotaph that human skill may rear

Can with their living symmetry compare?
What tinted window with their emerald?
What roof with their arcade of trailing leaves?
When Spring renewed her miracle, and clad
The naked branches in their June array—
Their life's revival, to the trusting soul,
Prophetic breathed of immortality.
Echoes of prayer, the jubilant refrain
Of choral anthem, and the organ's peal,
Blent with their murmur in the sultry air,
While in their verdant depths the locust trilled,
And on their sprays blithe swung the yellow-bird.
Their grateful umbrage then benignly screened
The silent church-yard from the noisy street;
Their roots were twined around the mould'ring forms
Laid long ago beside the ancient fane,
To exiled worshipers the more endeared
Because of these majestic trees, that wore
A guise familiar to their childhood's home.
Faith's pioneers and Freedom's martyrs slept
Beneath their shade; and under their old boughs
The wise and brave of generations past
Walked every Sabbath to the house of God.
As grief, by time subdued, forgot to weep,
Still fell their dewy tears; frost turned to gold
The leafy fringes of their drooping pall,
With every breeze a requiem they sighed;
In wreaths fantastic swayed above their tops
The mists of ocean, like funereal plumes;
While round their hoary trunks the gray moss crept,
And softly marked the transit of the years.
Of old the Church was warder of the tomb,
Her ban restrained the hand of sacrilege,
Her shrines were trophies of the saintly dead;
And pagan consecration kept the groves
Serene and sacred: Reverence is gone,
Her haunts laid waste; not life and love alone,
Bereft of fond seclusion, grow profane,
But the last home of poor mortality:
Memory's tender plea, nor beauty's charm,
Nor the long vigil of these sylvan kings
Could awe the spoiler; vanished, like a dream
Of grace and grandeur, are the stately elms,
That cheerful shelter gave the camp of death,
And solace to the hearts that mourn their fall.

NEWPORT, R. I., *July*, 1871.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

THE question of woman's rights is agitating this country and the whole civilized world. We are not among those who believe that suffrage is a natural right of either man or woman. Every organized society, both civil and religious, has the power to say who shall belong to it, and who shall vote in its proceedings. If suffrage were a natural right, then a youth twenty years old might claim it as well as the man of twenty-one. Neither do we believe that the right of suffrage is the great expurgator of all social evils, the panacea for all the ills women are heirs to, nor the key which is to unlock the door and admit women to all the privileges of the sterner sex. Suffrage is a mere side issue. *Per se*, it never made a man more of a man, and we greatly fear its exercise would make woman less of a woman. The poor illiterate negro with a vote in his hand is still the mere tool of the artful demagogue. If any expected that, by the fifteenth amendment of the U. S. Constitution, the negroes would immediately be elevated to a level with the whites, they are doomed to disappointment. Manhood is not purchased at so low a price. It is only by the slow process of education, by self-restraint, by the silent but all-powerful influence of the family, by habits of industry, and all these continued from generation to generation, that the negroes can be elevated to the enjoyment of all the rights of manhood. "He is the free man whom the truth hath made free." The right of suffrage may lead the negro to investigate, think, and act for himself, and only so far as it has this influence does it tend to his elevation.

We do not mean to be understood as comparing woman and negro—her subjection to his bondage; our analogy is confined to the results which the right of suffrage is supposed to effect. Neither do we mean to affirm that the time may not come when suffrage will be extended to women. We have yet to learn that women generally put in any claim to this right. A few of the strong-minded are clamorous on this point; but the great majority are either opposers of the movement, or sit silent spectators of the troubled waters, passively waiting to see whether their turn will ever come to step in and be healed of all their ills; and we hear little complaint that they are excluded by the lords of creation stepping in before them. We are inclined to think the experiment of female suffrage will be tried in this country, and at no distant day; and we have no anxiety as to the result. But we are anxious that, before this experiment shall be inaugurated, women shall be admitted to a more natural and a higher right than that of suffrage,—the right to an equal education and a co-education with men. It is only when this right shall be granted, that the other can be tolerated; and if the strong-minded of both sexes would unite their energies in this direction, there would be more hope that the kingdom of woman would come, and when it came that her sovereignty would prove to be wise and gracious.

This idea of the co-education of the sexes is no new-fangled doctrine. It is simply a return from the artificial to the natural condition of society. The separation of the sexes in the course of their education is abnormal, and arose from the prejudice, now somewhat obsolete, that woman is incapable of contending with man in the higher paths of literature and science, and possibly also from jealousy of her power in case she should outstrip him in the race. Byron does not seem to have been above either this prejudice or this jealousy. In the first canto of *Don Juan*, where he is describing Juan's mother, supposed by many to be a delineation of his own wife, he says:—

"His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equal'd by her wit alone:
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that she did."

"'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,

But—Oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all ?"

Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Stowe, and a host of others have taught the world that women can excel in science and literature, and men have learned by experience and observation, that there is more danger of being hen-pecked by an ignorant virago than by a well-educated lady. We have lived and learned in vain if education does not refine as well as strengthen the female mind, and if the education of the sexes in the same school and in the same studies does not stimulate their intellectual progress and polish their manners. This is the natural, normal mode of education. If God had desired the sexes to be trained up separately, he would have ordered all the children in one family to be girls, and all those in another to be boys. The very fact that they are placed together in that first and best of all schools, the family, is a strong argument in favor of their continuing together in the whole course of their education. Occasionally, but in very rare instances when the family is as large as it ought to be, we find all the children of one sex. We never see such a family without a feeling of compassion. The boys are very apt to be coarse and rude, all strength and no polish, and the girls to be refined and polished till there is little strength left. In all such families there is a terrible one-sidedness. The male or the female influence predominates, so that the family is not well ballasted, but lurches like a ship with its cargo all on one side. A vacuum, which nature dreads, is felt to exist. The boys feel the need of a sister, and the girls have a yearning after a brother. Why should not the same want and the same yearning be felt in the boarding-school and the college? They *are* felt, and every discriminating teacher of a boarding-school designed exclusively for boys or girls, and every professor in our colleges, must have noticed it. We have had some experience in a boys' boarding-school, and have been painfully conscious that the absence of female influence is the great want of such a school. Our circulars are headed with the taking caption "Family Boarding-School for Boys," and we endeavor to have the school partake of the character of a family as far as possible; but unless there are some girls mingled with the boys, it is a terribly up-hill work to engraft the characteristics of a family upon such a school.

Taking boys away from home and the gentle influences of mothers and sisters, and placing them in such schools, is like removing lambs from the fold to some remote pasture, and leaving them to shirk for themselves. If they don't cry and pine for the social privileges of home, we conclude they are made of sterner stuff than we like to see humanity made of. The acclimation of a boy in a boarding-school is as trying as the acclimation of a southerner in a northern latitude. Each of his companions scans him and takes the measure of his physical, mental, and moral capacity, and he passes through a scrutiny of inquisitors as searching and heartless as those of the old Spanish ecclesiastical courts. He looks around in vain for some gentle female face to inspire him with hope and confidence. We always pity a lad in such a situation, and as the best and indeed the only compensation for the want of sympathy and comfort from the gentler sex, it has been our habit to introduce a new-comer to some old and influential member of the school, and place him under the protection of one who, in the absence of a sister, will act the next best part—that of a brother—till he has learned the ways of the new situation, and "got," as the boys say, "the hang of the new school-house."

It is not only in the commencement of a career in a boarding-school, but all along its course, that the want of the inciting and restraining influence of girls is painfully felt. Some fear that the incitement will be to evil as well as good. We have never found it so. With proper effort and just discrimination, boys may be stimulated to a laudable ambition for excellence in learning and virtue among themselves; but it is ordained of Heaven that the approbation of girls shall be the great stimulus for boys, as the approbation of woman is undeniably the great stimulus for man. The restraint of girls is no less powerful than their stimulus. Boys accustomed to the use of profane and obscene language among themselves, will never swear in the presence of young ladies, nor indulge in ri-

baldry. Every teacher of a boys' school has felt the difficulty of keeping his pupils up to concert pitch in habits of order, personal neatness, and gentle address among themselves. Let a few tidy, genteel young ladies become members of the school, and the effect on the dress and manners of the boys is magical. No arbitrary rules, no daily inspection of hands, heads, and feet are longer necessary.

Girls' boarding-schools we know less about, but we are told they are even worse than boys'. The attempt is generally made in these schools to keep the girls separate, if not from the world, at least from the male portion of it. They must not even walk the streets unless under cover of a vail and the surveillance of a teacher. At church they must hide their bright eyes and pretty faces behind fans. Vain attempt! You might as well try to keep the river from flowing into the ocean. The electric affinity of acids and alkalies is no more a fixed principle than the mutual attraction of the sexes, and the artificial condition of things in most of our young ladies' boarding-schools is painfully apparent. The refining and polishing process is carried to such an extreme that the natural physical and intellectual strength is mostly eliminated. To be pretty, accomplished, and genteel, is the end of the law in a fashionable ladies' school. The teacher of such a school once frankly confessed to us, "The great end of our young ladies is to put the best foot foremost;" which we interpreted to mean to make a good show in the world. No wonder Stuart Mill talks of the subjection of woman when her strength is such weakness. We are thankful that but comparatively few young ladies can afford to be educated in fashionable boarding-schools. We do not doubt there are some such schools good of the kind, but we do not like the kind. In the beginning God said, "It is not good for man to be alone," and if Adam with all his strength needed an Eve to support and comfort him, much more must Eve want the strong arm of a man to lean upon. We often rejoice at the extermination of the monasteries and nunneries of the dark ages; but boarding-schools exclusively for boys or girls are a modified form of these exploded institutions.

Most of our colleges are conducted on the same principle, and the hazing and rowdyism so lamentably present in them are but the natural growth of their monastic character. The first evening after we entered the Freshman class in Williams College, as we sat in our dismal room, lighted by a small oil lamp, the windows rattling, the fire-place affording no cheerful blaze, for the simple reason that we had no wood, we perceived clouds of smoke rolling in through the key-hole of the door, and our first thought was that the college was on fire; but our olfactory nerves soon told us it was tobacco smoke, and as we opened the door a distant snicker gave us to understand that this was part of the inauguration ceremony of a Freshman. The next morning we were up early, determined to have some wood to keep us warm another night, and with some energy commenced working up a wood-pile we had bought late the previous evening. An idle saw-horse stood near, and we impressed it into our service. Soon a big Sophomore made his appearance with the exclamation, "What are you doing with my saw-horse, you little goosie!" As the chapel bell rang for prayers, quite a number of the Freshmen stood near the main entrance of West College, when souse came a pailful of slop-water on their heads. We give these as mere samples of the conduct of college-boys—gentlemen we cannot call them, for it has been well remarked that "as the followers of Christ were first called Christians at Antioch, so college-students were first called gentlemen at Antioch in Ohio," where our lamented Horace Mann admitted ladies to the college course, and introduced the amenities of civil life within college walls. Dr. Griffin was accustomed to address us as young gentlemen in Williams, and perhaps he thought we were such; but it was a great misnomer, for we did not deserve the appellation. Doubtless college civilization has advanced with the advancing civilization of the age, but we have too much reason to know that in those colleges from which ladies are excluded, rowdyism is still too rampant. We must do our college officers the justice to say that they are, almost without exception, gentlemen of

the highest character, and by precept and example inculcate good morals and the Christian graces. And it is owing to their controlling intellectual and personal influence, combined with the home influences, which, though distant, mould college life by memory's silent power and the affectionate letters of mothers and sisters, that so few students are ruined while cloistered away from the personal incitements and restraints of woman.

This is not all theory without any practice to corroborate it. We are not without experiments in this country of the co-education of the sexes in colleges. New England gives us no example; but as the march of civilization goes westward, we find some progress made in the elevation of woman, and it is worth while to note results. President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, thus gives his testimony in favor of the co-education of the sexes in college, after an observation of its results for thirty-four years: "The ease with which the discipline of so large a school is conducted has not ceased to be a matter of wonder to ourselves. One thousand students are gathered from every State in the Union, from every class in society, of every grade of culture—the great mass of them indeed bent on improvement, but numbers sent by anxious friends, with the hope that they may be saved, or recovered from wayward tendencies. Yet the disorders incident to such gatherings are essentially unknown among us. Our streets are as quiet by day and by night as in any other country-town. There are individual cases of misdemeanor, especially among the new-comers, and now and then one is informed that his probation has been unsatisfactory; but in the regularly organized classes of college and ladies' departments, numbering from two to four hundred in constant attendance, the exclusions have not on the average exceeded one in five years—and in one instance a period of more than ten years elapsed without a single exclusion from these classes. This result we attribute greatly to the wholesome influence of the system of joint education. The student feels that his standing and character are of grave consequence to him, and he is predisposed to take a manly attitude in reference to the government and regulations of the school. An admonition in the presence of the students assembled in the chapel has always been more dreaded by an offender than a private dismissal. Offenses against propriety, that in a body of young men forming a separate community would seem to be trivial, change their aspect when the female element is added to the community. From the beginning the use of tobacco has been prohibited to our students. In the presence of ladies the regulation has a force and significance that could not otherwise be secured, and has been maintained with a good degree of success. College tricks lose their wit and attractiveness in a community thus constituted. They are essentially unknown among us. The relations of the classes to each other are comfortable and desirable. It may be a mistake to attribute this fact to the social constitution of the school, but it seems to me to be a natural result. The general force of society controls and limits the clannish tendency. We have had no difficulty in reference to conduct and manner in the college dining-hall. There has been an entire absence of the irregularities and roughnesses so often complained of in college commons. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that the arrangement tends to good order and morality in the town outside of the school. Evils that might be tolerated, in the shape of drinking-saloons and other places of dissipation, if young men only were present, seem intolerable when ladies are gathered with them. The public sentiment requires their suppression."

Can the president of any New England college, or of any monastic institution anywhere, bear such testimony in favor of the discipline and deportment of his scholars? The system has been in operation at Oberlin from the commencement of the institution, now some thirty-five years, and if there had been any great defect in its workings, it would have been apparent by this time, after the education of eight college-generations. The trustees of Oberlin attempted the experiment of the co-education of the sexes in college, with no light from experience and contrary to the prejudices of the community, and their success must redound to their honor. We

must confess that the prejudices of our youth were against Oberlin. We did not believe anything great or good could come out of such a Nazareth, but our prejudices have evaporated under the light of increased knowledge. The testimony of the graduates and of the citizens of Oberlin fully corroborates the statements made by President Fairchild. A score of similar schools of prophets and prophetesses have sprung up in different parts of the country, all attesting the feasibility of this system of education.

It is doubtless more practicable to found an institution on the basis of the co-education of the sexes, than to ingraft the system upon long-established colleges and seminaries. The old-bachelor style of college life, and many of the time-honored customs—more honored by time than by good judgment—would have to be abolished. Some of the college customs, sanctioned by age and handed down by tradition from one college generation to another, would be "more honored in the breach than in the observance," and though their breach might involve the perils of a revolution in college life, still we have such faith in the wisdom of the system we should not hesitate to encounter these perils.

Exactly what name should be given to the degree young ladies would be entitled to at their graduation we are little at a loss to indicate. The term Bachelor is generally supposed to apply to men alone, but by its etymology it signifies babbler, and as women have tongues we see no reason why they may not write their names with the suffix of A.B., for they can babble about arts as well as men. In the second degree of A.M. there can be no trouble, for M. will stand for mistress as well as master, and if the ladies insist upon being called masters—all right, it is no more than we acknowledge them to be already.

The professional school is generally supposed to be one degree higher than a college, and the question has been agitated whether ladies should be admitted to this also. We see no reason why women cannot make good physicians. Many are practising now, and some are preachers of righteousness; and if a few ladies were admitted to the bar, we should hope for more civility and less wrangling among lawyers. Certainly there is no objection to women studying all the professions. The study would discipline their minds, give them expanded views, enlarged range of thought, and new powers of logic. The mingling of a few young ladies in our medical schools would have a most humanizing effect on the young men assembled there, who greatly need some civilizing influence. We thought most of the collegians too rough and rude in their intercourse with each other, though very smooth and polite when in mixed company; but after we graduated we resided for a time in a town where was located a medical college, and after we became intimate with medical students, we came to the conclusion that undergraduates were gentlemen by comparison, if not *per se*. We do not, however, expect to see many women in the learned professions, nor do we think it desirable they should be. Their proper sphere seems to be in the domestic circle and in the educational institute, and for the proper performance of the duties of this sphere their education should be of the highest order. They already govern and instruct the great majority of our public schools, and are thus exerting an influence more telling upon the destinies of the Republic than the great rabble of men who semi-annually deposit their votes in the ballot-box. By the simplest logic it can be proved that teachers govern the world, for they govern the children, and the children govern their mothers, and the mothers govern their husbands, and the husbands are the lords of creation: *ergo*, teachers govern the world. Let the education of these teachers, then, not be of "put the best foot foremost kind," but of the strong masculine order, the same as with men, and in connection with men.

We already educate the sexes together in our common schools; why should they be separated in the higher schools, where the catalytic influence they will exert on each other will be of the most beneficial kind? The law that established public grammar and high schools in Massachusetts was one of the best ever enacted. These schools enable us to educate our children mainly at home, and that is the perfection of education where the family and school influences are combined; where broth-

ers and sisters can attend together, the brothers protecting the sisters and the sisters gently admonishing the brothers; where parents and teachers can consult together with reference to the interests of the children and pupils, and where the community generally feel an interest in the school and sympathy with the scholars. We only wish our high schools were a little higher, that the course of study were more extended, so that our children might be induced to remain in them for a longer period, and might graduate seniors instead of sophomores, as they are inclined now to do. This defect in our high schools is, however, not chargeable to the teachers. They doubtless would desire the standard of education to be elevated. The quality and quantity of teaching are very much like commercial commodities, according to the demand. When the public call for a more thorough course, our high schools will furnish it, and it will be a blessed day when our lads and lasses will not have to be sent to a boarding-school to finish their education.

The notion is quite prevalent that it is a good thing for children to go away from home while acquiring their education, so that they may see the world and learn how other folks live. There is doubtless much to be learned in seeing the world, and we would, by no means, deprecate the enlargement of mind which comes by travel; but the natural place for children is home, and their best society that of their parents and brothers and sisters. The teacher of a boarding-school has the double office of teacher and parent, and however well he may fill the former, it is impossible for him to fill the latter to the perfection which the parent can, and often does, attain. The child almost knows instinctively that the love of a parent is disinterested, that his advice is without any selfish motive, and that his command must be obeyed; he therefore trusts his parent with a confidence, and obeys him with a good will, which he is not ready to yield to a stranger. It is the duty, therefore, of parents to keep their sons and daughters together and at home till their minds are well disciplined by study, their principles well established, and their habits formed, and then they can safely see the world, and profit by the lessons it teaches. The high school enables us thus to do. The young men and young women graduating from our high schools find the same incentive to action in society that they found in the school, and do not leave behind them the forces which thus far have impelled them. There is no such violent change as must occur when one graduates from a school exclusively devoted to one sex.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 426.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—*Continued.*

We crossed the court, and strolled through the park, which was of great extent, in the direction of a thick wood, covering a rise towards the east. The morning air was perfectly still; there was a little dew on the grass, which shone rather than sparkled; the sun was burning through a light fog, which grew deeper as we approached the wood; the decaying leaves filled the air with their sweet, mournful scent. Through the wood went a wide opening or glade, stretching straight and far towards the east, and along this we walked with that exhilaration which the fading autumn so strangely bestows. For some distance the ground ascended softly, but the view was finally closed in by a more abrupt swell, over the brow of which the mist hung in dazzling brightness.

Notwithstanding the gayety of animal spirits produced by the season, I felt unusually depressed that morning. Already, I believe, I was beginning to feel the home-born sadness of the soul whose wings are weary and whose

foot can find no firm soil on which to rest. Sometimes I think the wonder is that so many men are never sad. I doubt if Charley would have suffered so but for the wrongs his father's selfish religion had done him; which perhaps were therefore so far well, inasmuch as otherwise he might not have cared enough about religion even to doubt concerning it. But in my case now, it may have been only the unsatisfying presence of Clara, haunted by a dim regret that I could not love her more than I did. For with regard to her, my soul was like one who in a dream of delight sees outspread before him a wide river, wherein he makes haste to plunge that he may disport himself in the fine element; but, wading eagerly, alas! finds not a single pool deeper than his knees.

"What's the matter with you, Wilfrid?" said Charley, who, in the midst of some gay talk, suddenly perceived my silence.—"You seem to lose all your spirits away from your precious library. I do believe you grudge every moment not spent upon those ragged old books."

"I wasn't thinking of that, Charley; I was wondering what lies beyond that mist."

"I see!—A chapter of the *Pilgrim's Progress!* Here we are—Mary, you're Christiana, and, Clara, you're Mercy. Wilfrid, you're—what?—I should have said Hopeful any other day, but this morning you look like—let me see—like Mr. Ready-to-Halt. The celestial city lies behind that fog—doesn't it, Christiana?"

"I don't like to hear you talk so, Charley," said his sister, smiling in his face.

"They ain't in the Bible," he returned.

"No—and I shouldn't mind if you were only merry, but you know you are scoffing at the story, and I love it—so I can't be pleased to hear you."

"I beg your pardon, Mary—but your celestial city lies behind such a fog, that not one crystal turret, one pearly gate of it was ever seen. At least *we* have never caught a glimmer of it; and must go tramp, tramp—we don't know whither, any more than the blind puppy that has crawled too far from his mother's side."

"I do see the light of it, Charley dear," said Mary, sadly—not as if the light were any great comfort to her at the moment.

"If you do see something—how can you tell what it's the light of? It may come from the city of Dis, for anything you know."

"I don't know what that is."

"Oh! the red-hot city—down below. You will find all about it in Dante."

"It doesn't look like that—the light I see," said Mary, quietly.

"How very ill-bred you are—to say such wicked things, Charley!" said Clara.

"Am I? They *are* better unmentioned. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! Only don't allude to the unpleasant subject."

He burst out singing: the verses were poor, but I will give them.

"Let the sun shimmer!
Let the wind blow!
All is a notion—
What, do we know?
Let the moon glimmer!
Let the stream flow!
All is but motion
To and fro!

"Let the rose wither!
Let the stars glow!
Let the rain batter—
Drift sleet and snow!
Bring the tears hither!
Let the smiles go!
What does it matter?
To and fro!

"To and fro ever,
Motion and show!
Nothing goes onward—
Hurry or no!
All is one river—
Seaward, and so
Up again sunward—
To and fro!

"Pendulum sweeping
High, and now low!
That star—*tic*, blot it!
Tac, let it go!
Time he is reaping
Hay for his mow;
That flower—he's got it!
To and fro!

"Such a scythe swinging,
Mighty and slow!
Ripping and slaying—
Hey nonny no!

Black Ribs is singing—
Chorus—Hey, ho!
What is he saying—
To and fro?

"Singing and saying
'Grass is hay—ho!
Love is a longing;
Water is snow.'
Swinging and swaying,
Toll the bells go!
Dinging and donging
To and fro."

"Oh Charley!" said his sister, with suppressed agony, "what a wicked song!"

"It *is* a wicked song," I said. "But I meant—it only represents an unbelieving, hopeless mood."

"*You* wrote it then!" she said, giving me—as it seemed, involuntarily—a look of reproach.

"Yes, I did; but——"

"Then I think you are very horrid," said Clara, interrupting.

"Charley!" I said, "you must not leave your sister to think so badly of me! You know why I wrote it—and what I meant."

"I wish I had written it myself," he returned. "I think it splendid. Anybody might envy you that song."

"But you know I didn't mean it for a true one."

"Who knows whether it is true or false?"

"*I* know," said Mary: "I know it is false."

"And *I* hope it," I adjoined.

"What ever put such horrid things in your head, Wilfrid?" asked Clara.

"Probably the fear lest they should be true. The verses came as I sat in a country church once, not long ago."

"In a church!" exclaimed Mary.

"Oh! he does go to church sometimes," said Charley with a laugh.

"How could you think of it in church?" persisted Mary.

"It's more like the churchyard," said Clara.

"It was in an old church in a certain desolate sea-forsaken town," I said. "The pendulum of the clock—a huge, long, heavy, slow thing, hangs far down into the church, and goes swing, swang over your head, three or four seconds to every swing. When you have heard the *tic*, your heart grows faint every time between—waiting for the *tac*, which seems as if it would never come."

We were ascending the acclivity, and no one spoke again before we reached the top. There a wide landscape lay stretched before us. The mist was rapidly melting away before the gathering strength of the sun: as we stood and gazed we could see it vanishing. By slow degrees the colors of the autumn woods dawned out of it. Close under us lay a great wave of gorgeous red—beeches I think—in the midst of which, here and there, stood up, tall and straight and dark, the unchanging green of a fir-tree. The glow of a hectic death was over the andscape, melting away into the misty fringe of the far horizon. Overhead the sky was blue with a clear thin blue that told of withdrawing suns and coming frosts.

"For my part," I said, "I cannot believe that beyond this loveliness there lies no greater. Who knows, Charley, but death may be the first recognizable step of the progress of which you despair?"

It was then I caught the look from Mary's eye, for the sake of which I have recorded the little incidents of the morning. But the same moment the look faded, and the veil or the mask fell over her face.

"I am afraid," she said, "if there has been no progress before, there will be little indeed after."

Now of all things, I hated the dogmatic theology of the party in which she had been brought up, and I turned from her with silent dislike.

"Really," said Clara, "you gentlemen have been very entertaining this morning. One would think Polly and I had come out for a stroll with a couple of undertaker's-men. There's surely time enough to think of such things yet! None of us are at death's door exactly."

"'Sweet Remembrancer!'—Who knows?" said Charley.

"'Now I, to comfort him,'" I followed, quoting Mrs. Quickly concerning Sir John Falstaff, "'bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.'"

"I beg your pardon," said Mary—"there was no word of Him in the matter."

"I see," said Clara: "you meant that at me, Wilfrid. But I assure you I am no heathen. I go to church regularly—once a Sunday when I can, and twice when I can't help it. That's more than you do, Mr. Cumbermede, I suspect."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"I can't imagine you enjoying anything but the burial service."

"It is to my mind the most consoling of them all," I answered.

"Well, I haven't reached the point of wanting that consolation yet, thank heaven."

"Perhaps some of us would rather have the consolation than give thanks that we didn't need it," I said.

"I can't say I understand you, but I know you mean something disagreeable. Polly, I think we had better go home to breakfast."

Mary turned, and we all followed. Little was said on the way home. We divided in the hall—the ladies to breakfast, and we to our work.

We had not spoken for an hour, when Charley broke the silence.

"What a brute I am, Wilfrid!" he said. "Why shouldn't I be as good as Jesus Christ? It seems always as if a man might. But just look at me! Because I was miserable myself, I went and made my poor little sister twice as miserable as she was before. She'll never get over what I said this morning."

"It *was* foolish of you, Charley."

"It was brutal. I am the most selfish creature in the world—always taken up with myself. I do believe there is a devil, after all. *I* am *a* devil. And the universal self is *the* devil. If there were such a thing as a self always giving itself away—that self would be God."

"Something very like the God of Christianity, I think."

"If it were so, there would be a chance for us. We might then one day give the finishing blow to the devil in us. But no: *he* does all for his own glory."

"It depends on what his glory is. If what the self-seeking self would call glory, then I agree with you—that is not the God we need. But if his glory should be just the opposite—the perfect giving of himself away—then——. Of course I know nothing about it. My uncle used to say things like that."

He did not reply, and we went on with our work. Neither of the ladies came near us again that day.

Before the end of the week, the library was in tolerable order to the eye, though it could not be perfectly arranged until the commencement of a catalogue should be as the dawn of a consciousness in the half-restored mass.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A STORM.

So many books of rarity and value had revealed themselves, that it was not difficult to make Sir Giles comprehend in some degree the importance of such a possession: he had grown more and more interested as the work went on; and even Lady Brotherton, although she much desired to have at least the oldest and most valuable of the books rebound in red morocco first, was so far satisfied with what she was told concerning the worth of the library, that she determined to invite some of the neighbors to dinner, for the sake of showing it. The main access to it was to be by the armory; and she had that side of the gallery round the hall which led thither, covered with a thick carpet.

Meantime Charley had looked over all the papers in my chest, but, beyond what I have already stated, no fact of special interest had been brought to light.

In sending an invitation to Charley, Lady Brotherton could hardly avoid sending me one as well: I doubt whether I should otherwise have been allowed to enjoy the admiration bestowed on the result of my labors.

The dinner was formal and dreary enough: the geniality of one of the heads of a household is seldom sufficient to give character to an entertainment.

"They tell me you are a buyer of books, Mr. Alderforge," said Mr. Mollet to the clergyman of a neighboring parish, as we sat over our wine.

"Quite a mistake," returned Mr. Alderforge. "I am a reader of books."

"That of course! But you buy them first—don't you?"

"Not always. I sometimes borrow them."

"That I never do. If a book is worth borrowing, it is worth buying."

"Perhaps—if you can afford it. But many books that book-buyers value, I count worthless—for all their wide margins and uncut leaves."

"Will you come and have a look at Sir Giles's library," I ventured to say.

"I never heard of a library at Moldwarp Hall, Sir Giles," said Mr. Mollet.

"I am given to understand there is a very valuable one," said Mr. Alderforge. "I shall be glad to accompany you, sir," he added, turning to me, "—if Sir Giles will allow us."

"You cannot have a better guide than Mr. Cumbermede," said Sir Giles. "I am indebted to him almost for the discovery—altogether for the restoration of the library."

"Assisted by Miss Brotherton and her friends, Sir Giles," I said.

"A son of Mr. Cumbermede of Lowdon Farm, I presume?" said Alderforge, bowing interrogatively.

"A nephew," I answered.

"He was a most worthy man.—By the way, Sir Giles, your young friend here must be a distant connection of your own. I found in some book or other lately, I forget where at the moment, that there were Cumbermedes at one time in Moldwarp Hall."

"Yes—about two hundred years ago, I believe. It passed to our branch of the family some time during the troubles of the seventeenth century—I hardly know how—I am not much of an historian."

I thought of my precious volume, and the name on the title-page. That book might have once been in the library of Moldwarp Hall. If so, how had it strayed into my possession—alone, yet more to me than all that was left behind?

We betook ourselves to the library. The visitors expressed themselves astonished at its extent, and the wealth which even a glance revealed—for I took care to guide their notice to its richest veins.

"When it is once arranged," I said, "I fancy there will be few private libraries to stand a comparison with it—I am thinking of old English literature, and old editions: there is not a single volume of the present century in it, so far as I know."

I had had a few old sconces fixed here and there, but as yet there were no means of really lighting the rooms. Hence, when a great flash of lightning broke from a cloud that hung over the park right in front of the windows, it flooded them with a dazzling splendor. I went to find Charley, for the library was the best place to see the lightning from. As I entered the drawing-room, a tremendous peal of thunder burst over the house, causing so much consternation amongst the ladies, that, for the sake of company, they all followed to the library. Clara seemed more frightened than any. Mary was perfectly calm. Charley was much excited. The storm grew in violence. We saw the lightning strike a tree which stood alone a few hundred yards from the house. When the next flash came, half of one side seemed torn away. The wind rose, first in fierce gusts, then into a tempest, and the rain poured in torrents.

"None of you can go home to-night, ladies," said Sir Giles. "You must make up your minds to stay where you are. Few horses would face such a storm as that."

"It would be to tax your hospitality too grievously, Sir Giles," said Mr. Alderforge. "I dare say it will clear up by and by, or at least moderate sufficiently to let us get home."

"I don't think there's much chance of that," returned Sir Giles. "The barometer has been steadily falling for the last three days. My dear, you had better give your orders at once."

"You had better stop, Charley," I said.

"I won't if you go," he returned.

Clara was beside.

"You must not think of going," she said.

Whether she spoke to him or me, I did not know, but as Charley made no answer—

"I cannot stop without being asked," I said, "and it is not likely any one will take the trouble to ask me."

The storm increased. At the request of the ladies, the gentlemen left the library and accompanied them to the drawing-room for tea. Our hostess asked Clara to sing, but she was too frightened to comply.

"You will sing, Mary, if Lady Brotherton asks you, I know," said Mrs. Osborne.

"Do, my dear," said Lady Brotherton; and Mary at once complied.

I had never heard her sing, and did not expect much. But although she had little execution, there was, I found, a wonderful charm both in her voice and the simplicity of her mode. I did not feel this at first, nor could I tell when the song began to lay hold upon me; but when it ceased, I found that I had been listening intently. I have often since tried to recall it, but as yet it has eluded all my efforts. I still cherish the hope that it may return some night in a dream, or in some waking moment of quiescent thought, when what we call the brain works as it were of itself, and the spirit allows it play.

The close was lost in a louder peal of thunder than had yet burst. Charley and I went again to the library to look out on the night. It was dark as pitch, except when the lightning broke and revealed everything for one intense moment.

"I think sometimes," said Charley, "that death will be like one of those flashes, revealing everything in hideous fact—for just one moment and no more."

"How for one moment and no more, Charley?" I asked.

"Because the sight of the truth concerning itself must kill the soul, if there be one, with disgust at its own vileness, and the miserable contrast between its aspirations and attainments, its pretenses and its efforts. At least, that would be the death fit for a life like mine—a death of disgust at itself. We claim immortality; we cringe and cower with the fear that immortality may *not* be the destiny of man; and yet we—*I*—do things unworthy not merely of immortality, but unworthy of the butterfly existence of a single day in such a world as this sometimes seems to be. Just think how I stabbed at my sister's faith this morning—careless of making her as miserable as myself! Because my father has put into her mind his fancies, and I hate them, I would wound again the heart which they wound, and which cannot help their presence!"

"But the heart that can be sorry for an action is far above the action, just as her heart is better than the notions that haunt it."

"Sometimes I hope so. But action determines character. And it is all such a muddle! I don't care much about what they call immortality. I doubt if it is worth the having. I would a thousand times rather have one day of conscious purity of heart and mind and soul and body, than an eternity of such life as I have now.——What am I saying?" he added, with a despairing laugh. "It is a fool's comparison; for an eternity of the former would be bliss—one moment of the latter is misery."

I could but admire and pity my poor friend both at once.

Miss Pease had entered unheard.

"Mr. Cumbermede," she said, "I have been looking for you to show you your room. It is not the one I should like to have got for you, but Mrs. Wilson says you have occupied it before, and I dare say you will find it comfortable enough."

"Thank you, Miss Pease. I am sorry you should have taken the trouble. I can go home well enough. I am not afraid of a little rain."

"A little rain!" said Charley, trying to speak lightly.

"Well, any amount of rain," I said.

"But the lightning!"—expostulated Miss Pease, in a timid voice.

"I am something of a fatalist, Miss Pease," I said. "'Every bullet has its billet,' you know. Besides, if I had a choice, I think I would rather die by lightning than any other way."

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Cumbermede—Oh! what a flash!"

"I was not speaking irreverently, I assure you," I replied.—"I think I had better set out at once, for there seems no chance of its clearing."

"I am sure Sir Giles would be distressed if you did."

"He will never know, and I dislike giving trouble."

"The room is ready. I will show you where it is, that you may go when you like."

"If Mrs. Wilson says it is a room I have occupied before, I know the way quite well."

"There are two ways to it," she said. "But of course one of them is enough," she added with a smile. "Mr. Osborne, your room is in another part quite."

"I know where my sister's room is," said Charley. "Is it anywhere near hers?"

"That is the room you are to have. Miss Osborne is to be with your mamma, I think. There is plenty of accommodation, only the notice was short."

I began to button my coat.

"Don't go, Wilfrid," said Charley. "You might give offense. Besides, you will have the advantage of getting to work as early as you please in the morning."

It was late, and I was tired—consequently less inclined than usual to encounter a storm, for in general I enjoyed being in any commotion of the elements. Also, I felt I should like to pass another night in that room, and have besides the opportunity of once more examining at my leisure the gap in the tapestry.

"Will you meet me early in the library, Charley?" I said.

"Yes—to be sure I will—as early as you like."

"Let us go to the drawing-room then."

"Why should you, if you are tired and want to go to bed?"

"Because Lady Brotherton will not like my being included in the invitation. She will think it absurd of me not to go home."

"There is no occasion to go near her, then."

"I do not choose to sleep in the house without knowing that she knows it."

We went. I made my way to Lady Brotherton. Clara was standing near her.

"I am much obliged by your hospitality, Lady Brotherton," I said. "It is rather a rough night to encounter in evening dress."

She bowed.

"The distance is not great, however," I said, "and perhaps——"

"Out of the question!" said Sir Giles, who came up at the moment.

"Will you see then, Sir Giles, that a room is prepared for your guest?" she said.

"I trust that is unnecessary," he replied. "I gave orders."—But as he spoke he went towards the bell.

"It is all arranged, I believe, Sir Giles," I said. "Mrs. Wilson has already informed me which is my room. Good night, Sir Giles."

He shook hands with me kindly. I bowed to Lady Brotherton, and retired.

It may seem foolish to record such mere froth of conversation, but I want my reader to understand how a part at least of the family of Moldwarp Hall regarded me.

CHAPTER XL.

A DREAM.

My room looked dreary enough. There was no fire, and the loss of the patch of tapestry from the wall gave the whole an air of dilapidation. The wind howled fearfully in the chimney and about the door on the roof, and the rain came down on the leads like the distant trampling of many horses. But I was not in an imaginative mood. Charley was again my trouble. I could not bear him to be so miserable. Why was I not as miserable as he, I asked myself. Perhaps I ought to be, for although certainly I hoped more, I could not say I believed more than he. I wished more than ever that I did believe, for then I should be able to help him—I was sure of that; but I saw no possible way of arriving at belief. Where was the proof? Where even the hope of a growing probability?

With these thoughts drifting about in my brain, like waifs which the tide will not let go, I was poring over the mutilated forms of the tapestry round the denuded door, with an expectation, almost a conviction, that I should find the fragment still hanging on the wall of the kitchen at the Moat, the very piece wanted to complete the broken figures. When I had them well fixed in my memory I went to bed, and lay pondering over the several broken links which indicated some former connection between the Moat and the Hall, until I fell asleep, and began to dream strange wild dreams, of which the following was the last.

I was in a great palace, wandering hither and thither, and meeting no one. A weight of silence brooded in the place. From hall to hall I went, along corridor and gallery, and up and down endless stairs. I knew that in some room near me was one whose name was Athanasia,—a maiden, I thought in my dream,

whom I had known and loved for years, but had lately lost—I knew not how. Somewhere here she was, if only I could find her! From room to room I went seeking her. Every room I entered bore some proof that she had just been there—but there she was not. In one lay a veil, in another a handkerchief, in a third a glove; and all were scented with a strange entrancing odor, which I had never known before, but which in certain moods I can to this day imperfectly recall. I followed and followed until hope failed me utterly, and I sat down and wept. But while I wept, hope dawned afresh, and I rose and again followed the quest, until I found myself in a little chapel like that of Moldwarp Hall. It was filled with the sound of an organ, distance-faint, and the thin music was the same as the odor of the handkerchief which I carried in my bosom. I tried to follow the sound, but the chapel grew and grew as I wandered, and I came no nearer to its source. At last the altar rose before me on my left, and through the bowed end of the aisle I passed behind it into the lady-chapel. There, against the outer wall stood a dusky, ill-defined shape. Its head rose above the sill of the eastern window, and I saw it against the rising moon. But that and the whole figure were covered with a thick drapery; I could see nothing of the face, and distinguish little of the form.

"What art thou?" I asked trembling.

"I am Death—dost thou not know me?" answered the figure, in a sweet though worn and weary voice. "Thou hast been following me all thy life, and hast followed me hither."

Then I saw through the lower folds of the cloudy garment, which grew thin and gauze-like as I gazed, a huge iron door, with folding leaves, and a great iron bar across them.

"Art thou at thy own door?" I asked. "Surely thy house cannot open under the eastern window of the church?"

"Follow and see," answered the figure.

Turning, it drew back the bolt, threw wide the portals, and low-stooping entered. I followed, not into the moonlit night, but through a cavernous opening into darkness. If my Athanasia were down with Death, I would go with Death, that I might at least end with her. Down and down I followed the veiled figure, down flight after flight of stony stairs, through passages like those of the catacombs, and again down steep straight stairs. At length it stopped at another gate, and with beating heart I heard what I took for bony fingers fumbling with a chain and a bolt. But ere the fastenings had yielded, once more I heard the sweet odor-like music of the distant organ. The same moment the door opened, but I could see nothing for some time for the mighty inburst of a lovely light. A fair river, brimming full, its little waves flashing in the sun and wind, washed the threshold of the door, and over its surface, hither and thither, sped the white sails of shining boats, while from somewhere, clear now, but still afar, came the sound of a great organ psalm. Beyond the river the sun was rising—over blue summer hills that melted into blue summer sky. On the threshold stood my guide, bending towards me, as if waiting for me to pass out also. I lifted my eyes: the veil had fallen—it was my lost Athanasia! Not one beam touched her face, for her back was to the sun, yet her face was radiant. Trembling, I would have kneeled at her feet, but she stepped out upon the flowing river, and with the sweetest of sad smiles, drew the door to, and left me alone in the dark hollow of the earth. I broke into a convulsive weeping, and awoke.

CHAPTER XLI.

A WAKING.

I SUPPOSE I awoke tossing in my misery, for my hand fell upon something cold. I started up and tried to see. The light of a clear morning of late autumn had stolen into the room while I slept, and glimmered on something that lay upon the bed. It was some time before I could believe that my troubled eyes were not the sport of one of those odd illusions that come of mingled sleep and waking. But by the golden hilt and rusted blade I was at length convinced, although the scabbard was gone, that I saw my own sword. It lay by my left side, with the hilt towards my hand. But the moment I turned a little to take it in my right hand, I forgot all about it in a far more bewildering discovery, which fixed me staring half in terror, half in

amazement, so that again for a moment I disbelieved in my waking condition. On the other pillow lay the face of a lovely girl. I felt as if I had seen it before—whether only in the just vanished dream, I could not tell. But the maiden of my dream never comes back to me with any other features or with any other expression than those which I now beheld. There was an ineffable mingling of love and sorrow on the sweet countenance. The girl was dead asleep, but evidently dreaming, for tears were flowing from under her closed lids. For a time I was unable even to think; when thought returned, I was afraid to move. All at once the face of Mary Osborne dawned out of the vision before me—how different, how glorified from its waking condition! It was perfectly lovely—transfigured by the unchecked outflow of feeling. The recognition brought me to my senses at once. I did not waste a single thought in speculating how the mistake had occurred, for there was not a moment to be lost. I must be wise to shield her, and chiefly, as much as might be, from the miserable confusion which her own discovery of the untoward fact would occasion her. At first I thought it would be best to lie perfectly still, in order that she, at length awaking and discovering where she was, but finding me fast asleep, might escape with the conviction that the whole occurrence remained her own secret. I made the attempt, but I need hardly say that never before or since have I found myself in a situation half so perplexing; and in a few moments I was seized with such a trembling that I was compelled to turn my thoughts to the only other possible plan. As I reflected, the absolute necessity of attempting it became more and more apparent. In the first place, when she woke and saw me, she might scream and be heard; in the next, she might be seen as she left the room, or, unable to find her way, might be involved in great consequent embarrassment. But, if I could gather all my belongings, and, without awaking her, escape by the stair to the roof, she would be left to suppose that she had but mistaken her chamber, and would, I hoped, remain in ignorance that she had not passed the night in it alone. I dared one more peep into her face. The light and the loveliness of her dream had passed; I should not now have had to look twice to know that it was Mary Osborne; but never more could I see in hers a common face. She was still fast asleep, and, stealthy as a beast of prey, I began to make my escape. At the first movement, however, my perplexity was redoubled, for again my hand fell on the sword which I had forgotten, and question after question as to how they were together, and together there, darted through my bewildered brain. Could a third person have come and laid the sword between us? I had no time, however, to answer one of my own questions. Hardly knowing which was better, or if there was *a better*, I concluded to take the weapon with me, moved in part by the fact that I had found it where I had lost it, but influenced far more by its association with this night of marvel.

Having gathered my garments together, and twice glancing around me—once to see that I left nothing behind, and once to take farewell of the peaceful face, which had never moved—I opened the little door in the wall, and made my strange retreat up the stair. My heart was beating so violently from the fear of her waking, that when the door was drawn to behind me, I had to stand for what seemed minutes before I was able to ascend the steep stair, and step from its darkness into the clear frosty shine of the autumn sun, brilliant upon the leads wet with the torrents of the preceding night.

I found a sheltered spot by the chimney-stack, where no one could see me from below, and proceeded to dress myself—assisted in my very imperfect toilet by the welcome discovery of a pool of rain in a depression of the lead-covered roof. But alas, before I had finished, I found that I had brought only one of my shoes away with me! This settled the question I was at the moment debating—whether, namely, it would be better to go home, or to find some way of reaching the library. I put my remaining shoe in my pocket, and set out to discover a descent. It would have been easy to get down into the little gallery, but it communicated on both sides immediately with bed-rooms, which for anything I knew might be occupied; and besides, I was unwilling to enter the house for fear

of encountering some of the domestics. But I knew more of the place now, and had often speculated concerning the odd position and construction of an outside stair in the first court, close to the chapel, with its landing at the door of a room *en suite* with those of Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton. It was for a man an easy drop to this landing: quiet as a cat, I crept over the roof, let myself down, crossed the court swiftly, drew back the bolt which alone secured the wicket, and, with no greater mishap than the unavoidable wetting of shoeless feet, was soon safe in my own room, exchanging my evening for a morning dress. When I looked at my watch, I found it nearly seven o'clock.

I was so excited and bewildered by the adventures I had gone through, that, from very commonness, all the things about me looked alien and strange. I had no feeling of relation to the world of ordinary life. The first thing I did was to hang my sword in its own old place, and the next to take down the bit of tapestry from the opposite wall, which I proceeded to examine in the light of my recollection of that round the denuded door. Room was left for not even a single doubt as to the relation between this and that: they had been wrought in one and the same piece by fair fingers of some long-vanished time.

CHAPTER XLII.

A TALK ABOUT SUICIDE.

In the same excited mood, but repressing it with all the energy I could gather, I returned to the Hall, and made my way to the library. There Charley soon joined me.

"Why didn't you come to breakfast?" he asked.

"I've been home, and changed my clothes," I answered. "I couldn't well appear in a tail-coat. It's bad enough to have to wear such an ugly thing by candle-light."

"What's the matter with you?" he asked again, after an interval of silence, which I judge from the question must have been rather a long one.

"What *is* the matter with me, Charley?"

"I can't tell. You don't seem yourself, somehow."

I do not know what answer I gave him, but I knew myself what was the matter with me well enough. The form and face of the maiden of my dream, the Athanasia lost that she might be found, blending with the face and form of Mary Osborne, filled my imagination so that I could think of nothing else. Gladly would I have been rid of even Charley's company, that while my hands were busy with the books, my heart might brood at will now upon the lovely dream, now upon the lovely vision to which I awoke from it, and which, had it not glided into the forms of the foregone dream and possessed it with itself, would have banished it altogether. At length I was aware of light steps and sweet voices in the next room, and Mary and Clara presently entered.

How came it that the face of the one had lost the half of its radiance, and the face of the other had gathered all that the former had lost? Mary's countenance was as still as ever; there was not in it a single ray of light beyond its usual expression; but I had become more capable of reading it, for the coalescence of the face of my dream with her dreaming face had given me its key; and I was now so far from indifferent, that I was afraid to look for fear of betraying the attraction I now found it exercise over me. Seldom surely has a man been so long familiar with and careless of any countenance to find it all at once an object of absorbing interest! The very fact of its want of revelation added immensely to its power over me now—for was I not in its secret? Did I not know what a lovely soul hid behind that unexpressive countenance? Did I not know that it was as the veil of the holy of holies, at times reflecting only the light of the seven golden lamps in the holy place; at others almost melted away in the rush of the radiance unspeakable from the hidden and holier side—the region whence come the revelations? To draw through it if but once the feeblest glimmer of the light I had but once beheld, seemed an ambition worthy of a life. Knowing her power of reticence, however, and of withdrawing from the outer courts into the penetralia of her sanctuary, guessing also at something of the aspect in which she regarded me, I dared not now make any such attempt. But I resolved to seize what

opportunity might offer of convincing her that I was not so far out of sympathy with her as to be unworthy of holding closer converse; and I now began to feel distressed at what had given me little trouble before, namely, that she should suppose me the misleader of her brother, while I knew that, however far I might be from an absolute belief in things which she seemed never to have doubted, I was yet in some measure the means of keeping him from flinging aside the last cords which held him to the faith of his fathers. But I would not lead in any such direction, partly from the fear of hypocrisy, partly from horror at the idea of making capital of what little faith I had. But Charley himself afforded me an opportunity which I could not, whatever my scrupulosity, well avoid.

"Have you ever looked into that little book, Charley?" I said, finding in my hands an early edition of the *Christian Morals* of Sir Thomas Browne.—I wanted to say something, that I might not appear distraught.

"No," he answered, with indifference, as he glanced at the title-page. "Is it anything particular?"

"Everything he writes, however whimsical in parts, is well worth more than mere reading," I answered. "It is a strangely latinized style, but has its charm notwithstanding."

He was turning over the leaves as I spoke. Receiving no response, I looked up. He seemed to have come upon something which had attracted him.

"What have you found?" I asked.

"Here's a chapter on the easiest way of putting a stop to it all," he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"He was a medical man—wasn't he? I'm ashamed to say I know nothing about him."

"Yes, certainly he was."

"Then he knew what he was about."

"As well probably as any man of his profession at the time."

"He recommends drowning," said Charley, without raising his eyes from the book.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean for suicide."

"Nonsense. He was the last man to favor that. You must make a mistake. He was a thoroughly Christian man."

"I know nothing about that. Hear this."

He read the following passages from the beginning of the thirteenth section of the second part:—

"With what shift and pains we come into the world, we remember not; but 'tis commonly found no easy matter to get out of it. Many have studied to exasperate the ways of death, but fewer hours have been spent to soften that necessity."—"Ovid, the old heroes, and the Stoics, who were so afraid of drowning, as dreading thereby the extinction of their soul, which they conceived to be a fire, stood probably in fear of an easier way of death; wherein the water, entering the possessions of air, makes a temperate suffocation, and kills as it were without a fever. Surely many, who have had the spirit to destroy themselves, have not been ingenious in the contrivance thereof."—"Cato is much to be pitied, who mangled himself with poniards; and Hannibal seems more subtle, who carried his delivery, not in the point but the pommel of his sword."

"Poison, I suppose," he said, as he ended the extract.

"Yes, that's the story, if you remember," I answered; "but I don't see that Sir Thomas is favoring suicide. Not at all. What he writes there is merely a speculation on the comparative ease of different modes of dying. Let me see it."

I took the book from his hands, and, glancing over the essay, read the closing passage.

"But to learn to die, is better than to study the ways of dying. Death will find some ways to untie or cut the most gordian knots of life, and make men's miseries as mortal as themselves: whereas evil spirits, as undying substances, are unseparable from their calamities; and, therefore, they everlastingly struggle under their angustias, and bound up with immortality can never get out of themselves."

"There! I told you so!" cried Charley. "Don't you see? He is the most cunning arguer—beats Despair in the Fairy Queen hollow!"

By this time, either attracted by the stately flow of Sir Thomas's speech, or by the tone of our disputation, the two girls had drawn nearer, and were listening.

"What *do* you mean, Charley?" I said, perceiving however the hold I had by my further quotation given him.

"First of all, he tells you the easiest way of dying, and then informs you that it ends all your troubles. He is too cunning to say in so many words that there is no hereafter, but what else can he wish you to understand when he says that in dying we have the advantage over the evil spirits, who cannot by death get rid of their sufferings? I will read this book," he added, closing it, and putting it in his pocket.

"I wish you would," I said; "for although I confess you are logically right in your conclusions, I know Sir Thomas did not mean anything of the sort. He was only misled by his love of antithesis into a hasty and illogical remark. The whole tone of his book is against such a conclusion. Besides, I do not doubt he was thinking only of good people, for whom he believed all suffering over at their death."

"But I don't see, supposing he does believe in immortality, why you should be so anxious about his orthodoxy on the other point. Didn't Dr. Donne, as good a man as any, I presume, argue on the part of the suicide?"

"I have not read Dr. Donne's essay, but I suspect the obliquity of it has been much exaggerated."

"Why should you? I never saw any argument worth the name on the other side. We have plenty of expressions of horror—but those are not argument. Indeed, the mass of the vulgar are so afraid of dying, that, apparently in terror lest suicide should prove infectious, they treat in a brutal manner the remains of the man who has only had the courage to free himself from a burden too hard for him to bear. It is all selfishness—nothing else. They love their paltry selves so much, that they count it a greater sin to kill one's self than to kill another man—which seems to me absolutely devilish. Therefore, the *vox populi*, whether it be the *vox Dei* or not, is not nonsense merely, but absolute wickedness. Why shouldn't a man kill himself?"

Clara was looking on rather than listening, and her interest seemed that of amusement only. Mary's eyes were wide-fixed on the face of Charley, evidently tortured to find that to the other enormities of his unbelief was to be added the justification of suicide. His habit of arguing was doubtless well enough known to her to leave room for the mitigating possibility that he might be arguing only for argument's sake, but what he said could not but be shocking to her upon any supposition.

I was not ready with an answer. Clara was the first to speak.

"It's a cowardly thing, anyhow," she said.

"How do you make that out, Miss Clara?" asked Charley. "I'm aware it's the general opinion, but I don't see it myself."

"It's surely cowardly to run away in that fashion."

"For my part," returned Charley, "I feel that it requires more courage than I've got, and hence it comes, I suppose, that I admire any one who has the pluck."

"What vulgar words you use, Mr. Charles!" said Clara.

"Besides," he went on, heedless of her remark, "a man may want to escape—not from his duties—he mayn't know what they are—but from his own weakness and shame."

"But, Charley dear," said Mary, with a great light in her eyes, and the rest of her face as still as a sunless pond, "you don't think of the sin of it. I know you are only talking, but some things oughtn't to be talked of lightly."

"What makes it a sin? It's not mentioned in the Ten Commandments," said Charley.

"Surely it's against the will of God, Charley dear."

"He hasn't said anything about it, anyhow. And why should I have a thing forced upon me whether I will or no, and then be pulled up for throwing it away when I found it troublesome?"

"Surely I don't quite understand you, Charley."

"Well, if I must be more explicit—I was never asked whether I chose to be made or not. I never had the conditions laid before me. Here I am, and I can't help myself—so far, I mean, as that here I am."

"But life is a good thing," said Mary, evidently struggling with an almost overpowering horror.

"I dont know that. My impression is that if I had been asked——"

"But that couldn't be, you know."

"Then it wasn't fair. But why couldn't I be made for a moment or two, long enough to have the thing laid before me, and be asked whether I would accept it or not? My impression is that I would have said—No, thank you;—that is, if it was fairly put."

I hastened to offer a remark, in the hope of softening the pain such flippancy must cause her.

"And my impression is, Charley," I said, "that if such had been possible——"

"Of course," he interrupted, "the God you believe in could have made me for a minute or two. He can, I suppose, unmake me now when he likes."

"Yes; but could he have made you all at once capable of understanding his plans, and your own future? Perhaps that is what he is doing now—making you, by all you are going through, capable of understanding them. Certainly the question could not have been put to you before you were able to comprehend it, and this may be the only way to make you able. Surely a being who *could* make you had a right to risk the chance, if I may be allowed such an expression, of your being satisfied in the end with what he saw to be good—so good indeed that, if we accept the New Testament story, he would have been willing to go through the same troubles himself for the same end."

"No, no; not the same troubles," he objected. "According to the story to which you refer, Jesus Christ was free from all that alone makes life unendurable—the bad inside you, that will come outside whether you will or no."

"I admit your objection. As to the evil coming out, I suspect it is better it should come out, so long as it is there. But the end is not yet; and still I insist the probability is, that if you could know it all now, you would say with submission, if not with hearty concurrence—'Thy will be done.'"

"I have known people who could say that without knowing it all now, Mr. Cumbermede," said Mary.

I had often called her by her Christian name, but she had never accepted the familiarity.

"No doubt," said Charley; "but *I*'m not one of those."

"If you would but give in," said his sister, "you would—in the end, I mean—say, 'It is well.' I am sure of that."

"Yes—perhaps I might—after all the suffering had been forced upon me, and was over at last—when I had been thoroughly exhausted and cowed, that is."

"Which wouldn't satisfy any thinking soul, Charley—much less God," I said. "But if there be a God at all——"

Mary gave a slight inarticulate cry.

"Dear Miss Osborne," I said, "I beg you will not misunderstand me. I cannot be sure about it as you are—I wish I could—but I am not disputing it in the least; I am only trying to make my argument as strong as I can. I was going to say to Charley—not to you—that if there be a God, he would not have compelled us to be, except with the absolute foreknowledge that when we knew all about it, we would certainly declare ourselves ready to go through it all again if need should be, in order to attain the known end of his high calling."

"But isn't it very presumptuous to assert anything about God which he has not revealed in his word?" said Mary, in a gentle, subdued voice, and looking at me with a sweet doubtfulness in her eyes.

"I am only insisting on the perfection of God—as far as I can understand perfection," I answered.

"But may not the perfection of God be something very different from anything we *can* understand?"

"I will go farther," I returned. "It *must* be something that we cannot understand—but different from what we can understand by being greater, not by being less."

"Mayn't it be such that we can't understand it at all?" she insisted.

"Then how should we ever worship him? How should we ever rejoice in him? Surely it is because you see God to be good——"

"Or fancy you do," interposed Charley.

"Or fancy you do," I assented, "that you love him—not merely because you are told he

is good. The Feejee islander might assert his God to be good, but would that make you love him? If you heard that a great power, away somewhere, who had nothing to do with you at all, was very good, would that make you able to love him?"

"Yes, it would," said Mary, decidedly. "It is only a good man who would see that God was good."

"There you argue entirely on my side. It must be because you supposed his goodness what you call goodness—not something else—that you could love him on testimony. But even then, your love could not be of that mighty, absorbing kind which alone you would think fit between you and your God. It would not be loving him with all your heart and soul and strength and mind—would it? It would be loving him second-hand—not because of himself, seen and known by yourself."

"But Charley does not even love God second-hand," she said, with a despairing mournfulness.

"Perhaps because he is very anxious to love him first-hand, and what you tell him about God does not seem to him to be good. Surely neither man nor woman can love because of what seems not good! I confess one may love in spite of what is bad, but it must be because of other things that are good."

She was silent.

"However goodness may change its forms," I went on, "it must still be goodness; only if we are to adore it, we must see something of what it is—of itself. And the goodness we cannot see, the eternal goodness, high above us as the heavens are above the earth, must still be a goodness that includes, absorbs, elevates, purifies all our goodness, not tramples upon it and calls it wickedness. For if not such, then we have nothing in common with God, and what we call goodness is not of God. He has not even ordered it; or, if He has, He has ordered it only to order the contrary afterwards; and there is, in reality, no real goodness—at least in Him; and if not in Him, of whom we spring—where then?—and what becomes of ours, poor as it is?"

My reader will see that I had already thought much about these things; although, I suspect, I have now not only expressed them far better than I could have expressed them in conversation, but with a degree of clearness which must be owing to the further continuance of the habit of reflecting on these and cognate subjects. Deep in my mind, however, something like this lay; and in some manner like this I tried to express it.

Finding she continued silent, and that Charley did not appear inclined to renew the contest, anxious also to leave no embarrassing silence to choke the channel now open between us—I mean Mary and myself—I returned to the original question.

"It seems to me, Charley—and it follows from all we have been saying—that the sin of suicide lies just in this, that it is an utter want of faith in God. I confess I do not see any other ground on which to condemn it—provided always, that the man has no others dependent upon him, none for whom he ought to live and work."

"But does a man owe nothing to himself?" said Clara.

"Nothing that I know of," I replied. "I am under no obligation to myself. How can I divide myself, and say that the one-half of me is indebted to the other? To my mind, it is a mere fiction of speech."

"But whence then should such a fiction arise?" objected Charley, willing, perhaps, to defend Clara.

"From the dim sense of a real obligation, I suspect, the object of which is mistaken. I suspect it really springs from our relation to the unknown God, so vaguely felt that a false form is readily accepted for its embodiment by a being who, in ignorance of its nature, is yet aware of its presence. I mean that what seems an obligation to self is in reality a dimly apprehended duty—an obligation to the unknown God, and not to self, in which lies no causing, therefore no obligating power."

"But why say *the unknown God*, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Mary.

"Because I do not believe that any one who knew Him could possibly attribute to himself what belonged to Him—could, I mean, talk of an obligation to himself, when that obligation was to God."

How far Mary Osborne followed the argument or agreed with it I cannot tell, but she gave me a look of something like gratitude, and my heart felt too big for its closed chamber.

At this very moment the housemaid, who had along with the carpenter assisted me in the library, entered the room. She was rather a forward girl, and I suppose presumed on our acquaintance to communicate directly with myself instead of going to the housekeeper. Seeing her approach as if she wanted to speak to me, I went to meet her. She handed me a small ring, saying, in a low voice,

"I found this in your room, sir, and thought it better to bring it to you."

"Thank you," I said, putting it at once on my little finger; "I am glad you found it."

Charley and Clara had begun talking. I believe Clara was trying to make Charley give her the book he had pocketed, imagining it really of the character he had, half in sport, professed to believe it. But Mary had caught sight of the ring, and, with a bewildered expression on her countenance, was making a step towards me. I put a finger to my lips, and gave her a look by which I succeeded in arresting her. Utterly perplexed, I believe, she turned away towards the bookshelves behind her. I went into the next room, and called Charley.

"I think we had better not go on with this talk. You are very imprudent to be always bringing up subjects that tend to widen the gulf between you and your sister. When I have a chance, I do what I can to make her doubt whether you are so far wrong as they think you, but you must give her time. All your kind of thought is so new to her that your words cannot possibly convey to her what is in your mind. If only she were not so afraid of me! But I think she begins to trust me a little."

"It's no use," he returned. "Her head is so full of rubbish!"

"But her heart is so full of goodness!"

"I wish you could make anything of her! But she looks up to my father with such a blind adoration, that it isn't of the slightest use attempting to put an atom of sense into her."

"I should indeed despair if I might only set about it after your fashion. You always seem to shut your eyes to the mental condition of those that differ from you. Instead of trying to understand them first, which gives the sole possible chance of your ever making them understand what you mean, you care only to present your opinions; and that you do in such a fashion that they must appear to them false. You even make yourself seem to hold these for very love of their untruth; and thus make it all but impossible for them to shake off their fetters: every truth in advance of what they have already learned, will henceforth come to them associated with your presumed backsliding and impenitence."

"Goodness! where did you learn their slang?" cried Charley. "But impenitence, if you like,—not backsliding. I never made any *profession*. After all, however, their opinions don't seem to hurt them—I mean my mother and sister."

"They must hurt them, if only by hindering their growth. In time, of course, the angels of the heart will expel the demons of the brain; but it is a pity the process should be retarded by your behavior."

"I know I am a brute, Wilfrid. I *will* try to hold my tongue."

"Depend upon it," I went on, "whatever such hearts can believe, is, as believed by them, to be treated with respect. It is because of the truth in it, not because of the falsehood, that they hold it; and when you speak against the false in it, you appear to them to speak against the true; for the dogma seems to them an unanalyzable unit. You assail the false with the recklessness of falsehood itself, careless of the injury you may inflict on the true."

I was interrupted by the entrance of Clara.

"If you gentlemen don't want us any more, we had better go," she said.

I left Charley to answer her, and went back into the next room. Mary stood where I had left her, mechanically shifting and arranging the volumes on a shelf at the height of her eyes.

"I think this is your ring, Miss Osborne," I said, in a low and hurried tone, offering it.

Her expression at first was only of questioning surprise, when suddenly something seemed to cross her mind; she turned pale as death, and put her hand on the bookshelves as if to support her; as suddenly flushed crimson for a moment, and again turned deadly pale—all before I could speak.

"Don't ask me any questions, dear Miss Osborne," I said. "And, please, trust me this far: don't mention the loss of your ring to any one — except it be your mother. Allow me to put it on your finger."

She gave me a glance I cannot and would not describe. It lies treasured — for ever, God grant!—in the secret jewel-house of my heart. She lifted a trembling left hand, and doubtingly held — half held it towards me. To this day I know nothing of the stones of that ring—not even their color; but I know I should know it at once if I saw it. My hand trembled more than hers as I put it on the third finger.

What followed, I do not know. I think I left her there and went into the other room. When I returned a little after, I know she was gone. From that hour, not one word ever passed between us in reference to the matter. The best of my conjectures remains but a conjecture; I know how the sword got there—nothing more.

I did not see her again that day, and did not seem to want to see her, but worked on amongst the books in a quiet exaltation. My being seemed tenfold awake and alive. My thoughts dwelt on the rarely revealed loveliness of my *Athanasia;* and although I should have scorned unspeakably to take the smallest advantage of having come to share a secret with her, I could not help rejoicing in the sense of nearness to and *alone-ness* with her which the possession of that secret gave me; while one of the most precious results of the new love which had thus all at once laid hold upon me, was the feeling—almost a conviction—that the dream was not a web self-wove in the loom of my brain, but that from somewhere, beyond my soul even, an influence had mingled with its longings to in-form the vision of that night—to be as it were a creative soul to what would otherwise have been but loose, chaotic, and shapeless vagaries of the unguided imagination. The events of that night were as the sudden opening of a door through which I caught a glimpse of that region of the supernal in which, whatever might be her theories concerning her experiences therein, Mary Osborne certainly lived, if ever any one lived. The degree of God's presence with a creature is not to be measured by that creature's interpretation of the manner in which He is revealed. The great question is whether He is revealed or no; and a strong truth can carry many parasitical errors.

I felt that now I could talk freely to her of what most perplexed me—not so much, I confess, with any hope that she might cast light on my difficulties, as in the assurance that she would not only influence me to think purely and nobly, but would urge me in the search after God. In such a relation of love to religion the vulgar mind will ever imagine ground for ridicule; but those who have most regarded human nature know well enough that the two have constantly manifested themselves in the closest relation; while even the poorest love is the enemy of selfishness unto the death; for the one or the other must give up the ghost. Not only must God be in all that is human, but of it He must be the root.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SWORD IN THE SCALE.

THE next morning Charley and I went as usual to the library, where later in the day we were joined by the two ladies. It was long before our eyes once met, but when at last they did, Mary allowed hers to rest on mine for just one moment with an expression of dove-like beseeching, which I dared to interpret as meaning—"Be just to me." If she read mine, surely she read there that she was safe with my thoughts as with those of her mother.

Charley and I worked late in the afternoon, and went away in the last of the twilight. As we approached the gate of the park, however, I remembered I had left behind me a book I had intended to carry home for comparison with a copy in my possession of which the title-page was gone. I asked Charley there-

fore to walk on and give my man some directions about Lilith, seeing I had it in my mind to propose a ride on the morrow, while I went back to fetch it.

Finding the door at the foot of the stair leading to the open gallery ajar, and knowing that none of the rooms at either end of it were occupied, I went the nearest way, and thus entered the library at the point farthest from the more public parts of the house. The book I sought was however at the other end of the suite, for I had laid it on the window-sill of the room next the armory.

As I entered that room, and while I crossed it towards the glimmering window, I heard voices in the armory, and soon distinguished Clara's. It never entered my mind that possibly I ought not to hear what might be said. Just as I reached the window I was arrested, and stood stock-still; the other voice was that of Geoffrey Brotherton. Before my self-possession returned, I had heard what follows.

"I am certain *he* took it," said Clara. "I didn't see him, of course; but if you call at the Moat to-morrow, ten to one you will find it hanging on the wall."

"I knew him for a sneak, but never took him for a thief. I would have lost anything out of the house rather than that sword!"

"Don't you mention my name in it. If you do, I shall think you—well, I will never speak to you again."

"And if I don't, what then?"

Before I heard her answer, I had come to myself. I had no time for indignation yet. I must meet Geoffrey at once. I would not however have him know I had overheard any of their talk. It would have been more straightforward to allow the fact to be understood, but I shrunk from giving him occasion for accusing me of an eavesdropping of which I was innocent. Besides, I had no wish to encounter Clara before I understood her game, which I need not say was a mystery to me. What end could she have in such duplicity? I had had unpleasant suspicions of the truth of her nature before; but could never have suspected her of baseness.

I stepped quietly into the further room, whence I returned, making a noise with the door-handle, and saying,

"Are you there, Miss Coningham? Could you help me to find a book I left here?"

There was silence; but after the briefest pause I heard the sound of her dress as she swept hurriedly out into the gallery. I advanced. On the top of the steps, filling the doorway of the armory in the faint light from the window, appeared the dim form of Brotherton.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I heard a lady's voice, and thought it was Miss Coningham's."

"I cannot compliment your ear," he answered. "It was one of the maids. I had just rung for a light. I presume you are Mr. Cumbermede."

"Yes," I answered. "I returned to fetch a book I forgot to take with me. I suppose you have heard what we've been about in the library here?"

"I have been partially informed of it," he answered stiffly. "But I have heard also that you contemplate a raid upon the armory. I beg you will let the weapons alone."

I had said something of the sort to Clara that very morning.

"I have a special regard for them," he went on; "and I don't want them meddled with. It's not every one knows how to handle them. Some amongst them I would not have injured for their weight in diamonds. One in particular I should like to give you the history of—just to show you that I am right in being careful over them.—Here comes the light!"

I presume it had been hurriedly arranged between them as Clara left him that she should send one of the maids, who in consequence made her appearance with a candle. Brotherton took it from her and approached the wall.

"Why! What the devil! Some one has been meddling already, I find! The very sword I speak of is gone! There's the sheath hanging empty! What *can* it mean? Do you know anything of this, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"I do, Mr. Brotherton. The sword to which that sheath belongs is *mine*. I have it."

"*Yours!*" he shouted; then restraining himself, added in a tone of utter contempt—"This is rather too much. Pray, sir, on what

grounds do you lay claim to the smallest atom of property within these walls? My father ought to have known what he was about when he let you have the run of the house! And the old books too! By heaven, it's too much! I always thought——"

"It matters little to me what you think, Mr. Brotherton—so little that I do not care to take any notice of your insolence——"

"Insolence!" he roared, striding towards me, as if he would have knocked me down.

I was not his match in strength, for he was at least two inches taller than I, and of a coarse-built, powerful frame. I caught a light rapier from the wall, and stood on my defense.

"Coward!" he cried.

"There are more where this came from," I answered, pointing to the wall.

He made no move towards arming himself, but stood glaring at me in a white rage.

"I am prepared to prove," I answered as calmly as I could, "that the sword to which you allude is mine. But I will give *you* no explanation. If you will oblige me by asking your father to join us, I will tell him the whole story."

"I will have a warrant out against you."

"As you please. I am obliged to you for mentioning it. I shall be ready. I have the sword, and intend to keep it. And by the way, I had better secure the scabbard as well," I added, as with a sudden spring I caught it also from the wall, and again stood prepared.

He ground his teeth with rage. He was one of those who, trusting to their superior strength, are not much afraid of a row, but cannot face cold steel: soldier as he had been, it made him nervous.

"Insulted in my own house!" he snarled from beneath his teeth.

"Your father's house," I corrected. "Call him, and I will give explanations."

"Damn your explanations! Get out of the house, you puppy; or I'll have the servants up and have you ducked in the horse-pond."

"Bah!" I said. "There's not one of them would lay hands on me at your bidding. Call your father, I say, or I will go and find him myself."

He broke out in a succession of oaths, using language I had heard in the streets of London, but nowhere else. I stood perfectly still, and watchful. All at once, he turned and went into the gallery, over the balustrade of which he shouted,

"Martin! Go and tell my father to come here—to the armory—at once. Tell him there's a fellow here out of his mind."

I remained quiet, with my scabbard in one hand, and the rapier in the other—a dangerous weapon enough, for it was, though slight, as sharp as a needle, and I knew it for a bit of excellent temper. Brotherton stood outside waiting for his father. In a few moments I heard the voice of the old man.

"Boys! boys!" he cried; "what is all this to-do?"

"Why, sir," answered Geoffrey, trying to be calm, "here's that fellow Cumbermede confesses to having stolen the most valuable of the swords out of the armory—one that's been in the family for two hundred years, and says he means to keep it."

I just caught the word *liar* ere it escaped my lips: I would spare the son in his father's presence.

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles. "What does it all mean? You're at your old quarrelsome tricks, my boy! Really you ought to be wiser by this time!"

As he spoke he entered panting, and with the rubicund glow beginning to return upon a face from which the message had evidently banished it.

"Tut! tut!" he said again, half starting back as he caught sight of me with the weapon in my hand—"What is it all about, Mr. Cumbermede? I thought *you* had more sense!"

"Sir Giles," I said, "I have not confessed to having stolen the sword—only to having taken it."

"A very different thing," he returned, trying to laugh. "But come now; tell me all about it. We can't have quarreling like this, you know. We can't have pot-house work here."

"That is just why I sent for you, Sir Giles," I answered, replacing the rapier on the wall. "I want to tell you the whole story."

"Let's have it then."

"Mind I don't believe a word of it," said Geoffrey.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his father sharply.

"Mr. Brotherton," I said, "I offered to tell the story to Sir Giles—not to you."

"You offered!" he sneered. "You may be compelled—under different circumstances by and by, if you don't mind what you're about."

"Come now—no more of this!" said Sir Giles.

Thereupon I began at the beginning, and told him the story of the sword, as I have already given it to my reader. He fidgeted a little, but Geoffrey kept himself stock-still during the whole of the narrative. As soon as I had ended Sir Giles said,

"And you think poor old Close actually carried off your sword!—Well, he was an odd creature, and had a passion for everything that could kill. The poor little atomy used to carry a poniard in the breast pocket of his black coat—as if anybody would ever have thought of attacking his small carcass! Ha! ha! ha! He was simply a monomaniac in regard of swords and daggers. There, Geoffrey! The sword is plainly his. *He* is the wronged party in the matter, and we owe him an apology."

"I believe the whole to be a pure invention," said Geoffrey, who now appeared perfectly calm.

"Mr. Brotherton!" I began, but Sir Giles interposed.

"Hush! hush!" he said, and turned to his son. "My boy, you insult your father's guest."

"I will at once prove to you, sir, how unworthy he is of any forbearance, not to say protection from you. Excuse me for one moment."

He took up the candle, and opening the little door at the foot of the winding stair disappeared. Sir Giles and I sat in silence and darkness until he returned, carrying in his hand an old vellum-bound book.

"I dare say you don't know this manuscript, sir," he said, turning to his father.

"I know nothing about it," answered Sir Giles. "What is it? Or what has it to do with the matter in hand?"

"Mr. Close found it in some corner or other, and used to read it to me when I was a little fellow. It is a description, and in most cases a history as well, of every weapon in the armory. They had been much neglected, and a great many of the labels were gone, but those which were left referred to numbers in the book heading descriptions which corresponded exactly to the weapons on which they were found. With a little trouble he had succeeded in supplying the numbers where they were missing, for the descriptions are very minute."

He spoke in a tone of perfect self-possession.

"Well, Geoffrey, I ask again, what has all this to do with it?" said the father.

"If Mr. Cumbermede will allow you to look at the label attached to the sheath in his hand, for fortunately it was a rule with Mr. Close to put a label on both sword and sheath, and if you will read me the number, I will read you the description in the book."

I handed the sheath to Sir Giles, who began to decipher the number on the ivory ticket.

"The label is quite a new one," I said.

"I have already accounted for that," said Brotherton. "I will leave it to yourself to decide whether the description corresponds."

Sir Giles read out the number, figure by figure, adding—

"But how are we to test the description? I don't know the thing, and it's not here.

"It is at the Moat," I replied; "but its future place is at Sir Giles's decision."

"Part of the description belongs to the scabbard you have in your hand, sir," said Brotherton. "The description of the sword itself I submit to Mr. Cumbermede."

"Till the other day I never saw the blade," I said.

"Likely enough," he retorted dryly, and proceeding, read the description of the half-basket hilt, inlaid with ornaments and initials in gold.

(To be continued.)

A NEW STUDY OF AN OLD "FORCE."

THAT there may be forces in Nature which we have as yet no knowledge of, and possibly no means of apprehending, it would be sheer assertion to deny. That there are phenomena as patent to the senses as light or heat, yet inexplicable by any of the known laws of Nature, is equally undeniable. Their existence cannot be put down by any hypothesis of imposture, coincidence, or mistake. Sift out from the multitude of phenomena known under the terms of "animal magnetism," "spiritual manifestations," and so on, all those that are demonstrably fraudulent, all those referable to known modes of material action, all those of a doubtful character, and there remains a substratum which has never been satisfactorily accounted for or disproved. Until one or the other is done these phenomena are proper subjects for scientific investigation.

The examination of them, however, is fraught with unusual difficulties. Phenomena of this sort are especially captivating to the multitude, who can never keep their heads in the presence of the marvelous. Everything must be explained by them or for them at sight; and any hypothesis, however unreasonable, is greedily accepted if they cannot propose a better one off-hand. Ever ready to call in the supernatural, and seldom able to distinguish between truth and trickery, they become the easy prey of knaves, to the disgust of the cooler headed, who too frequently go to the other extreme of denying all the phenomena in question the moment some of them have been proved unreal. Another difficulty has arisen from the needless barriers erected between scientific observers and the honest possessors of unusual powers, by the too ready denial by the former of the existence of any force not already known to them, and the over-sensitiveness of the latter in regard to the application of critical tests to their performances, such tests seeming to imply a suspicion of their honesty. Still another difficulty arises from the inability of "mediums," erroneously so called, to command their peculiar powers at all times.

These obstacles seem at last to have been surmounted, in part at least, by a clever English chemist, Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., and the famous "medium" Mr. Home, the results of whose investigations are given by Mr. Crookes in the July number of the *London Quarterly Journal of Science*, of which he is editor. These investigations appear to open up a field of physical research as wonderful as that entered by the Spectrum Analysis, and of vastly greater human interest. A long course of experiments were tried by Messrs. Crookes and Home, with varying results, in the presence of numerous scientific observers. Two of the experiments, "the most striking and easily tested with scientific accuracy," are described at length in the *Quarterly*. They were made at the house of Mr. Crookes, in the presence of Dr. Huggins, the eminent astronomer; Mr. E. W. Cox, "a well-known sergeant-at-law;" Mr. Crookes' brother, and his chemical assistant. The apparatus was prepared expressly for the purpose by Mr. Crookes. That for the first experiment consisted of a drum-shaped cage of wood and wire, two feet in diameter and just high enough to allow it to slip under a table. Mr. Home did not see the apparatus before entering the room, and he had not even had the object of some of it explained to him before sitting down. At his suggestion the further precaution was taken by Mr. Crookes of witnessing a change of dress by Mr. Home, enabling him to state positively that "no machinery, apparatus, or contrivance of any sort was secreted about Mr. Home's person."

The first experiment was intended to test Mr. Home's power of playing on a musical instrument under what, to ordinary persons, would be impossible conditions. Mr. Home was seated at the side of the table, with his feet on opposite sides of the cage, and under the feet of observers on each side of him. The room was well lighted with gas. Taking an accordeon between the thumb and middle finger of one hand, at the end opposite to the keys, Mr. Home placed it within the cage, which was then shoved under the table as close as his wrist would permit, but without hiding his hand from those next to him. His other hand rested on the top of the table.



FIRST EXPERIMENT.

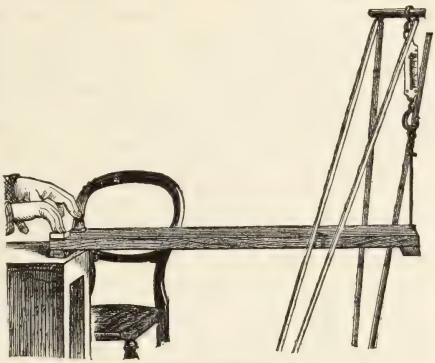
Very soon the accordeon began to wave about in a curious manner, emitting sounds. Mr. Crookes' assistant got under the table and reported that the instrument was expanding and contracting, while the hand that held it was quite still. Dr. Huggins looked under the table and verified the report of the assistant. Soon after, the conditions remaining the same, a simple air was played on the instrument. As the keys could not by any possibility be reached by Mr. Home, or any other member of the company, this was considered a crucial experiment. But the sequel was still more striking. Mr. Home actually let go the accordeon, removed his hand from the cage and placed it in the hand of the person next to him; yet the instrument continued to play. Mr. Crookes then had the apparatus connected with two Grove's cells provided for the purpose, and passed a battery-current round the insulated copper wire which formed the cage. The playing was repeated, but whether the electric current assisted the manifestation of the force inside, Mr. Crookes was unable to say. The result of the experiment made under these conditions is wonderful enough to justify quotation at length.

"The accordeon was now taken without any visible touch from Mr. Home's hand, which he removed from it entirely; I and two others present not only seeing his released hand, but the accordeon also floating about with no visible support inside the cage. This was repeated a second time, after a short interval. Mr. Home presently re-inserted his hand in the cage and took hold of the accordeon. It then commenced to play, at first chords and runs, and afterwards a well-known sweet and plaintive melody, which it executed perfectly in a very beautiful manner. While this tune was being played, I took hold of Mr. Home's arm, below the elbow, and gently slid my hand down until I touched the top of the accordeon. He was not moving a muscle. His other hand was on the table, visible to all, and his feet were under the feet of those next to him."

No theory of *hocus-pocus* will explain away the testimony of such a critical witness as Dr. Huggins to a phenomenon like this, however unaccountable it may seem. Seated at the opposite side of the table, he could not see the withdrawal of Mr. Home's hand from the accordeon: but he admits that such was stated to be the case at the time by Mr. Crookes, and by the person sitting on the other side of Mr. Home. With this single reservation he vouches for the correctness of the description published by Mr. Crookes.

The other experiment was designed to test Mr. Home's power to move heavy bodies without calling into action any of the forces known to science. The apparatus consisted of a mahogany board, three feet long, nine and a half inches wide, and one inch thick, with a strip of mahogany one and a half inches wide screwed on at each end, forming feet; a stout table, and a spring balance hanging from a substantial tripod stand. The balance was fitted with a self-registering index in such a manner that it would record the maximum weight indicated by the pointer. When in position the board was horizontal, one end resting on the edge of the table, the other supported by the balance. In this position the weight marked by the index was three pounds. Sitting in an easy-chair, Mr. Home placed the tips of his fingers lightly on the extreme end of the board resting on the table. Mr. Crookes and Dr. Huggins sat on each side, watching the effect. Almost imme-

diately the further end of the board was observed to oscillate slowly up and down. Of his own accord, Mr. Home then took a small hand-bell and a little card match-box which happened to be near, and placed one under each hand, to satisfy the observers that muscular pressure was not the cause of the movement. The oscillation continued, the index of the balance descending at one time as low as nine pounds, showing a maximum pull of six pounds. With his fingers placed as they were, directly over the fulcrum, any exertion of muscular pressure by Mr. Home would have served only to hold the board rigidly in place. Even if he had pushed them slightly beyond the fulcrum, it would have been impossible for him to exert the pressure indicated, as a subsequent test clearly showed. Mr. Crookes got upon the table and stood on one foot on the place where Mr. Home's fingers had been. His whole weight (140 pounds) sunk the index but one and a half pounds, or two pounds when he jerked up and down; this effect being attributed to his foot extending slightly beyond the fulcrum.



SECOND EXPERIMENT.

Of course these experiments, or rather the series of which these are specimens, do not demonstrate the existence of a hitherto unrecognized force; but they certainly prove there is something in these obscure manifestations of power that scientific men cannot be true to their professions and refuse to investigate. So much Dr. Huggins admits, while cautiously refraining from any expression of opinion concerning the power exerted by Mr. Home. Mr. Cox and Mr. Crookes are confident that the experiments establish the existence of a new force (which, for convenience, they call Psychic Force), in some unknown manner connected with the human organization. As regards the nature of this force, and its correlation with known forces, Mr. Crookes hazards no hypothesis, believing it to be the duty of inquirers to abstain from framing theories until they have accumulated facts enough to form a substantial basis on which to reason. If these experiments are confirmed,—and they must be by other observers, and through persons whose reputations are less questionable than Mr. Home's, before they can be fully accepted,—they will prove that the human organization is capable of evolving a force competent to produce, without contact, many of the results of muscular effort; and what is more wonderful, results involving special training as well as general intelligence.

Another point appears to be established to Mr. Crookes' satisfaction: that the possessors of this power are subject to unaccountable ebbs and flows of force; so that the failure of any experiment does not justify an abandonment of the investigation. An experiment that fails utterly one day may succeed the next. In this way he accounts for the negative results of the examination of Mr. Home by a scientific committee at St. Petersburg some months ago.

It is but just to those engaged in these investigations to add, that they carefully avoid giving any countenance to the crude theory of "spiritual" influence in connection with the phenomena involved.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE RIOT OF ROMANISM.

We suppose that the Irish riot of July, in New York, was the offspring of religious hatred. The Orangemen, a Protestant society, undertook to celebrate the anniversary of a battle in which the Irish Catholics were defeated, two centuries ago; and as it was known that the hatred of their Catholic countrymen would incite a riot, the city authorities forbade the procession which the Orangemen had planned. Every respectable newspaper in the city protested against this weak surrender to the mob, and so indignant and energetic was their protest that Governor Hoffman was obliged to use his own authority, permitting the Orangemen to proceed through the streets, and protecting them by the whole force of the city police and the military. The procession appeared; the threatened riot took place; fifty persons, some of them innocent, were killed; one hundred, more or less, were wounded; and every decent man feels that, sad as these consequences were, both the city and the nation are ten thousand times safer and richer than they would have been had the matter rested where the city authorities placed it. Liberty would have been degraded in its home by the foul surrender, and Protestantism would have been disgraced by refusing to protect her own.

There is one lesson which it seems impossible for a Romanist to learn, and that is toleration. It is said that the Catholic clergy energetically opposed the mob in its inception, and we have no reason to doubt it; but the fact is that the influence of their teaching through all the centuries has been to foster these brutal exhibitions of intolerance. When ignorant men are taught by their spiritual leaders, from their cradles, that every man, woman, and child outside of the Catholic church is outside of the heavenly favor, and is on the high road to certain perdition; when their prejudices against Protestantism are fed by all possible means, in public and private; when all converts to Protestantism from the Catholic faith are socially proscribed and are persecuted by every bitter expedient; when in every Catholic country every Protestant is counted but the offscouring of decent society; when in the Roman capital itself the Protestants, on whose money Rome has lived for many years, have been obliged to build and occupy churches outside of the city walls, as if they were an inferior or an unclean order of beings, it is not wonderful that brutal men in the Catholic communion take brutal methods to express their hatred so industriously inculcated. There is no toleration of Protestantism in the Catholic heart; and men who have not brains enough to fight for their faith with moral weapons will use such as they have. A cudgel seems to be a good weapon enough to use upon the dogs which they have been taught to believe Protestants are.

There is one way—and we know of but one—in which the Catholic priesthood can quench these yearly quarrels between Catholic and Protestant Irishmen. Let them teach their people, in the first place, how to read. Give them some culture, so that they shall be reflective and rational. The great masses engaged in the late riot were as ignorant as horses. They did not know enough to know that the Orangemen were intellectually and morally their superiors. Then teach them toleration. Teach them when they find men who are casting out devils in the name of Christ to regard them as working for and with Him, though they follow not with the Catholics. Teach them to love men who differ with them, being full of all charity even to those who seem to them to be in error. If Protestantism has done any good to the human race, tell them what it is. In other words, let them teach them Christianity in the large and loving spirit of the Master, and be more anxious about the personal character of their flocks than the condition of the fences around their sheep-folds. These men who are so ready to shed the blood of their innocent fellow-countrymen are mainly what their priesthood have made them. They have had them in their hands for many years to educate, to mould, to elevate out of their brutal life, and make better. This mob shows how very inefficient their methods have been; and it ought to show them that their methods need reforming. They are in a country that tolerates all religions,—even that which tolerates none when it can help it,—and if they do not wish to be regarded as public enemies they must adopt and cherish the spirit of the country, and manifest something of the tolerant and charitable spirit of Christianity.

WOMEN IN THE COLLEGES.

We are not among those who fancy that there are any remarkable social dangers connected with bringing the sexes together during the processes of their education. The question of admitting women to colleges hitherto devoted to young men is now up, and at Amherst has been, and still is, under serious consideration. It may be said that if it is really desirable that any considerable number of women should receive the same education that the young men of Amherst College receive, they should have the opportunity to do so, at Amherst and elsewhere. It may be said, too, that this question of the education of women has only an indirect relation to the question of woman-suffrage, and should never be confounded with it. "The Woman Question" proper has no legitimate connection with the question of admitting women to the colleges where young men are educated. If the studies and the modes of study of the college are not to be modified in consequence of the admission of women, the men—teachers and students—need to make no objection. The society of women will do them good rather than harm. It is certainly one of the disadvantages of college and female boarding-school life that it is sexually isolated. There is no question that the daily association of the sexes when young, under judicious super-

vision and regulation, is much healthier than their separation. It is better that the sexes see each other daily than to dream of each other; and either the one or the other they always do. So, in our judgment, the question is not one mainly of social health and purity. If it is, then it is settled, and calls for no further discussion. It is the universal testimony of teachers, so far as we have learned, that morally the sexes do well together in school—do better, indeed, than when separated. The association of men and women in a school or college is just as safe and healthful as their association in all ordinary life. Men and women are never shut away from each other for long periods of time without damage and disaster. Imagination is unduly excited, feeling becomes morbid, and manners are degraded by such separations; and the earlier they can be dispensed with the better.

Can they be dispensed with altogether? We think not. We have never yet felt called upon to part with our old opinion that a man is not a woman, and that a woman is not a man; that, as a consequence, their spheres of labor and office differ, and that their educational training should have reference as well to their peculiarities of constitution as to the spheres of life they are to occupy. Now if Amherst College, or any other college, is adapted just as well to the training of young women as of young men, it is well adapted to the training of neither. If at Vassar and Holyoke women do not have a better chance than at Amherst and Harvard, Vassar and Holyoke are grossly at fault, and Amherst and Harvard are anything but what they pretend to be—first-class institutions for the training of young men, to lead the lives and do the work of men. If any of these young men's colleges are particularly desirable institutions for the education of women, they need reforming, unless it is proposed to change them into female seminaries.

The claiming of places for women in young men's colleges as a right, and the denunciation of their exclusion as a wrong to woman, are the special functions of fanatics and fools. There are no rights and wrongs in the matter. It is entirely a matter of policy with regard to that which is best, on the whole, for both young men and young women. Granted that morally they would do good to each other in the college, as they undoubtedly do in the primary and preparatory schools; granted that they would purify each other socially, and stimulate each other intellectually; granted that such association would soften and simplify the manners of all concerned; the facts still remain, that men are not women, that women are not men, and that for their differing spheres of life and labor they need a widely different training. It certainly is not an object for society to make women more like men than they are, or in any way to divert them from a full and fine development of their womanhood.

It ought to be said, on behalf of the women of America, that they have not, in any considerable or influential numbers, demanded admission to the colleges which have been specially designed for the training of young men. The demand has been made by theorists and dreamers, among the men mostly. The truth is that there is no call for these changes of policy which deserves attention. The schools provided for the education of women are growing better and better every year. Colleges for women are springing up all over the country, and Vassar is unquestionably a better place for young women—all sheltered by the single roof of the institution—than Amherst or Harvard or Yale or Union can be, adapted as they all are to the wants of young men, as well as to their lack of wants. There are no wise fathers and mothers who would not prefer Vassar or Holyoke to Amherst as a training-place for their daughters. They can reach any grade of learning and culture in these institutions which they desire, with special adaptations of institutional appointment and machinery to their wants as women, and special choice and arrangement of their studies to the womanly sphere of life they are to occupy. The managers of Amherst and the other colleges will do what they think best in regard to the proposed change, but we believe they will have the support of the best men and women in every part of the country if they decidedly and persistently refuse to make it.

With this expression of opinion we take pleasure in presenting to our readers, in another part of the magazine, Mr. Hyde's excellent paper on the "Co-education of the Sexes," and in asking for it a careful reading by all who are interested in the subject. The writer is a man of broad and valuable experience, and however much in certain particulars we may differ with his opinions, they ought to command very high consideration.

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Let us have some honest talk about our Sunday-schools. Admitting that they are useful beyond our finite calculation, and that, as an agency in Christian civilization, they stand in one of the places of highest importance, it will not be amiss to inquire whether there may not be in them some tendencies to evil, some wrong ideas, some misconceptions of the highest end to be sought in their operation and management.

Let us touch the heart of the matter in our opening statement. We know of no good reason for sending a child to a Sunday-school, or of seeking to bring a child into a Sunday-school, except to make a Christian of him. We are in the habit of speaking of Sunday-schools as "nurseries of the Church;" and no phrase could be happier in defining that which is undeniably the first object of a Sunday-school—namely, Christian nurture. There is a class of Sunday-schools, in large cities mainly, that need instruction in the facts of Christianity, but it is true that the great mass of children in the Sunday-schools of the United States know the story familiarly, and need nothing so much as to be religiously impressed and brought consciously and by a sweet and solemn choice into direct relation with the great object of worship, and into a voluntary

and loving allegiance to Him. The observations of a life of observation have taught us that the principal good results of Sunday-schools come not from enterprising and gifted superintendents, come not from interesting and funny story-tellers, who are known technically as "Sunday-school men," come not from singing sacred words to Yankee Doodle, or of frivolous words to still more frivolous tunes, come not from huge feats of memory in the rehearsal of long chapters of Holy Writ, come from none of the numberless tricks resorted to for enthralling juvenile interest and exciting juvenile ambition and love of praise, but from the personal influence of Christian teachers, who, knowing their scholars intimately and loving them tenderly, lead them by the power of their love and the light of their own Christian character into the adoption of a Christian life.

Nothing is more notorious than the fact that a man may carry the whole scheme of Christian truth in his mind from boyhood to old age without the slightest effect upon his character and aims. It is there, but it fructifies nothing. It has less influence than the multiplication table. A community may be—and often is—thoroughly intelligent in everything relating to the facts and claims of Christianity, and, at the same time, almost hopelessly frivolous or vicious. It follows, then, that a Sunday-school which does no more than teach fails to do that thing without which teaching is of very little account. The power of a Sunday-school to make Christians of its scholars resides almost entirely in its teachers. If they are Christians indeed, and are possessed by the Christian's love of the young natures committed to their keeping and leading, they will never rest until, by all practical means, they have endeavored to lead them to the adoption of that life which is the highest placed before the choice of humanity. The best minds and finest spirits of a church ought always to be in the Sunday-school. The highest office of this age, or of any age, is that of Christian teacher; and a man who can look with contempt upon the office of Sunday-school teacher, or regard it as detracting in any degree from his personal dignity, betrays inevitably the feebleness of his conceptions and the shallowness of his piety. How many churches are there in which there are not men and women who look upon Sunday-school teaching as a burden and a bore? How many Sunday-schools are there in which there are not teachers who stand week after week before their classes, refusing themselves to receive and profess the religion whose truths they undertake to impart?

With such views as these—stated or indicated—the readers of SCRIBNER will conclude that we have not a very favorable opinion of much of the machinery used in Sunday-schools. The children are not to blame for demanding excitement and amusement, because these have been the means resorted to for bringing them into Sunday-school and keeping them there. Indeed, the impression is quite prevalent among the children of some schools that they are conferring a great favor on superintendent and teachers by their attendance. If they cannot get funny books, or premiums, or hear funny stories, or have picnics, or Christmas presents, or some visible reward, they threaten to leave the school,—either to stay out entirely, or go to some other school where they can obtain what they demand. So all sorts of means are resorted to to keep up excitement, and, in the mean time, they get no religious impression whatever. The tunes they sing amuse them, but nurse no spirit of devotion. The books they read and the stories they hear interest them, but leave no result except hunger for more excitement of the same kind. The premiums they win inspire their pride in a sort of excellence which spares little room for Christian humility. In one way and another, the opportunities of making a deep and good impression upon character and life are frittered away, and the children are no better prepared to enter upon life and the resistance of its multiplied temptations to evil than if they had never seen a Sunday-school.

In our judgment there is a vast amount of machinery instituted by professional Sunday-school men that is the veriest humbug. They have complicated that which is unspeakably simple. They have undertaken to do that by artificial processes and by ingenious contrivances which can only be done well through the instincts of a loving heart and a heaven-enkindled zeal. The touch of a gentle hand in the exhibition of a personal affection and interest is worth ten thousand times more than the most elaborate exposition of Bible truth on a black-board. If superintendents and teachers possess common sense, and know exactly what they wish to do, and wish first and most to make Christians of their children, let them follow their own methods, and leave the professional methods to those who need them.

THE OLD CABINET.

As the time draws near for the election of a new President, the irresponsible journals cheerfully engage again in the diversion of nominating candidates for that distinguished office. Not that a single editor expects by this means to secure the election of the great man whose name appears in extraordinary capitals at the head of his columns. Not that a single other person (except in rare and ridiculous instances the person named) has any idea that such nomination can possibly affect the national choice. But the independent editorial opinion is proclaimed; the local favorite is trotted out, and an influential personage is immensely flattered.

For everybody knows that Presidents are made by other processes. Mr. Parton has told us something about it; but even Mr. Parton has not told all, and

we question whether, on the whole, the inedited annals would prove edifying. At the same time there may be reason for congratulation in the fact that things are no worse than they are, with about forty Governors, and a large number of ex-Governors; more than three hundred Members of Congress, and any number of ex-Congressmen; half a dozen Cabinet officers, a President, and legion other statesmen and politicians, of various degrees of honesty—of appetite for and skill in intrigue—all afflicted with

"That last infirmity of noble minds."

And it may be taken as a happy augury that the decisive question of availability involves, in its application to a Presidential candidate, considerations of a much higher character than when applied to a candidate on a ward or State ticket. The nominating convention of a congressional district may think it not fatal to party interests to disregard the opinion of good men in that particular district; but the aggregate good taste and integrity of a people must be consulted by the veriest wire-pullers and demagogues at Baltimore and Chicago. So while a notorious black-leg may (with a certain fitness) take his seat in the Capitol as the representative of a congenial constituency, it is not at all likely that he will ever be called upon to occupy the chair at the other end of the Avenue.

But—the independent newspaper nominations. Although ineffectual as to immediate result, are they altogether valueless?

Some "country editor," for instance, far away from the centers of party information and influence, preparing to send forth, under we know not what quaint motto concerning "the Beautiful and the True," his weekly hodge podge—the seven days' reading of a few score of honest farm-folk and villagers—having, perhaps, no political fish of his own to fry, no resident celebrity to compliment, looks out over the whole wide field of men, and, in his simplicity, "nominates" the ideal President. To be sure the candidate of the *Galusha Globe* will not be mentioned in any of the national conventions, but the *Daily* of the neighboring city makes a "state item" of the nomination, it may be with a knowing newspaper smile at the Verdant-Greenness of its rural contemporary. The little item goes the rounds. The ridiculousness of the thing keeps it afloat. "Of course, he would make a splendid President; nobody denies that. But he doesn't stand the ghost of a chance. It's simply absurd." Perhaps so; but it is the very absurdity of the idea that sets serious men thinking—and this is the precise good that comes of the *Galusha Globe's* Utopian proposition.

A newspaper has recently mentioned in connection with the Presidency a name that no one imagines at all likely to be the choice of the next National Republican Convention; and yet it is one which could not be spoken in that Convention without the heartiest applause—a name that suggests all the graces and adaptations of the highest culture; whatever is charming and beneficent in literature and oratory; whatever is wise and pure in American politics.

Well, some one may say, are not such men more useful in the professions wherein they have been specially trained? And this editor—is he not of greater value to the country in his present position than he would be even as its official ruler? Think what a power is wielded by the man who preaches good morals, good manners, and the true statesmanship, every winter from all our principal platforms, and the year round from the three most widely read departments of three of our most popular journals! Could journalism, could the lyceum, spare him? It is a serious question; but we would be willing to risk the loss for the sake of the gain that would come to the nation of so purifying an influence, so inspiring an example, as that of the Ideal President.

Let us not despair of the Republic. Let us do our parts in uplifting the standard, and one of these days those shrewd fellows, the politicians, will learn that the best man is the most available. In that good time coming, boys, we may see the Easy-Chair roll at last into the White House. Then will

Legislators keep the law,
And banks dispense with bolts and locks:
While berries—whortle, rasp, and straw,
Grow bigger, *downward*, through the box.

DEAR FRANK,—I know very well that, to you, such a blow as this must be terrible. I have been thinking of you, my dear fellow, ever since I read in the paper the sad news of your father's trouble and sudden disappearance. O, this is the worst of sin—its utter selfishness—the suffering it brings upon the innocent.

But you make use of one word, in referring to your own position and that of your family, against which I must protest, as indicating a view of the case radically false. I mean the word *disgrace*. There is no doctrine so shallow and pernicious as the doctrine that a man can disgrace some one beside himself by his disgraceful deeds. If *you* embezzled the funds of the Farmers' and Fishermen's Bank, then, for your crime, you shall be held in righteous disrepute among men, and suffer the divine indignation. But if it was another,—no matter how near that other to you,—and if, in your heart of hearts, you are innocent and pure, then you may hold up your head among the best, and none but the little-brained and small-souled shall point the finger at you. Petty detraction may be your trial for a time, but I know you will despise that, if you are assured of the sympathy and esteem of every man whose sympathy and esteem are worth having.

Yes, the wickedest part of ill-doing is the certain bringing of anguish upon the innocent. A mystery indeed this; but a greater mystery still would it be, were it not above everything true that there is no idle suffering in all the world—that, in the divine economy, there are no accidents. It is not for mortal to say exactly what discipline any soul may need, yet I have known one to make, in just such a stress as yours, the precious discovery of his own manhood.

Your friend, O. C.

A PORTFOLIO full of pictures lies here on the desk of the Old Cabinet. Let us together turn the loose leaves. Here, against a rugged mountain-side, rise, arch above arch, the grim ruins of an ancient monastery. You can hardly tell where the primal rock ceases and human handiwork begins; mountain melts into masonry, and ruined masonry into mountain, the gray lichen covering all. Shadowy forms of man and beast emerge, as you gaze, into distinctness, while here and there frowning portals open deep into mysterious darknesses. Next is a sparkling bit of river scenery: in the foreground a gently sloping bank, where a gay party is picnicking; farther, a broad expanse of shimmering water,—a wooded shore beyond, and a sunny sky overhead. Here is a gigantic cavern, with sky-reaching roof and jagged sides, and a strange light in the rocky walls, as if they were illuminated somehow from within. Now we come upon a winsome English landscape: wide meadows, winding rivers, grazing cattle, wind-mill, hill, castle, and gorgeous sunset,—and the next moment we are transported to some Eastern scene of sand, and camels, and waving palms.

You know this house is haunted, by the hush and mildew and mystery over it; by the grand decay of the old gateway; the bare spectral trees. How grateful after that, this bright piece of color—a golden memory of the Thames.

Here we are in the forest primeval, with its giant trees making a mid-day gloom, and shaggy trunks lying heaped upon one another in fantastic confusion. Now we have a mountain torrent, in all its flash and fury; now a dream-wrought "castle by the sea," standing against a yellow sunset. Here is a familiar, every-day Pennsylvania landscape translated into poetry by the glamour of the hoar-frost; and there is some far-off Alpine scene, or a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean; while next glooms a lake of horrors—serpents everywhere writhing through the waters, twisting their slimy lengths out of caverns in the shore; even the clouds take on serpent shapes, and hiss at the startled moon.

What is this? But you are holding it upside down. There, it is right now. Watch it! Gradually the ruins of the old French church gather form in the twilight, the black poplars lift themselves weirdly against the troubled sky. It has rained in torrents; the stones of the pavement shine with the wet, and you can almost hear the drip, drip, from the 'mouldering walls.' We know not a living poet who could put that picture into words.

Calame, O. Achenbach, Turner, Doré, Vedder, Blake—each has been suggested by a different sketch. But after you have become familiar with his work, you will see the artist's strong individuality shining through all the pictures of Thomas Moran. Diversity of style and touch he surely has, for here you behold almost equal mastership with pencil, brush, and etching needle,—ink, water-color, oil; unsurpassed brilliancy in effect; seldom-equaled intelligence and delicacy in detail. He knows the language of the rocks, the curving pathway of the branch out toward the light, the sky's every trick of cloud and color. Not only is he, like Turner, a seer of visions, but loving intercourse has made familiar to him all the ways of the visible creation.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

AQUARIA.

THESE latter days of warmth and leisure are days of harvest. Provident hands will be wisely busy. There are mosses and lichens and bright brown cones to store for window-box and picture-frame. Delicate fronds of fern must be chosen for Ward's cases; the forest must yield russet and scarlet boughs; and sea-beach and rock-crevice be interrogated for the wherewithal to stock the aquarium.

To those who have not looked into the subject, an aquarium seems both expensive and troublesome. Short experience, however, will prove that it need not be either. A simply constructed and intelligently managed aquarium is less trouble than a hanging basket or choice pot-plant, and by its very nature possesses greater and more varied interest.

Let us suppose ourselves among a group of young people at the sea-side, dabbling in the surf, fishing for weeds at their daily bath, and rather wishing to possess some means of preserving the beautiful and curious things they daily see. Only they "know their fish will die," and "the whole thing prove a failure," and "papa says it's nonsense to spend much on it," &c. "Now," they ask, "how shall we go to work?"

You can do one of two things. First and simplest, you can buy a large glass "cake-cover," of the kind used in confectioners' shops, and which costs from three to five dollars, according to size. "Somebody" will whittle you a thick square block of wood and make a hole in the middle, of right dimensions to hold the glass knob of the cover firmly. Well, now you have your aquarium! If you choose to glue shells and pebbles on the wood, or stain it some pretty color, or paint it with sealing-wax paint, and stick over it bits of white coral, it will be all the prettier. But that is your own affair.

The other way is to order a square or oblong tank, made at the plumber's, of glass framed in slate or zinc. But this costs more and is practically no better.

The next step is preparing the water, for, be it understood, wild, newly-caught water is not fit for parlor use. You must wade out and dip it up at flood tide, when it is freshest and purest, and set it away for twenty-four hours to settle. While this is going on the silver sand may be procured and washed: washed

in several waters, that it may be free from slime and dirt. Pretty pebbles and pieces of rock can be selected and made thoroughly clean. There is nothing like starting with perfect material.

When all is ready, cover the bottom of the bowl with a thick bed of sand, and arrange your rocks and pebbles as you please. Two tall bits of granite, with a third laid across to form a sort of hollow cave, has a pretty effect. The fish seem to enjoy darting to and fro in this mimic gateway, as a caged bird enjoys his swing. Draw off the water gently *from the top* with a siphon and fill the aquarium nearly full. Lastly, throw in a couple of bits of sea-lettuce, and leave it for two or three days to settle and compose itself.

And now begins the delightful business of "stocking." And here there is but one general rule to abridge the freedom of individual experiment. Do not have too many animals. Two fish to a gallon of water is about the right proportion; and with a number of snails to eat up the refuse and keep things healthfully clean. They are troublesome creatures, from a propensity they have to crawl out of the aquarium and perish of thirst on the parlor carpet; but, as their rate of progress is slow, a little judicious poking and replacing will keep them within bounds, and their value as scavengers is so great that no tank flourishes without them.

Every walk to the shore will now result in treasure-trove. To-day it is a tiny tuft of brilliant weed, clasping with thread-like filaments a fragment of rock; to-morrow a bright darting fish, a minnow or baby greyling, or a droll hermit crab. Choice spots of coast will give you anemones, tassels of flaccid pulp at low-tide, or when indisposed, but expanding, when the mysterious whim seizes them, into beautiful, many-colored flower-shapes. Nothing can be more fascinating than these strange existences, half fish, half blossom, as they slowly open to the day, quivering with life, and emulating by their petals the choicest hues of earthly gardens.

Each shore has its specialty. Newport and the Narragansett Bay abound in sea-weeds of lovely tint. The Southern beaches are rich in shells; the Maine coast in anemones. Mt. Desert Island gives *echini* and rare snails of a vivid orange hue dear to the aquarium-lover. An aquarium fairly established, with due balance of animal and vegetable life, will preserve its purity and healthfulness year after year, with no other care on the part of its owner than an occasional filling up as evaporation lowers the water-level. Every summer journey will result in addition to its treasures, and every winter to its value as a source of interest and enjoyment.

Fresh-water aquaria also, are delightful possessions for those who do not live within reach of the sea, and the variety of beautiful and curious plants for them is very great. Of these are the side-saddle or pitcher-plant, the water-violet, the arrow-head, the milfoil, and the water buttercup.

FLOORS.

When Mr. Ruskin chronicled the "Ethics of Dust," he should have devoted a large portion of his space to the modern floor.

The popular theory of a floor, reduced to practice, amounts to this: it is the principal dust-trap of the room. Being of soft and porous wood, its cracks open easily for the admission of dust, from furnace, cellar, or whatever is underneath. This dust insinuates itself into the carpet from the under side, while from above the chimney, windows, and doors pour a fine insensible stream into the upper surface. Besieged thus on either hand, the unlucky carpet in a few months becomes thoroughly charged with particles, over which the house-maid flirts her broom in vain; only a superficial rise rewarding her pains. A sound beating, and washing of the floor, alone can remove it, and this is impossible, the carpet being nailed securely down. The floor thus becomes the guardian of a noxious deposit which, week by week and month by month, is insensibly imparted to everything in the room, walls, furniture, pictures, and human lungs.

Now the very idea of a carpet, fitted to all juts and angles of an apartment, and immovably fixed in its place, is repugnant to all laws of convenience, of health, of taste, and of economy. Of health and convenience, for the reasons aforesaid. Of taste, because, the floor being of necessity the primary and the carpet the secondary object in designing a room, some portion of the former should be left visible. Of economy, because by our present arrangement a great deal more carpet than necessary is used, and the difficulty of transferring and adapting old carpets to one room after another infinitely increased.

Now, if we return to the original idea of a carpet, we find it to be of square or oblong shape, laid over the floor in the center of the room, leaving the edges bare and exposed. Our ancestors did not, nor do we, require to have the spaces beneath sofas and sideboards covered from sight. The thick Turkey webs which warmed their feet were too precious to be chopped and carved to suit the irregular shapes of rooms, and were reserved for their legitimate position and use.

This theory of a carpet, it is true, necessitates a floor which shall be of presentable finish. This need not, however, be an expensive thing. Georgia pine or plain pine, nicely laid and treated to a coat of oil or shellac, costs little and lasts long, the wear coming upon the carpeted portion of the room. Or the edge of the floor may be stained in a broad band and oiled, or painted in diamonds of color and varnished. For longer purses there are the hard woods in all combinations, from a simple striping of walnut and maple to the elaborate and beautiful designs which the "French Parqueterie Company," lately established in New York, are ready to lay down at your bidding. Or there is "wood carpeting," for the dissemination of which a company exists—also, we believe, in New York. This consists of narrow strips of wood, alternately

light and dark, glued on to strong canvas; and it can be ordered by the yard, like drugget, cut to fit any room, and, when no longer required, rolled up and put away. For lining a bow window, where plants are to hang and water is to be freely showered; for closets, vestibules, and recesses, it is extremely pretty and useful.

A word in passing on woods. Black walnut is the darkest of our native woods. A blacker shade can be gained only by staining. Of the light woods, maple has the finest grain, and is perhaps the most satisfactory; but ash and oak are also used, and Georgia pine gives a fine yellow for patterns.

A coat of shellac or oil every few weeks keeps the floor bright. Wax creates a beautiful polish, but has the bad effect of darkening the wood until the contrast between colors is lost. Its use, except sparingly, is not therefore to be recommended. A damp cloth passed over the floor easily removes all dirt: for stains and smutches soda and hot water should be applied with a scrubbing-brush. The carpet or rugs should be beaten once a week. By this process the air is kept perfectly free from dust, and the delightful freshness which this gives a house is indescribable. We scarcely realize to what base tests our lungs are ordinarily subjected until the better way is tried.

A square composed of three strips of Brussels carpeting, with a tasteful border all around it, makes a pretty carpet for any room. An ingrain of small pattern with ingrain border is suitable for bed-rooms, and we have seen pretty effects made of the new Venetian carpeting with border to match. Turkey or Persian rugs of large size are always beautiful, but their rarity makes them expensive. A good substitute is the Dresden, or, as it is sometimes called, Dutch rug, which is thick and soft, and has much the same harmonious, brilliant tints suggestive of the East.

Rooms covered with straw mattings can be easily made to look warm and comfortable for winter use by the laying down of one of these square carpets. The heavy bordering will generally prevent the corners from turning up as the foot passes over them, but, if preferred, any such difficulty can be obviated by driving into the floor half a dozen large-headed brass nails, and sewing to the edge of the carpet a corresponding number of brass carpet-rings, which can be slipped on and off at pleasure.

A WORD ABOUT AWNINGS.

In these days of manifold summer contrivances it is hardly needful to tell people how much the pretty awnings now in use over doors and windows improve the outside of a house. But many who admire the effect regard them simply as ornament, and have no notion of the comfort and beauty they produce within doors.

An awning over a window seems to extend the room and create a current of air. It is in fact a piazza—only you can't sit on it. Lying close to the window, with the grateful shade upon your book, the flapping of the scalloped edge suggesting cool seawinds, white rustling sails, all sorts of far-away delights—it is quite possible to forget the glaring day, and feel in the midst of a hot city something of country freshness and content.

Or do you resort to your house-steps as evening comes on, in hopes of a breath of air less hot and heavy than that you have inhaled all day? A twitch to the cords—the ever-ready awning extends its shade, turning your door-way into a commodious porch. Or a piazza too narrow for comfort, is by this means broadened into a delightful sitting-place. The awnings slope downward at a word, cutting off the last glare of day's red eye as the sun sets. And when the moon creeps up the sky, another word and it retires—leaving the heavens all your own.

Why should we not all have them—these nice little awnings; for they cost little, and can be bought everywhere? And when we get ours they shall be striped with *green;* for that is the cool color, and the most durable.

THE GAME OF PARALLELS.

THE Rev. Geo. A. Leaken, author of a suggestive little treatise on *The Law of Periodicity*, sends us the following:—

All games depend upon the parallelism of numbers, and we know what fascination they obtain over the minds of the young, especially; various attempts have been made to transfer this interest to the higher region of intelligence by means of pictorial cards, and Canning, the great British statesman, was accustomed to bring together the élite of London society, and, by an enigmatic process, obtain the name of some object from some general characteristics or peculiarities,—a process found to give life to conversation, and engage the interest of the highest intellects.

Let me suggest the extension of this principle to what may be called the new game of PARALLELS, the foundation of which is the recently developed idea that History is a plan, a cosmos, and not a detached series of accidental events; that "one thing is set over against another;" that history repeats itself in cycles or parallels; that there is no isolated event, but that characters and crises the most distant and abnormal are related, like the changes in sun-spots affecting our atmosphere. The most successful player in this game is the person who can most "match" any given historical fact. Suppose eight or ten forming a company; one proposes a subject like the following: "Cincinnatus taken from the plough." Each one presents such parallel as he recollects, and the last Parallelist gives in turn, "Columbus in chains," or the "Burial of De Soto," or "Who can tell me the similitudes of the destroyed Vendôme Column?" "The Assassination of an Archbishop?" or the "Burning of a Library?"

The questions may be indefinitely extended to all history, art, science, and every ology, old and new. Something of this kind has been adopted in the studies of Law and Medicine, but the ques-

tions are supposititious. This Parallelism communicates real, actual information, transferring those engaged from a dreary wilderness to a pleasant recreation, combining pleasure with profit; and, reacting upon hard studies, relieves the school-room of its tedium. Which of our schools will be the first to try the "Game of Parallels?"

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

FRANCE is slowly recovering from the fearful external and internal shocks that so terribly prostrated her, but as yet her literary activity is confined mainly to "retrospective reviews" of the crowded history of the past year. Among these the so-called "Developments from the Tuileries" are still exciting attention, though they are by no means so piquant as the frivolous curiosity of the public evidently desired. The fugitive members of the Imperial family were either quite careful to destroy whatever might have a damaging effect, or else such papers did not exist, for much of the slanderous gossip published in the early days of the Provisional Government turns out to be false. Since the close of the war the most interesting material of this nature that has appeared is a collection of telegraphic despatches that unveil the boundless confusion and want of system that characterized the army movements, and thus give a key to the unexpected defeats that so soon followed. Bazaine telegraphs to Paris that the Prussians are in great consternation, and expect their land to be ruined; they have filled all the Government offices with cripples, that every man with sound legs may be on the march. But on the 21st of July General Michel asks from Belfort where his regiments are, as he cannot find them. Failly announces from Bitsch that he has neither money nor provisions, and is told that he must await the Emperor and make the best of circumstances. Other generals complain that with twenty batteries there is but one veterinary surgeon; that of eight hundred sets of harness only five hundred can be used, and that they have no maps. The despatches would seem to prove that Bazaine was really short of supplies in Metz, for numerous messages received from the 20th to the 26th of July repeat that he is without a reserve supply of sugar, coffee, rice, etc. The Major-General of the Army telegraphs on the 29th of July: "I need biscuit to enable me to march." And so on through an interminable list of complaints that go to prove the helpless and disorganized condition of the army.

THE STRASBURG LIBRARY is still receiving large additions from nearly every literary center in Germany, to say nothing of the famous English committee that are sending many articles of value from England—books, documents, and manuscripts. The court library of Carlsruhe has already two thousand books piled up for Strasburg. The University of Heidelberg has a very extensive contribution, and the same of Basle, Erlangen, Mayence, Jena, etc. The royal library of Stuttgart has sent nearly four hundred valuable volumes, and the Prime Minister of Wurtemberg announces a large number ready on the part of the State. The Government printing-office in Vienna has sent a very valuable catalogue, with directions to choose, and the number of learned societies in Germany that are collecting rarities and valuables of all kinds befitting a library, is legion. Thus the new library bids fair to be overwhelmed with literary treasures.

LOUISA MÜHLBACH, it will be remembered, was one of the favored mortals who received a special invitation to be present at the ceremonies attending the opening of the Suez canal. The Viceroy evidently had an eye to her descriptive powers, and gave her a fine opportunity for a glance into Egyptian life of to-day. She has profited by this, and published a series of letters in book form, in her best style. She makes no pretense to investigate the antiquarian treasures of Egypt, and only speaks of those that she chanced to see. Mrs. Mühlbach was specially favored in becoming acquainted with the household of the Khedive, and visiting the sacred precincts of the harem, that are ever sternly sealed to all visitors of the male sex, of whatever name. Her pictures are highly colored and sometimes not in the best taste, but they will please the masses.

THE GERMAN GEOGRAPHERS are enjoying a new and splendid chart of the world from the famous Berghaus, according to Mercator's projection. The previous editions of this work have already become very popular in this country, as well as in England. In the course of eight years no less than six revised editions of this chart have appeared, each one a great improvement on the last. It gives a complete view of every channel of intercourse by sea and land, and shows especially the currents of the ocean, the course of famous discoveries, and the lines of ocean telegraphs. The present edition beautifully illustrates the South Sea and the Pacific Ocean, paying special attention to the lines of intercourse between our own coast and China, and to the rapidly-growing islands of the Australian group. The arrangement of this new chart leaves on us the impression that he regards America as the central point of the world's commerce, and seems to make England secondary. The accompanying charts are increased by twenty-five, and the wealth of illustration thus afforded makes it a geographical encyclopedia.

GIL BLAS in Hebrew is the latest novelty in Russia, where the Jews, since the death of the Emperor Nicholas, have enjoyed larger liberties than ever before. Formerly the Hebrew printing-offices were confined to the production of Bibles and prayer-books, and other works of a strictly religious character. But of

late a Hebrew journal indulges in political and scientific essays, and even enters the frivolous sphere of the modern novel. The last surprise is Gil Blas, and we shall soon expect Don Quixote. Many of the small cities of Russia are filled with Jews, who pride themselves on retaining their language as a means of literary intercourse, and in the excess of this pride they are using it as a vehicle for narratives to which it seems quite unfitting, from the sacredness of its character.

CONSTANTINOPLE is enjoying a sensation in the form of a new weekly journal printed in modern Greek. It bears the name of Eurydice, is mainly intended for female readers, and has for its object the intellectual development of the sex. To this end its columns contain the memoirs of a series of distinguished women who have made themselves known in literature and art. The first number thus contains an account of Dora d'Istria, whose fame has become European. The publisher of this sheet is Madame Emilia Leonzias, and it is edited by a lady. This to occur in Constantinople is certainly a remarkable sign of the times.

POLAND boasts of its Dora d'Istria in Madame Severine Duchinska, a celebrated ethnographic scholar, who has just published the Ethnography of Poland. The lady seems to have developed a very remarkable talent in the study of the national surroundings and peculiarities of her people. She takes special interest in the peasantry of Poland, and has written for them an agricultural work that has been crowned with success and honor. She has also written with direct reference to the wives and daughters of the Polish peasantry, and imparted to them a mine of useful knowledge. The same lady has translated a collection of popular songs from the French into her own language, and is now engaged in collecting the people's lays of "Historic Poland." Besides these labors, she has written on the antiquity of the Finns, and is just now engaged on a collection of the songs of the Cossacks, that are calculated to throw much light on the history of this people. She is a prolific genius, and the bright particular star of Poland.

AUBER died at a most inauspicious period for his memory. France loved him, and he in turn loved France. But his country was in the agonies of the bitterest warfare at the time of his death, and found it impossible to give expression to that love. It is said that his remains are carefully laid aside for future interment, when the nation shall have time to pay due respect to his memory. And what wonderful events this man passed through! He witnessed the execution of Louis XVI., the Reign of Terror, the victories of Bonaparte, the Restoration, the July Monarchy, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire. But through all these political vicissitudes he remained true to his art, and tireless in his activity. Music and Paris were his gods, the never-failing fountains that kept him fresh and happy. And he so loved Paris that he never left it, even in the midst of summer. A promenade on the Boulevards, a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, were to him as a visit to Italy and Switzerland. Old as he was, he was extremely happy at the life and beauty of the Great Exposition, and doubtless then little thought that his ninetieth year would overwhelm him with sorrow at the misfortunes of his country, and bring him to death among the shouts of rebellion and the slaughter of the barricades. Few men have afforded the Parisians more refined pleasure, and few more enjoyed their love.

THE DÜRER FESTIVAL, that was to commemorate the fourth centennial of the great artist's birth, was also sadly interfered with throughout Germany—the untoward circumstances of war, the peace festivals and the political reconstruction being too absorbing to allow the masses to devote much attention to the memory of their master painter. There were exhibitions of his paintings in the largest cities, and the art-circles of Vienna, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Dresden, etc., had festive assemblies. But it has been reserved to next year for the whole nation to join in a great testimonial of respect. Munich distinguished itself beyond the other cities in a dramatic representation prepared specially for the occasion. The piece was entitled "Dürer's Earthly Pilgrimage," which, indeed, was one of vicissitude and sorrow. He had a scolding wife, who was completely incorrigible, and who would even lampoon his friends when they came to admire his works. This everlasting domestic war threw him into a deep melancholy, and nearly induced him at one time to start for Rome and Jerusalem. Just at this period he produced his most beautiful Madonna, which brought a congratulatory letter from Raphael, a jubilee on the part of the artists and scholars of Nuremberg, and—strangest of all—the caresses of his wife, who fell on his neck and kissed him when she discovered in the famous Madonna the early beauty of her own youthful face. The conversion of his Xantippe and the love of his friends and king induced him to remain in his beloved Nuremberg, which still shows with pride the house in which he was born, and recently had the most rare and famous exhibition of his works.

THALBERG'S recent death has called public attention to the real merit of this once popular pianist and composer. He,—with Liszt, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann,—deserves well of the musical and artistic world for having largely aided in bringing to a close the so-called "jingling period" of German music—from 1827 till 1835. They at least kept that school within certain bounds, and aided in paving the way to a higher life in this divine art. No one could blame him that with his well-earned victories and laurel wreaths he took refuge in his earthly paradise at Naples. The fickle world soon forgot its former favorite, and was reminded of his existence by the announcement of his recent death. In the history of piano music he will never be forgotten, though his nimble fingers no longer animate the numerous compositions that manifest his genius. Creations like his great "Fantaisie" on Rossini's "Moïse" must hold a permanent place in the literature of the Piano.

THE SOLDIER TO THE POET.—Oscar Von Redwitz,

one of the first living poets of the Fatherland, recently sang in sublime strains "The Lay of the New German Realm." Von Moltke's delicate heart and highly cultured mind are shown in the feeling words that this lord of battles addressed to the master of song: "The poet may be lavish; with full hands he scatters diamonds and pearls, the stars of Heaven and the blossoms of earth—and thus he bestows praise. In this sense I conceive it when your song compares me with the great men of the past. For these were great even in misfortune, and mainly there. We have only had success. Men may call this chance, fortune, fate, or the providence of God; they alone make it not, and such mighty successes are substantially the result of circumstances that we neither create nor control. The excellent Pope Adrian caused to be placed on his tomb-stone the following words: 'What a difference is produced by the period in which the labors of the best man falls: for the unconquerable force of circumstances may destroy the most worthy, or victoriously bear up the unworthy.' If I therefore may not from false modesty consider a fair share of the praise you lavish as undeserved, I am not the less susceptible to it, for verses like yours may easily survive many a monument of brass or marble."

A MONSTER POST-OFFICE is that of the London Peninsular and Oriental Company, the greatest in the world. It maintains with its mighty ocean steamers a regular connection with Spain, France, Malta, Egypt, Arabia, Ceylon, all the coasts of India, Australia, China, and Japan. Some of these lines are from ten to thirteen thousand miles long, and the service on them is so regular that the ships often vary but a few minutes from the time-table on the entire route. The Company has 12,600 officers, and 8,000 of these are on their steamers or transports. The average number of persons on their craft daily is said to be over 10,000, besides millions of letters and packages for all quarters of the globe.

Now and then we get a record of some minute geographical fact, a sunken rock, or a submarine volcano, added by our whalemen to the general stock of knowledge. But it does seem strange that so little has been done by these, the most adventurous of our navigators. From Scotland there have sailed annually for a hundred years a fleet of well-equipped vessels, now principally steamships, to the seal and whale fisheries on the two sides of Greenland. But since the early part of this century, when the Scoresbys gained their fame in Arctic exploration, it does not appear that a single observation of any value has been put on record, by any British whaleman, tending to increase our scanty knowledge of the geography and meteorology of those regions. The same is almost literally true of our New Bedford and Nantucket whalemen. Evidence is just now before us tending to prove that Greenland is by no means an unbroken continent, but a series of islands separated by straits, like those to the west of it. But it would seem as if these facts would have been brought out by some of our numerous Scotch and American navigators, and not left for a government expedition to discover. The Norwegian fishermen are just now setting us a good example. In 1868, as a result of the German and Swedish expeditions, twenty-five vessels sailed from Norway for the whale and walrus fisheries of the seas around Nova Zembla. In the summer of 1869 twenty-seven vessels were thus employed, among which was that of Johannesen, whose voyage around the island of Nova Zembla completely overturned the common notions as to the state of the ice in the sea of Kara. Last summer the number of vessels had increased to sixty, and Johannesen was again foremost, and boldly sailed into the icy sea eastward to the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei on the Siberian coast, and northward as far as the 77th parallel. In five of these vessels very careful observations were recorded of the depth and temperature of the sea, and of the direction and force of the currents, as also of the state of the ice. From these journals Prof. Petermann, the great German geographer, has been able to draw up a very complete account of the condition of the Kara Sea during the summer months. This sea averages only some three hundred feet in depth, and grows rapidly shallow toward the north, and, what is of the greatest importance, is perfectly navigable during the months of July and August. A little of this scientific spirit might well be infused into our Yankee fishermen. We are not informed what organizations they have made for the purpose, but there is little doubt that New Bedford or Nantucket would be an excellent center for a vigorous geographical society.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

ART IN NEWPORT, R. I.

PERHAPS there is no spot in our vast country more auspiciously identified with Art than Newport. The first English artist of note who ever visited our shores was brought to Newport by Bishop Berkeley in the old colonial days; and his visit to New England is still kept memorable by the many portraits of Smibert, belonging to the families of primitive emigrants. Gilbert Stuart was born on the opposite side of the bay, educated at Newport, long resided there, and his only surviving daughter, Jane Stuart, has made the place her home, and often receives a commission from her father's admirers to make a copy of one of his famous portraits, wherein she manifests remarkable skill. Allston and Malbone were schoolmates at Newport, and there pursued their early artistic studies. Richard M. Staigg practiced his art there with eminent success for many years, and still considers Newport his home, having a house in the town. Of the resident artists at present there, Richard S. Greenough, the sculptor, is the most eminent. There he modeled his beautiful statue of Victory for the Boston Latin School; and

his studio contains some remarkable results of his long and faithful studies abroad. There are two models for heroic statues which deserve the candid attention of all municipalities and private associations intent upon introducing this kind of monumental adornment, to celebrate local or national benefactors. We have had more than enough of crude, inexpressive, and badly modeled statues; they excite the derision of foreigners and mortify the pride of native citizens with the least knowledge of or taste for art. Mr. Greenough's designs for statues of Washington and Lincoln are harmonious, expressive, and artistic. A more graceful, spirited, and at the same time characteristic, equestrian statue of Washington than that which is to be seen at his studio in Newport, in the form of a highly finished miniature model, has never been composed; and whatever city or community secures the work, in colossal proportions, will possess a really adequate representation of our peerless chief. The same may be said of the Lincoln statue, which, being in a sitting posture, is free from the awkwardness and angularities unavoidable in a standing figure; this is dignified, impressive, and, at the same time, thoroughly characteristic. We were at a loss to conceive why these admirable models by a native artist, had been neglected, while such inferior ones have been adopted, until we remembered that Mr. Greenough was too genuine an artist, as well as too true a gentleman, to resort to those "tricks of trade" whereby public commissions are obtained, without reference to artistic capacity or the claims of good sense and good taste. The last work of this gifted sculptor is an Ideal Head, full of life and of exquisite beauty; an arch, lovely, womanly face, radiant with dreamy delight. It bears the appropriate name of *Felicità*.

Of summer sojourners of the artist guild, now at Newport, there are Richard M. Hunt, the accomplished and popular architect, who has already embellished this region with many admired specimens of his taste and skill; Mr. Key, grandson of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," who has brought hither from California a series of carefully studied views of the most remarkable scenery of that region, which he is now busy in elaborating into landscapes, interesting from their authenticity, effectiveness, and associations; we have thus delineated the Golden Gate, the Yo-Semite Valley, the Big Trees, and the most famous lakes and mountains; these beautiful memorials of a country now sought by caravans of eager tourists, are duly appreciated, and Mr. Key has many orders. No artist has made more thorough and varied studies of California scenery, from the first glimpse of the Pacific to the wild waters, rocks, and arborescent wonders of the inland valleys. Mr. Newell is the assiduous limner of the villas and cottages; Monsieur Thibaut, who married a niece of Fenimore Cooper, has portrayed very skillfully several remarkable canine favorites. John W. Ehninger is hard at work in William Hunt's old studio, and Stone is daily expected to execute some portraits; while George Harvey, an English artist, is sketching the coast; and Kensett will pass some weeks here to make studies for marine landscapes.

"THE GENESIS OF SPECIES."

THERE is marvelous power in an epigram sometimes. Linnæus made one, a sheer assertion, impossible of proof; yet naturalists have been bound hand and foot by it almost ever since. Even so vigorous and independent a thinker as Charles Darwin has been prejudiced by it. Out of the innumerable variations in the forms and functions of organic beings which his theory presupposes, it would seem right enough, and reasonable enough, to expect some to be sufficiently great to appear large to human eyes; but such a contingency was denied by Mr. Darwin, because, forsooth, "Nature never jumps:" as though the steps of Nature must of necessity be graduated by human standards, and limited to what man considers small. This restriction of individual variation to the infinitesimal was the fundamental mistake of Mr. Darwin's theory. The well-known and admitted fact that in certain cases, as, for example, that of the Ancon sheep, Nature has been seen to 'jump' vigorously in the evolution of a new form, could not outweigh an epigram. Variation *must* be by insensible degrees; and the most original of naturalists was thereby driven to fanciful hypotheses to account for phenomena that needed no such explanation. The strongest arguments advanced by Mr. Mivart (*The Genesis of Species:* D. Appleton & Co.) are directed against this weak point of the Theory of Natural Selection; so effective, indeed, are they, that many anti-Darwinists have prematurely raised a jubilant cry that his entire theory has been exploded, and their "crude conceptions," as Mr. Mivart calls them, triumphantly sustained. Mr. Mivart has thus been discredited with views which he would be the first to repudiate. Like the great majority of modern students of Nature, he is a thoroughgoing evolutionist. That existing faunas and floras are the direct descendants of antecedent and mainly inferior forms, he believes as firmly as Darwin, or Wallace, or Huxley, or Herbert Spencer. He believes also that "Natural Selection" has had a very great deal to do in the determination of the present order of animated nature; only he relegates it—as Mr. Darwin seems disposed now to do—to a secondary position, along with sexual selection and other known modes of modification, all subordinate to some as yet undiscovered law of Nature. He goes behind the law of Natural Selection, and endeavors to account for the origin of the forms which Mr. Darwin's theory begins with, and which Natural Selection—or, more properly, the "Survival of the Fittest," as Herbert Spencer happily calls it—only conserves. He takes the ground that there is in each individual some internal force or tendency which interferes with, co-operates with, and controls the influence of external conditions, and is the main determining agent in the genesis of species; while inheritance, reversion, atavism, natural selection, and the rest play secondary parts. To be sure, there is no di-

rect proof of such an innate force or tendency; still he believes that the conception of it will ever remain necessary, however much its subordinate processes and actions may become explicable. He maintains further that by this assumed force new species are evolved through ordinary generation; not, as Prof. Owen holds, irrespective of altered outward conditions, but largely in consequence of them; the external influence equally with the internal being the result of one harmonious action underlying the whole of Nature. As regards the extent of the variations, Mr. Mivart believes them to be considerable in comparison with those of Mr. Darwin's theory—in fact, sensible steps, such as discriminate species from species. The office assigned to Natural Selection in conserving the results of such 'jumps' is, briefly, to rigorously destroy monstrosities, and abortive or feeble attempts at the evolutionary process; to remove the antecedent species rapidly when the new one evolved is more in harmony with surrounding conditions; and finally to favor and develop useful variations, though it is impotent to originate them, or to erect the physiological barrier which seems to exist between species. The chapter on the incompetency of Natural Selection to account for the incipient stages of useful structures is chiefly directed against the erroneous assumption that minute variations naturally selected are sufficient to account for the forms and functions of existing structures. The untenable nature of that position is most conclusively shown by an array of facts that seem to be beyond dispute. The development of baleen in the mouth of the whale, and the peculiar structure of the throat of the young kangaroo, would be evidence enough, if there were no other, to show that something more is required than the mere conservation and development of rudimentary beginnings. Either of the structures mentioned, if not immediately complete, and co-ordinated with others equally complex and wonderful, would have been fatal to the possessor. The argument that Natural Selection does not harmonize with the co-existence of closely similar structures of diverse origin is almost as strong. That based on the absence of fossil transitional forms hardly deserves the prominence given to it: negative evidence of that sort has proved delusive too often to be worthy of much regard. The argument quoted from the *North British Review*, and so often referred to with favor by Mr. Mivart, is only a striking illustration of the futility of trying organic phenomena by mathematical laws. The figures show plainly enough that a single variation, however favorable, would be utterly outbalanced by its numerical inferiority: but it is the old quibble of the hare and the tortoise in a new form. The single example of a sudden "sport" developing to the extinction of the pre-existing breed, afforded by Sir J. Trevelyan's flock of peafowl, is quite sufficient to demonstrate the worthlessness of the mathematical argument. In the chapter on Evolution and Ethics Mr. Mivart follows Mr. R. H. Hutton in an argument against an alleged position of Herbert Spencer, which Mr. Spencer has since shown to be not fairly deducible from his writings. Under Pangenesis Mr. Mivart brings together an array of strong objections against Mr. Darwin's far-fetched provisional hypothesis, following chiefly the criticisms of Mr. G. H. Lewes, and Prof. Delpino, of Florence. He prefers Herbert Spencer's hypothesis of "physiological units" to Mr. Darwin's of "organic atoms," inasmuch as the former presupposes but one mystery, while the latter has to be supplemented by other powers and tendencies, each distinct, and each in itself inexplicable and profoundly mysterious. The independence of "Natural Selection" and "Pangenesis," however, is frankly admitted, the fall of the latter having power to throw a doubt over the former only because the two acknowledge the same paternity. The chapter on Theology and Evolution, showing that neither the special Darwinian theory, nor any other legitimate evolutionary theory, need have any bearing whatever on Christian belief, is calculated to do a two-fold good work—to satisfy timid believers that there is necessarily nothing unchristian or antichristian in Evolution; and to silence those who vainly imagine to overthrow Christianity by facts of biology.

"AMERICAN RELIGION."

WHY Mr. John Weiss should have given to his pretty little volume of three hundred pages the title, *American Religion* (Roberts Brothers) instead of calling it, for example, "The Swiss Navy," or "The Snakes of Ireland," or "The Morals of the Hippogriff," or anything else which might occur to a lively and unfettered imagination, is a question which will naturally suggest itself to many of his readers. It has little to do with America or with any continent under the moon; it has perhaps still less to do with religion of any hitherto discovered kind. There are three hundred pages of oracular utterance, the intent of which is not readily to be discerned by the uninspired reader, except in places where the author takes pains to be distinctly offensive. One characteristic paragraph, in which he asserts the antagonism between the theology of naturalism and the theology of supernaturalism, we should be glad to quote entire (page 23), but hesitate because of its cheap and unpleasant profaneness. Treating what he calls supernaturalism with a scornful superiority of patronage, he speaks of the naturalist as seeing "everywhere through the continuity of law a God" (with a big G), while the supernaturalist "jumps in from time to time with *his* god" (with a little g). The studied offensiveness of the paragraph in which this remarkable passage occurs forbids the charitable conjecture that the difference is a mere error of proof-reading. The proof-reading of the volume is indeed remarkably accurate. And this method in theological polemics is one for which Mr. Weiss may claim the merit of invention. It reminds us of the severity with which the Paris Communists were reported to have spoken of "a person called God." And it is much as if Mr. Bennett of the *Herald*, desiring completely to annihilate Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune*, should spell

the name of that editor with a small g, or the title of his paper with a small t. After all, if Mr. Weiss finds comfort in wit so cheap, the supernaturalists, as he calls them, will hardly begrudge it to him.

Concerning Mr. Weiss's God with a big G, however, when we look and listen that we may learn, we look and listen with the most vague and unsatisfactory result. Once or twice we get at something like a revelation—we will not say a definition,—of It—we will not venture to say Him. On page 147 we find this passage, which is worth quoting:—

"When the powerful vibrations of music shake down our bars, and we are released to each other, or the upliftings of great speech take our feet from the ground, and we can no longer stand braced in resistance, but conspire into the wave of the orator's persuasion, we are in the temper of Deity. It is never strange at such moments to find all the petty individuals believing in God, unconsciously translating the occasion into the conviction that gathers and crushes all the clusters of all souls. God is the cup that catches that life's wine. We taste our own unadulterated flavor."

We are glad to see that this is still the God with the big G. And we are content to be called worse names than supernaturalists if we may still be permitted to worship some better Deity than "the cup that holds our own unadulterated flavor."

The antagonism which Mr. Weiss is laboring to perpetuate between science and the Scriptures is, of course, an unreal antagonism. Religious men are now, for the most part, ready to acknowledge the right of students in natural science to explore to the utmost the realm of knowledge, and are ready devoutly and gratefully to accept assured results. There seems something malignant in the endeavor of such books as this to keep asunder what is divinely joined together, and to affirm a necessary conflict between reason and faith, between the revelations of science and the revelation of Scripture, between nature and the supernatural. This particular book is not likely to be widely mischievous—the oracle is too vague to be popularly effective. But the intent of it is, we are sorry to say, none the less evil that it is likely to be futile. A certain charm of style deludes the reader into a patient hopefulness and expectancy as he turns the pages; and the tone of lively self-confidence with which the author musically babbles is not unattractive till it is discovered to be an unending monotone. If Mr. Tupper had been brought up, let us say, in Boston, and stimulated by the mutual admiration of the Radical Club, it seems probable that he might have given us a book like *American Religion* instead of the *Proverbial Philosophy*. As we read, for example, "how it thunders and lightens when a moral Yea leaps from a million nobodies into the reconciling equilibrium of God" (still with the big G), we are constrained to a certain pathos of admiration, such as the critic in the *Bab Ballads* expressed concerning the imaginary verse of Tupper—

"Which I knew was very clever, but I could not understand it."

"TEN GREAT RELIGIONS."

It is not often that we find a theological writer who has the power to state with clearness and at the same time with fairness the views of those from whom he differs. The bitterness of the *odium theologicum* has become proverbial. But there is to be found no trace of it in the writings of Mr. James Freeman Clarke. To the long eras of contrast and controversy in theology he hopes to add an era of good feeling, by the method of comparison. And the learned and readable volume just issued by Osgood & Co. (*Ten Great Religions: an Essay in Comparative Theology*), is his contribution to the science of Comparative Theology. He brings to his work the thoughtful and scholarly preparation of twenty-five years, and, what is better, a critical faculty of no mean sort, and, what is best of all, a reverent and religious spirit. It would be strange if, in a book requiring such various learning, there should not be found now and then some inaccuracy of statement, some error of fact. But on the whole it seems to us that the book is not only honest in spirit, but also exact in statement.

Of course the doctrinal standpoint which Mr. Clarke occupies is not the one held by the churches known as orthodox. And he does not pretend that it is. His fairness toward those from whom he differs is not secured by any disguise of his own convictions. But there is little in the concluding chapter, for example, where the ten great religions are brought into formal comparison with Christianity, from which any Christian man would feel bound to dissent.

The present volume is only one of a series which Mr. Clarke hopes to be able to continue hereafter. All scholarly and religious men will give him their cordial good-will in a work for which his qualifications are so unusual. Whoever believes with Mr. John Weiss (whose book we have noticed above), that a brand-new religion is to be invented for the specific use of the American continent, will have small sympathy with such endeavors as these of Mr. Clarke. But whoever believes, in common with very many respectable and useful persons, that the religion of Christ is to be the religion of the human race, will recognize with gratitude the significance of such work as is given in this volume. To compare is better than to contrast, when comparison is possible. The right method for Christian men—pre-eminently the right method for Christian missionaries—is the method which Mr. Clarke illustrates. There was never a better missionary sermon, surely, than the one which Paul the Apostle preached on Mars Hill, when he declared to the very religious men of Athens the God whom they ignorantly worshiped. And it is significant of the aim and spirit of Mr. Clarke's work, that he puts on the title-page of his volume, for a motto, a text from this discourse.

MRS. STOWE ON DIVORCE.

We never realized more emphatically the injustice which the serial form of publication does to a story

than we have in reading Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny." (Roberts Bros., Boston.) As this story has appeared, month by month, in *Old and New*, it has certainly not won fair recognition. Mrs. Stowe has not command enough of dramatic machinery, nor sufficient finish of style to give to each page of a story an intrinsic interest, apart from its position in the development of the narrative. We confess that as we have glanced at *Pink and White Tyranny* now and then in the course of the last six months, it has seemed to us merely a commonplace and wearisome story, carelessly written, and with no particular purpose. Nothing is further from the truth. It has as distinct a purpose as *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* and, we had almost said, aims at a more important end. Mrs. Stowe has taken the wise—if inartistic—precaution of stating, near the end of the book, just what she intended should be its moral. We would like to see those few pages, with their unvarnished, unanswerable words, printed in form of a tract and circulated widely. No moral could be more pertinent to the present time; no lesson more terribly needed by women. The plot of the story is told in few words. Instead of plot, we would better say problem; and here it is given: A clever and upright man married to a silly, deceitful woman—what is to be done? In these days we hear a great deal about the converse problem, *i. e.*, a clever, upright woman married to a bad man; and to many people's minds the answer seems to be as simple as that to any sum in "simple subtraction," 2—1=1, and all the better for everybody! We venture to say that no woman can read the last chapters of this book of Mrs. Stowe's without being led to see that there can be no such off-hand way of dealing with human relations, without misery and ruin and sin. There are dancing to-day at Newport and Saratoga hundreds of just such pretty, brainless, characterless simpletons as poor little Lillie; and before a year has gone by, hundreds of just such simple, honest, deluded fellows as John will have taken them for wives. There is no sentimental gloss thrown over John's position in Mrs. Stowe's picture. He has simply "lost" his "personal happiness;" that is a strong expression, but it is not one whit too strong to describe the position of a man or a woman who has made the mistake of an utterly uncongenial marriage. What next? John's first impulse is the first impulse—the natural impulse—of every human soul, to "escape" from torment.

"My wife, Gracie! she is worse than nothing,—worse, oh! infinitely worse than nothing! She is a chain and a shackle. She is my obstacle. She tortures me and hinders me every way and everywhere. There will never be a home for me where she is; and, because she is there, no other woman can make a home for me. Oh, I wish she would go away, and stay away! I would not care if I never saw her face again."

The counsel of a wise sister, and the memory of a good mother, and the clear-sighted instinct of a Christian heart triumph over John's unwillingness to suffer. To the day of Lillie's death, he remains the tender, care-taking husband; on her death-bed the poor little foolish woman begins, almost like Undine, to find her soul:

"John, I do feel that God will take pity on me, poor and good for nothing as I am, just because I see how patient and kind you have always been to me, when I have been so very provoking. You see it has made me think how good God must be,—because, dear, we know that he is better than the best of us."

These were among poor Lillie's last words. Their simplicity is more eloquent protest against hasty separation of man and wife on the ground of simple uncongeniality than volumes of high-toned and unanswerable arguments, based on considerations of church or policy or honor.

John Ellis saved his wife's soul. That is all! If he had left her he would have ruined it. That would have been all! Let them see to it, who are to-day taking high hand and loud voice to teach that such absolute self-sacrifice, acceptance of life-long loss of personal happiness, are unworthy of human souls. "Greater love hath no man than this;" and again, "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."

"PAPERS FOR HOME READING."

It is a somewhat hazardous experiment to reproduce in permanent form the essentially ephemeral contributions, even of an eminent man, to newspapers and magazines, especially when the journals to which they were contributed are those of another country. This is the experiment, however, upon which one of our publishing houses has ventured, and which seems justified by the great popularity of the distinguished preacher whom they thus introduce to American readers. (*Papers for Home Reading:* By Rev. John Hall, D.D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. New York: Dodd & Mead.) The miscellaneous papers thus collected are characterized by Dr. Hall's unfailing good sense, simplicity, and honesty. While they are in no way remarkable, they will tend to deepen the satisfaction which is already widely felt, that an influence so manly, so healthful, in the best sense so Christian, is effectively put forth in the great metropolitan church of which he is the pastor.

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear

"Thou'dst shun a bear:

Or she mouth o

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1871. NO. 6.

AN ISLAND ON FIRE.



HALE MAU-MAU (THE LAKE OF FIRE), VOLCANO OF KI-LAU-E-A, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

IT was my fortune to spend the first eighteen years of my life within thirty miles of the greatest volcano in the world.

A quiet little home was ours in Hilo—a green retreat embowered in the shade of the bread-fruit and the pride-of-India trees. The banana and the coffee-plant grew before the door; the tall shafts of the cocoa-nut fringed the near waters of the bay; and the bamboo, growing in luxuriant clusters, shaded the neat white house that looked like a New England parsonage set down in the middle of the tropical landscape. This green spot by the sea still represents to me, after a long absence, all that is fresh and bright and tender in an island home.

Yet the whole island upon which the village of Hilo stands was often shaken by the earthquake; and our green nook was threatened, more than once, by devouring torrents of volcanic fire. Hawaii is an island nearly as large as the State of Connecticut; but like the



KI-LAU-É-A. THE SUMMIT CRATER.

MAUNA LOA, THE FIRE MOUNTAIN.

eleven smaller islands which with it make up the Hawaiian or Sandwich group, it is entirely of volcanic origin. Upon the rest of the group the fires have long ago been extinguished; but here they still roll and roar with undiminished fury; the melting, forging, and welding goes on as from the beginning in the great volcanoes of Ki-lau-é-a and Mauna Loa. The thunder of the Plutonic hammer is heard; the whole island shakes beneath the blow, and the white vapors and sulphur-smoke roll away forever from those mighty forges.

The volcano played a large part in the imaginations of the children that grew up in that island home. Often, on clear nights, our parents' call would follow our footsteps upstairs, after we had blown out the light and gone to bed in more than heathen ignorance of the fear of ghosts or of darkness, and we would hear with a sort of dread delight the words, "Children, look at the volcano!"

Peering out into the darkness over the tops of the forest, we could see the flank of the mountain dome, Mauna Loa. At the point where the black smoke rises on the left hand of the picture, a great glaring light seemed to spring from the mountain to the clouds, like a steady pillar of flame; and we watched with excited eyes the slow writhing motion of the clouds as they were drawn into the glare, borne by the inward currents of air that rushed from all sides toward the crater. It was Ki-lau-é-a, the greatest of all active volcanoes, that made this "terrible light in the air."

The contrast to this scene came in the morning. When we awoke we saw a faint golden light upon the walls of our room, even though its windows opened toward the west, and though the sun was not yet risen. Looking out we saw the high mountains covered with fresh-fallen snow, that took the beams of the sun long before they were visible to us, and shone in the light of that tropical sunrising more brightly than pure gold,—radiant, glowing, like no other splendor in the world; and from those great canopies of snow the morning land-breeze flowed down cool upon our faces, and chilled them as we flattened our features against the panes.

Two mountains, one of snow and one of fire, formed the chief features in the landscape which, with the ocean, was all of nature to our young eyes. Two enormous mountains, each nearly as high as the highest summits of the Alps, for they were fourteen thousand feet in elevation—twin giants of the Pacific. I climbed once, with companions of my own age, and native guides, to the summit of the extinct mountain, Mauna Kea. The nearest

elevation of equal height, the Sierra Nevada, in California, was almost three thousand miles away; and westward we should have had to journey three times as far—to the mountains of Thibet—in order to find any summit as lofty as this upon which we stood in the flush of boyhood's pride, and waved our alpenstocks triumphantly in the air.

From this great mountain, as from all other mountains and islands of the Hawaiian group, except one, the fires have long since died away. Mauna Kea is a completed mountain, except so far as the graving-tool of Time is busy upon it, and its outlines yield to the comparatively mild agencies of sunlight, wind, and rain. But the twin mountain Mauna Loa is still a-building. Each eruption from its terminal crater or its flanks adds a new layer to the surface of the great dome. How much higher its summit may yet be raised is, of course, unknown.

The sources of volcanic eruptions in Hawaii are two. First, the crater of Ki-lau-é-a, situated upon the eastern slope of this mountain, and about midway between its summit and the sea. It is a vast pit, nine miles in circumference, sunk in the flank of the mountain, and varying in depth, in different years, from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet, according as the sea of molten lava beneath its floor is at high tide or at ebb. For years this floor will be slowly raised by the accumulating lavas below; and when their lateral pressure becomes at last too great to be resisted, the molten torrent, rending its way with irresistible force through rock and earth, and shaking the whole island with the throes of its progress, finally breaks to the surface, five, ten, or twenty miles from the crater. The river of fire leaps from the ground, a mighty fountain that sometimes plays a thousand feet high, with a jet that is several hundred feet in diameter, and pours down the flank of the mountain toward the sea. This it often reaches, enlarging the area of the island by pushing out new capes and promontories of lava into the water. The lava thus ejected may remain, in many places, warm and smoking for months after the eruption has ceased; yet I have seen spots where the natives, pulverizing the cooled lava, and mixing with it a few dead leaves before planting in it, had obtained good crops of sweet potatoes from what a year before was a torrent of liquid fire. Nature thus renews the soil,—furnishing a bran-new article at each eruption, white-hot from her chemical laboratories in the center of the earth.

With each eruption "the bottom is knocked out," so to speak, of the great crater of Ki-lau-é-a. The flood of molten lava upon which it rests is rapidly drained away, and the vast floor of indurated lavas, an area of six square miles at the bottom of the pit, goes crashing still farther downward, three, four, five hundred feet toward the central fires; as when the water,—to compare great things with small, is let off from a frozen mill-pond, and the ice settles down upon the bottom. The mountain-wall is probably not entirely solid and compact, as the lavas are extremely fluid, and in running off honeycomb its structure, leaving numerous caverns behind them, through which subsequent eruptions force their way. Yet the pressure required for the lava to rend the mountain-wall is estimated at not less than five hundred pounds to the square inch, or a million pounds for a stream two feet deep and seven feet broad. When the breadth of the lava stream is measured by miles instead of feet, force enough is exerted to shake the island to its very foundations.

The grand eruptions of Ki-lau-é-a occur, with some approach to regularity, at intervals of about eight years. But the volcano does not, like Vesuvius, Etna, or Stromboli, confine its activity to special occasions. The fire rages continually in the southern end of the great crater, where a lake of melted lava tosses its red surges and pours forth its sulphurous vapors without ceasing. This lake, the "Hale Mau-maú," or "House of Everlasting Fire" of the old heathen mythology, may be safely approached by the traveler at almost any time. It is represented in the first engraving, as it appears when very active.

The appearance of this lake varies greatly, however, at different times. Sometimes the lava is so far sunken below its banks that the traveler cannot reach it, and comes away quite disappointed with

what he has seen. Again, in times of great activity, the fiery sea may overflow upon the bottom of the crater, or force itself up through numerous cracks and chasms in the floor of indurated lavas. I was once in the bottom of Ki-lau-é-a when the lava, boiling up from below, overflowed its banks in a manner so uniform and measured as to congeal around the edges of the great lake, and build for itself a barrier around the fearful caldron of fire. The lava, thus walled in, gradually rose many feet above the level where I with others stood, at first quite unconscious of the terrific process that was going on so near us. The fiery waves, lapping over the margin, congealed where they fell, and thus builded up, little by little, their inclosing wall. The surface of this sea of fire was elevated about thirty feet above the level of the bottom of the crater; it was a boiling mass of fluid lavas, half a mile in diameter, that surged and thundered and sent down a threatening roar. Splashes of liquid fire, hurled over the margin of its confining barrier, fell among our company. Warned by this danger, we withdrew to a short distance, and awaited the breaking forth of the imprisoned fire. We had hardly gained our new point of observation before the lava wall gave way in two places with a thundering crash and roar, and from each of the rents thus made a torrent of liquid fire poured over a cliff fifty feet high, into the rough channel of a former flow. Roaring, glowing, smoking, and wreathed in bluish flames, it ground along the lava channel with a peculiar dull thunder, that was caused by the ponderous weight of the molten mass. It lapped up huge rocks and bore them away upon its surface; I could see them oscillate sluggishly upon the red river, and finally melt and sink into it like so much wax. The power and splendor of this sudden display, the fierce sweep of the mighty torrent, the strange process that had heaped up the flood of lava to disgorge it with such resistless power, all made a spectacle never to be forgotten by any of the party who witnessed it.

The phenomena of an eruption of Ki-lau-é-a were shown upon the most imposing scale in the year 1840. This was before my own memory of volcanoes; but it has thus been described by the most experienced and eloquent of volcanographers, the Rev. Titus Coan, who has visited and studied every eruption in the Hawaiian Islands during the past thirty-six years:—

"From Ki-lau-é-a the lava flowed underground for eight miles to the east. Its course can be distinctly traced all the way by the rending of the earth into innumerable fissures. . . . Again it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissure. . . . Again it broke out, an overwhelming flood; and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and everything before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where, leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds. Imagine a river of fused minerals, of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean. . . . The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray, gases, etc.; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and, being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile; three hills of scoriæ and sand were formed, the highest three hundred feet in elevation. . . . The waters of the sea were heated for twenty miles along the coast; and multitudes of fishes were killed. During the three weeks of the flow night was converted into day on all Eastern Hawaii. At the distance of forty miles we could read fine print at midnight."

Such are the eruptions of Ki-lau-é-a. Let us now look at the still grander phenomena which take place at or near the top of Mauna Loa. The terminal crater, called Mokuaweowéo, is circular, eight thousand feet in diameter and eight hundred feet deep. It is more regular in form than any other crater in the Hawaiian Islands. The eruptions, however,



COAST FORMED BY VOLCANIC ACTION.

burst forth in fissures in the mountain near the summit, rather than from the crater itself, in which there is now little trace of volcanic activity.

The earliest recorded eruption from the summit took place in 1832; the beacon-light, flaming from the top of a mountain 14,000 feet high, was distinctly visible upon the island of Maui, and at other places more than a hundred miles distant. An eruption from Ki-lau-é-a occurred simultaneously. A quiescence of eleven years then followed, and my own first observation of volcanoes dates from the year 1843, when the second eruption from Mokuawéowéo took place.

I shall never forget the impression of that time. The evening was clear and quiet, and as the night grew dark a strange light was noticed upon the summit of Mauna Loa, whose serene blue dome formed the wall of our western horizon. All our house was in excitement; a clear white flame, whiter than the moon, deeper and stronger than any star, rested upon that distant crest, and grew momently as we gazed upon it. My parents told me that it was an eruption; but it seemed to my excited imagination as if the world was newly on fire, and I turned away from the sight of that terrible splendor with an uneasy feeling of awe and fear, as if the entire planet was in danger of consuming before morning. The mountain was really aflame; no fitful jets of fire or whiffs of heated stones, as in other volcanoes, but a steady column of white-hot lava playing noiselessly in the still night, yet emitting a light so powerful that I could read by the fiery splendor that cast strong shadows against the moonlight. For four weeks this scene was nightly continued with little change, while by day great volumes of smoke obscured the island. The flow of lava continued for three months, pouring forth about seventeen billions of cubic feet of lava, and flowing more than twenty miles from the summit of the mountain. Mr. Coan visited the stream, and found it crusted over, in portions where its course was the most steep and swift, with a roof of congealed but brittle lava. Venturing alone upon this treacherous crust, he found cracks in it through which he was able to gaze down at the fearful river of fire beneath him. It rushed down the mountain-side at a velocity which he estimated at not less than thirty miles an hour. Fragments of rock which he threw down upon the lava-torrent were whirled away out of sight like a ball when the bat strikes it, and before they had time to sink into the fusion.

In 1851 and 1852 the next eruptions occur-

red, the latter of which repeated, at its commencement, the phenomena of the eruption of 1843. "At half-past three on the morning of the 17th of February," wrote the same observer, in a letter much more graphic than any other description I can give, "a small beacon-light was discovered on the summit of Mauna Loa. At first it appeared like a solitary star resting upon the apex of the mountain. In a few moments its light increased, and shone like a rising moon. Seamen keeping watch on deck in our port exclaimed, 'What is that? The moon is rising in the West!' In fifteen minutes the problem was solved. A flood of fire burst out of the mountain, and began to flow in a brilliant current down its northern slope. . . . . In a short time immense columns of burning lava shot up heavenward to the height of three or four hundred feet, flooding the summit of the mountain with light, and gilding the firmament with its radiance. . . . . In two hours the molten stream had rolled, as we judged, about fifteen miles down the side of the mountain. This eruption was one of terrible activity and surpassing splendor, but it was short. In about twenty-four hours all traces of it seemed to be extinguished."

But after three days it broke out a second time, forcing its way through the flank of the mountain toward Hilo, about midway from summit to base. How stupendous the forces that thus tunnel at will these gigantic domes of volcanic rock! Had Pe-le, the goddess of eruptions in the mythology of Hawaii, taken the Hoosac tunnel contract, she would have found it an easy task to pierce the mountain in a single night.

Mr. Coan, the most indefatigable explorer of volcanoes who has ever recorded his observations, set off at once to visit the scene of action. Road there was none, and the flank of the mountain was covered with the densest of tropical jungles; but into these he plunged with four picked natives, and cut and beat his way with hatchets, long knives, and clubs, at the rate of a mile an hour. The forests of the tropics are almost impassable; it was not until the fourth day that he had beaten every yard of his way through this horrible thicket. On the fifth day, having left his men behind him exhausted, he pressed on alone, his intense interest mocking all obstacles and dangers. Taking the fiery pillar as his guide, he crawled on all-fours up the side of the giddy ravines which seemed to forbid his progress toward the thunder and the flame of the eruption. "At last," wrote the veteran explorer,* "I reached the awful crater, and stood alone in the light of its fires. It was a moment of unutterable interest. I seemed to be standing in the presence and before the throne of the unutterable God; and while all other voices were hushed, His alone spake. I was ten thousand feet above the sea, in a vast solitude untrodden by the foot of man or beast, amidst a silence unbroken by any living voice, and surrounded by scenes of terrific desolation. Here I stood, almost blinded by the insufferable brightness, almost deafened with the startling clangor, almost petrified with the awful scene. . . . . The fountain of fusion was elevated some two or three thousand feet above this lateral crater where I stood, and pressing down an inclined subterranean tube, escaped through this valve with a force which threw its burning masses to a height of four or five hundred feet. . . . Vast and continuous jets of red-hot, sometimes white-hot lava, were ejected with a noise that was almost deafening, and with a force which threatened to rend the rocky ribs of the mountain, and to shiver its adamantine pillars. . . . . First, a rumbling, a muttering, a hissing, a deep premonitory surging; then followed an awful explosion, like the roar of broadsides in a naval battle, or the quick discharge of park after park of artillery on the field of carnage. . . . . The force which expelled these igneous columns from the orifice shivered them into millions of fragments, some of which would be rising, some falling, some shooting off laterally, others describing graceful curves; some moving in tangents, and some falling back in vertical lines into the mouth of the crater. . . . . During the night the scene surpassed all power of description. Vast columns of lava, at a white heat, shot up continuously in the ever-yarving forms of

* Rev. Titus Coan to Prof. C. S. Lyman, of New Haven.

pillars, pyramids, cones, towers, turrets, spires, and minarets. The descending showers poured one cataract of fire upon the rim of the crater; the molten flood constantly flowed out of the orifice, and rolled down the mountain in a deep, broad river, at the rate of probably ten miles an hour."

This eruption flowed twenty-five or thirty miles, and was checked in the woods toward the southwest of Hilo.

In August commenced the great eruption of 1855. It flowed directly toward Hilo; and for months the fate of that beautiful village was in suspense, as the stream, fed by the incessant fountain upon the flank of Mauna Loa, urged its way slowly toward the sea. It spread among the dense forests which may be seen in the second engraving, belting the base of Mauna Loa, and slowly extended its "giant forms" along that gentle declivity of three or four degrees. Let us take the opportunity to study the lava in its more sluggish mood, as it spreads in the woodland, and slowly, yet irresistibly, creeps shoreward, threatening the fairest portions of a fair island with a fate as terrible as that of Sodom and Gomorrah. Whence the origin of these streams of fire, and what force lifts them up to pour forth from the summits of these lofty mountains, three miles above the level of the sea?

David Forbes, in a lecture delivered in January of this year, sums up as follows what is known of the constitution of the interior of the earth: "The balance of evidence appears to me to be decidedly in favor of the hypothesis that the interior of our earth is a mass of molten matter, arranged in concentric layers or zones according to their respective densities, and the whole inclosed within a comparatively thin external crust or shell." The expulsive force which brings the central lavas to the surface is generally thought to be a gradual contraction of the earth's bulk, due to the radiation of its heat into space. This is the view of Prof. J. D. Dana and of other authorities in geology. Dr. C. F. Winslow, a laborious student of volcanic and seismic or earthquake phenomena, argues that in addition to this cause of eruptions, a force of repulsion, the counterpart of gravitation, acts from the center of the earth and other planets outward, and plays a large share in causing the overflow of craters.

It is necessary, indeed, to summon the largest causes in explanation of phenomena so gigantic as these. The eruption of 1855 traversed a distance of nearly forty miles in a straight line, or of sixty miles, including the sinuosities of the stream. Its breadth ranged from one to three miles; its depth, according to the contours of the mountain-slope down which it flowed, varied from five feet to two hundred feet; it continued no less than fifteen months, pouring out a torrent of lava which overspread nearly three hundred square miles of desert land, and whose volume is estimated at thirty-eight thousands of millions of cubic feet. I know of no volcanic eruption on a scale equal to this in any other part of the globe.

Mr. Coan, as a pastor who has a volcano in his diocese, made numerous episcopal visits to the eruption, as was his wont. As it continued, and neared Hilo, the simple natives would inquire of him how much longer the eruption would last. They seemed to consider him as the Bishop of the volcano, and relied upon him to give accounts of its behavior.

Slowly the lava-stream crept seaward; during five long months the inhabitants of Hilo watched the devastating progress of the fire, that came a little nearer every day. It affected the imagination with a terrible charm. Flowing through the desert forests which girdle the bases of the mountains, the eruption had ravaged no fertile country; but native traditions told that the neighboring volcanic district of Puna, a province about as large as Rhode Island, now a waste of jagged lava and barren sands, was once as fair and blooming as Hilo itself, and had been devastated by an eruption like that which now threatened our home. The reader can imagine with what feelings we endured the suspense of half a year while the fate of beautiful Hilo was in doubt.

When the river of fire had reached a distance of not more than eight miles from Hilo, it became a holiday excursion to visit it. I with others went to see the sight. Lazily spreading itself in vast contorted coils and

puddles, that seemed to writhe upon the ground like the misshapen limbs of a myriad of Titans cast out of Tartarus, the lava made a desolation in the wood. The surface of the stream, congealed by exposure to the air, had a glassy-metallic luster, but showed seams of red where the imprisoned lava was about to break through its vitreous armor. Watching awhile, this tense, glittering mineral shell would finally give, with a crash and a hiss, to the pressure from within, and the red fusion would rush forth with a roar, forcing the spectators to retreat from the intense heat. This was the moment for the curious, shading their faces from the fiery glow, to plunge their walking-sticks into the viscid mass and dip out portions of the lava. A coin, stamped into the specimen before it cools, gives assurance that it was dipped from the original fountain of fire.

But the stream, though now moving so sluggishly, yet afforded, even at this great distance of forty or fifty miles from the still active fountain, occasional spectacles of the most striking beauty. On one occasion a party of American ladies were entertained by the sight of a torrent of lava pouring into the channel of a river. Driving away the waters of the stream with a tremendous hiss and roar, it seemed like a ferocious beast of prey seizing upon a victim. That part of the river which was not converted immediately into steam, flowed boiling hot toward the sea, cooking all the fishes as it ran, and adding the risk of scalding to that of drowning in crossing it. The stream of fire, an offshoot, not more than thirty or forty yards wide, of the central river, had here pushed out nearly two miles in advance of the latter, taking possession of the declivitous bed of the torrent. Reaching a precipice forty feet high, it began to pour over it into a large basin of water deep enough to float a ship. First in great broken masses, like clots of blood, and then in continuous incandescent streams, the fiery tide poured down the cliff throughout the night of the 12th of February, 1856. All night long the visitors watched the spectacle. The water boiled and raged with fearful vehemence, reflecting the red lava like the "sea of fire mingled with blood" that John the Revelator saw. Before morning the whole body of water, some twenty feet deep, was converted into steam, the basin was filled up with solid lava, and the precipice was changed into a gently-sloping plane.

Long before the eruption ended, this flow ceased to make any further progress toward Hilo. Although the great fountain at the summit continued to play, its fiery waves met, during their course, with obstacles which turned them hither and thither, and forced them to pile themselves up in hillocks or to redouble their thickness, without adding to the length of the stream; and thus the beautiful village was saved.

In 1859 another great eruption occurred, remarkable for the gigantic proportions of the lava-fountains that played upon the summit of Mauna Loa. Their height was three or four hundred feet, and their diameter nearly as great. This eruption was visited by many parties, who reached its source while the river of fire was still flowing. A friend of the writer found the lava-current, as it dashed fiercely down the mountain-side, melting its channels deeply into its solid flank; or disappearing in the fiery mouths of vast caverns that were jagged with stalactites of red lava, and bursting up again from the ground to overspread great tracts with a sea of melted minerals. This eruption ran fifty miles to the sea, in a northwesterly direction, in eight days; but the flow lasted longer, and added a new promontory to the island.

Thus far we have described eruptions that, however vast in their proportions, however magnificent as spectacles they have been, have visited only regions that were already desert, and destroyed no human life. Before the occurrences of which I am to speak, the Hawaiians had come to regard their volcano as pledged to the discreet conduct of its eruptions—almost as reclaimed, like other denizens of Titus Coan's parish, from the heathen disposition to homicide. In the year 1789, a troop of a hundred warriors had been suffocated by the vapors from a sudden eruption, as they passed the southward banks of Ki-lau-é-a. But since that time the volcanoes had been tender of human life. They



LAVA STREAM POURING INTO THE SEA.

had injured no one except by scorching, in two or three instances, a too rash intruder upon the domains of Pé-le. Had this heathen goddess, the divinity of fire and lava, of earthquakes, and the rushing volcanic wave, been Christianized with the conversion of the Islands? She seemed to have forgotten her old malignity toward her subjects. Earthquakes, indeed, had yearly shaken the island; twelve eruptions had occurred since the beginning of the century; yet, though destructive to houses and land, they had spared the owners; and all but people who were interested in landed property considered the volcanoes as an interesting feature in the landscape.

But this feeling of security was not always to last. In the spring of 1868 occurred a series of phenomena quite without precedent in the history of the Islands.

A series of earthquakes commenced upon the 27th of March, affecting the whole southern part of Hawaii. They grew more frequent and startling from day to day, until their succession became so rapid that, in the words of Mr. Coan, "The island quivered like the lid of a boiling pot nearly all the time between the heavier shocks. The trembling was much like that of a ship when struck by a great wave, or upon the discharge of a heavy battery." Yet no serious damage was occasioned, as yet, by the shocks.

Upon the 28th of March the terminal crater upon Mauna Loa sent up columns of smoke, steam, and red light. In a short time it was seen that the great dome had been rent through its southern slope, and that four separate streams of molten minerals were pouring out of the fiery fissures and flowing rapidly down the sides of the mountain in divergent lines. The largest of these streams ran fifteen miles.

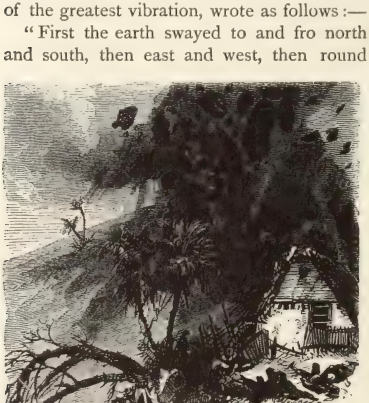
Then, suddenly, all the mountain-valves closed. The fire, the smoke, the stream, ceased altogether; but all eyes were looking to the hills, and every one was inquiring, "Where is the volcano?" This sudden quiet was ominous, for now the pent-up fires must force another vent to the surface.

Their gigantic struggle was at once announced by the occurrence of earthquakes of different degrees of intensity. They were almost continuous; the throbbing, jerking, and quivering motions grew more positive, intense, and sharp; they were both vertical, lateral, rotary, and undulating. For four days this state of things continued, until, at 4 P. M. on the 2d of April, 1868, an event occurred which defies description. Such a convulsion has no parallel in the memory, the history, or the traditions of the Hawaiian

Islands. The shock was awful. The crust of the earth rose and sunk like the sea in a storm. The rending of the rocks, the shattering of buildings, the crash of furniture, glass, and earthenware, the falling of walls and chimneys, the swaying of trees, the trembling of shrubs, the fright of men and animals, made throughout the southern half of Hawaii such scenes of terror as had never been witnessed before. The streams ran mud; the earth was rent in thousands of places; and the very streets in Hilo cracked open, an occurrence as much out of character in Hilo as it would be in New York. Horses and their riders were thrown to the ground; and multitudes of people on foot were prostrated by the shocks, which only the light-thatched cottages of the natives could withstand. Mr. Coan said: "The confused noises, the awful throes of the earth, made it seem as if the rocky ribs of the mountains, and the granite walls and pillars of the world, were breaking up."

In the district of Ka-ú more than three hundred shocks were counted upon this terrible day; people were made sea-sick by their frequency: near Ki-lau-é-a it was impossible to count them. By the culminating shock nearly every stone-wall and house in Ka-ú was demolished in an instant. An observer (Mr. F. S. Lyman), who was near the point of the greatest vibration, wrote as follows:—

"First the earth swayed to and fro north and south, then east and west, then round and round, up and down, in every imaginable direction, for several minutes; everything crashing about us, the trees thrashing as if torn by a mighty rushing wind. It was impossible to stand; we had to sit on the ground, bracing with hands and feet to keep from rolling over. In the midst of it we saw burst out from the mountain, about a mile and a half to the north of us, what we supposed to be an immense river of molten lava" (it was an avalanche of red earth), "which rushed down its headlong course across the plain below, apparently bursting up from the ground, and throwing rocks high in the air, and swallowing up everything in its way,—trees, houses, cattle, horses, goats, and men. It went three miles in less than three minutes' time." This discharge was so sudden that there was no escape for those within its range. The torrent of earth, shaken by the volcanic convulsion from the flank of the mountain, instantaneously buried a village with its thirty-one inhabitants, and five or six hundred head of cattle. "The final throes of the earthquake," wrote Mr. Coan to me, after having carefully explored the fallen avalanches, "rent the framework of a mountain and hurled it upon the plain. Rolling and sliding along the steep incline, the whole immense mass came to a precipice, and pitched over it with amazing power and a thundering roar: gaining a momentum so tremendous as to propel it over the plains at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Great beds of lava were laid bare by this gigantic land-slide; and there were scores of lesser but similar ones. Everywhere the once beautiful faces of these glorious hills and headlands are rent, scarred, and scalped by the terrible convulsions of the earthquake. Near Wai-o-hí-nu a tract of land half an acre in extent and sixteen feet in thickness was shaken from its hold upon the mountain-side, and slid quietly down hill for a considerable distance. It lodged there, and still lies unbroken in its new place, its trees, grasses, and flowers intact; while the bald scar of its old site looks down upon it from above." With due deference to Mr. R. G. White, one might call this occurrence a fall in "real estate."



THE FALLING MOUNTAIN.

Many cattle and goats, overtaken in their

flight by the earth-avalanche, were found half covered with mud, portions of their bodies protruding from the margin of the flow. The gain of a single second in time might have saved them. This avalanche was three miles long, averaging three-fourths of a mile in breadth; and it varied from six to fifty feet in depth. One house which stood upon a little hillock was surrounded by it, and its occupant afterwards made her escape uninjured.

The inhabitants of the valleys fled hastily to the mountain-slopes; and none too soon, for a new terror was in store. Collected on an elevated spot that overlooked the sea, they spent the night of the 2d April in prayer and singing. Looking toward the shore, they saw it sink; a gigantic wave, twenty-five or thirty feet high, hurled itself upon the coast, dashing away whole villages, and even heavy stone houses, at a touch; forty-six people, who had lingered too near the shore, were destroyed in an instant. Yet the wonder was that the loss of life was not greater. Such a wave, breaking in the harbor of New York, would have destroyed a hundred thousand lives; such an earthquake as that which preceded the wave, if happening here, would have left fewer living than dead in this great city. The loss of life in volcanic convulsions, as in the case of the late earthquakes in China, indicates rather the density of the population than the real magnitude of the physical phenomena.

During these fearful days the lava-eruption was still latent; but it was evident that the great molten ocean at the top of Mauna Loa was striving to force an outlet at some less elevated point. "We were incessantly reminded," wrote Mr. Coan, "of the awful tread of subterranean dynamics. The question still was, Where is the volcano?" People put their ears to the ground and heard, or believed that they heard, the deep thunderings and surgings of the lava-tide as it tore its way through the caverns of the living rock, far beneath the surface.

People did not have to wait long to learn what had become of the volcano. Five days after the great earthquake the answer came in characters of fire. On the 7th of April the ground broke open, ten miles from the south point of the island, with a frightful crash and roar. At this point the molten river, having forced its way under ground for more than twenty miles, burst forth through an enormous fissure, two miles in length, at the top of a beautiful grass-covered plateau,—a pastoral region, dotted with the houses of natives and foreigners, and affording support to many herds of cattle. On the 10th of April Mr.



A VOLCANIC WAVE BREAKING ON THE SHORE OF HAWAII.



ERUPTIONS IN HAWAII.

The above map shows the seaward course of the lava-streams, with the date of eruption whenever it is known. Many of the shorter flows, it will be observed, are prehistoric, and have no date attached. The names of mountains and of districts are in large capitals. For the data used in the preparation of this map, I am under obligation to the "Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History," Vol. 1.

H. M. Whitney, of Honolulu, visited the scene, which he thus graphically describes :—

"We found the eruption in full blast. Four enormous fountains, on a line a mile long, north and south, were continually spouting up from the opening. These jets were blood-red, apparently as fluid as water, and ever varying in size, bulk, and height. Sometimes two would join together, and again the whole four would be united, making *one continuous fountain a mile in length.* It boiled with the most terrific fury, throwing up enormous columns of crimson lava and red-hot rocks to a height of five or six hundred feet. The lava was ejected with a rotary motion,—always toward the south."

From this source the river of fire poured rapidly toward the sea, dividing itself into four smaller streams as it ran, and shutting in men and animals upon the long narrow islands which it thus inclosed. All of these prisoners finally escaped, upon the cooling of the lava; but cattle that chanced to be in the direct course of the lava torrent were paralyzed by fear as it approached them, and were swept away and consumed. One of the streams reached the sea in a few hours, but the others spent two days in getting over the ground. The flow continued four days. According to the estimates of the Rev. Titus Coan, the aggregate width of its four branches averaged one and a half miles; its length was ten miles, and its average depth was fifteen feet. Where it entered the sea it extended the coast-line half a mile,—a doubtful gain to Hawaiian territory; for it was purchased by the destruction of six thousand acres of arable land, and a much greater quantity of forest; besides which the whole southeastern shore of Hawaii sank from four to seven feet, submerging many hamlets, covering the beaches, and flooding the beautiful cocoa-nut groves. Facts like these seem to favor Dr. Winslow's theory that vast cavities exist "between the earth's crust and the molten mass," undermining islands, oceans, and continents, and that into these voids the crust may suddenly sink in times of volcanic disturbance.

Though the region was very thinly peopled, two hundred houses and nearly a hundred lives were destroyed during the eruption. From the earthquakes and the falling mountains, from the volcanic waves of the ocean and the rivers of fire that burst up from the bowels of the earth, the affrighted survivors fled, many of them quitting forever the desolated district. The fugitives came to Hilo like the messengers of grief to Job, one treading upon the heels of another. One said: "My house is fallen, and my wife and children are dead, 'and I am left alone to tell thee.'" The next man said: "I was in the field catching my horse, when lo! the earth rent and disgorged vast masses of mud, swallowing up my house and my lands and my family of thirteen, 'and I am left alone to tell

thee.'" Another hurried in and said: "I was eating with my family in my house upon the shore, when suddenly a great wave struck the building, and, of all in that household, 'I am left alone to tell thee.'" The pastor of Hilo wrote: "I might repeat indefinitely these tales of parents made childless, children made orphans, husbands and wives sundered, or buried in a moment with their families and houses."

Since 1868 there have been frequent earthquakes in Hawaii, but no volcanic outbreak. It is the hope of the inhabitants that Pé-le, wearied by her unprecedented efforts in that year, will defer for a longer time than usual her dangerous experiments in mountain-building. But if she should not do so, visitors who may go to Hawaii about the year 1875 will have a fair chance of seeing another first-class volcanic eruption.

THE LAST OF THE PEQUODS.

In the vestibule of the library of the New York Historical Society is the figure of a North American Indian, in purest marble, wrought by the hand of Thomas Crawford The man is sitting, with his head low bent and resting upon his palm, and his expression is that of one entirely absorbed in deep and sad contemplation. That fine work of art is called "The Last of his Race." Art, history, and romance have touchingly depicted that rare, melancholy person, the last of *his* race or nation, but have yet failed to portray that rare, melancholy being, the last of *her* race or nation.

A dozen years ago I visited that rare woman, the last living survivor of *her* nation. She was then just one hundred years old, and blessed with a liberal share of bodily and mental vigor. She was undoubtedly the last of the Pequods, a powerful nation (in the limited sense of the term) of Indians, who occupied an extensive region of country along the borders of Long Island Sound, in Eastern Connecticut. They had come, nobody knew when, from the more vigorous North—a hardy people, inured to the chase and war—and driven away the weaker ichthyophagists of the seaboard. They exercised wide authority, by right of conquest, over the continental tribes in their vicinity and a greater portion of Long Island; and they were so aggressive that they won the fear and hatred of all around them. Their national seat was at the mouth of the Thames, and their chief sagamore, when the white people first settled in Connecticut, was Sassacus. He was a sort of emperor, having under his control between the Thames and the Hudson rivers, along the Sound, twenty-six chiefs and almost four thousand warriors. His royal residence was upon a hill a little southward of the present village of Groton, then covered with the primeval forest. Upon the Mystic River, eastward, not far from Stonington, he had a strong fort, and around him stood seven hundred young warriors ready to obey his every command. Haughty and insolent, he spurned every overture of the white people, and looked with contempt upon the rebellious doings of Uncas, of the royal blood, then in armed insurrection against him. The English were but a handful compared to his people, and he scorned their friendship. What had he to fear? Much, very much, as a brief campaign against him in May, 1637, proved.

The outrages of Sassacus and his followers had made his name so terrible, that white and dusky mothers alike drew their babes closer to their bosoms whenever it was uttered. It was evident that he aspired to be master of all New England, and that his first business toward the accomplishment of that end would be the extermination of the English. Imminent danger caused quick and energetic action. Captain John Mason was sent, with less than one hundred men, to land on the shores of and penetrate the Pequod country, and bring the haughty savages under subjection. His little army sailed in pinnaces down Narraganset Bay. Two hundred Narraganset warriors, under Miantonomoh, their principal chief, joined the English; so also did many brave Niantics, and the Pequod

rebels under Uncas. When, early in June, Mason approached the fort of Sassacus, on the Mystic, he had full five hundred light and dark warriors following him.

At early dawn that little army from the east stealthily crawled up the thick wooded hill crowned by the Pequod fort. The whole garrison were in deep slumber, excepting a solitary sentinel; and at the same moment when he shouted into dull ears, "The English! The English!" the invaders scaled the mounds, beat down the palisades, and swarmed into the fort with gun, sword, and tomahawk. The mattings of the wigwams and the dry bushes and timbers of the fort were fired, when seven hundred men, women, and children perished by the flames and steel! The strong, the beautiful, and the innocent were mercilessly slaughtered; and the impious leader in his account said, "God is above us! He laughs his enemies and the enemies of the English to scorn, making them as a fiery oven. Thus does the Lord judge among the heathen, filling the place with dead bodies!"

Swift couriers flew to Sassacus with the sad news. Close upon the steps of the bearers of evil tidings followed the remnant of his warriors who escaped the massacre, and were excited to madness by the dreadful calamity. The Sagamore sat, stately and sullen, under a canopy of boughs, while they boldly charged the disasters of the morning to his haughtiness and misconduct. With violent gestures and frequent yells, they threatened him with death; and they would doubtless have pushed the threat to action had they not been startled by the blast of a trumpet near by. Another foe was upon them. From the head of the Mystic came two hundred armed settlers from Massachusetts and Plymouth, to seal the doom of the Pequod nation. Their advent brought despair to Sassacus and his followers, and these instantly set fire to their wigwams and palisades, and, crossing the Thames, fled westward, closely pursued by the English, with great slaughter. These spread utter desolation over the beautiful land of the Pequods. Wigwams and gardens disappeared before them, and men, women, and children met the fate of the Canaanites before the sword of the son of Nun. With a few followers Sassacus took refuge in Sasco swamp, near the present Fairfield, where all surrendered but the Sagamore and half a dozen warriors, who escaped to the Mohawks and met death by murder among them. And so it was that a nation was destroyed in a day. None of all that once powerful people remained but the few captives and their families, and the surviving rebels under Uncas, himself the last of the Mohegans of the royal line of the Pequods.

Almost a hundred years later, a descendant of one of these Pequod captives was a man of energy and wisdom, named Mahwee, or Mahweesum, whose family lived in Western Connecticut. With a party of hunters (he was then quite young), he chased a buck to the summit of a range of high hills beyond the usual limits of their hunting. At near sunset they looked down into a beautiful valley flooded with golden light, through which flowed a winding stream. In the morning they descended to the plain and there discovered rich corn-lands. Bringing their families over the hills, they made their homes there, near the mouth of a little tributary to the river. The corn-lands and the little stream they called Pish-gach-ti-gock,—the "meeting of the waters,"—and the river they named Hoo'-sa-tah-nook', "the stream over the mountains." Their place of settlement was near the present village of Kent, in Litchfield County, Connecticut. Such was the origin of the name of the Housatonic River, and the tribal one of the remnants of the Pequod, Narraganset, and other New England Indians who settled there, which has been corrupted into Schaghticook. Of this mixed tribe, so formed, Mahwee, about the year 1728, became sachem or civil ruler, and held the scepter until his death.

One day, before he became sachem, Mahwee was hunting on the mountains westward of Schaghticook, and from their tops he looked down into a lovely valley covered with rich grass, and broken into little rocky and wooded hills that appeared like islands in a green sea. Through it flowed a sparkling stream that received many a brook from the mountains. It was the valley of the Weebetuck or Ten Mile River, in the town of Dover,

N. Y. The mountain-sides of the valley were full of game, and the river abounded with fish. There Mahwee built a wigwam for his family, gathered about him an Indian settlement, and became its sachem. He afterward dwelt in one or two other places, and finally went back to Schaghticook, where he drew around him the other settlements, and became sachem over all.

Several years after that general gathering, Moravian missionaries had penetrated that region. A station was planted, in 1741, at Shekomeko, in the eastern part of Duchess County, N. Y., and not many miles from the valley of the Weebetuck. The labors of the missionaries among the Indians were extended to Schaghticook, and the first convert among the tribe there was Sachem or King Mahwee, to whom they gave the baptismal name of Gideon. He was baptized by Martin Mack, on the 13th of February, 1743, and to the end of his life he was faithful to his profession. For a long time he was an exhorter among his people. Believing it would add to the dignity of his household, he was married to another wife from among the Stockbridge Indians, farther up the Housatonic River, and took her to Pishgachtigock. But his people were so offended by the act that he felt compelled to reside, for a time, in the valley of the Weebetuck, his old home. There he lived until convinced that he had done wrong, when he sent his second wife back to her people, and returned to his own.

Eunice Mahwee, grand-daughter of Sachem Gideon, and who was descended in unmixed blood from her Pequod ancestors, the unfortunate contemporaries of Sassacus, was "the last of *her* nation" to whom I have alluded. I visited her under circumstances of peculiar interest.

The fact that one of their missionary stations had been planted in the province of New York, near the borders of Connecticut, more than a hundred years before, had almost faded from the Moravian mind, and was known only to a few students. A farmer plowed up, on the site of Shekomeko, a fragment of a stone bearing an inscription in the German language. It was an impenetrable enigma until records pointed to the spot as the site of the settlement of "the praying Indians." The Moravian Historical Society of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, became interested in the matter. A delegation from it visited the spot as explorers in June, 1859, and it was found that the fragment was part of a monument erected there at the grave and to the memory of Gottlieb Büttner, one of the two earliest missionaries at Shekomeko. The writer accompanied the explorers, and a few months afterward he participated with the Moravian bishop and other clergy and laymen of the United Brethren, in the dedication of a monument erected at the grave of Büttner, and another near Sharon, Connecticut, where the Moravians had a missionary station. From these interesting places we rode through a most picturesque region southward, passing on the way the upper borders of the Weebetuck Valley, and arrived at Kent, on the Housatonic, at sunset. The next morning the whole party rode a short distance down the western side of the river to the Schaghticook Reservation, and visited Eunice Mahwee, the chief subject of this paper. At that time only about fifty persons composed the remnant of the mixed tribe over which Sachem Gideon had ruled; and "Aunt Eunice," as her friends and neighbors called her, was the only one in whose veins then ran the pure blood of the Pequods.

As we approached the Reservation we found the valley very narrow and more picturesque, with the Pishgachtigock or Schaghticook Mountain overlooking it. Some of the houses were of logs, and others were framed; and around each was a patch of cultivated land. Some of the dwellings were adorned with flowers, shrubbery, and vines. Thus beautified, was the house in which Eunice dwelt with her grand-daughter Lavinia, who was in the yard when we drew up. She was tidily dressed in faded calico, and had a man's straw hat upon her head, and an implement of labor in her hand. Undisturbed by the sudden arrival of so many strangers, she led us quietly into the house, where, at an open fire-place, before some glowing embers, sat upon a rush-bottomed chair the venerable object of our visit, with a half-finished basket on which she had been working by her side.



EUNICE MAHWEE.

In an open doorway, connecting with another room, stood Lavinia's pretty, bright-eyed daughter, a young married woman, with a babe in her arms. So the eye rested upon living members of the same family born a hundred years apart! Glancing around the room we saw evidences of poverty, but not of want. Three chairs, a deal table, a small cracked looking-glass, a faded paper window-shade, and a pair of bellows composed the furniture. On the table was a wooden dish nearly filled with lamprey eels, a fish which one of the Moravians of the company said was often mentioned in the records of the mission there as a wholesome and abundant article of food in the settlement.

Eunice had evidently been a stout, thick-set woman in her prime, a little below the ordinary height of her sex. She had strongly-marked Indian features, evidently lighted in earlier life by brilliant black eyes. Age had now made its furrows everywhere upon her face, and somewhat dimmed her vision; but her voice, slow and clear, had all the force and melody of that of her young womanhood. Her mind was strong, but a little sluggish; and when, by questions, we tried to draw from her the salient points in the story of her long life, she would sit a moment, with her eyes fixed upon the fire, to summon tardy memory to give us answers. She never failed; and by patient questioning and more patient waiting our curiosity was satisfied.

Eunice was born in Derby, Connecticut, between the Naugatuck and Housatonic rivers, in the year 1759. Her father, Gideon Mahwee's second son, was named Joseph, and wore the costume of the white people. She remembered a visit made to him by her grandfather and a few friends, when she was a little child. They were dressed in the Indian manner, and were entertained at dinner, of which they partook with their fingers out of a huge kettle of meat and vegetables, all sitting around it on the ground. Their wild appearance frightened her, and she hid in the bushes for fear of being eaten up by them. She lived in Derby until she was married to a Narraganset Indian named John Sutnux, who, almost immediately afterward, went to the north with Connecticut troops, and was engaged in the short campaign that ended in the capture of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga.

At that time there were only five Indians in Derby, and soon after her husband's return from camp they settled among the Schaghticooks at Kent, where there was then no sachem, her grandfather being dead, and no person of unmixed blood remaining who might bear the honor. His memory was dear to the people, for he had been a father to them, telling them where and when to plant and sow, and reap and gather. He allowed no drinking of fermented liquors; and while he lived the tribe flourished and increased. They were so numerous when Eunice first went among them that she was timid for a long time, they seemed so wild. After Gideon's death the tribal bonds became weakened. Intemperance and idleness marred their prosperity, and the community began to scatter. At the opening of the Revolution there were yet a sufficient number to send one hundred warriors to the field. In that war many of them perished.

Eunice's husband died at Kent, and she afterward married Peter Sherman. She had borne nine children, and had outlived them all. Skillful in basket-making, many years of her womanhood in the early part of this century were spent in that business. She often wandered over the mountains into the Weebetuck Valley (now Dover Plains), selling her wares, and was made welcome by everybody. Many a night was spent by her in the hospitable mansion of the estate on which the writer now resides, when the young people of the family would listen during a long evening to her marvelous stories of the past. One of these, now almost four-score years of age, and other old residents of this region have a vivid recollection of the vigorous and wandering Eunice, the basket-woman, and also of her contemporary and friend of the Stockbridge Indians, John Konkepot, who was educated at Nazareth Hall, in Bethlehem, by the Moravians. He was better known as Doctor Konkepot, because he was famous for his certain cures of the bite of the rattlesnake, as well as of almost every other disease, by the use of "Indian medicines." Strong drink became his enemy. He had no cure for *that* serpent which "stingeth like an adder," and he died its victim.

Somewhat late in life Eunice again became a widow; and when, in 1844, at the age of eighty-five years, she was baptized and received into the Congregational Church at Kent, she took her maiden name of Mahwee, by which she was ever afterward known. In fact, she had assumed it on the death of her second husband, many years before.

The Schaghticook Reservation was originally more extended than when we visited it. It was bounded on the north by the creek which gave it its name, on the south by the Weebetuck, on the east by the Housatonic River, and on the west by a line on the mountains. Sachem Gideon laid out this tract into oblong strips extending from the river to the mountain, and assigned one to each family. This partition gave to each the right to hunt in the mountains and to fish in the river. He compelled each family to till their land and live off of the products, and thereby discouraged laziness.

Eunice was still living on land assigned to her family, and she was so much attached to it that she did not want to leave it, even for an hour. She spoke sadly of the decay of her people, and almost contemptuously of those whose blood was mixed with other than that of the Indian race. She remembered when there was a fair degree of prosperity in the settlement, the inhabitants quite numerous and the pappooses in the fields as plentiful as squirrels. Alas! at the time of our visit not more than thirty persons with the Indian purple in their veins were inhabitants of the Reservation, and these were of almost every shade of brown. Eunice spoke with honest pride of her own pure blood, and said she was the very last one of the Pequods whose pedigree was free from the taint of amalgamation.

Our questions concerning the past excited Eunice's memory of her youthful days. She told us that even so late as in her young womanhood she had heard her people declare how much they loved the Moravians, and delighted to relate the manner and incidents of their visits.

Those faithful missionaries came first one and then another, singly, stayed a while, and returned; and then they came again, with their women. During the few years that they ministered in Eastern Duchess they baptized no less than one hundred and fifty Indians in the Schaghticook settlement.

Perceiving signs of weariness in the face of the venerable centenarian, we bade her farewell and continued our journey, satisfied that we had been face to face with the last survivor of a once powerful nation, whose race inhabited our continent ages, perhaps, before Europeans discovered it—a race now rapidly fading away, there remaining not more than three hundred thousand within the broad domain of our republic of the vast multitude who were here when De Soto and his fellow-invaders, a little more than three hundred years ago, swept over the Gulf region from the Peninsula of Flowers to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Crawford's grand figure of The Last of his Race is a prophecy soon to be fulfilled.

WAS ADAM THE FIRST MAN?

WHETHER the human races have descended from a single pair, is a question which scientists are forcing upon public attention. Theologians are generally settled in the belief that the Bible doctrine of the unity of our race is plainly revealed; but many learned authors have contended for a higher antiquity of man than can be assigned on the Mosaic record. Conviction of this truth is very general among scientists. They point to the various sources of scientific inquiry, and assert that they prove the existence of man on this planet ages before the commonly received period of the creation of Adam. Some of them have, therefore, improperly inferred that the Mosaic chronology is incorrect. They put back the flood at least ten thousand years, and the creation of Adam ten thousand years before the flood. But where are we to stop if explicit declarations of the Bible are discredited? We had as well deny one Bible-asserted fact as another. We must hold fast to all the declarations of the Bible. They are the utterances of inspired truth. Yet in such a position we are not, necessarily, called upon to deny the facts of science. They are a part of the testimonies of truth. If it be necessary to readjust old theories, let us not fear to do so, if revelation and science are thereby reconciled.

Much evidence has of late been furnished touching the antiquity of man. Archæological and scientific researches have surrounded the question with fresh interest. Among recent publications on the subject, are *Adam and the Adamite*, published by Bentley, London, 1868, and *Primeval Man*, published by Routledge & Sons, London and New York, 1869. The former, by Dominick M'Causland, Q.C., LL.D., is an elegant contribution to literature and science. It advocates the theory that races of men existed on this planet anterior to Adam. The latter, by the Duke of Argyll, is less fascinating as a literary work, but it earnestly upholds the view of the unity of the human race of which Adam was the sole progenitor. The Duke's estimate, however, of man's antiquity carries his origin far back of the commonly received period founded on the chronology of Moses.

Both of these learned works are intended to be loyal to the Bible. The one supposes that the Bible plainly teaches, incidentally, the existence of men when Adam, as the head of the Caucasian race, came on the scene of earth, the final and finished work of the great Creator. The other opposes that view, and contends for the unity of the human race in Adam's line, but he does not attempt to reconcile the theory with the Mosaic record, nor attempt to measure the space that reaches back to the creation of Adam. Its learned author thinks "there remains a weight and concurrence of authority in favor of a long chronology, which grows and increases in the minds of all who have studied each one of the separate branches of inquiry" that point to man's high antiquity; but insists that "the unity of the human race, in respect to origin, is not easily separated from some principles which are of high value in our understanding both of moral duty and religious truth."

The first-named author contends that "the Book of Genesis is obviously made up of several distinct sections, which, if not composed, were compiled by Moses, under the dictation and guidance of the Almighty. Taken together they furnish a consistent and most significant record of antediluvian events, and an unbroken series of genealogies, from which a complete and accurate chronology of the time that has elapsed since the creation of Adam has been deduced, carrying down that event into the historical era, and thus connecting it with the present age of the world." This record gives the several ages of Adam and his descendants, in the direct line, at the date of the birth of a son; and, thus computed, the time between Adam's creation and the deluge was one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years. To this he maintains we must hold fast, as to any other truths positively stated in the Divine Word. Time is an element inseparably interwoven with the history, and it cannot be rejected without sacrificing the whole record and converting it into a myth or fable.

Neither of the writers we refer to limit the human era to the commonly received period of six thousand years; and it is well known

that many intelligent authors contend for an antiquity incalculably more remote. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, to look at the subject to ascertain, if we may, what the Scriptures set forth and what science has disclosed concerning the races of mankind. The endeavor would be vain to attempt to reconcile the various disputants who have thought deeply and written learnedly on the subject; but to make any contribution by which the Bible record of Adam's creation and of his relation to his race may be better understood, is a more worthy ambition.

That there are distinct races of mankind it needs no history nor any argument to prove. The living witnesses of the fact are before us. A recent estimate computes the population of the globe at 1,228,000,000. Of this number 500,000,000 belong to the Mongolian race; 362,000,000 to the Caucasian; 190,000,000 to the Negro; 175,000,000 to the Malay, and 1,000,000 to the Indo-American race.

These races are at present distinct types of mankind. Were they created so, or have these diversities of color and organisms flowed from a single source?

There are differences of color, physiognomy, and structure between these various groups of the human family, more especially between the Caucasian, the Mongol, and the Negro. The black skin of the Negro is different from the fair skin of the Caucasian, and both are different from the olive-colored Mongol; while the tawny Malay and the copper-colored American Indian present contrasts to all the others. When Dr. Johnson was asked, "How the color of the Negro was accounted for?" he answered: "Some thought they were children of Ham, whose son was cursed; others that they were descendants of generations who had lived under burning suns; and others that they were a distinct race." There is no doubt the doctor gave what to his mind was the least plausible reason first, the better reason next, and the best reason last. The ancients generally attributed the Negro's color to the action of the sun; but that climate will not account for the sable hue is now conceded. The Negro, without admixture of other blood, retains his color in the high latitudes, generation after generation; and the Caucasian has never been known to assume the black tint, though he and his ancestors have been for centuries inhabitants of the latitude of the Negro in Africa. Indeed it is found that the color is not in the Negro's skin; it is as colorless as in the European; but it is in a tissue situated under it, "known in anatomy by the name of the tissue or net of Malpighi," which is peculiar to the Negro race, and is the seat of a dark pigment.

Besides the differences in complexion, physiognomy, and anatomical structure between the various races of men on the earth, there is also a difference in language, which, when fully considered, marks a distinction, and presents a difficulty in the attempt to trace back the several lines of descent of the races to a common source. One group or family of languages "form a class known as *the inflectional*, and are distinguished from all others on the face of the globe as the only languages that are adapted to, and possess, a literature." This is the property of the Caucasians, "the sole civilizing race in the world," and was, doubtless, taught to Adam in the garden of Eden. The other group are *monosyllabic*, and are destitute of all grammar. The nouns have no numbers, declensions, or cases; and the verbs are without conjugations through moods, tenses, or persons. Variation of tone, which in English is but emphasis, produces in Chinese different words, and conveys totally different ideas. There is not space in this paper to pursue this point, and it must be dismissed by referring the reader to Max Müller and other great masters of the subject of languages.

The varieties of man are a great mystery; and the want of any evidence to show that changes of characteristics have taken place in any of the distinct races, except by amalgamation, deepens the difficulty of supposing that all these varieties have descended from a single stock. There is no proof that a change from white to negro blackness is possible. History and observation assert it is impossible. It is known that in Egyptian pictures of more than 3,200 years ago the Negro kneels at the feet of Sethos I., in the same attitude of bondage and submission which has so long typified his race. There are the

blackness of color, the wooliness of hair, the flatness of nose, and the projection of the lips, which thus early marked his distinction. In others of these pictures, 500 years older, are similar representations of the Negro; and, at nearly the same time, elaborate representations of battles between negro soldiery and those of other races are portrayed. Drawings taken from Egyptian temples show that, at so early a date as the time of Abraham, the negro race was already what it is now; that he belonged to a numerous nation; and the Egyptian monarch is symbolically represented as ruling over him. His likeness is accurate and characteristic; and that of the Caucasian beside him is not less so. On a tomb at Thebes, the date of which is in the reign of Thotmes III. (about 1500 years B.C.), four negroes figure in a procession, two carrying elephants' tusks, another a string of precious stones, and the fourth a leopard's skin.

In the same representation of the procession, Egyptians, and also men of Jewish features, are depicted. (See Hoskin's *Travels in Ethiopia*, pp. 318–319.) There is other evidence abundantly showing that the present distinctions of race were the same nearly four thousand years ago; and how long before they existed we cannot calculate. "The skeleton of an Egyptian mummy, as old as Moses, differs in no respect from that of a modern Copt;" and writers on the old Egyptian monuments point out how distinctly upon them were traced the distinguishable forms of Negroes, Persians, and Jews.

Dr. M'Causland asserts, that "all the evidences that are available on the subject—geological, archæological, philological, physiological, and historical—tend to establish the proposition, that of the three apparently distinct races of mankind which are now, and have been from time immemorial, inhabitants of their respective sections of the earth's surface, the Caucasian was the last to make its appearance."

He asserts that there is no evidence to the contrary, "except the supposed authority of the Scriptures," and this, he forcibly undertakes to show, "instead of warranting, forbids the conclusion that the earliest human inhabitants of the earth were of the highest type of organization."*

Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Principles of Geology*, 9th Ed., p. 660, remarks, that "if all the leading varieties of the human family sprang originally from a single pair, a much greater lapse of time was required for the slow and gradual formation of such races as the Caucasian, Mongolian, and Negro, than was embraced in any of the popular systems of chronology." In confirmation of the high antiquity of two of these races, he refers in his subsequent work on the *Antiquity of Man*, chap. xx., "to pictures on the walls of ancient temples in Egypt, in which, a thousand years or more before the Christian era, the Negro and Caucasian physiognomies were portrayed as faithfully, and in as strong contrast, as if the likenesses of these races had been taken yesterday." He also refers to the same peculiarities of the Negro, after having been transported from the tropics and settled for more than two centuries in the temperate climate of Virginia; and he then asserts that "if the various races were all descended from a single pair, we must allow for a vast series of antecedent ages, in the course of which the long-continued influence of external circumstances gave rise to peculiarities increased in many successive generations, and at length fixed by hereditary transmission." Sir Charles Lyell is everywhere regarded as one of the most learned scientists of the time. His visits to different countries and his personal investigation of facts, commingled with the highest culture and erudition, combine to render his judgment on geological questions of great value. Yet his deliberate and publicly expressed conviction is as follows: "So long as physiologists continued to believe that man had not existed on the earth above six thousand years, they might, with good reason, withhold their assent from the doctrine of a unity of origin of so many distinct races." †

Which alternative shall we adopt—reject the Mosaic chronology, or, adhering to it, consider whether the Mongol and the Ne-

* *Adam and the Adamite*, p. 150.

† *Antiquity of Man*, Chap. xx., 3d Lond. Ed., p. 386.

gro races existed on this planet before the creation of Adam?

We should not adopt the latter alternative unless the evidence is sufficient to warrant the hypothesis of a higher antiquity of man than is allowed by the Mosaic chronology, nor unless also there are plain indications in the Scripture record that favor the hypothesis. But if such evidence and indications appear, should we not do so?

In respect of the evidence of such higher antiquity, it seems to be unanswerable. The civilization and strength of the Egyptian nation anterior to the time of Abraham is the first item of importance. The moderate computation of learned men who have studied the subject carries the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy as far back as seven hundred years before the visit to Egypt of the Hebrew patriarch. R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, pronounced to be a competent and cautious authority, makes that computation. According to that chronology the beginning of the Pharaohs was in the twenty-eighth century B.C. This is about four hundred years before the Flood, according to Bishop Usher, and still more, according to the chronology founded on the Septuagint version of the Scriptures. Now, it has been well observed, "the founding of a monarchy is not the beginning of a race." The growth of the nation must have preceded it, generation after generation.

There was another organized government in the time of Abraham, known as that of Chedorlaomer, under which there flourished in Elam, beyond Mesopotamia, a powerful nation, which, as the Duke of Argyll asserts, would "even now be ranked among the great Powers." No notice is taken of either of these numerous nations in the Scripture narrative, except incidentally, and we are left to gather our information concerning them from other sources. The Mosaic record, however, furnishes strong intimation that other nations than the descendants of Adam dwelt on the earth, and it seems quite impossible to suppose that a period covered by its chronology is long enough to admit of the dispersion of tribes and the growth of powerful nations, at the early time they are found to exist.

Then there are the authentic records of the Chinese nation, which commence in the twenty-fourth century B.C., more than three hundred years before the time of Abraham, and more than a century before the Flood; and these records begin when a kingdom was already established, when the nation had a capital city and a settled government. This civilization, too, appears at the farthest extremity of Asia, separated by many thousands of miles, and by most impassable regions, from the commonly called "cradle of the human race," and from the spot where Noah began the re-peopling of the earth. Hugh Miller has shown that the traditions of the deluge were universal among the ancient peoples; and has referred to numerous legends of different nations to the same general effect, that in an early age a great deluge took place near a mountain in Armenia. He refers to a Chaldean legend, an Assyrian tradition, an Eyptian tradition, Greek and Mexican traditions. "Its symbols," says he, "are found stamped on coins of old classical Greece; they have been traced amid the ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt; recognized in the sculptured caves of Hindustan, and detected even in the far west, among the picture-writings of Mexico." He holds, probably on good reason and safe evidence, that the Noachian deluge was partial and not universal. He well remarks that as to the "eight souls" in the Ark who were saved, it could not be known to them, "nor even though from a mast-top they could have swept the horizon with a telescope, whether the waters that spread out on every side of them, covering the old familiar mountains, and occupying the entire range of their vision, extended all around the globe, or found their limits some eight or ten hundred miles away." Whence, then, these universal traditions? Assuming that only the Adamic race perished; and that, except those implicated in the ruin that swept the place of abode of the Adamites, the other races of men in other portions of the globe were not destroyed; it is easy to conceive how such an appalling destruction should have sent the agitating waves of its tradition over all cotemporaneous nations and their successors.

The family of Noah was small—eight per-

sons in all when they entered the Ark. Their descendants at the time of their dispersion could not have been numerous, which event is supposed to be 2250 B.C. How could races of men of different color and characteristics, in widely different localities, grow into powerful nations, establish different forms of government, found capital cities, learn different languages, and produce such different national diversities as are shown to have existed so near the time, if not anterior to the date of that dispersion? Is it possible they could have descended from Noah? Chevalier Bunsen, assuming the unity of mankind in Adam, was compelled to date back the deluge to a period ten thousand years before our era, and to date back the beginning of mankind ten thousand years before the deluge. Prichard, Lyell, and many other learned scholars, on the same hypothesis of the unity of the race in Adam, extend the period of his creation thousands of years prior to the date assigned by the Mosaic chronology. This principle extinguishes many Bible passages, and "relegates the antediluvian record to the domain of legend;" whereas the book of Genesis plainly links the beginning of Adam's race to the historical ages, by specified generations, and by exact statements of the number of years intervening between each succeeding family. The book of Genesis contains an authentic account of the Patriarchs, from Adam down to the death of Joseph, covering a period of about 2,369 years. The statements of the ages of the patriarchs are so explicit we are not at liberty to doubt them.

According to a table appended to his commentary on the book of Genesis, the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke assigns the commencement of the Egyptian monarchy to a period sixty-two years subsequent to the dispersion of the sons of Noah. He dates the conquest of Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, over the kings of Pentapolis, Sodom, and Gomorrah, at one hundred and twenty-five years after the dispersion. We have already seen that later researches carry back the existence of those great monarchies centuries farther, and that of Egypt so far back, on the most moderate computation, as four centuries before the Flood; and, on the computation founded on the Septuagint version, it is carried back to eight centuries anterior to the deluge. Dr. Hales, quoted by Dr. Clarke with approbation, asserts that the great empires of Assyria and Egypt were founded by the *Hamites*, who were a seafaring race. The sons of Ham, as we learn in Genesis, were Cush, Mizraim, Phut, and Canaan. Two of these, Mizraim and Phut, went to Egypt; but how, even on the supposed chronology of Dr. Clarke, could it be possible that the descendants of the two sons of Ham should, in sixty years after they entered Egypt, have grown into a great nation, and in so short a time have founded that unexampled monarchy, which existed in such power and extent for so many centuries? On the theory of Dr. Clarke, these sons of Ham had a new language to develop, and an uninhabited country to occupy; and he asserts elsewhere that the patriarchs usually had no children until they were sixty-five years old. There is another difficulty in the theory of the descent of the races from Noah's family. The descendants of Noah, few in number at the dispersion, were in an advanced stage of civilization. The Bible account so describes them. Those of them who emigrated eastward have left records which prove their proficiency in knowledge. Now, could brethren of the same blood, who went westward, have sunk to the degraded state of "the savage cotemporaries of the extinct mammalia of the Post-Pliocene, or to that of the tenants of the European ossiferous caves, or even of the Swiss pile-habitations?" Upon this point Dr. M'Causland remarks: "Any attempt to force these well-established phenomena into consistency with the theory of a descent of all the races of men by degradation from Noah must end in failure. Arguments to that effect would require us either to abandon altogether the chronology of the Bible, and relegate its teachings to the domains of unreal legend, or to discard the well-sifted testimony of the circumstances of primeval man, collected by the philosopher from the various fields of scientific research. On the other hand, to render the Scripture record of Adam's creation consistent with scientific facts, we have only to read it as a description of the

creation of a human being of a superior race among pre-existing inferior races of mankind."

It seems to be established on sufficient evidence that the Chinese nation existed centuries before the dispersion, and has continued to exist to the present day. According to Prichard, the race descended from the north-western mountains of Asia upwards of four thousand years ago. He has reviewed the authorities on the subject of the antiquity of that race, and observes that "there is a nearly uniform consent among the best-informed students of Chinese literature, favorable to the authenticity of Chinese history as far back as twenty-two or twenty-three centuries before the Christian era." * Other writers agree in this chronology. Professor Neumann dates the origin of Chinese history at twenty-two hundred and fifty-seven years before Christ. † Rémusat says it goes back, with certainty, to the twenty-second century before our era, and that reliable traditions allow us to date its commencement four centuries earlier, in the year 2637 B.C. ‡ Before that time, a wild aboriginal race, abject and savage as the Bushman, inhabited the land, and its representatives are still to be found in the mountains and forests of that empire.

We cannot account for the antiquity of these peoples upon the commonly received notion that all the races of mankind have descended from Adam through Noah, unless we abolish the received chronology of the Christian world. There is but one hypothesis to assume, which admits the fact of the existence of the ancient races at the periods learned men have assigned to them, and which, at the same time, is consistent with the verity of the Mosaic record. Upon this hypothesis and no other can we understand also how, 350 years after the Flood, in the time of Abraham, nations warred with nations and kings subjugated populations of whom we have no account beyond their names, "the Rephaim, the Zuzims, the Enims, and Horites."

Geology has tracked the march of time along the steps of ages, and has clearly shown that man was the latest product of creation; but in leading us back to the dawn of human life on this planet, it becomes an unequivocal voucher for his high antiquity, and for the same distinction of types long ages ago as exist at the present day. It furnishes another powerful reason for adhering strictly to the Bible narrative, while at the same time we accept the theory that Adam was the progenitor of the Caucasian race only, whose history is related in that narrative. Unless that theory be accepted, we must either deny the disclosures of that branch of science, or deny the Mosaic chronology. It seems a vain effort of blind incredulity to deny the facts, and the legitimate deduction from facts, which the science of geology has disclosed. Its testimony is repeated from many fields of exploration and tends to the same result. When that or any other science is understood, there will be no conflict with revelation. The God of nature is the author of revelation. A few years ago, theologians railed at geology because it asserted that the world was not created in six literal days. Even the renowned Dr. Chalmers attributed infidelic tendencies to the assertion, and asked, in seeming indignation, what it proposed to do with the Sabbath? Would geology abolish the Sabbath? But when the truth of that scientific assertion was made clear, theologians saw that the true interpretation of Moses was not inconsistent with it; and now what was once so vehemently denounced has come to be generally admitted. If geology, or any other science, reveals *facts* that conflict with the common interpretation of the Mosaic record, it is probable the interpretation is at fault. It cannot be the record itself.

Without giving implicit credence to everything that has been asserted by geologists, there is still such a varied assemblage of well-attested facts, all pointing to one general deduction concerning the antiquity of man, that the strength of the most obdurate incredulity must give way to the deduction. A learned clergyman of the city of New York, who has lately published some interesting and able lectures on *Man in Genesis and Geology*, in responding to the question, How long man

* *Phys. Hist. of Mankind*, vol. iv., 477.

† *Coup d' Œil Hist. Nouv. Journ. Asiat.*, Tom. xiv., p. 50.

‡ *Mélanges Historiques*, Tom. i., p. 66.

has existed on this planet? answers, "I don't know." There is no reason, if the common view of the Mosaic account be accepted, why a theologian should say he don't know. The answer, "I don't know," is a plain concession to the weight of evidence which is not in accordance with the common acceptation of the Mosaic chronology. In the light of that evidence it is not safe to say "six thousand years" are the limit of man's existence; and the preponderance of opinion among scientists and other competent and learned men who have studied the subject assigns an antiquity to races of men on the earth many thousands of years higher than the Mosaic chronology. This remark will find confirmation in the numerous works on geology, as well as in many publications on the races of men and on correlative subjects. Numerous facts, industriously gathered from many of them, are related in a late work, entitled "Natural History of the Human Races," by J. P. Jeffries, of Wooster, Ohio; printed at New York, for the author, 1869. See also Sir J. Lubbock's recent work on the *Origin of Civilization and the Savage Tribes*, just reprinted at New York, by Appleton.

The uninspired evidence on the question of man's antiquity is derived from five distinct sources:—geology, archæology, history, language, and ethnology,—and it all conspires to conduct us to the conclusion that man's appearance on this planet antedates the creation of Adam many thousands of years.

Now, while the Bible was not given to mankind to instruct them in the knowledge of the sciences, yet that inspired book, correctly understood, cannot contradict the deductions of science. The statements of Scripture and the facts of philosophy will at last be found to be in harmony, however much timid men may spurn the wager of battle for inspiration on the field of physical science.

Is the theory of a common origin and the doctrine of a unity of mankind derived from Adam a tenet of the Bible? By one class this is asserted; by another it is maintained that the Scripture narrative, simple as it is, accounts for all the phenomena of race and language upon the earth; and from beyond the reach of human knowledge it brings its inspired utterances to confirm the teaching of tradition, philosophy, and science, that nations of uncivilized and of semi-civilized men were dwellers of earth when Adam appeared on the scene.

It was well remarked by the learned author of *Man in Genesis and Geology*, that—

"A sound Theology looks upon Nature as the handiwork of God, and while it accepts a supernatural revelation upon evidence peculiar to itself, it accepts also every established fact of the physical universe as equally of divine origin and authority. Hence, the devout inquirer after truth will be bent,—not upon devising some compromise between Science and the Bible, as presumably at variance,—but upon ascertaining the exact facts of Nature, as a portion of God's testimony concerning Himself, and the precise meaning of the Bible according to legitimate principles of interpretation. When each class of declarations is fairly brought out by its own methods, if there is a seeming discrepancy, neither will be set aside as of inferior authority, but either some error of observation, induction, or interpretation will be suspected; or while both forms of testimony are accredited, the decision of the case will be held in abeyance, until a more advanced knowledge shall reconcile them from some higher plane, where the harmonies of all science, physical and metaphysical, and of all revelation, the secondary and the supernatural, shall interblend without confusion or mistake."

In the spirit of such views, remembering the undeniable disclosures of science, let us look for "the precise meaning of the Bible, according to legitimate principles of interpretation," touching the point under consideration.

In our common version of the Bible two different words are, in the early chapters of Genesis, used indiscriminately as if they were the same word. These words are אָדָם (Adam), and אִישׁ (ish). Both these words are translated *man*, whereas the latter is used in the original generically and not in the *particular sense* in which the former is used. The Hebrew text seems to unfold a different meaning from our authorized version when this distinction is noticed. "God said, Let us make *man* in our image and after our likeness," Gen. i. 26, is the rendering of our version. The Hebrew text is, "God said, Let us make *Adam* in our image," etc. In the next verse our translation reads: "So God created *man* in his own image," etc. The Hebrew reads: "So God created *the Adam*, or the *Adamite*" (ha-Adam), with the

article prefixed. So, in the second chapter it was "*the Adam*," or "*the Adamite*," that God formed of the dust of the ground; that he placed in the Garden; that had not existed to till the ground; gave names to animals; for whom a helpmate was provided; that disobeyed and fell; was the father of Cain and Abel, etc. Now the expression *ha-Adam* is never applied to designate the individual Adam after the birth of Cain; he is henceforth until his death simply called Adam; for after his children Cain and Abel were born he was no longer *the Adamite*—there were others like him. Yet after his death, when his progeny began to multiply, the expression *ha-Adam* is used to particularize *his posterity*. They were daughters of *the Adamite* that the sons of God took for their wives. Thus in chapter vi. it is written:

"And it came to pass, when *the Adamite* began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of the Gods saw the daughters of *the Adamite*, that they were fair, and they took them wives of all that they chose.

"And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with *the Adamite*, for that he also is flesh, etc.

"There were giants in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of the Gods came in unto the daughters of *the Adamite*, etc. * * * and it repented the Lord that he had made *the Adamite* on the earth; * * * And the Lord said, I will destroy *the Adamite* * * * both *the Adamite* and beast, and the creeping things," etc.

Now this particular expression is not used in the Hebrew text as the generic term for mankind in general. When that seems intended, a different word (*ish*) is employed. Thus, at the end of the second chapter, where Adam states the general relationship of husband and wife, the word for woman is *ishah*, the feminine of *ish*. In the third chapter, ver. 16, *ish* is used to designate a husband. Eve uses it at the birth of Cain, "I have gotten a man" (*ish*), a male, "from the Lord." It occurs again in the song of Lamech, and in other passages.

The different terms "*Adam*" and "*ish*" appear to be employed in various texts in a way that denotes the distinction between them; the latter referring to the lower races of men, and the former to the higher or Adamic race. "Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world, both *high* and *low*." Psa. xlix. 1, 2. We are told by the learned that these words literally mean "*sons of Adam*," and "*sons of man*" (*ish*). The same in Psa. lxii. 9: "Surely *men of low degree* (sons of *ish*) are vanity, and *men of high degree* (sons of *ha-Adam*) are a lie." In Isa. ii. 9, we have this text: "The *mean man* boweth down, and the *great man* humbleth himself;" the literal translation of which is, "*the Adamite* boweth down like as *man* (*ish*) humbleth himself."

The author of *Genesis of the Earth and Man*, whose opinion is indorsed by R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, maintains that Adam was the progenitor of the white races only, and that before his creation the black race had been established in the continent of Africa; also that in the Mosaic narrative there are intimations of the existence of pre-Adamic races. Referring to this opinion the Duke of Argyll * remarks: "This theory undoubtedly explains one passage in Genesis, which seems otherwise wholly unintelligible, namely, that in which mention is made of unions between the 'sons of God' and the daughters of men. It is affirmed that for the 'sons of God' we ought to substitute as the true meaning 'the servants of the gods,' or, in other words, the idolatrous races of the world. In like manner the 'daughters of men' should be translated the 'daughters of the Adamite.' The passage would thus refer to intermarriages between the children of Adam and the pre-existing idolatrous nations of the world. It is true also that this theory would remove or diminish some other difficulties attending the received interpretation."

The intermarriage between the daughters of the Adamic race and the idolatrous men, called sons or servants of the gods, seems to be stated as the moving cause of the flood. Immediately after the relation of that wickedness, follows this verse: "And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with *the*

* *Primitive Man*, p. 105.

Adamite, for that *he also is flesh*." * * * * "And the Lord said, I will destroy *the Adamite* whom I have created, from the face of the earth;" * * * * "But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." Ch. vi. 1–8. The old popular misapprehension as to the extent of the Noachian deluge has, in the present day, given place to a better informed conviction that the earth's surface was not everywhere submerged, but only that portion of it in Asia which was the abode of the family of Adam.

When sentence was pronounced on Cain, this was a part of it: "*A fugitive* and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." Gen. iv. 12. Cain understood this penalty; and in fear of it said: "Every one that findeth me shall slay me." His being "driven out from the face of the earth" consisted, in part at least, in his going out from the presence of the Lord. "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden." v. 16. What does this mean but that he was banished from the presence of his father's family, where the worship of the true God was maintained, and His presence and peace implored, and where His favor was sought by offerings like Abel's? But after he was thus driven out, Cain had a *dwelling-place* in Nod; he was not a *wanderer over the face of the earth;* for he dwelt in the land whither he had been banished, and *builded there a city*, calling it after the name of his son, Enoch. This son, it is thought, from the import of his name, was dedicated to the service of God, that he might minister in the sacerdotal office, from which Cain, by his crime, had been excluded. Dr. M'Causland thinks that from the history of Cain, "it may be fairly inferred he became chief of a community composed of a different race and blood, to whom he and his descendants imparted a knowledge of the arts of civilized life." He also remarks: "Time, place, and circumstance all combine to assure us, that in this short narrative we have the fountain-head and source of the history of the civilization of the Chinese and other nations and tribes of High Asia;" and he refers to "the date of the Chinese emigration from the west," which, as fixed by their records, "corresponds closely to the Mosaic date of the Cainite civilization of the primitive inhabitants of the land of Nod, which would have occurred about five hundred years before that event."

Is not this view of the history of Cain after his sentence more in harmony with the divine record than the common opinion, that, notwithstanding his banishment "from the presence of the Lord," and his punishment, which consisted in his being "a *fugitive* and a vagabond," he still *dwelt with his own kindred* and employed them in building a city? Dr. Clarke supposes there were female descendants of Adam at the time Cain went to the land of Nod; and it is by some supposed that *Cain married one of them.* On such hypotheses, what becomes of the punishment denounced against him? Can a rational answer be given? He was no *fugitive* if he dwelt in a city with his own kindred.

But it is said there are texts in the New Testament which declare that Adam was the progenitor of all humanity. Let us examine them. (1) Paul, in his address to the Athenians on Mars Hill, said, "God that made the world, and all things therein, * * * *and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.*" * * * Here the word (αἵματος) translated "blood" is said to be omitted in fourteen of the principal MSS. from the fifth to the eighth century, including the Vatican and the Alexandrian. It is, however, found in the same number ranging from the fifth to the eleventh century. Whether the word be interpolated or not, it would seem that St. Paul employed the phrase to denote the general unity of humanity, as creatures of God who had made them all; and not in the sense of teaching their unity as children of Adam. The sense is elucidated when he immediately says, "*as certain also of your own poets* have said, for we are also *his offspring.*' In 1 Cor. xv. 39 he says, "There is *one flesh* of men, *another flesh* of beasts, another of fishes, another of birds." Surely no one would hold that St. Paul meant to teach that all the varieties of beasts on the earth descend from a single pair; nor all the varieties of

birds, or of fishes. Dean Alford in his New Testament (vol. ii. pp. 180–181) holds that the meaning is not "hath made of one blood," but "caused every nation of one blood (sprung) to dwell on all the face of the earth;" which is not contradictory of the co-existence of nations of different blood. Dr. Pye Smith, who has written in support of the doctrine of the unity of mankind, observes: "With regard to Acts xvii. 26, it cannot be proved that 'one blood' necessarily signifies descent from a common ancestry."

Paul was speaking to the Athenians, who had an erroneous notion that they were self-produced and were the aboriginals of mankind; and the point of the Apostle's argument seems to be, that *every nation of men* was made by the great Creator; that all were his offspring, and that the source of their existence and the principle of their life were derived from Him, in whom all live, move, and have their being. In the Latin Vulgate the text reads: "*Fecit que ex uno omne genus hominum inhabitare super universam faciem terræ;*" the translation of which is, "*And hath made of one every race of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.*" In other words, every race of men (descended from its one head) God hath made to dwell on the earth.

But whatever may be the true rendering of the expression of the Apostle, it can scarcely be made more distinct than the expression in Acts ii. 5: "Every nation under heaven;" or the expression of the same Apostle in Col. i. 23: "Every creature which is under heaven;" which are both limited to the people of the countries known to the Jews, and are not to be read in their full literal import.

(2) Another text is quoted, Romans v. 12, as bearing upon the point: "Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The argument which the Apostle is pursuing when he uses these words is, that the consequences of Christ's obedience extends as far as the consequences of Adam's disobedience. He is not pretending to state a literal verity, that "by one man sin entered into the world." To assert that as a literal truth, is to deny that Eve first partook of the forbidden fruit. Sin had entered into the world when she yielded to the serpent's temptation, and that was *before* she gave the fruit to Adam and he did eat. The point of the Apostle was not to assert a literal fact, but to state the truth, to wit, that as Adam, as the representative of the race, had conferred on his progeny, by his sin, the consequences of death, so Christ, as the representative of all mankind, had by his obedience in fulfilling the law conferred the gift of life on believers.

What does the Apostle say in v. 14? "Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, *even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression*, who is the figure of him that was to come." Who could the Apostle mean, over whom death reigned from Adam to Moses, and yet who *had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression?* If we admit there were races of men who had lived on the earth before Adam, who had sinned before him, and over whom and their progeny death reigned in consequence of sin, we perceive a plain application of the text to them; if we deny such pre-existing races, the text seems to have no certain application. Dr. M'Causland remarks (p. 291), that "the Bible is the history of a particular race, the Adamite; his creation, his fall, his restoration to Paradise, are the theme of Holy Writ from Alpha to Omega; and while salvation is proclaimed to the heathen, it is proclaimed by faith in Christ, to be preached by Adamite missionaries." * * "What Adam might have been the instrument of obtaining for the rest of mankind, had he been obedient to the divine command, has been more than regained by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. At his fall we have the first promise of the Redeemer and restorer of the lost inheritance in the person of the second Adam. Therefore it is that the Apostle refers to the sin of Adam and its immediate consequence, death, as the primary cause of the redemption to life by the second Adam,—not death in general, which we know had reigned in the world *before* Adam, but death, the penalty incurred by him, and entailed on his otherwise immortal race." He argues further that the Apostle was alluding to the redemption of man by the second Adam, from the effects of the sin

of the first Adam, which he maintains does not imply that no one had lived or died before Adam. "The Saviour redeemed Adam and his race, as the Apostle states; but the redemption extends from the highest heaven to the lowest hades,—from Abel, Enoch, and Noah, to the 'spirits in prison,' who were not of Adam's race." He thinks the teaching to be that the forfeited inheritance was redeemed for Adam's race, and that all other races are admitted to the participation of the benefits purchased by the Saviour's blood. They were represented in the vision of St. Peter, by the "four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air."

In Psa. viii. 4, we read this text: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" St. Paul in the second chapter of Hebrews quotes this text, verbatim, from the Septuagint; but, as Dr. Clarke observes, the Greek is not so emphatic as the Hebrew; he gives, in his note, the original, and renders its translation thus: "What is miserable man that thou rememberest him? and the son of Adam, that thou visitest him?" Dr. Clarke says the variation of the terms in the original is *very emphatic.* The idea, then, is that God has *remembered* the *miserable man* and has *visited* the *son of Adam.* Dr. Clarke, *in hoc loco,* observes: "Some think *eminent men* here intended." The Lord "visited" Abram, the father of the faithful, and promised to bless him, and through him *all the families of the earth.* Gen. xii. 1–3. When he was ninety-nine years old God appeared to him and "talked with him, saying, * "my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations; neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee." Gen. xvii. 1–5. This promise touching *all the families of the earth* is without limitation, and the word translated "*families*" is the same used in Gen. viii. 19, to designate the various *species* of animals that went forth out of the ark. If more races of men existed, at the time of the promise, than the Adamic, it would properly include them all. The Apostle Paul, in Heb. ii. 16, says of the Christ, as the great High Priest of mankind, "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham;" or, as the better translation reads, "Moreover, he doth not at all take hold of angels, but of the seed of Abraham he taketh hold." He had respect to his covenant with Abraham, and sealed its fulfillment in his blood for all the families of mankind. "And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, *saying,* 'In thee shall all nations be blessed.'" Gal. iii. 8. Thus Abraham was made the head of all nations who should believe the Gospel.

It is plain from the teachings of the Scriptures, that all nations, whether descended from one or many heads, are summoned to the Gospel feast. The disciples were commissioned to preach the glad tidings to "every creature;" and one who cannot err declared, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts i. 8.

On the theory above suggested, may not the revelations of science and the declarations of the Scriptures be harmonized? Is there any other tenable hypothesis that admits of such a reconciliation?

Truth, in whatever department of science it appears, cannot be contradictory of revelation. There may occur what would seem to be an apparent antagonism, but in fact it is not real. Where they are not reconciled, either revelation or science is misunderstood. One of the lessons slowly learned is the folly of making a particular theory the standard of infallibility. The grandest truths sometimes appear slowly; and the general belief in an old theory is not always the sure criterion of truth. If a fact or a dogma be clearly revealed, and be the sure statement or the sure teaching of the Bible, it is to be believed, and should not be surrendered at the demand of scientists, for scientists may err in their deductions, but the word of divine truth stands sure. A few glances through the chinks of the casement cannot disclose all the harmony and beauty of a temple; and explorers in the fields of science, whose views are limited by many obstructions, cannot always be certain

of their ultimate deductions. Yet often they set open the doors of marvelous truths. The Milky Way is not merely a dim cloud across the sky. Science reveals there the mystery of innumerable worlds. The theory of the Copernican system, though long opposed by a religious dogma, has been accepted from the masters of science by all the Christian world. Doubtless there are other truths, apparently opposed to old dogmas, for the knowledge of which the world will be indebted to science; but the discovery of new planets will never put out the light of the sun. Let no one fear that science shall obscure revelation. When truth in its ultimate expression is understood, it will harmonize with revelation. Perhaps preconceived theories of what revelation teaches will meet with disastrous overthrow; but when readjusted upon correct principles, there will be no antagonism with revelation. No one should object to a discussion of this subject. We cannot escape it if we would.

In an editorial of the N. Y. *Times*, relative to recent geological discoveries, it is remarked:—

"Perhaps a close examination of the ruins of ancient cities lately found among the Sierra Madre Mountains, and described a few days since in our columns, may bring to light evidence bearing on the subject. Still, it is what is under the earth's crust, and not what is above it, to which we must look for conclusive testimony. Hence the human remains discovered in the gold drift of California have great interest. It is claimed by scientific men who have given the matter close attention, that the skull exhumed last season at Los Angeles, in Calaveras County, Cal., has greater antiquity than any of the human remains found in the drift of Abbeville and Amiens, in the valley of the Somme, or in the loess of the Rhine. This skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, and lay below five beds of lava and volcanic tufa, and four deposits of auriferous gravel. The upper bed of tufa was homogeneous, it is said, and without any crack through which a skull could have been introduced from above. Now, this would put the date of the skull before the age of volcanic eruptions, and so before the mastodon, the elephant, and other pachyderms. The owner must, therefore, have lived before the present mighty peaks of the Sierra Nevada or the Cordilleras were upheaved, before the cataracts of Yosemite or the Yellowstone began to flow, before the glaciers carried their freight of rubble and precious minerals into the lowlands, and even before those vast cañons were split through the solid rock, which we have suggested might be identified with the traditionary seven caverns of the Aztec tribes.

"The estimates of the ethnologists must again, for the hundredth time, be revised, and the origin of our race once more be set back to a remoter period in the cycles of time. Bunsen extends the 6,000 years of the Hebrew chronology to 22,000, and puts the Flood at 10,500 years B.C.; and Prof. Owen follows Mr. Horner in assuming, from an examination of the sediment of the Nile, that man existed in a civilized state 13,375 years ago. But the verification of the epoch of these Californian remains, establishing it before the Pliocene era, must still further increase these figures, and oblige us to assign an earlier period than has yet been done to the primitive inhabitants of the globe."

In Sir John Lubbock's late work on the *Origin of Civilization* and the primitive condition of man, he has set forth many facts concerning the savage races, and deduced numerous arguments to uphold his views touching the law of progress in human affairs. He denies that primeval man has retrograded and degenerated into the savage state. He maintains that existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors, but that their primitive condition was one of barbarism; and from this condition several races have emerged into a higher state tending towards that of civilization.

Thus, it will be perceived, "the grand research into the career of humanity upon earth" is being pursued by able and learned men from various starting-points and over various fields of inquiry.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOOD HEALTH.

MAN deals with life pretty much as he deals with his teeth. In youth, and while they are sound, he values them somewhat,—in name, and for their uses and their comeliness,—but does all he can to injure them. When they ache and torture him, he cannot extract and throw them away fast enough. But, when there only remain to him two or three old snags, mere apologies for teeth, which it were better for him to be without, he treasures

them as if they were invaluable possessions, —sibylline books, to a knowledge of whose inestimable qualities he has come only too late.

It is so with life. In the first periods, when we seem to tread Elysian fields, and dance like blossoms in the zephyrs of a perpetual spring, full of a vigor that we think is unfading, we cannot live too fast. We sail for every shore, and landing, burn our ships behind us. Life is a thing of no account, and, should disappointments and troubles come, we often think of putting it away, as a thing of no value. But when the years increase, when age draws nigh, and, in its ever lengthening and deepening shadows, strength fails and functions decay, and the sparkling fountain is wasted to a slow trickling rill, what a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream, and how tenaciously we cling to the last poor fragmentary leaves of the dog-eared volume! And at last, when decrepitude lies prone upon us, when we have received the "three sufficient warnings," and are come to the last scene of all in "the eventful history," friendless, alone, deaf, lame, and bent like sickles, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything, how sordidly, eagerly, desperately, we cling to the worthless mockery of life, as if, as Dr. Rush observed, the simple habit of living, by being long indulged, had grown into a passion for existence!

So also do we deal with health, the attribute and the privilege of youth. There is nothing we fling so recklessly away while we possess it: there is nothing we strive so desperately to secure when our follies have put it beyond our reach. How strange it seems that we should never come to estimate good health for what it is worth until it has almost or quite forsaken us. There is not an invalid anywhere but would make any sacrifices and yield up his dearest possessions to recover what he might have made his own with scarcely an effort had he felt its value at the proper time. Yet it is not strange neither, for man is not capable of appreciating what has cost him no labor to secure. Even liberty itself is no treasure save where it has been purchased by battle and privation. How shall man know what health is until he has lost it, when he has no consciousness even of his nerves, until some shock has impaired or preternaturally aggravated their action?

Nevertheless, health is more than a blessing to man,—it is a necessity. It is "indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment; it is the grand auxiliary of usefulness; and should a man love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he would have ten times more heart and soul and mind and strength to love Him with in the vigor of health than under the palsy of disease." * Man, in fact society, the living world in which we pursue our activities, is but an aggregate of individual men, and if the members be unhealthy, doubt not but the body will be unhealthy likewise. He was not an unwise philosopher who said that domestic happiness owed more to digestion than to morality. Indeed, morality itself takes its hue, its tone, its spirit, from the sanitary condition of the moralist, just as a dyspeptic or bilious ruler may become the cause of "woes unnumbered" to those over whom he is placed. Science, philosophy, art, all are colored by the state of health of individuals who have charge to develop them; and we as naturally associate the riant, joyous, serene loveliness of Raphael's canvases with a state of equable good health, as we seek the causes of Salvator's savage shadows, or Carravaggio's brutal realism, in a disordered liver or an unhappy digestion.

There is an indissoluble lien between health and the highest state of mental vigor and activity. A badly cooked leg of mutton cost Napoleon the crucial battle of Leipsic. Newton, while he was composing his *Principia*, lived upon bread and water and the lightest vegetable diet. The critic Gifford's savage and murderous propensities towards all fledgling bards were the palpable fruit of torturing disease engendered in a feeble, crooked, and neglected body; while Cornaro, the apostle of regimen, has boldly affirmed it as his experience, that "neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life." "Temperance," indeed, says a man entitled to know, who was intemperate in his

* Horace Mann.

thoughts, his passions, in his life, and most wretched in his death,* "temperance is a necessary virtue for great men; since it is the parent of that ease and liberty which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be one of the greatest felicities of life."

So far as the individual man is concerned, life itself, without health, and without its congener, happiness, is mere duration, not living. Life without enjoyment is life without motive, a mere nightmare, a shadow that marks but does not copy the thing of which it is the reminder. No pleasure of the sense, no pleasure of the soul, can have any true zest without the accompaniment of good health. The stomach, as Aretæus phrased it, "is the leader" of pleasure and pain. Dyspepsia is first cousin to the megrims. They are children of the same house, the same blood, playmates, companions, nay, inseparable. And so good health is the housemate of enjoyment and content. It clothes nakedness, lightens poverty, tempers the wind to the shorn lambs of every flock. No garden so barren but good health can plant flowers therein and make them grow. No hearth so desolate but it can wake a song thereby. No bosom so dry but it can make joy flow from it, as water burst from the desert rock in Meribah. It is indeed "above all gold and treasure." It is indeed "the poor man's riches and the rich man's bliss;" the salt of the earth and the bond of society.

Happiness is in ourselves, and not the effect of distributed gifts unequally flung abroad. The ragged beggar, sturdy and brown in the open air, who has but a crust in his wallet, and never a penny in his purse, nor never a purse itself, knows far more of the enjoyments of life than the wealthiest millionaire of us all, who cannot count even his money in peace, because the gout twinges him so savagely. And it seems to me that we of the world do not take sufficient note of these things in the conduct of our reformatory projects. We begin our reforms *at the wrong end.* The misery, and wretchedness, and degradation of "the dangerous classes" are the fruits of bad air, bad food, bad ways of life, rather than of innate criminal instincts and vicious associations. "Mr. Chadwick," says Sir Benjamin Brodie,* "has shown that many persons [in London] are driven to drinking gin as affording a temporary relief to the feelings of depression and exhaustion produced by living in a noxious atmosphere; and he gives instances of individuals who had spontaneously abandoned the habit when they were enabled to reside in a less crowded and more healthy locality, where they could breathe a pure air instead of noxious exhalations." And it seems indeed that the right way to make these classes better is not to preach to them nor punish them for what they cannot help; not to send them to school nor to make their case worse by violent repressions and prohibitory laws, but to cleanse them, and feed them, and clothe them, and put them in the way to regain their right minds, by the salutary powers of hygiene and the beneficent influences of health. Send missionaries and tracts to them if you will, and do not abolish prisons nor hanging; but at the same time seek to effect more salutary reforms by good food, good air, good water, baths, and encouraging and profitable labor. In this way, at least, we shall run no risk of giving a stone where we are asked for bread; nor will we be doing any harm to the progress of moral and spiritual reform when we clear away the brambles that entangle the feet of its advancement.

It is certain, however, that the human race is not adequately blessed with this good health which is shown to be so desirable and so necessary. It is certain that the throat slays more than the sword. It is certain that an infinite multitude of diseases wait upon man's footsteps from the cradle to the grave, and that, as Cyprian said, each human body has more several torturing pricks and aches than it has members. Constantly, and with the dawn of each incoming generation, new diseases spring up, bringing new pains to wreak upon us—

> "Macies, et nova febrium
> Terris incubit cohors."

And although each period has had its occa-

* Dean Swift.

* *Mind and Matter.*

sional stout miracle of health and longevity, its old Parr, its Henry Jenkins, its Countess Desmond; though all the chronicles tell us of such men as Cornaro, who wrote comedies at eighty-three and a treatise on health at ninety; of Zerophilus the musician; of Hereward of Augsburg; of Pollio Romulus, who kept himself sweet and sound for a century by careful ministrations to himself of wine and oil; of Quintus Metellus, and of many others who have happily lived long years without suffering from any impediment, yet we believe that these are merely phœnix cases, and that, as Hesiod has told us was the case in his own time, each age, and every race, and earth and sea, and day and night, have borne sad fruit for self-willed men in evils and in restless plagues and torments.

Certainly what was the rule in Hesiod's day is still more the rule in these contemporary times. We live better, have better food, and more of it, and are more rational in our respect for hygiene; but for all that we do not live so rationally, nor so wholesomely, and consequently have not such strong health. Fewer children die with us than in former times, in spite of the homicidal iniquity of "swill milk," and pestilence is neither so rife nor so difficult to combat. The result of this is, that the average life of a generation of men is much greater in duration than of old. Yet not so many men grow old as formerly, nor do so many men nowadays possess unbroken health. We live too fast, in fact; and we neglect to respect those laws of physiology which instruct us that "intensive life can only be purchased at the cost of extensive life." It is the natural tendency of civilization to weaken while it refines, and there is a very deep import in the texture of this aphorism,—a proof of that all-pervading fatality which is congenerous with liberty in man's nature, and goes hand in hand with him, step by step through all the stages of his being—that deep fatality the contemplation of which in its relation to the destinies of man prompted Goethe to his memorable precept: "Provision has been made that the trees do not grow into the sky." The correlation of forces has a wider extent, and a more searching and intimate vitality of *rapport* with universal nature than we have been used to suspect. There is an intimate consanguinity between Dynamics and Economics, through the common affinities of numbers, as the common exponents of law of whatsoever kind. It is highly probable, as Comte has said, that as the progress of science permits, we shall be able not only to find numerical expressions for every kind of relation of phenomena, but shall thus also be able to institute comparisons between things the most widely different that it is possible to conceive. Already, imperfect as is our grasp upon the numerical forces, we are able to bring testimony into the court of science from all parts of the world, and every department of the cosmos, with surprising efficiency. There seems to be at first glance no relation between the rain-fall of a season and the number of marriages of a country; yet philosophers have distinctly detected this relation, and accurately determined it. In the same way that mechanical rule which instructs us that "what is gained in power is lost in time," can, without undue twisting, be made to interpret the relations of intensities in physiology and in ethics and in æsthetics quite as well as in physics. The dynamical formula has been merely translated into the language of didactical ethics by Goethe when he so finely expresses the limitations of human genius and its law by saying: "Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows." What genius gains in intensity it loses in breadth; what is gained in power is lost in time. And the law will be found almost universal in its application to all kinds and qualities of forces. Take the case of the peach-tree, for instance, which, by selection, and budding, and cultivation has been made to yield large crops of a delicious and noble fruit, but only by the sacrifice of its natural term of years. and at the cost of its natural hardy health. The wild, ungrafted tree in Georgia and Florida bears fruit during forty healthy years, untroubled by the worm, unconscious of "the yellows." The average vitality of the highly productive cultivated tree in Delaware and Maryland is scarcely eight years. In the same way, and upon the same principle, while the collective man has been able largely to better his condition and his health through the potent

instrumentalities of wealth, culture, and their correlative forces, the individual man has taken from his health and shortened his life by thinning his skin and laying bare his nerves to a poignancy of suffering never known in the remoter ages. This is what is meant by civilization weakening in proportion as it refines. Our organizations, under the hot-house processes of modern social life, are grown more complex and difficult; our sensibilities are more acute; our sympathies reach wider and deeper, and our passions, endowed with a more tremendous force, are more destructive and wasting. In consequence of all this we are more liable to disease, and less able to resist it; and besides this, disease is constantly assuming new and more complex and subtle forms, more insidious in attack and more troublesome to eradicate.

Medicine and the doctors have virtually no vocation here. If, in the olden times, when men were naturally healthy, and mercifully unconscious of the acuteness of their nerves and the fragilities and distemperaments of their organizations; when they were ignorant and credulous, and looked up to their doctor-priests as the authentic ambassadors of a divine mission of healing; if physic and physicians failed then, much more must they fail now. If they could not heal the body when man yielded passively up to them all his mind as an instrument with which to work all the tremendous effects of the imagination, much less can they heal it now, when man declines to send his fancy where they project their wills, when he seriously doubts and mistrusts them, and is constantly disposed to weigh their claims to power in the nicely adjusted scales of intellectual judgment. The best the doctor can do, in fact, is to work upon individual men a provisional sort of patchwork, as a dismantled ship rigs jury-masts to bear her to some near port after a storm. And this sort of patchwork is only too often like that of which the candid Snetzler spoke, when once a rural vestry called him in to consult with them about repairing the organ in their parish church. "Shentlemens," said the honest old organ-builder, taking a pinch of snuff after he had duly inspected the dilapidated instrument,—"Shentlemens, das organ is vort one hoondert pound. You schpends mi' ne one hoondert pound more in dem repairs... Vel den, das organ vill be vort shoost fifty pound!" This is upon the rather too liberal assumption that the machine can be repaired at all. In other cases, and numerous ones,

> "When the artist goes about
> To redress her flame, no doubt
> Oftentimes he snuffs it out."*

Fortunately for society, however, doctors do not enjoy any great immunity from the spirit of the age, and even their profession, interested as it is in maintaining the contrary proposition, cannot refuse to suspect occasionally that, as a rule, mankind "*ingravescit medendo*"—is none the better for physic. The medical atmosphere of to-day is indeed strangely rife with mysterious whisperings and murmurous speculations anent "unknown ethereal influences," "changes in the type of disease," and other roundabout ways of entering the plea of ignorance. There is much more talk nowadays than ever before of the expediency of flying physic and depending upon the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—that unknown force whose co-ordinate functions are immeasurable in numbers, and whose relations are not to be compared with those of any other of the powers that regulate humanity. Our doctors, indeed, still venture to cope with the diseases of individuals, but they show a praiseworthy timidity in so doing, and tacitly confess to us, by actions which speak louder than words, that they have abandoned all claims to possessing a peculiar faculty for even patching a broken, unsettled, and unnerved generation.

Yet, adverse as all the circumstances may seem, the boon of good health—that grand quest of Ponce de Leon's evasive fountain—is more possible of achievement now, and nearer within man's reach than ever it was in any previous age. "If you are careful with it," says the proverb, "glass will last longer than iron." Modern enlightenment endows us with large store of the very kinds of knowledge needed to teach us how we may bestow

* Philip Quarles.

proper care upon the preservation of our good health. We know the causes of our disorders, of many of them at least, and although, as Cicero said, the doctors have been very wrong in fancying that a knowledge of cures necessarily followed upon a knowledge of causes, yet it is unquestionably true that this sort of science is the first and most important step towards a rational reform and an efficient regulation of the laws of hygiene. "Contrary causes," as it was well said by Cornaro, "have contrary effects, and the faults of nature are often amended by art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry." Nor need it be feared that the rule of good living, once found and laid down properly, will be impossible to pursue. The capacity of human nature to accommodate itself to untoward circumstances and to resist unfavorable influences, to lay down old habits and to take up new ones, is very remarkable. Surely that same flexibility of function which enables the sedentary sewing-woman to violate every law of health and yet live; which saves the sedentary smoke-dried German student from premature paralysis, and enables the London fashionable to preserve bloom and vigor while turning night into day and day into night; which sustains Livingstone in the sweltering jungles of Africa, and made existence possible to Kane and his companions frozen fast to the glaciers of Greenland—surely an adaptability so great will put it in man's power to change his mode of life from a disorderly one against nature to an orderly one in accordance with nature, and will make it quite tolerable for him to put his belly-gods peremptorily away, quench his unruly appetites, and master the whole secret of a blooming and unfettered old age.

Nor are the means for procuring health far to seek nor difficult to attain. We must go back to nature—not indeed in Rousseau's sense of returning to savagery and unkempt nakedness, but, by using art, to discover the curative processes our instincts naturally pursue, and the philosophy of the regimen they require us to adopt. This, in effect, is to enforce upon our lives, our habits, our very thoughts, the scrupulous, sedulous, daily constant exercise of right reason. He who corrects and controls his appetites, says the old Latin moralist, gets something of the divine nature thereby,—becomes "*os oculosque Jovi par*." A proper regimen, a proper mode of motion and of rest, a proper sobriety of appetite and a sweet continence of temper, and the whole tale of illimitable physical and moral regeneration is told at once. Surely there is no difficulty here. Surely the simplest man amongst us, or the most obdurate in passion and in unreason can, if he try, pursue

> "The rule of 'not too much,' by temperance taught,
> In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
> Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

SONNET.

STRENGTH for the day! At early dawn I stand,
Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,
Watching for day. Before its portal lies
A low black cloud—a heavy iron band:
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,
Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise!
I own the sign: I know that He whose hand
Hath fringed those sombre clouds with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,
Will to my wandering steps be guide and stay;—
Breathe o'er my wavering heart His rest for aye,
And give my waiting, folded palms to hold
His blessed morning boon—strength for the day!

WATER: ITS WAYS AND USES.



NIAGARA FALLS.

THERE is no sight more imposing than that of the ocean; and on viewing the incessant march of the waves which glide gently along the shore, the fugitive foam which appears and disappears, the undulation of the billows following one another with a plaintive murmur, we can easily comprehend how it is that the inventive imagination of man has personified this inert matter, and we are not surprised that Schleiden, in his poetical language, compares the movement of the wave to a gentle respiration.

On the globe water is the rule, dry land the exception; yet it is very difficult to estimate exactly the extent of the sea. The slow movements of the land, sinking or rising, the waves which steadily destroy the rocky shores, the banks of madrepores and other polyps which increase from day to day in the bosom of the waters, all modify constantly the relief of the continents, and subject the map of the world to perpetual variations. Nevertheless, it may be safely said that the sea occupies about two-thirds of the surface of the globe.

The waters are very unequally distributed. The southern hemisphere is much more abundantly supplied than the northern; and the terrestrial sphere may accordingly be divided into two equal parts, one of which is almost entirely a world of the sea, the other a world of the *terra firma*.

The bottom of the sea is formed of mountains and valleys, ravines and escarpments, hills and plains. The continents are in fact only the summits of marine mountains: the waters, obeying the laws of gravity, collect, in consequence of their mobility, in the great basins, and spread out over the lower parts of the terrestrial envelope. If the surface of the globe, instead of being irregular in outline, were smooth and uniform as an ivory ball, the ocean would cover it completely with a liquid coating of about six hundred and fifty feet in thickness.

The sheet of water which conceals the greater part of the solid earth is considerable compared with the dry land, but is very small if compared with the entire mass of our planet. If we divide the globe into 1,786 equal parts by weight, and take one of these, we will have the total weight of the water of the ocean.

The temperature of the sea warmed by the

action of the sun's rays at the equator is considerably elevated; but at the poles the surface of the water is in great part frozen, and formidable glaciers are to be found there throughout the entire year. Immense mountains of ice are constantly seen carried along by the marine currents, and the light playing on these transparent masses produces one of the most wonderful spectacles that it is given man to behold.

Waves are the caprices of the ocean; they vary according to the locality, according to the intensity of the wind, and are not regulated by any constant force in their effects. The sea is endowed with other more reliable movements, which may be considered as a part of the wheel-work of the grand mechanism of nature. Our globe is suspended in the immensity of the universe, but it is not alone. Constantly subjected to the influence of the stars, it obeys their attraction, and is in harmony with the heavenly bodies. As the flower turns towards the sun, so the ocean rises and falls under the powerful attraction of the sun and moon.

There exist in the sea immense currents, which may be regarded as rivers in the bosom of the ocean: arteries of a grand circulatory system that play an admirable *rôle* in the harmonies of the globe. They establish a sort of equilibrium between the extreme temperatures of divers climates, transporting toward the poles the warm water of the tropics, and conducting the cold water of the glacial regions toward the equatorial countries. The heat imparted by the sun's rays is doubtless the chief cause of this interchange of waters.

The waves level the rocky coasts, and wear away the continents. They dash against the cliffs, and each day carry off the *débris* that they have produced. Sometimes they cut and carve the rocks, giving rise thus to capricious constructions resembling promontories, capes, breakwaters, or reefs. The more abrupt and resisting a coast is, the more sure it is to be leveled by the irresistible element. Nothing is strong enough to stop the army of waves, and the land is always vanquished in these combats with the ocean. It triumphs only when it avoids the struggle, as Fabius with Hannibal. If it offers to the sea low and uniform coasts, the waves advance gently along the shore; their anger is calmed before an enemy which does not attempt to resist them; they lose all their swiftness, and deposit then the rounded pebbles and the fine sand. They create more than they destroy.

The waves may pound and pulverize the rocky coasts, but the *débris* thus formed is not lost: it is carried to other places, where it is deposited in the form of superposed sediments. It has been long remarked that at the northern end of the Red Sea the Isthmus of Suez increases with extraordinary rapidity in consequence of marine contributions of this nature. This isthmus has double the width that it had at the time of Herodotus. At that epoch Heropolis stood on the shore of the sea; now it is as near the Mediterranean as the Red Sea, standing just in the middle of the Isthmus.

A part of the delta of the Nile is daily washed away by the waves and currents of the great sea into which this ancient river empties, and carried off even as far as the coasts of Syria.

The level of the ocean is immutable, but we are sometimes deceived by appearances. The water, always agitated at the surface, seems to be the image of mobility; it is, nevertheless, endowed with a remarkable fixity, and the land, according to Pliny, the symbol of immobility, is, on the contrary, movable. The ocean does not retire from the shore, but the shore itself rises. The ocean does not gradually submerge the coast, but the coast gradually sinks below the level of the ocean. The subterranean fires which have broken out and folded the terrestrial epidermis are far from being inactive, and in certain countries the tremblings of the land give daily proof of this.

According to a physical law, every body of water exposed to the air constantly gives out vapor, which increases in quantity with the temperature; there is consequently a process of distillation, on a grand scale, continually going on at the surface of the globe. The burning rays of the tropical sun take the place of the furnace heating an immense alembic; the equatorial ocean is the boiler of this vast apparatus; the elevated regions of the air constitute the top of the still; the cold atmos-

phere, the frozen summits of the mountains of the north, the glaciers of the poles, form the condensers; and the streams, the water-courses, the rivers, and the lakes are the receivers, that are incessantly filling with enormous volumes of water, which they restore to the ocean. This distillation revolves eternally on itself: the water of the receivers returning steadily to the boiler.

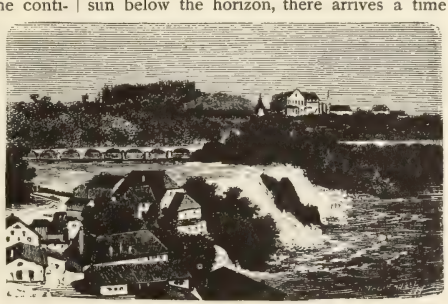
In traveling thus through space and over the land, water is charged with distributing warmth throughout the globe, with modifying the temperature of climates. On escaping from the equatorial seas, it is heated by the fires of a tropical sun; it stores up the warmth, and gives it out again to the cold countries. Under the form of rain it lessens the severity of the northern climates, and imparts to animated beings that vivifying power of which the sun is so prodigal at the tropics and so avaricious at the regions much nearer the poles. It is not generally for a long time stationary; after having traversed in the liquid state the bodies of animals, the tissues of vegetables, it is transpired, exhaled in vapor. It returns to the air, which it quits again as rain, hail, or snow, to renew its eternal course.

Veritable Proteus! It is the sap of plants, and it is the dew-drop; it is the blood which circulates in our veins, the frost which paints our windows with a thousand fantastic figures, the steam which animates our machines, and the mist which rises over our prairies. It is a solid, liquid, or a gas—ice, water, or vapor. It never quits one form but to take on another. It abandons the ocean to shower down upon the land. It deserts the continents to return to the empire of the waves. It penetrates the fissures of the rocks, warms itself in their great depths, and comes again to the surface hot and boiling.

The air, even when pure, transparent, and blue, is an immense reservoir of vapor—a vast shoreless sea, at the bottom of which live man, plants, and animals. The surface of the ocean, as we have said, gives out constantly the vapor indispensable for the wants of life. An air too dry is not respirable: it dries the lungs, destroys animals and plants, and every one has heard of the disastrous effects of the *simooms* or dry winds of the desert. A too moist air has also its evils. Certain warm and damp localities are fruitful sources of *malaria*.

Vapor, on account of its power of absorbing heat, acts beneficially. The surface of the land tends to lose, by radiation into the celestial spaces, the warmth which it has received; but the aqueous vapor contained in the air, seizing this warmth, becomes itself elevated in temperature, and thus a mantle is formed around the earth which protects all life from being destroyed by excessive cold. When the air is very dry (and it is never completely so) there are diurnal extremes of temperature. On the *steppes* of India, the plateaux of the Himalaya, the plains of Australia, wherever aridity reigns, excessive warmth of the day contrasts with severe cold of the night. In the midst of the Sahara the solar rays elevate the temperature of the soil to such an extent as to render it almost impossible for man or beast to endure the heat, but at night the cold is so intense that water would be frozen if it existed in those arid zones.

It is perfectly easy to remove from the air the water which it contains—it is only necessary to lower its temperature, as in the refrigerator of a distilling apparatus. A decanter of cold water placed in a warm apartment soon covers itself with a coating of vapor or dew. The same thing takes place in Nature. When the temperature of a body of air sinks in consequence of the disappearance of the sun below the horizon, there arrives a time



FALLS OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.



FLOATING ISLAND ON THE MISSOURI.

when the vapor of water condenses in the form of extremely fine particles called mist. Clouds are only mists floating at a considerable height above the ground. They have a proverbial mobility, and their classification is consequently almost impossible. Meteorologists have, however, referred the numerous forms which they affect to certain principal types. They generally distinguish four sorts of clouds, viz. : the *cirrus*, the *cumulus*, the *stratus*, and the *nimbus*. The moisture of the air is precipitated, according to the temperature, either as rain, hail, or snow.

The most elevated portions of the surface of the globe collect the waters of the ocean, and allow them to run down their declivities. The mountain chains, which are themselves not irregularly distributed, also give direction to the courses of the rivers, and are frequently the chief feature in the landscape. In some countries a luxuriant vegetation covers the banks of the rivers, and often a remarkable phenomenon is produced by an accumulation of floating trees called *rafts*. These floating islands, which are met with on the Mississippi, the Missouri, and Red River, are sometimes several miles in length.

In traversing the solid earth in the beds of rivers, in the basins of lakes, and in subterranean canals, water accomplishes incessantly numerous and powerful works. One of the causes of its destructive power resides in its property of expanding on freezing. It penetrates the fissures of the most compact and durable rocks, and shatters them by the mechanical force which it develops when solidifying. Enormous blocks of stone are thus detached from the mountains, as if a powerful and irresistible lever had lifted them to precipitate them into the neighboring valleys. The transporting power of water is equally important. We are often astonished at the facility with which streams of no great rapidity of motion bear along in their courses great quantities of sand and gravel; but we must remember that the weight of a stone in the water is not the same as in the air, and that the density of a great number of rocks does not exceed double that of water. The total mass of solid material carried down to the sea by the Ganges in a single year is equal in weight and volume to forty-two of the largest pyramids of Egypt. If we add to this transporting action of the Ganges that of all the rivers of the globe, we reach a most striking result, and see that water is a Titanic workman, that seizes on the earthy materials of which the continents are formed,

and carries them off to the domain of the ocean.

The water of rivers is not only charged with mud, but with mineral substances held in solution; hence the pure water of the clouds returns to the sea loaded with salt. When a stream glides over a great declivity its transporting power is singularly increased, and enormous rocks, thus lifted up, follow the course of the flood. The same result is brought about by rivers that freeze over in winter, their surfaces being often covered with stones and masses of frozen earth derived from their precipitous banks.

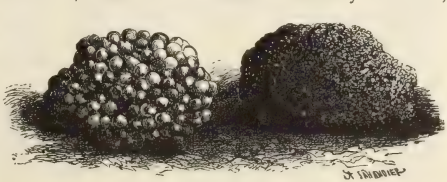
The numerous water-falls which are found in the courses of rivers in America, Europe, Asia, and all countries of the globe, afford striking instances of the degrading and leveling action of water on the continents. The most remarkable fall in America is Niagara. At its base there is an argillaceous bed of rock which is constantly being worn away by the incessant attacks of the water, and the calcareous rocks above, thus deprived of support, part, and finally fall with a crash, as of distant thunder, into the abyss below.

Deltas are formed at the mouths of rivers, either in lakes, inland seas, or on the shores of the ocean. They are the accumulation of the solid materials of the continents which have been subjected to the transporting power of water, and often increase with astonishing rapidity. The delta of the Rhone, at the upper end of Lake Geneva, is a striking example. The town of Portus Valesiæ (Port-Valais), which was situated, eight hundred years ago, on the shores of this Swiss lake, is now more than a mile distant from it. The Adriatic, without tides and currents, furnishes conditions favorable to the formation of deltas at the mouths of rivers, as the Po and the Adige, emptying into it. Adria, which under Augustus received in its port the Roman galleys, is now a town surrounded by a level country, and situated about eight leagues from the shore. The town of Spina, founded before our era, at the mouth of a great arm of the Po, is now some four leagues inland.

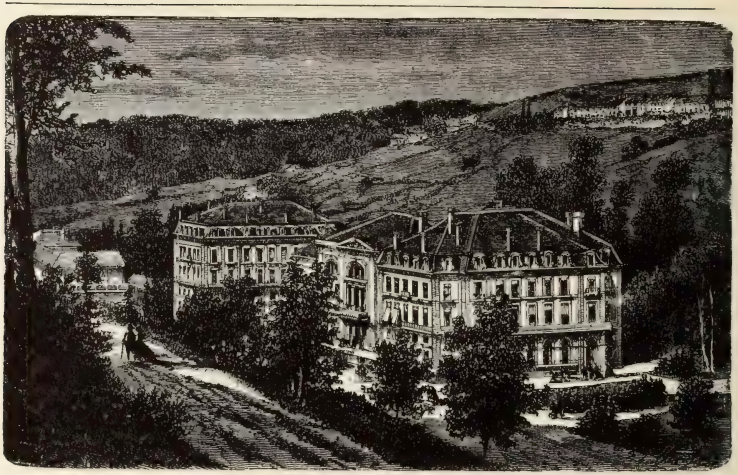
When rivers empty into the ocean they are subjected to the action of the tides, and deltas are not so rapidly formed; often, on the contrary, the ocean encroaches upon the land, and gulfs, estuaries, or *negative deltas* are the result. But when the volume of the river is considerable, and the swiftness of its waters is great, the action of the tides may be neutralized, and deltas be projected into the sea in spite of the waves and currents.

The effects produced by so-called petrifying springs have always attracted the attention of naturalists, and even in our day there are many who believe that such springs are able to transform organic substances into stone. The error arises from the fact that the water, charged with carbonate of lime, deposits it on the surfaces of animal or vegetable organisms, and covers them with a stony coat, or calcareous varnish, which preserves their exterior form, but does not replace the material of which they are composed. Organic substances may be thus preserved without change for a great length of time. Baskets of fruit, nests of birds, branches, and objects of all kinds suspended in such waters, are soon covered with a marble glazing.

Rain-water, holding in solution carbonic acid obtained from the air, when passing through beds of limestone dissolves them in considerable quantities. If it finds its way into subterranean caverns the carbonic acid escapes, and the calcareous substance which it holds in solution is deposited, giving rise to singular ornaments which nature is pleased to model in a thousand forms. *Stalactites* hang like icicles from the vaults above, and *stalagmites* steadily rear their massive columns from below. The silence in these dark galleries is only broken by the falling of the drops of water which regularly follow one another, adding by their evaporation a few calcareous atoms to the monuments that they construct;



FRAGMENTS OF OOLITIC AND PISOLITIC ROCKS.



THE NAPOLEON BATH AT PLOMBIERES.

and the sound, like the ticking of a clock, is the only indication of the work that has been going on perhaps for incalculable ages in the subterranean depths.

Waters which hold in solution solid materials also give rise to other concretionary forms that the geologists call *pisolites* or *oölites*, according to the dimension of their grains. These globular bodies are formed under the influence of eddies in the basin holding the incrusting waters, which by their rotary movements lift up, and keep suspended in the liquid, particles of sand that become the centers of attraction. The calcareous material is deposited on them, and little by little this envelope increases in thickness till they are too heavy to be supported, and then they fall to the bottom. There they are soldered together and form granular masses. This process is constantly going on in the calcareous waters of Vichy, Carlsbad, Tivoli, and other similar springs.

On the continents, as in the sea, the action of water is both destructive and reproductive. It carries off the earthy molecules only to deposit them under other conditions. The mountain nourishes the delta. The polyps appropriate the solid material dissolved in the waters in which they live, and thus build up in the midst of the sea immense rocky walls and banks. The continents of the future are but the continents of the present changed in form and place.

But what is this element which plays such a remarkable *rôle* in nature? We must apply to the chemist for an answer. Let us enter his laboratory; but we must not expect to find there the odd contrivances with which the alchemists startled their visitors. The crocodile no longer gapes at the ceiling; the broken-winded bellows no longer thrusts its nozzle into a massive furnace. The master has laid aside his long robe, and is no longer lost in the labyrinth of ponderous volumes that rise in disordered piles in the middle of the sanctuary. Instead of seeking truth in the inextricable rubbish of old books, he applies to nature, and by experimenting interrogates her. Before our eyes the chemist, by means of a simple apparatus, decomposes the liquid water into two distinct gases, one of which, hydrogen, burns with a faint flame; the other, oxygen, is identical with the gas with which hydrogen combines when set on fire in the air. Chemically, pure water is always composed only of these two gases, but water as found in nature is never pure. Rain-water holds in solution the gases of the air— the

oxygen, the nitrogen, and the carbonic acid; spring-water and the water of rivers contain all that is soluble on the land. At ordinary temperatures the pressure of the air prevents water from rapidly assuming the state of vapor, or boiling; but if we enclose a quantity of water in a glass globe, and by means of an air-pump withdraw the air which the vessel contains, it boils and is rapidly transformed into vapor. If, on the contrary, by means of an apparatus such as Papin's digester, we increase the pressure to several times that of the air, we may have water in the liquid state at a temperature several hundred degrees above its nominal boiling-point.

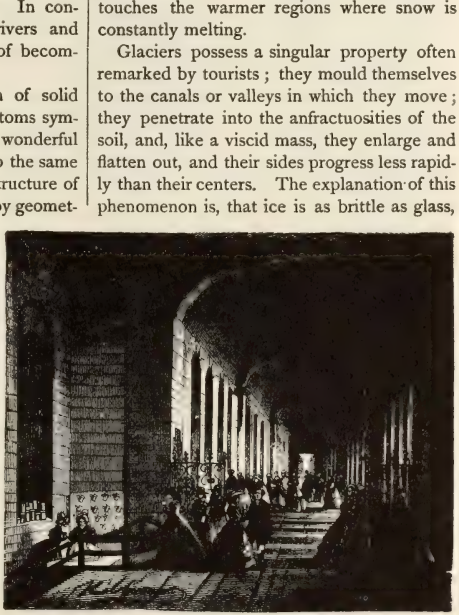
It is a law of nature that heat causes solids, liquids, and gases to increase in volume or expand, and that cold, on the contrary, causes them to contract. Water, however, forms a remarkable exception to this rule. At 39° it has its greatest density; if cooled below this point it increases in volume till it assumes the solid condition at 32°. In consequence of this provision, our rivers and lakes freeze *over* in winter instead of becoming solid masses of ice.

Snow is a confused aggregation of solid particles, that consist of aqueous atoms symmetrically grouped under forms of a wonderful variety, yet all modeled according to the same type. Ice, like snow, conceals a structure of surprising regularity. It is formed by geometrical crystals, that may be discovered by the aid of heat and light. If we pass a ray of electrical light through a piece of ice, and allow it to fall, after traversing a magnifying lens of some size, on a screen, we see stars with six rays, and flowers with six petals, appear on the latter.

The crystals of water that form fields of ice in the polar regions also form mountains of snow. They cover the Alps with a spotless mantle, and disappear in the spring under the action of the sun's rays. But this melting of the snow is not total. Above a certain limit called the "snow-line," there reigns eternal winter; and were an accumulation of snow constantly going on in this region, the mountains would be burdened in the course of time with an enormous weight. If the bed of snow increased only at the rate of three feet a year, in eighteen centuries it would have a thickness of eighteen hundred yards. If we add to this the contributions of geological ages, its height becomes incredible. Such an accumulation could not take place, and it is not possible for the sun to heap up on the mountain chains the water of which it incessantly robs the ocean.

By what means then are the summits of the mountains relieved of the excess of snow? Immense masses sometimes become detached and form avalanches, which, falling into the valleys, return to the liquid state; but this sudden and accidental movement is not the only one with which the glacier is endowed. It descends the mountain declivity gently and progressively; whilst its upper part is in the domain of ice, above the "snow-line," its foot touches the warmer regions where snow is constantly melting.

Glaciers possess a singular property often remarked by tourists; they mould themselves to the canals or valleys in which they move; they penetrate into the anfractuosities of the soil, and, like a viscid mass, they enlarge and flatten out, and their sides progress less rapidly than their centers. The explanation of this phenomenon is, that ice is as brittle as glass,



THE GRANDE GRILLE SPRING AT VICHY.

and its minutest particles, separated from one another, readily become soldered or united again, and acquire new forms. A bar of ice, compressed successively in a series of moulds more and more curved, may be transformed into a perfect ring. The bar breaks in the mould, but almost immediately freezes again and forms a single homogeneous mass. The same principle is involved in shaping balls of snow in the hands; and the inhabitants of mountainous regions, without being initiated into the theories of physics, often make use of this property of regelation to bridge over with snow deep crevasses.

The glacier in its movement wears away and polishes the surfaces over which it glides. Its base is full of pebbles that march slowly onward with the mass of ice. When the glacier has ceased to be, when it is converted into water under the action of the solar heat, it leaves on the place of its existence incontestable proofs of its having been, and the land which witnessed its birth is covered with impressions that it has made.

In all mountain chains, in all countries, there are observed in many regions deep channels which wrinkle the soil, rounded and planed surfaces that speak to the eye of the observer an exact language, and tell him most positively that a glacier was once formed on the spot where he stands. The valley of the Grimsel, in the Bernese Alps, has an appearance due to the passage of a glacier; the rocks are rounded and polished, and everywhere grooves formed by the pebbles adhering to the ice are met with. The same features present themselves in the valley of the Rhone, and on the flanks of the Jura. Everything in these regions proclaims the existence of ancient glaciers, formidable and powerful—true giants in comparison to modern glaciers. The greater part of North America and certain parts of Asia have been formerly seas of ice, and the cedars of Lebanon grow to-day on the moraines of pre-historic glaciers.



ROCKS WORN BY WATER.—RAVINE OF THE OCCOBAMBA (SOUTH AMERICA).

Water plays an important *rôle* in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The plants, the trees of our forests, the fruits, the grains, and all animals are in great part composed of this liquid element. The philosopher Thales, two thousand years ago, said that "Water is the principle of all things; plants and animals are only condensed water; and it is into water that they are resolved after death." These assertions are not entirely destitute of truth. If we heat in an oven a quantity of green herbs to perfect dryness, we shall find that they have lost fully four-fifths of their weight. Blood is but little more than water containing a few globules, and certain mineral and organic sub-

stances may change water into sap, or milk. Blood contains ninety-seven per cent., and milk eighty-five per cent. of water. The human body reduced to complete dryness retains but one-fifth of its weight.

If water were to disappear from the surface of the globe, all that lives would be annihilated. The sky would no longer afford those gorgeous spectacles due to the play of light; the setting sun would no longer tint with brilliant colors the banks of clouds, and the entire terrestrial world would present a terrible scene of desolation.

The uses of water are innumerable, and constantly increasing. The agriculturist makes it his business so to dispose of the water of the land as to benefit his soil, and there are rules of *irrigation* and *drainage* according to which he labors. The water of the ocean yields by evaporation one of the most important industrial products, namely, common salt. We are all acquainted with the uses of ice. It preserves organized bodies from putrefaction. In Russia and in the regions of Siberia they slaughter at the commencement of winter the animals destined to be used as food during the season, and allow them to freeze, thus saving the nourishment which they would need. The Romans knew how to preserve snow and ice in caves arranged like our ice-houses, and snow-water was an esteemed beverage among them. At night chariots covered with straw carried about in the ancient capital of the world the snow of the Apennines; and galleys transported into Italy the ice of Sicily, far superior to all others, so said the gastronomers of that day, because it was formed on the side of a burning crater where the lava boiled. To-day, as in the times of the ancient Greeks, the Caucasus and the Ural supply the Orient. The ice, wrapped in cloths of felt, and covered with straw, is transported on the backs of horses.



WATER-CARRIERS.

1. Water-carrier of Malaga.
2. Pongo.
3. Water-carrier of Mexico.
4. Water-carrier of Guaymas.
5. French water-carrier.
6. Arabian woman at the fountain.

In all times, wonderful properties have been attributed to certain springs and mineral waters. According to Theophrastus, the water of Crathis bleached the animals that drank of it. Ovid, Antigonus, and others tell us that the water of Sybaris gave a golden yellow color to the hair. Shepherds who wished to have white sheep led them to drink at the river of Aliacmon, and those that wished them black or brown let them slake their thirst in the water of Axius. In Bœotia, near the temple of Trophonius, there were two springs, one of which had the property of increasing the memory,

and the other of destroying it. The first consequently bore the name Mnemosine, and the second Lethe. It was seriously affirmed that in the island of Andros there was a fountain consecrated to Bacchus which furnished real wine at certain seasons of the year. Perjurers could not stand the action of the water of the river Olachas in Bithynia; it scalded them like boiling oil. If we believe Vibius Sequester, when one bathed several times in Lake Triton in Thrace, he was changed into a bird. According to Pliny, the inhabitants of Lycia consulted the spring of Limyra in regard to future events by feeding the fishes that it contained. When the response was favorable, they seized the food promptly; but if not, they repelled it with the tail. The fountain of Diodona revealed the future by the gentle murmur of its waters, and an old priestess, sitting constantly on its borders, knew how to interpret its mysterious language.

In our day more sensible views prevail, yet no one doubts the efficacy of the waters of certain springs in a great number of diseases, when taken as a drink or a bath. Their healing qualities are generally due to the salts that they hold in solution. Sea-water, is a true mineral water, most widely distributed and most salutary in its action.

Notwithstanding the abundance of water on the surface of the globe, it is often wanting where it would be most useful, and there is hardly a city which would not be greatly benefited by an improvement either in the quality or quantity of the water which is supplied to its citizens. Civilized communities were never more awake to the necessity of energetic attention to this subject than at present, though the ancient Romans pierced mountains, filled up valleys, and constructed long lines of arcades as aqueducts, sometimes two or three, one above another, at a prodigious height, to supply their famous capital with water. Modern Rome is to-day better cared for than any large city in the world in this respect. New York comes next, and London and Paris are far from being in the front ranks. The quality of the water that man drinks has as much to do with his well-being as the quantity. Epidemics of typhoid fever and other miasmatic diseases have often been traced to the quality of the water in the afflicted localities. The water of the Seine, on which the Parisians largely depend, is at all seasons more or less poisoned by the sewers emptying into it, and is always charged with organic material in various stages of decomposition, and with myriads of infusorial animals. Paris, before the late troubles, was making great efforts to free herself from her dependence on the river water; and before many years, in all countries, the water-carrier will become an institution of the past.

In regions where water is scarce, deep borings, such as have been known to the Chinese for thousands of years, are made. Some of these borings have been carried to a depth of two or three thousand feet, and the results are such as to render it highly probable that at no very distant day we may be able to utilize both the heat and the motive power of these subterranean waters.

Under the sand of the great desert there is a liquid bed which the inhabitants of the borders of the Sahara have long been in the habit of reaching by means of wells. With rude instruments they penetrate the successive layers of sand, gravel, and clay, till they come to a schistose or slaty stratum at a depth of one or two hundred fathoms. This last covers the precious fluid, and in penetrating it the indefatigable workmen are often overwhelmed by the sudden ascent of the water in great quantity. Sometimes these wells are completed under a column of a hundred or more feet of water of infiltration which it is impossible to keep out. The Arabs dive to the bottom, remaining not more than four or five minutes, and bring to the surface, as the result of each trial, only a few pounds of sand. It is evident that often many years are needed for the completion of these wells, under such circumstances. The French have come to the relief of these unfortunate inhabitants, and have sunk Artesian wells in various parts of the desert, some of which furnish more water than the famous well of Grenelle.

In so short an article as this, it is only possible to touch upon certain points of interest that may be found more fully developed in Tissandier's little work, from which we have freely quoted.

HOW THE STORM CAME.



SHALL I tell you how the storm came?
Just a whisper — nothing more.
But the sultry, silent heat
Which all day along the street
Had lain like death,
Was broken by a breath
Of sweet salt freshness from the shore.
And the dusty leaves
Of the old gray poplar, sere and dry,
Just stirred in the breeze:
And we said, "'Twill bring the boat in, by-and-by."
But Granny cried, "'Twill bring a gale,
Or signs fail."

Shall I tell you how the storm came?
Sudden! strong!
Like a panther on its prey;
And adown the bay
The black cloud grew and spread.
In the lurid light and red
The lilies, all the garden path along,
Gleamed strangely pale and white —
White like ghosts just a moment, and were gone:

Snatched away by the black night,
Which dropped from the black sky
And shut us in,
Alone with the roar
Of the breakers on the shore,
And the din
Of the angry, screaming northwind rushing by.
But we said, "His boat is new;
It will ride the tempest through;"
And we feared to look each other in the eye.

Shall I tell you how the storm came?
In rush of angry rain
Which beat upon the pane;
In wind which shook the window, screaming shrill;
Then a silence, awful, still —
When we heard our own hearts beat
As we huddled close together on the floor,
And listened down the street
For the steps which never came:
Then the thunder of the tempest broke once more,
And we started at each creak,
And we shuddered at each shock,
And at every ghostly knock.
And Minnie fell asleep with the tears upon her cheek.
And I held my mother's hand,
And I heard her pray,
Whispering o'er and o'er the self-same prayer alway:
"God! bring my boy, my darling, safe to land!"

Shall I tell you how the night passed?
The long, long hours and slow
Brought no ray of moon or star;
From afar
Came nothing but the wailing of the blast,
And the gale's voice, wild and high,
Seemed to cry,
Lost! lost! lost! and then die
In a sob which made the very life-blood chill.
And I heard my mother moan,
Rocking to and fro,
"Will it never, never go?
Will the daylight never come and bring my darling home?
O God, it is hard to do nothing and sit still."
When sudden, in the roar,
Wide open flew the door,
And I gave a shriek,
For in the flickering glare
He was there!
And his laugh, clear as note
In the black-bird's velvet throat,—
And we felt the salt sea-spray on his dear, brown cheek!

THE ELEVENTH COT.

It was in the winter of 1866 that my struggles with poverty were the most desperate.

A foolish bit of misconduct had excluded me from the office in which I was employed as a clerk, and the over-crowded condition of the city prevented me from obtaining another situation, even when delay and anxiety had destroyed my fastidiousness, and when the meanest salary would have been gratefully accepted. I quickly became poor, and then soon followed the regular train of sharp experiences with money-lenders and pawn-brokers—that harassing round of sickening conflicts which so quickly broke the lightness of my carriage and destroyed the smoothness of my face.

I was then the occupant of a small back room on the fifth floor of a large house on Sixth avenue; a dreary, barren barn, scant of furniture, with draughty halls, carpetless stairways, and always pervaded with a chilling damp. I had reason to think the house was full of lodgers, from the almost incessant opening and closing of doors at all hours of the night and day, though, on the other hand, I rarely heard a voice in the vast corridors, and never on any occasion a laugh.

The place was cheerless beyond comparison; what pretty scenes of light and fire may have occurred behind the numberless doors visible from every point, I do not know; there may have been times of carousal and conviviality, but I never knew when, or never, at that dismal period, looked upon one.

By the middle of February the train of bitter circumstances enveloped me very closely, and I began to deprive myself of food. I accustomed myself to do without light at night and without fire in the day-time. I recall that I kept my bed during several entire days in order to avoid the cold. By the latter part of this dismal month I was reduced to taking one meal each day, and even that was slender and barren enough. I grew ill and bent; and that inevitable sequence of hunger began to open upon me—the wide expanse of theft and villainy.

It was as I reached this common point that I became particularly conscious of a neighbor. He performed no act that brought him to my notice, but I regarded his incomings and outgoings more in consequence of the utter vacuity of my own mind than from any unusual conduct on his part. In fact he was exceedingly unobtrusive. I had an indistinct idea that he was a foreigner, gained perhaps from the fact that he used to smoke cigarettes incessantly, though I never had heard him speak, and indeed could hardly recall his figure.

From some little trifling circumstances—circumstances which I knew only too well how to interpret, I came to believe that my fellow-lodger was as poor as myself. I could never quite understand why, but no sooner had I arrived at this conclusion than I became possessed with the desire to find the ins and outs of his affairs. It pleased me, and I actually became cheerful while prosecuting my inquiries among the few people whom I knew. The result was eminently unsatisfactory. It merely appeared that he came from some one of the South American States, and that he was unhappy, and that he was a gentleman.

I determined, therefore, to waylay him, and form his acquaintance. I never questioned myself in regard to my object; I doubt if I had any more legitimate one than the instinct to employ myself in some fashion or other, and I think the pursuit of a rat would have afforded me as much satisfaction.

At dusk on a cold, snowy day, I met him in the dimly-lighted hall, and at once addressed him. He stopped, raised his cap, and saluted me in a voice of surprising gentleness.

I instantly felt the irregularity of my proceeding, and stammered some excuses. I blunderingly explained my desire to know him, and he instantly gave me his hand. It was cold and thin; and I am certain mine must have been so, for we both shivered as we walked away from the spot.

We went to his chamber. I sat upon his bed, while he stood with his hands behind his back in the faint flush of light which came in at the dusty window. He was slight, grace-

ful, tall. His face was thin, distressingly thin, but refined and even beautiful. His coat was broken at the nape of the neck, at the elbows, and at the skirts. It was buttoned close about his throat. His shoes were of cloth, and I thought they were a woman's.

The room was the most wretched that I ever saw. It was untidy, unclean. Heaps of useless litter encumbered the floor; tattered articles of apparel were scattered here and there; everything was awry, twisted, out of place; nothing stood straight, and all lay under a pall of dust.

I sat for thirty minutes with my hands upon my knees without uttering a word. I could not speak. He also was silent, and I saw his knees yield beneath him several times. It was very cold, and I felt the perspiration from my chilled body run down beneath my arms.

Finally I spoke. I told him my circumstances, and then he told me his. We curiously slipped into a sort of competition in our various exhibits, and for the moment we became sorry rivals. I was his equal until we approached the end. I said:

"To-day I have had but one meal, and that in a German shop. It was a single egg, a piece of bread, and a cup of coffee."

He looked at me and smiled. His teeth were white and perfect.

"I have noting in me since a day. I am empty."

All the vicissitudes and pleasures of my subsequent life have not thrown an obliterating shade or obscurity over this expression of his; it always presents itself to me even at this distant day as the fullest expression of want and hunger that human being is capable of making. It was touching and pathetic to the last degree; the turn of his head, the glance of his eye, the strong intonation of his voice which accompanied it, rise before me like a scene of yesterday, and turn my trials into trifles, and disperse my sorrows for very shame.

I made no direct answer, but instinctively arose, as if with respect, and approached him. He covered his face with his hands, and surrendered for an instant; then he caught a long breath, and resolutely put his hands behind him again.

He had nothing to sell, and neither had I. I remember that we went through the form of searching our pockets. Nothing was produced. A long look of intelligence passed between us; I took his arm and we walked to the window. We were being starved.

He raised his hand and pinched his shoulder, and neck, and arm:

"Look—look, see how theen——O, how meesarable—meesarable—meesarable!"

It was snowing hard and the streets were filled. The cars were running, however, and looking downwards we could see the warm glare of the shop windows. The crowd had long since turned homewards, and the undefinable murmur of the flowing throng penetrated even to us. I was weak, and I knew he was even weaker. I was thinking of nothing, for thought was impossible. I was confused. Presently my friend spoke to me and touched my arm; he told me afterwards that he spoke thrice.

"Do you hear de ring—de clang—de scraping of de metal?"

"Yes, they are shoveling the snow on the walks; it is clearing up."

"Ha—den why not we too? We go to de residence and we shovel him too."

He erected himself and looked eagerly down into the street.

"But we have no shovels. They will not lend them, for they will think us thieves."

He looked at me in an indescribable way, and, shrugging his shoulders, turned out the palms of his hands.

"We die if we stay here, that's true. And eef we go maybe we find a fool."

He put his hand on my shoulder and drew me away from where I was standing. It often happens to one, that though he has been in intimate contact with certain scenes, circumstances, and persons, both agreeable and disagreeable, for a considerable time, yet certain moments may occur when a vivid realization of his position presents itself and discloses relations which even long familiarity has failed to produce; a sort of glimpse at immaculate truth, a view undimmed with hope or joy or regret, as the case may be. Such a moment now occurred to me. I beheld an unflattering picture of my affairs. Weakness, poverty, hunger, and a chance for relief.

I immediately went and got my cap and a faithful little woolen tippet, which, thank God, all the pawnbrokers on the avenue had thrown out as worthless when I had endeavored to dispose of it.

My friend made no further preparation than restoring his cap to his head, and we descended to the street arm-in-arm, begging each other to dine at Delmonico's as a special favor.

It was raw and cold. A westerly wind tore down the street like the air from an iceberg, and in the uncleared places the snow was half-way to our knees. We walked up several blocks, avoiding first one street and then another, from some fancy, and finally hit upon one which presented no possible objection, and which I think was Twentieth street. I applied at the first promising basement and was refused the labor of cleansing the steps and sidewalk, for the reason, I feared, we had no implements of our own.

This was just enough, perhaps, but still I ventured to argue the case at other doors, albeit with no success for at least a dozen trials. Then we accomplished our object. For the sum of half a dollar we agreed to do the required work, and having received a hesitating loan of two shovels and a stiff broom, we set about our labor.

It was more arduous and exhausting than we thought possible. I felt my strength dwindle almost at the outset. I said nothing, but kept on until I found that my mate had ceased, and was leaning against the area railing, exhausted. I dared not speak to him, and pretending to be oblivious of him I kept at work. He resumed again while I took a long rest, and he told me afterwards that he watched my efforts with the same anxious feelings. It took us an hour to complete the work. At the end of it neither of us was able to stand erect, and we were trembling from head to foot. We panted up the steps and rang the bell. A little child playing in the hall-way opened the door and we went in, though a little doubtful of the propriety of the act. We were left alone, the pretty blue-eyed porter having run off, shouting for his father.

No chair was visible in the entry. I could keep my feet with difficulty, and began to look about. The place was comfortable, warm, and perfumed. An open door showed a parlor to the right. I roused up and beheld an easy-chair beside a table with gilt heads upon it. I walked in and sank down, my cap falling upon the floor. My friend also entered and leaned against the table. Upon it was a small box tied with a white ribbon, and also a card-receiver of delicate iron-work.

He opened the box, and the side at once fell down and disclosed a piece of wedding-cake. We both uttered an exclamation, and my friend at once seized it and thrust it into his pocket.

Suddenly a noise came from behind us; we turned about and beheld a gentleman with wrinkled face and white hair regarding us with an expression of anger. He walked directly up to us and demanded what we had done and why. We exclaimed that we were hungry.

He glanced at the table; the pretty box remained, only the cake was gone. His face softened. He reached down and took my wrist in his fingers and laid a hand upon my forehead. This act he quickly repeated with my friend, who was white with dread and sickness.

"Hungry!" he cried; "you are a great deal more than hungry. Poor fellows. Sit where you are." He disappeared.

We were in the house of a good man. In a moment he returned to carry us to another room, and his wife came with him. The little child became frightened to see us walk so feebly, and I remember she began to cry as she saw us go by leaning on her father's arm.

They gave us some medicine and some food. Then we fell asleep in our chairs, while the gentleman and his wife with the child sat on either side watching us. When we awoke, which we did nearly together, it was dark. Only the gentleman remained; the others had gone to bed, and the gas was turned down.

At this point we told our stories; I telling mine frankly, my friend telling his with reserve. His name was Emilo Bello. He was a Chilian. He had been in this country two years. He was twenty-two years of age.

Beyond this he said little, but gave the idea of truthfulness from the very scarcity of

his information. But he was poor to the last extremity. He had no friends, no prospect of relief.

That night we slept in the house; a sleep so deep, so precious, so sweet, that I never felt its like again.

In the morning came the gentleman, full of solicitude, bringing the little child.

We were well, he told us. Then he offered us employment. He was the leading physician in the ——— Hospital. An additional number of beds had been added; in fact, enough to accommodate twenty more patients, and from the recent great number of casualties these were nearly all occupied. More under-nurses were needed.

The duties were regular, not unpleasant, and would secure ease for us until the summer.

Had the most brilliant offer then opened beside this humble one, we would have eagerly embraced the last in order to have an opportunity to show our gratitude near the person of the good doctor.

We accepted with tears in our eyes. Poor Emilo was deeply affected. It was at this moment that I beheld the first evidence that he had a secret.

He sat up in his bed and thanked the doctor impetuously. He then asked, after a pause:

"Will I see de miseree of de human race, de seekness, de soofering, and de peen?"

The doctor nodded.

"Den I have not so much as one regreet. I am happee. I vill be so kind, so geentle, so teender. I vill make dem adore me. O, my doctore, I know I may be an angel, e-ven eef I have been a deevil."

His face was sublime. He stretched out his arms and looked upwards with transcendent joy. Then he cast himself upon his pillows and wept bitterly.

Within eight hours we were installed in our places.

The ward to which we were attached was a room of twelve beds, all of which were occupied but two.

Across one end was a corridor eight feet wide; the other looked upon a garden filled with grass and shrubbery now dead, with a dozen trees which overtopped the roof.

The windows were long, and each had four shades of different colors. The bedsteads or cots were uniform, made of iron and ranged in two rows of five each, with the remaining two at the southern end of the hall.

When we first beheld the place it was illuminated by a yellowish glow. Before each window was a green glowing plant reared in a painted vase of earthenware. Harmoniously colored pictures of autumn leaves were hung upon the walls, and at each bedside was a table of walnut, having upon it either a book, a puzzle, or a vase of flowers, or sometimes all three. In front of the entrance was a small organ, which was played at evening prayers and on the Sabbaths when the condition of all the patients would permit it. All was refined, and pervaded with a calm which was almost holy. This apartment was a gift from a former patient whose bones had rotted in their sockets. He had been a mechanic, and while lying in his bed had invented a machine of great simplicity and strength, and the production of which was a blessing. He whispered the plan to his son, and before he died he asked that the present memorial of his thanks might be erected. It was scrupulously done, and ten miserable wretches now enjoyed the blessing. The impression of Emilo's last related words being still fresh upon me, I was able to partly understand his behavior.

He contemplated the ten occupied beds with a look which displayed something like delight. He glanced about the hall as if it were his kingdom, but walked from bed to bed with the gentleness of a woman. At the end of the little journey, during which he did not utter a word, his face was transformed, and throwing an arm about the neck of the venerable doctor, he went away.

Twenty-four hours had not elapsed before he had made the acquaintance of the ten patients, and had acquired an accurate knowledge of their cases as well as their remedies.

He began his work by endeavoring to love the unfortunate group, and no soil could be more responsive than such a one. A puny boy with a decaying thigh-bone, whose employment had been merely to watch the gradual wasting of his hand as he held it up before

him, was the first to worship the foreigner. His young heart burned stronger for a few days and then stopped, but ceased happily, under the burning eye of Emilo.

A bare remnant of a man, from whose body all had been lopped away save enough to contain the minimum of life, was awakened in the eleventh hour to the realization that he had a soul. His saviour was Emilo.

A cadaverous man, who had been a preacher of great power, had been deprived of the ability to utter a word by a necessary surgical operation within his mouth. He felt himself henceforward worthless, and despaired of further life. Emilo one day brought a tulip and explained its beauty, its history, its culture, its grace. The man listened with a refreshened heart, and became a fervid poet though he was dumb as a stone.

An ignorant fellow who had been a very fortunate mechanic, and who thought that the disease for which he was being treated was superficial, nearly destroyed all hope in the thoughts of the doctor by his willfulness and conceit. Emilo brought him painted pictures of the terrors he had just avoided. He turned pale with fright. Emilo brought others and explained them, and also explained the good progress of the present wound. The man became docile. Emilo encouraged him, and he lived.

Another poor wretch, a man who had been injured in a quarrel among his fellows, began to sink under the oppression of his friendlessness. He had vacant eyes, and a hopeless, droning way of speaking. All his acquaintances were his enemies. He had no home, no relation, and he was ready to die. Emilo roused him. He made him smile. He got him the promise of employment as a light porter in a large warehouse. The man began to see life differently, and under the effect of a stronger spirit at once commenced to mend. He afterwards took the position, and kept it until he rose to a botter one, and every New Year's he and his wife wrote a mutual letter to Emilo.

Emilo grew more handsome every day. His occupation filled him with delight, and his carriage became noble and beautiful.

His labor to gain the affections of all about him was persistent. No obstacle was allowed to intervene, and the sacrifice of sleep, habit, and comfort was mere bagatelle so long as he gained a look of gratitude. His tact was sublime, and his affection inexhaustible.

I could not understand his ardor from the first. Why he should so utterly abandon himself to so harassing a labor was beyond my conception. What he did was complete to the minutest point, from the arrangement of the softest light to the fortifying of a jaded man against a pending operation. His look, his tone, word, expression, step, his general presence was a power hitherto unknown, and it was almost, indeed I may say it was, worshiped. At every evidence of this, and in the course of the day many would happen, some expression of pleasure would escape him. He would grasp my hand and listen to hear them call his name, and then hurry away. A whisper of gratification, a sigh of ease, a murmur of content and relief, would fill his eye with tears of pleasure, and I once found him upon his knees thanking God in a broken voice.

In another part of the hospital was a former directress of a foundling school which had been destroyed by fire, and in consequence of which she had been given a high and responsible position in our building. She was young, ardent in her work, and had the face of an angel. Emilo met her twice and thrice a day. The result could be but one, and that the happiest.

One day the good doctor met them together as they were busy upon some scheme for improving the usefulness of the hospital. He gave them each a hand. "I have something to tell you which will please you both. Three hours ago Sarah Van Vorst, who was dying of cancer, lifted a little picture to her purple lips and whispered her last word with a face full of gratitude. The word was 'Edith.' I have just come from the last scene in the life of Archibald Prescott, the lumberman, who was crushed by a falling pine. He called on some one to lift off the terrible weight. That person did so. Prescott stretched out his arms and cried—'Thank you, Emilo.' Your two names mean peace and comfort. I never knew the power of sympathy until now."

Emilo's labors increased, and still I could not understand. I felt I was in the dark. Heaven forbid that I doubted his sincerity; I had no right to dream that, simply because I could not understand the impulse that animated him; yet because I was ignorant of it, I observed him closely. Nothing transpired to satisfy me: all was earnest, pure, and self-sacrificing; the splendor of his face, the dignity of his bearing, the winning inflection of his voice, grew as each new sufferer yielded his beleaguered soul and body to his consoling influence.

On a certain day, however, the disclosure came. It was stormy, and during the afternoon the tempest reached its height. I stood by a south window, startled at the violence of the wind, and watching the fearful way in which it swayed the elms outside. Emilo came up from behind and touched me on the shoulder. He was pale. I said nothing, but his hand slipped down to my arm, and held it tight. Soon he put his other arm about my neck, and began to tremble.

"Freederic, I see you watch me; do you tink me a hypocreet?"

I shook my head. In a moment he went on, making pauses now and then.

"I am frightened wid de day. I go back two years, when I see times so like hell. A meesarable day. I had a good friend, and I love him more than you, more than fader or moder. We have quarrel about women. We have fight. I keel him."

I cannot explain why, but I remember that I was not shocked, scarcely surprised. I bent my head to listen.

"It was in Chili. I ran. De memoree hunted me. O so awful, awful! Two years go. It never leave me. José Luco, my best friend, go wid me here and there in de speerit. I say to myself, I will do good. I will make de peeple happee. Maybe I make peace wid my soul. Heelp me, Freederic, heelp me."

This, then, was his spur. His work was that of recompense.

When the storm ceased he became himself again. I loved him more than ever. I watched his attachment to Edith with solicitude, as I feared that the disclosure of his secret would separate them.

Emilo now had nothing else to conquer. He became radiant with hope, and would often embrace me with rapture as he counted the hearts that were his.

He had a beautiful flower, a tulip; indeed, I think it was the same one with which he wrought the change in the preacher, and to this flower he would seem to confide his inmost wishes. He told me that it reminded him of his home, and that he fancied that it was a witness of what he did. He placed it upon a window-sill beside one of the vacant cots at the upper end of the room, and there it bloomed in all its lovely grace.

Seven days after the storm, Emilo came to me greatly agitated.

"Freederic, grasp my hand!"

I did so. It was cold.

"Freederic, my friend, I feel that I am being pursue; that they hunt me. I dreemed so in de dark night."

He was very nervous, and was covered with perspiration. I used all my persuasion to calm him, and partly succeeded, though during the day I frequently caught his eye resting upon me with an expression of expectancy. I fancied he was overworked.

The next day he brought to show me a rich velvet smoking-cap covered with gold bullion. It was a present from one of his former patients. With it was a letter containing some of the most refined expressions of goodwill and thankfulness which it is possible for man to write. Emilo read it time and again, and dwelt upon the prominent passages with an inexpressible delight. It banished his fears, and he became again filled with his high intents, and with even more than his old ecstasy.

At night we had news of a new-comer. His case had been severe, and he had undergone one of the most notable surgical operations known in the country. His delirium had been almost constant. This was the fifth day of his admission. He was to occupy the cot in our ward which was on the right of the room; he would lie in full view of Emilo's tulip.

At six in the evening he was brought. Emilo and I assisted, and then stood arm-in-arm at the foot of his bed, contemplating him as he lay perfectly still with closed eyes.

He was frightfully ugly.

His head was bandaged and covered with adhesive straps. His hair and whiskers were gone; he had large flaps of ears, a massive jaw, a wide mouth with thin lips, a retreating forehead, and narrow, trembling nostrils which gave him the look of a wolf. His hands were thin and long; he had a small chest and bow legs. I half recoiled, but Emilo smiled.

"I will make him my friend, Freederic. Eef I can teach heem something, if I can help hees awful peen to go away, den such a victoree shall prevent me from fright at dat one who hunts me. I shall scorn heem."

His face was filled with enthusiasm. I involuntarily turned around. The doctor was just within the doorway, staring hard at Emilo.

Presently he turned around with bowed head and disappeared, unseen by my friend. The next day the doctor was not to be seen, and the next in rank took his place. He was in the hospital, but he kept his room. Even Emilo and Edith could not visit him.

The man in the eleventh cot remained in a state of stupor until noon. Then he slowly awoke to consciousness. He met the calm glance of Emilo, and he returned it. Emilo reached him a bit of camphor from an ebony box. The man smiled and gave him his hand in a weak fashion. Emilo held it for an hour.

Still the doctor was not visible, and all began to wonder, for such a thing had not occurred for years; neither storms nor illness had ever prevented his presence, and yet all agreed that he was well.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, while it was yet light, Emilo went to his tulip at the window-sill. It was in the full of its loveliness, and he bent over it with the deep affection which I alone could interpret. It was nearly his idol. He almost thought it comprehended what it witnessed from day to day. Edith had admired it with him, and it was full of the purest associations.

Suddenly the earthen pot slipped in its saucer. Emilo endeavored to save it. He caught at the tulip and snapped it from the stem. He cried out vehemently:

"*Por todos los Santos!* Look, Freederic, see my prettee, prettee flower crushed! broken!"

His face assumed an expression of despair. I heard a movement behind me and I turned about. The ugly man had risen to a sitting posture, supported by his hands. His face was of a green color, his mouth open, his nostrils dilated, and his eyes glared upon Emilo.

Emilo, still holding his tulip, beheld him. He stood transfixed.

The man drew a breath, closed his mouth, withdrew his eyes, felt about behind him for a pillow, and then lay slowly down again.

Emilo, full of anxiety, crossed over to him and put his hand upon his forehead. There was no change in his pulse. He appeared to have gone asleep.

"Poor feellow!" said Emilo; "I frighten heem. I was cruel, too cruel; and yet," he continued, in a tone of pride, "it is he that follow me wid his eyes all de day. I am sure he love me, and I have been so harsh; I think so leetle."

Two hours after, Emilo and I were in the linen-room in the eastern wing. Edith came in with her usual soft step, dressed in a long bluish gown, with a white apron. She had in her hands a tray, with glasses and napkins upon it.

Her pure face betrayed solicitude, and her gentle voice trembled. She gave a hand to Emilo.

"O, the poor doctor! I have seen him and he is almost wild. He is in his parlor, and is walking up and down with his hands upon his head. Something urges him one way, and he tries to resist it with all his strength. He is feverish and sad. Sometimes he stops as if his mind were made up; then he grows irresolute, then relinquishes it all. I have never seen him so disturbed. What can have happened?"

We wondered, but could suggest nothing. Emilo and Edith walked away together, he carrying her tray and glasses, and bending his head to hear her talk.

In a few moments he returned; he approached me slowly.

"Freederic, my good friend, I again feel that I am pursue—I feel uneasee, I have leetle heart. José Luco stand before me, now on my right hand, then on my leeft. Fear come upon me like de rain; from eeverywhere it

attack me—I am afraid." He covered his face with his hands and turned towards the blank wall, where he stood in silence.

I had no heart to encourage him, and I cannot tell why; whether I was also oppressed by something of his shadow, or whether I felt that any words of mine would be unheeded from the depth of his emotion, I am unable to say, but it is certain that I did nothing but silently contemplate him as he held his singular attitude.

It was now seven o'clock. It was dark outside, and the lights were burning throughout the building. At five minutes past, a messenger came into the room; the doctor wished to see Emilo. I looked at him. He was looking at me. He asked me to go with him.

"But the doctor did not send for me!"

"You are a part of me, my dear friend Freederic."

He took my arm and we went out together. We crossed two corridors and went through a long dining-hall and then passed into our corridor, at the other end of which was the doctor's parlor. The door at which we entered was in the center, exactly opposite the door of our ward; our path lay to the left, and I by mere accident looked to the right without attracting Emilo's attention. I saw Edith in the center of the floor with her hands clasped before her, her face pale, and with her eyes fixed steadfastly upon Emilo. She was immovable.

I said nothing and we went on. We entered the doctor's room. There was a fire, plenty of light and warmth, and the place was comfortable. The doctor was before his fire, twisting and untwisting a handkerchief. His dress was disordered; he looked like a man in agony of mind.

He saw Emilo and not me. Emilo advanced until he stood in the center of the room. At first he was full of natural dignity, though distrustful; at last he gradually sank and hung his head like a criminal.

Some seconds of silence followed; then the doctor said in a whisper, and with a sudden wrench at the handkerchief: "Emilo—my dear—dearest boy—I—" he stopped as if choked, then finished vehemently: "You must go. I know you. I know about José Luco. God knows I cannot look at it in the light I ought. See, I do not lay hands upon you, I do not detain you, Emilo!"

He advanced upon him as if to push him out of the room. Emilo shook from head to foot.

"All day long I have struggled and fought with myself; I have unwittingly shielded you. I have hid you. You have been hunted, you have fled, you are discovered. You belong to the officers of the law!"

Emilo clung to a chair.

"I think of you as my son. Your crime vanishes as I look at you, and if man's poor forgiveness and love can—can ever be a pleasing thought to you in the miserable days to come, remember you have mine, Emilo. Emilo, go out of my sight!"

Emilo remained silent, erect, impassive. The doctor approached him closer and leaned his white hand on his shoulder. That strange quality of Emilo's, the power of instilling affection, had developed even here. The man of blunted sensibilities and exhausted sympathy wept like a child.

Presently he raised his head. He pointed to the door with a shaking finger.

"No," said Emilo, "I vill not go; I vill stay here."

The doctor looked at him with terror. "I have one great objeect far above you and dem poor soofferers. I now look upon dat objeect, and conseeder it." In times of disaster, ties which we thought were iron prove weak as thread. Out of the multiplicity of hitherto absorbing interests one suddenly becomes pre-eminent, and all the rest are lost. In this case the one remaining hold was—Edith.

"You know what dat ees?" said Emilo. "I loove her wid all my heart. I stay to tell her all at de proper time. Den I go, and she will go too."

"I forbid it," cried the doctor.

"What I care what you forbeed?"

"I will tell her myself. It will be my duty. She is strong and resolute. She will recognize that any pain which her separation from you will cause you, will be a part of the penalty for what you have done. She will avoid you; she will become afraid of you."

The bare glimpse of this was frightful to Emilo. He descended from his position of resistance, and in a breath became a suppliant. He grew paler and more infirm.

"O Doctor, my best friend, you cannot be so cruel, so like a savage to me."

The doctor did not answer.

"I promise to go away from here. I will hide myseelf; only do not speak to Edith. I will tell her—I will tell her the truth. I will do it myseelf."

The doctor calmly said, "No."

"O, good Doctor, look at me. I am not change. I am as I was yeesterday. I am good to the seek and the troubled. You forgeet me. I am steel Emilo Bello."

He extended his hands in an attitude of supplication.

The doctor turned his eye quickly upon him.

"No, you are not Emilo Bello. Emilo Bello was an innocent man. He did the work of Christ. Your name is Victor Caro."

Emilo uttered an exclamation of despair. His own name was an object of hate. The sound of it overwhelmed him.

"Oh! Oh! what miseree, miseree. Doctor, I preey to you—I preey upon my knee. Do not tell her. Keep my secreet for one whole day. Say nothing, in the name of heeven."

He sank down and clasped his hands. The doctor was unmoved. He had become familiar with the scene. He could have smiled. He was inexorable, and pointed to the door. Two minutes elapsed. Emilo murmured some incoherent prayers, but they availed nothing. The silence became intolerable. He slowly got upon his feet.

"Den you try to croosh me?"

"I shall tell this poor girl that you killed a friend in a duel; that remorse has made you what you appear to be; that you are a criminal."

Emilo retreated backwards, with his large eyes fixed on the doctor, who was rigid and quiet. He slowly approached the door, opened it, hesitated, with a burning look, and went out.

I turned to follow. The rustle I made brought the doctor's eyes upon me for the first time. He was a little surprised, but asked me to wait until he wrote a prescription which I was to carry to the Dispensary. While searching for paper he remarked that he had seen the patients, and this medicine was intended for the eleventh cot.

He wrote it out. He was agitated. His fingers with difficulty grasped his pencil, and he twice stopped to collect his thoughts. His mind was plainly upon Emilo.

I received the prescription. The doctor trembled violently. I went out.

Emilo was in the hall, waiting for me.

"Did I not tell you I was pursue? Ah, is it not strange that that wicked news should come thousands of miles and catch me in sooch a place as this? All my good thoughts fly away; now I am weeked. I tell you, Freederic, I am weeked! Eef I lose Edith, I die in one hour."

He pinched my arm and shook me.

"I shall make dat coorsid doctor to soofer a leetle of my torture, by—!"

I put my hand upon his mouth. I partly calmed him. I told him I had a prescription. He asked to see it, and I gave it to him. He read it carefully, and then looked at me with an intensity which made me feel a momentary foreboding.

"I will keep this," he said, and put it behind him.

I explained that I was sent to have it prepared for use. He shook his head, and took a pencil from his pocket.

"My friend Freederic, troost me, no harm shall come to any one. Vill you leave me here alone for three minutes?"

I did so without scarcely any hesitation. At the end of the time I returned to the corridor. It was composed of four bare walls, perfectly white, and twenty feet high. Six doors with casings of chestnut led off from it at different points, and each door had its rug in front. Two large windows made it glaringly light in the daytime, and at night it was illuminated by a single gas-jet, in the form of an ancient Egyptian lamp, high up on the wall far out of the reach of any one but the one whose duty it was to light and extinguish it. In this place was the doctor, held tight against the wall by Emilo.

Emilo held him with a knee and the left

hand. In his right was the prescription. "Look at it," he whispered loudly, waving the paper to and fro; "it ees plain. You go to write a prescreeption; you mean to say one leetle grain of arseenic. You make a mark; you make a wrong mark. You say five grains of arseenic. That is death."

The doctor was appalled. He would have slipped upon the floor if Emilo had not upheld him tightly. He said nothing. I think he was unable to speak. Emilo's face was a terrible object. He approached it near the doctor's white cheek, and delivered the following, savagely:

"I can show it to de directors. I now can croosh you in one leetle word. I can take eet to the papers and have it pooblish. It will fly all over the world. You will hang your head. They will turn you out. You will be poor, wreetched. You—you will be a monster, a creeminal—an outcast."

The doctor was languid, helpless, unstrung; but he listened.

"I now demand that you keep silence for one day; what you say?"

It was beyond the power of common integrity to resist. The abyss was too near, too deep. The doctor signified assent. Emilo released him.

He straightened up and went to his room, while Emilo folded the paper and put it into his pocket. He then went to search for Edith.

From what quarter had all this disclosure come? Who was it that had animated all this unhappiness?

Complaints began to rise from the eleven cots, for Emilo's absence was as plain in an hour as it would have been in a day. Edith was not to be found; he had searched for her high and low, and he came back prostrated.

Yesterday he thought himself safe; he felt the full sweetness of being heartily loved, and also of loving. He felt his specter grow more distant in this gentle atmosphere, and knew his score was diminishing. To-day a blow had fallen from somewhere.

Now he was desolate. He had no home; no friend, he thought; no heart for another struggle; he was alone with his terrible memory.

In this short space his cheeks had fallen, his gait became stooping, and his eyes surrounded by purple rings; his hands swung at his sides, and his head hung upon his breast.

Edith reappeared, and with her came a change.

At eight in the evening I came upon them standing together, he holding both her hands while her eyes were downcast. He turned towards me. His face was brilliant with renewed hope. He seemed strong again:

"Ah, Freederic, behold—behold! I again am happee. She learn all. She run off to hide and think and weep. She return; she say 'Emilo, the dreadful past is ours togeether, not yours alone.' Listen, we go now to see dem poor peeple for the last time. Will you come?"

We went into the ward. It was dimly lighted. One nurse was at the farther end, bringing away a tray of medicines. Some of the patients were sleeping. Others were awake, and one or two were restless.

Emilo went first, softly and tenderly. His face was illuminated, his carriage buoyant. Edith followed in his track, watching him. Two poor wretches woke up as he stood beside them for a moment, and reached out their hands with smiling faces. One clung to him as if he felt instinctively that he was looking upon his best friend for the last time. Another gave him an audible blessing in a foreign tongue; and another withdrew from under his coverlid a watch-guard which he had braided with hair, and with a trembling voice gave it to him. Others gave a warm good-night with feeble tones, and then, satisfied, closed their eyes in the firm belief that they would see him again to-morrow.

The slow, careful journey was a triumph. Everything was calm, and distant objects were shadows. Now and then there arose a whisper or an unintelligible mutter from a dreaming man, or a slight sound of heavy breathing. We completed the round. We came to the eleventh cot. I saw Edith clasp her hands. The man seemed asleep.

Emilo approached him and bent over him. Presently he arose to go away. He felt himself detained. The ugly man had grasped the skirt of his coat and opened his eyes.

He said, in a thick whisper,

"Victor Caro."

Emilo looked about him with terror. His knees trembled; his eyes came back again to the horrible patient.

"I come on an errand from José Luco."

"José Luco?"

"José Luco. He is alive."

Emilo fell at the bedside and grasped the man's hand. I was petrified, and Edith clung to me desperately. Emilo's smothered voice ejaculated something, and the man made this explanation:—

"I am English. I was employed by the family of Luco to find you. I started, but did not pursue you. I have been a villain. I have drawn pay for my debauchery. I have cheated them. I was hurt in a fight. They brought me here. I told the doctor what I told all—that I was looking for a man who had killed his friend. I saw you with the tulip. I heard what you said. I knew you. You awoke my gratitude by your kindness. I determined to release you and implore your forgiveness. José Luco was in the condition of the dead for one week; he is now recovered, and is well. God forgive me!"

He ceased, exhausted. I do not think Emilo, or perhaps, Victor, heard all of this disconnected tale; he was too full of the grand germ of it, the salvation of his friend. He kissed the hand of the man, and passionately pressed it to his breast. I looked up after a moment more, and I beheld the doctor on the other side of the cot. He had come to administer his prescription in person. He scowled upon all of us, and said to the man, in a harsh voice, "Rouse up! They have nearly killed you with their talk."

This was so disconsonant that it roused Victor. He looked up, and then hastily fumbled in his pocket; he withdrew the old and dangerous prescription. With a trembling hand he unfolded it. He arose, and, going to the doctor, he put his arm about his neck, and gave the paper to him.

"I did not keel José Luco, dear friend. This man come from heem. I am free. Edith love me. I am happee."

The doctor's face flushed, his eye sparkled, but he was unable to speak.

"This is the prescreeption," said Victor, thrusting it into his hand. "I lie to you. You say one grain of arseenic. I alter eet with a leetle dot; I make eet five grains. I was desperate. I implore you to forgeeve me."

The doctor changed color. For an instant we all stood in silence.

He then whispered: "Come, Emilo, raise the head of this man upon your shoulder; we will save him. He deserves it, the scoundrel!"

In a week, Victor and Edith went away to his country, whither I followed in a few months, as an *attaché* of the American Legation. The Englishman recovered, but was remanded to a Home for Incurables one year after.

The good doctor died. He was killed by a singular and persistent ulceration of the throat, which defied the accumulated skill of the best surgeons of the country. His was the extraordinary case described at length in No. 801 of the Medical Journal of the College of Physicians at Paris.

I am called uncle by a blooming child whose name is "Emilo."

A SUMMER TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

EARLY in August, 1870, I took passage in the little English hermaphrodite brig *Clara*, for St. John, Newfoundland. It was a pleasant morning when we cast off from Long Wharf and dropped down the harbor before a light breeze, which gradually fanned the deeply laden craft outside of Boston Light. The wind freshened and everything promised fair until after nightfall, when the heavy curtain of gloom which overhung the land behind us, from whence issued the low growl of distant thunder and ominous flashes, indicated a severe storm traveling along the shore. It was evident after a while, from the increasing vividness of the lightning and the mist that was encircling us, that we were not to escape a touch of the storm. About midnight the wind struck us with the force of a heavy squall from the north; the storm was moving in a circle. We were now past Cape Cod, so the brig ran for an hour under easy sail before the gale, when, finding the wind likely to hold, Capt. Byrnes hove to under close-reefed foretopsail and fore and main staysails. The sea was rising fast, but the *Clara* rode like a duck, dry and easy on the seething waters, and about sunrise the force of the gale blew itself out. An observation at noon showed us to have been driven, by wind and currents combined, to the south of the "Georges." All sail was now made, and I then had an opportunity to take a quiet survey of the ship's company.

All on board were natives of Newfoundland, excepting the captain, who was a native of Dublin, a Prussian before the mast—the best sailor on board,—and the writer; and all, with three exceptions, were of Irish descent and good "Romans." I shared the diminutive cabin with four junk-dealers, who had just disposed of a cargo of junk in Boston, and were returning with an assorted cargo, part of which, a deck-load of apples, contributed towards making the brig roll hard, and so overcrowded the deck that it was a ticklish operation passing fore and aft in bad weather to shorten sail, when blocks and sheets were snapping furiously, and she was lying over to her scuppers. A young mechanic with his wife and another young woman completed the list of *first-class* passengers. To say that the accommodations were not what are usually found on American sailing-vessels, and that the fare was inferior to what is furnished to seamen in the forecastle of American ships, is no exaggeration. Salt junk of the worst description, and pilot-bread highly seasoned with the flavor of the kerosene oil and tar in the run, formed our diet, with a few potatoes, which soon gave out, and some tomatoes, intended for the owner, but served out to us in small rations as fast as they decayed. The unfailing good-humor of Capt. Byrnes, whose broad face presided benignantly at the table which he and the owner had conspired to furnish so meagerly, and the Attic salt and Irish wit of the junk-dealers, were of some avail in covering the deficiencies of the *Clara's* lockers. Nothing could exceed the garrulousness of these worthy islanders except the everlasting chattering of a crowd of vociferating Arab donkey-drivers, or the bedlamite tongues of Constantinople caïkdgees; and only the flashes of genuine humor and wit which enlivened their talk made their company endurable. Early and late they maintained the wordy Donnybrook, the endless discussions on questions suggested by their own experience regarding salvage, invoices, the rights of ships as carriers, quirks of marine law, the treatment of wives, and the like—all stale and prosy enough, but rendered novel by the animation, earnestness, dogmatism, and occasional shrewdness displayed, and the strongly marked individuality of the speakers. The debates were always spiced by the sallies of Johnnie Feene, who, though usually on the wrong side of an argument, often by a neat repartee threw unexpected confusion into the ranks of the opposition. Amid a number of pithy sentiments which passed at random from one side to the other, two or three struck me as meaning more than perhaps the speakers themselves realized at the time. Said one of the disputants, "Aye, but remember, sur, that Newfoundland is two cinturies behind the times;" a strange admission from an old sea-dog, and a Roman Catholic at

that, who boasted elsewhere of the influence of Romanism on the island.

Another said, "Maybe ye're right, but thin there's a great difference between justice and law;" so there is, my man, thought I, and bad luck to them that have wrought this divorce between right and intellectual might.

A third, in reply to the observation, "Shure, but ivery man defers to his own opinion," replied, "And of coorse, for ivery man's mind is a kingdom to him." Now here was a man, who could not be accused of ever having read *Percy's Reliques*, or any extracts therefrom, giving utterance to this idea, in words almost identical with the first line of the beautiful piece well known to all lovers of English poetry, "My mind to me a kingdom is." The fact is, that the same thoughts in similar language often occur to different minds without collusion, in different ages and countries; and what critics who have not studied their own or others' mental phases choose to stigmatize as plagiarism, is of much less frequent occurrence than they represent. Indeed, I am inclined to think that very often this charge is made simply that the critic may display his own acquaintance with the passage he cites, in proof of the charges so lightly adduced by his officious pen.

But if there was one topic more discussed by these junk philosophers than another, it was the supernatural. Bushnell would have found them in full accord as to the reality of the supernatural and its relation to nature; and Robert Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* contains nothing more startling than the weird, mysterious yarns which were nightly told from actual personal experience in the little crowded cabin of the *Clara;* told, too, in earnest tone to listeners who heard with bated breath, and, on occasion, corroborated the truth of the most impossible incidents. By attending with becoming gravity and an air of implicit faith, which, sooth to tell, almost turned sometimes into actual belief, I was permitted to hear the story of many a rare adventure or encounter with the powers of darkness. One of the narrators had fought an hour with the body of a deceased friend; another had been stopped on the public road to Waterford Bridge by a "sperrit" in the shape of a black dog; another had been within an ace of recovering hidden "threasure" from a foundered frigate, while a fourth had assisted in drawing "an irron chist of threasure" to the water's edge, when the ghost of a man, who was killed and buried with it to keep watch over it, suddenly appeared and spirited it away, nevermore to be seen by mortal eye. Johnnie Feene, of course, had his quota of marvels to relate, all of them sufficiently entertaining. One of his stories recounted the experience of a friend who, four years previously, had left his family starving at Bay of Bulls village and gone to St. John in search of employment. Failing of this, he started for home, and was met after nightfall by a black dog, who addressed him, and then assuming human shape, informed him that he was an enchanted person fixed by a spell in a subterranean cavern near the Bay of Bulls, and that his enchantment could only be abated by the entrance of some one sufficiently bold to brave the guardians of the cave and carry hence the riches it contained.

Overjoyed at the suggestion, the fisherman gladly volunteered to accompany the enchanted stranger, who accordingly introduced him to a subterranean hall, vast and gorgeous with oriental magnificence, where the wealth of the Indies lay apparently at his disposal, and he had it in his power not only to relieve the poverty of his condition, but also to become the most opulent of Queen Victoria's subjects. But suddenly he was assailed by a troop of unwholesome ghouls, who so disturbed his resolution that he fled to the upper air, renouncing possession of the riches in his grasp, and leaving the enchanted man enchanted there forever.

Very naturally I was led to conclude that a more behaunted, bewitched, and ghost-ridden country nowhere then existed than this same Newfoundland, which seemed to be an outlying station of Pandemonium, as full of hidden treasures as the old haunts of Captain Kidd, as beset with enchantments as the brain of Don Quixote, as packed with ill-omened spirits as Alloway Kirk. The imagination of these prosaic storm-beaten old fishermen of Labrador teems with the feverish fancies of a nervous child; they are possessed by the

fervid phantasies of the warm-blooded Southron. The black dog figures in most of their legends, and is evidently the *bête noir* of the Newfoundlandic imagination.

But all this time we were sailing towards our destination slowly but steadily. The dashing tide-rips indicated that we were on the Georges, "the graveyard of Cape Ann," as those shoals are rightly regarded, and the fishing-schooners dotting the offing showed we were on the fishing-grounds. It is very strange that no lightship has ever been stationed on these dangerous shoals; many a ship must have met her fate on Cultivator's Ledge, where the depth is but three feet at mean low tide. It is not too late for Government to put up a beacon there, and thus mitigate the perils of one of the sailor's worst foes. A southwester took us towards Sable Island, but the currents seemed to combine with calms to set us nearer a direct line with that island than was comfortable. Somehow the brig failed to make the desired northing, and two successive observations did not allay the difficulty. It happened about this time that I took a trick at the helm. We were running with the wind a little abaft of the starboard quarter, and I noticed that the vessel, being too much by the stern and carrying too weather a helm, from the pressure of her large mainsail, "griped," that is, had a tendency to fly into the wind, which rather aided in giving us a drift to the southward. On informing the captain of this he immediately took in the mainsail and gaff-topsail, and kept the vessel away two points. The next observation indicated a very decided improvement in the ship's course, and on the following day we had the satisfaction of seeing in the southern horizon the low globular clouds called woolpacks, which in clear weather hang over the island and show where it lies when too distant to be visible.

Sable Island is the bugbear of the mariners coasting in its vicinity. It is so low that it cannot be descried until close at hand; is besides enveloped in dense fogs half the time, and is so beset with swift tides and currents as to make it a very treacherous spot. Simply a sand bank scarce elevated above the ocean level, its sands are constantly shifting and altering its shape; so easily, in fact, are its sands blown to and fro, that shipmasters who are wrecked there are recommended to make no effort to escape, as the sand will at once begin to gather around the grounded vessel and form a breakwater that will enable the crew to escape at their leisure. So soft and yielding is the beach, that some years ago, on a quiet moonlight night, a vessel went ashore there so easily that none of the crew were aware when it was done; the watch were asleep, including the man at the wheel; the captain was in his bunk. And there she lay until daylight; then the master went on deck, and behold, his vessel was hopelessly aground on Sable Island! He afterwards received another ship, but contrived to leave her ribs also bleaching on the same unlucky spot, and it is almost needless to say was not again entrusted with a command. The island is inhabited only by a corps of government wreckers, who communicate with the mainland once a month, and two or three hundred wild ponies, bred from a stock wrecked there in colonial times.

From Sable Island we beat up abreast of Canso, and made Scatari Light at the extreme eastern end of Cape Breton, on the tenth evening. Louisburg, or what grass-covered mounds remain of that once famous fortress, lay hidden in the gloom to leeward, even its light being invisible. It was a black night, and unpleasantly calm considering the proximity of the shore, and that the tide was swinging us helplessly towards the rocks, against which we could hear more and more distinctly the deep rote of the long ocean swell. But about nine we heard a wind rushing over the water, which soon filled our sails, and sent us plunging towards Cape Race, three hundred and fifty miles away; and a race indeed we had of it, running before a stiff breeze under all sail, rolling gunwale under in the heavy following surges, the porpoises playing around the foaming bow with phosphorescent trail, and not rarely a huge whale starting up and spouting alongside. One fine morning a school of eight whales, good-sized fellows, passed close astern, remaining at the surface and tossing the smoke-like jets of spray into the air for some time.

Those who voyage in steamboats, while

they gain in comforts suitable to the invalid, lose on the other hand much of the zest and flavor of sea life. Not for them is the adventurous sensation imparted to one who roughs it in a sailing-vessel, and enjoys the variety which comes with the observing of seamanship in the trimming of sails and the management of a ship in a blow, with the opportunity offered of occasionally turning to and lending a hand to haul on a halyard or brace, or taking the wheel, and associating on such terms of easy familiarity with the captain and crew as to relieve one of the feeling that he is a mere bundle of human merchandise transported for a given sum from one port to another with all possible dispatch,—which is all very well for the man of business, but is not pleasure. In addition to this, the constant grumble of a steamer's machinery prevents a full appreciation of the solemn grandeur of the ocean, deadening the wash of the waves and the sublime chant of the wind in the rigging. For the voyager on the sailing-vessel is reserved that most weird of ocean sounds, the muttering and shrieking of Mother Cary's chickens,—those wandering gypsies of the sea, floating over the water through the gloom of a dark night, like the eldritch laughter of lost spirits. Only on a sailing-vessel can one realize in any degree what the navigators of other days have endured, and imagine, as he tosses on the buffeting surges, that he is bound with the intrepid Vasco to discover the Indies, with Columbus seeks to evoke land from an unknown void, with Magalhaens is encircling the globe, or with Raleigh or Sir Humphrey Gilbert is traversing the endless spaces of waves to discover eldorado or quaff at the fountain of youth.

On the thirteenth day out we sighted Cape Mary's, and stood all day along the southern coast of Newfoundland. Small fishing-schooners were numerous, noticeable for their black sails, dyed in oil and tar to make them durable, which entirely ruins the picturesque appearance usual to fishing craft, and aids to give a melancholy aspect to a shore that is already sufficiently barren and dismal. No other signs of life were visible from dawn until nightfall, except two or three fishing huts, and the light-houses on Cape Pine and Cape Race. Having a leading wind and no fog, we passed within half a mile of the latter, so famous for its shipwrecks. It is altogether a very cheerful spot, invested with the most agreeable associations. In Trepassey Bay, close at hand, two ocean steamers were lost quite recently, and just beyond, scarce a mile north of the cape, we passed the graveyard on the cliff where the remains are buried of those whose bodies were recovered by divers, from the *Anglo-Saxon*, which struck while going at full speed in a fog, and went down at the foot of the beetling crags. The *City of Philadelphia* was lost not far from the same spot, as well as many other ill-fated vessels. It may not be generally known that since the loss of the *City of Boston* the boats of the Inman Line have orders to give Cape Race a wider berth than heretofore, and it is to be wished that the change might be adopted by all the lines whose boats now shoot at full speed far too near that fog-enshrouded cape for the safety of the traveling public.

Under press of sail we glided up the eastern coast of the island, which welcomed us with a succession of chilling squalls from the high table-lands, which, with but one or two exceptions, is the formation of this part of Newfoundland. There was nothing inviting in the prospect. The rocky shore was like a huge wall falling sheer down most forbiddingly, seamed here and there by deep gulches, at the bottom of which two or three fishermen's huts might be discerned at long intervals. When we rounded Cape Spear, whose light is three hundred and seventy feet above the sea, the scene only became more grand and desolate. Before us towered Sugar Loaf like a stupendous bastion of Titanic mold, and the houses of St. John were visible as through a telescope at the end of a deep gulch or channel, scarce a cable's length in width, guarded on either hand by perpendicular cliffs rising from five hundred and fifty to seven hundred feet, a tremendous spectacle. A wheezing, consequential little tug came out and towed us through the channel into the snuggest pocket of a harbor in the world, and laid us alongside the wharf of

the United States Consul, the owner of the brig.

St. John is a place of about twenty-three thousand inhabitants; it is built on a slope, and is a cross between an Irish and an English town, and, except as it thereby represents an anomaly belonging rather to the Old than New World, offers nothing especially worthy of note to one who has been in Great Britain. The streets abound with dogs almost as if it were a Turkish city, generally of mongrel breeds, and burdened by a billet of wood hung to the neck, which renders them harmless. So numerous are dogs in the habited regions, and so mischievous to the flocks, that the laws of the island permit any one to shoot them at sight. But while other curs are so common, individuals of the genuine Newfoundlandic stock are very scarce, and always fetch from eighty to one hundred dollars. The breed is consequently guarded with great care, but seems nevertheless to be dying out. No dog that is not entirely jet black, and has not the web-foot and dew-claw, is of the unmixed Newfoundland breed.

The port of St. John is small, but, as before observed, well sheltered, and presents in summer-time a bustling appearance, being crowded with vessels of all nations. On entering the passage to the harbor a pungent "ancient fishy smell" informs the stranger what is the trade of the island. The energies of the islanders are devoted to the seal and cod fisheries. Early in March the seal-hunters, as the sealing-vessels are called, put to sea, cutting a way out through the ice if necessary, and strike directly for the ice-fields in the Straits of Belle Isle, where the seals congregate in great numbers. From fifty to seventy-five men go in a sealer, their bunks being ranged gallery-like along the hold. Half the proceeds go to the crew, half to the owner or planter; £30 is a fair average per man, £36 being occasionally made in one trip, and two trips are sometimes taken in the season, which lasts until May. The sealers are usually hermaphrodite brigs, and are somewhat wedge-shaped in the floor, so that when nipped by the ice, they are raised up instead of being crushed, slipping back into the water when the ice parts. Nevertheless, serious mishaps not rarely occur. Latterly a few screw-steamers, carrying 150 to 200 men, have been introduced; their crews share only a third of the receipts, but the increased rapidity of locomotion enables them to gain equal profits with the other crews.

The best seals are those called whitecaps, harps, and hoods; the latter so named because the males, when attacked, protect their faces by a cartilaginous vizor, hard as India-rubber and impenetrable to the spear. Two men are requisite to kill these,—one to divert the attention of the seal, while the other thrusts the lance through the throat. The men employed in this business wear snow-spectacles, formed of blue glass, and protected on the sides by a fine net-work of wire, but even thus do not always escape a touch of snow-blindness, which is very common and painfully acute.

The cod fisheries of Newfoundland are more profitable even than seal-catching. Not only do her fishermen resort to the Banks, but all along the shore in her spacious bays they "till the farm that pays no fee," and the stages and flakes or platforms for drying the fish are to be seen at every hamlet, crossing above the street like vine trellises in Italy, bearing a fruit less fragrant and graceful, but not less useful—codfish destined for the nourishment of good Catholics the world over, so long as Tuesdays and Fridays and Lent continue sacred to cod. It is interesting, when walking in the suburbs of St. John of a pleasant day, to see the women and boys, who cure the fish while the men are gone to sea, driving carts into town from Quidy Widy, Empty Basket, and other little fishing ports, drawn by diminutive ponies and laden with salt fish ready to be shipped to distant lands. In other countries the peasantry flock to the shiretown with vegetables and fruits, the product of the gardens and vineyards; in Newfoundland it is codfish that the peasantry carry to the market town.

And yet, although the profits of the seal and cod fisheries are large, and all on the island are in some way connected with what is virtually its sole business, yet poverty of the most abject character is the rule among all but a very few. This business is under

the control of monopolists, and presents, by the way it is managed, an instructive example of what may result when the sense of mutual interest which should bind capital and labor is forgotten. Twelve men, most of whom reside in England and carry on the business through agents in Newfoundland, furnish the capital on which the fisheries are conducted; consequently a large portion of the profits does not remain in the country, but is taken abroad to be distributed elsewhere. But this is a minor evil compared with the iron clutch by which these capitalists hold every fisherman, as it were, by the throat, scarcely permitting him to draw breath without their leave. The truck system, so powerfully rebuked lately in Parliament, and working disastrously in some of the Pennsylvania mines, is in full force in Newfoundland. The capitalists, in return for the fish, pay the fishermen in kind, that is, furnish them with all the supplies for supporting their families or carrying on their vocation, so managing as to oblige them to draw in advance of the profits of the still ungathered crops of fish or seals,—a draft on the future,—and contrive that the account shall always so stand as to leave the poor fisherman, already rendered improvident by this practice, always in debt, and thus always in the power of the capitalist. In addition to this, the capitalists or their agents meet in a sort of club or Board of Trade room at stated periods, and arrange among themselves the values to be placed on the supplies furnished to the fishermen in their employ, and from these prices, be they never so high, there is no appeal, nor, from the situation of affairs, is there any remedy to be provided against the repetition of the extortion. Gradually, but surely, has this tremendous tyranny gained strength on the island, and, so long as they remain under the present government, shuts out all hope or power of improvement or progress in the condition of the islanders, or the development of the mineral and agricultural resources which Newfoundland undoubtedly possesses in a large degree in its northern and western sections.

The island has nearly the superficial area of New England, with yet a population of only a trifle over 150,000; and these, with the exception of St. John and Harbor Grace, are doled out along the singularly indented and irregular coast in little settlements of half a dozen cabins, widely separated from each other; and even this meager civilization is confined to the seaboard. Immediately on striking inland, one comes to the primeval forests of dwarf spruces, which are about as destitute of traces of the supreme Caucasian race as if Columbus had never been born. Half a century ago, one white man with an Indian guide crossed from the eastern to the western coast, and wrote a valuable account of his trip and of the interior wilds; but no one has followed in his track, and the deer still migrate unmolested from north to south with the change of the seasons. The few Micmac Indians remaining live chiefly along the northern shore.

The Roman Catholics have, in former time, been in excess of the Protestants of the island, and, as elsewhere, have characteristically secured the most commanding site in St. John for their cathedral, which is the first object that meets the eye on entering the port, its imposing Italian architecture suggesting similar scenes in the Mediterranean, and its size and position leading a stranger to infer that opulence and numbers are monopolized by the Romanists; but, like all the Roman Catholic churches I have seen in the New World, the exterior is far more showy than the interior, which is cold and barn-like, finished off with crumbling stucco, and poorly ornamented with cheap copies after the Masters; not an inapt symbol, methought, as I scanned its chilled walls, of the organization which it represents—to outward observers imposing and alluring, but to those who inspect its internal system disappointing and repulsive.

The last census, however, showed that the Protestant element is gaining, and is now in a respectable majority, chiefly of the Church of England, but including a fair proportion of Scotch Presbyterians and Wesleyans. The Anglican Bishop of Newfoundland presides over the most extraordinary diocese in Christendom. The see may almost literally be termed the *sea*, for while it is the largest in limits in the world, it is almost entirely composed of water, and the good prelate dischar-

ges his episcopal duties by much traversing of the boisterous Atlantic. Newfoundland and the "vext Bermudas," with all the waters wide that roll between, are comprehended in this episcopate of many miles and few souls, unless we include soles that in the sea do dwell. A schooner-yacht is owned by his reverence, who in the summer visits and confirms his northern flocks, a third of the coast of Newfoundland being thus circumnavigated by this ghostly yachtsman once a year; the fourth summer he rests from these maritime visitations, and the winters he devotes to the spiritual necessities of the Bermudas, who evidently receive more than their share of the spiritual nourishment. A suffragan bishop resides at St. John, and missionaries, as they may well be called, are set over the fishing hamlets. They take charge of several each, and go from one to the other in fishing-boats, faithfully and patiently doling out the scant store of religion to the poor islanders, and, as one of their number observed to me, "endeavoring to make good Christians of them, or at least good churchmen."

It is supposed by many in the "States" that Newfoundland belongs to the New Dominion, while others, better informed as to that, but, as would seem, against the best interests of our country, which already embraces all the territory we can take care of for the present, are endeavoring to create a movement in favor of the annexation of that island to the United States. For Newfoundland it would doubtless prove at least an advance on her condition as it is now, split by rival factions and under the control of monopolists, who repress the energies of the people and prevent the natural growth of the multiform resources of the island. There are two political parties there, strongly divided on the question of confederation with the New Dominion, a measure which could only result to the ultimate advantage of the islanders. So it is properly regarded by the best citizens, but they are unfortunately still in the minority; and such is the ignorance of the masses, that they are of course under the guidance of pestilent demagogues, those curses inevitably attendant on democracy in all ages, who, for the accomplishment of their selfish ends, give currency to the most amazing stories against Canada, so incredible that we refrain from repeating them here, yet not too incredible for the credulity of those for whose benefit they are manufactured. The elections are attended by much excitement and corruption, and the intelligence and integrity of the legislature are not above suspicion. By annexing Newfoundland it is to be feared we should also annex a body of voters and pot-house politicians of a piece with the Tammany Sachems and their horde, "to vex Israel," and add another to the difficult problems which this nation is now trying to solve and digest, God only knows with what ultimate success.

There is some attempt at popular education on the part of the government, but, judging from the intelligence of the popular mind, wisdom will not die with the Newfoundlanders. There is a reading-room at St. John, for the free use of which we here tender our grateful acknowledgments; but communication with the outside world is at best but scanty. The United States press is represented in the book-stores by the most vulgar of the New York weeklies, which may account for the not unreasonable opinion expressed to me by a usually well-informed clergyman, that he supposed "the United States was governed entirely by mob law." The papers of St. John are of a contemptible character; the telegraphic news they contain is much garbled, and what seems extraordinary, considering the near vicinity of Heart's Content, the terminus of the cable, is obtained via Boston and Halifax, several days after date! Mail communication is maintained with Halifax, and the rest of the world thereby, twice a month, by steam-packet in summer, but only once a month during the winter season, owing to the ice; considering how rarely the mails have to be made up and distributed, the post-office might almost seem a sinecure, and yet it will excite a smile to learn that the postal officials recently complained of overwork!

After all, we found it pleasant to be quiet a while, and free from the turmoil and confusion, the constant hurry of events, the swift recurring rush of telegrams, the fever of life in the nineteenth century, and to live over a bit of "still life," as it was in some retired

English seafaring town fifty years ago. And while one can hardly consider Newfoundland, with its pale sunlight and sere plains and infrequent mails, altogether the place to live in, yet it is well worth a visit. Its aboriginal scenery, unexplored wastes, quaint capital, curious fishing ports, frowning coast, legendary lore, hospitable folk, and blooming lassies with eyes of brimming blue, cheeks mantling with the roses of health, plump trim figures, and elastic step, present a variety of attractions adapted to interest and please the stranger, and store his memory with delightful recollections.

THE CLOAK-CUBBY AND THE BLUE-ROOM.

HOW WE LOST AUNT FANNY.

THE "General Association" was to hold its annual meeting at our church in A., and I, a hero-worshiper of nineteen years, was drawn to its first session by the announcement that Prof. K. would preach the opening sermon.

It was a hot June day, and as our house was more than two miles out of town, I was not a little dismayed when I came out of church, after service and a little supplemental gossip with Kittie Winter, our minister's daughter, to find that my forgetful father, who had gallantly convoyed me thither, had thoughtlessly driven home without me. This was not at all an unprecedented occurrence, as I was apt to linger, and he to forget me.

I knew that he would remember his offspring some time about midnight, and come to me forthwith for absolution, spoiling my scanty sleep with his untimely remorse; but, meantime, I must walk home.

So it happened that when at last I arrived, thoroughly heated, and dusty, and cross, I instinctively turned my steps toward Aunt Fanny's room,—a sort of cave Adullam where "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves" for aid and comfort, as did the unhappy Israelites to David's rocky den. But when I found the refuge vacant of its comforting genius, my present grievance seemed to swell and swell intolerably, while memory bestirred herself to heap on, one by one, every bit of awkwardness and distress which my poor, busy father's special weakness had inflicted on me in the past, until, under the accumulated weight, my heart was becoming hardened like a millstone toward any probable exhibition of paternal penitence.

Fortunately, Aunt Fanny's gentle step was heard just then, and when her sweet face smiled upon me, my implacability was as frost before an April sun.

But I suppose you would like to know who "Aunt Fanny" is.

Aunt Fanny had been grandpapa's baby, and was his joy and pride till he died in her arms, five years ago. Then she came to us, to abide with us forever, as we fondly believed. The ground of this reliance was a certain "fatal facility" she had acquired in early life for parrying matrimonial assaults; and then, too, was she not now forty-eight years old?—So she said, and grandpapa's big Bible confirmed the saying.

Yet her brow was smoother than mine, and her limpid eyes with their fathomless depths of blue, were bordered with soft brown hair, far more childlike than mine. Now, as she came in, with her cheeks ("velvet-cheek" was one of my thousand pet names for her) tinged by the ardent sun, and her limp white sunbonnet yielding in soft curves to the outline of her face, she seemed too lovely for anything, unless it were an incarnation of Raphael's *Madonna del Cardellino*.

I assaulted this gracious creature with "You dear old darling! how exasperatingly pretty and all serene you look; but what makes your cheeks so red?"

"Strawberries, Pusskins."

"Strawberries?" I said.

"Yes; I have been putting the Blue-room in order for any minister whom your father

might happen to bring home with him from town, and went into the garden for a few roses as a finishing touch. I wanted some of the blessed old cinnamons, which you know, dearie, I love best of all, so I ran down into the vegetable-garden whither Tom has banished them, and as I passed the strawberry-beds I saw the fruit was ripening fast. So I just came in and divided my roses between the Blue-room and my own, and then went back to the strawberries and picked fully a quart."

"But, Auntie, you never should have done it yourself in this heat."

"Oh, I don't mind extremes as you do, dear; and then you know I have a special tenderness for this fruit, and fancy that it likes to be gathered by a lady's fingers. I certainly couldn't have trusted Tom or Jane to coax from the vines the coy first-fruits of the season. I shall be as fresh as the berries after my bath. But, Puss, how flushed and tired you look!"

"Well I may, Auntie. Father forgot me, as usual," said I, half-crying, as my mischances came back to mind; "and I had to walk all the way home in this vile dust; just look at my pretty new suit."

"Poor child! But I can brush it nicely for you, while you put on this dressing-sack and lie on my lounge until tea-time."

"It is inconvenient at times" (I should think so!) "to have your father so oblivious of little things; but how thankful we ought to be that he has never by any chance forgotten a client or any business of importance."

"I don't know what you can call important business, Aunt Fanny," said I tartly, for I had come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him, and my disrelish for this unseasonable magnanimity was just then stimulated by the cloud of dust which rose from my dress as I threw it off.

"Just look at that horrible dust! I should think taking decent care of his only child might well come under the head of 'business of importance'!"

My "David" shook—not me, as she ought to have done, but one of her finest handkerchiefs out of its soft folds, moistened it with her choicest *eau de Cologne*, and with gentle touch subdued the rash choler which my father's forgetfulness had raised within me, as she cooled my half-grilled face and neck.

"Don't lie there, Puss," remonstrated Aunt Fanny, as, after giving her a penitentially grateful kiss, I threw myself on her lounge. "You are directly in the draught. I have opened the doors through the closet into the Blue-room, you see, and that gives us this delicious breeze. But you mustn't lie in full range of it. Keep still and I will trundle you back against the wall. There now, shut your eyes and say your multiplication-table till I come back."

She then disappeared through her dressing-room door, which opened on the opposite side of the room from the breezy closet. After a long absence she peeped in with my suit on her arm, both she and it looking as fresh as she had promised. "So you are not asleep? Then I'll brush my hair in here and have a little gossip. You haven't told me a word about the meeting. I suppose your father brought home no one with him, for I met him alone in the garden, and he talked of nothing but strawberries."

"Was Professor K. as grand as ever? Tell me all about it."

"Professor K. didn't preach, after all," said I, rather sleepily.

"Poor child! What a disappointment for you; it is no wonder you came home so disconsolate, if you had to listen to a dull substitute this hot day."

"But he wasn't dull at all, Auntie," said I, rousing a little. "My horrid tramp home had almost driven it out of my head, but it really was splendid, and he had such a magnificent gray moustache, and great kind eyes like yours, only black—blue-black, or brown-black,—and he isn't married at all, and Kittie Winter says there are all manner of romantic stories about him; but his sermon was just gorgeous, and if it weren't for Charley Coates, and you hadn't warned me so appallingly against marrying a minister—"

"For the minister's sake, Pussy, you know," interrupted Aunt Fanny.

"—I don't know but I should have surrendered unconditionally."

Aunt Fanny was so thoroughly acclimated

to my torrid rhetoric that she only smiled and brushed away at her soft locks.

"But you haven't told me all this time who preached, my dear; who is this new light that almost outshone our Charley?"

"Dr. ——, let me see, Hooper? Yes, Hooper, and what is more, Clarence Hooper. Isn't that romantic?"

"Clarence Hooper! Goodness gracious me!"

As surely as I live it was immaculate Aunt Fanny who used these improper words; she denies it to this day, but she it was who said or rather shrieked them, in as shrill tones as her mellow voice could assume. Her face was all aflame—it could not be "strawberries" now; and her brush fell from her hand in her agitation.

I sprang up in a quiver of delight; "O Auntie, how jolly! Are you at the bottom of this splendid old fellow's romances? Is he one of the tens of thousands of your slain? Tell me all about it, there's a darling. You never will tell me anything nice. Mamma says every theologue at the Seminary felt himself foreordained to convert you out of Emersonianism, and into a wife for his own saintly self, and that you've had more offers than she ever heard of outside of a novel."

Aunt Fanny never even smiled in response to my vehemence. The color flickered on her cheeks and went out. Her eyes had a far-away dreamy expression; her lips were silent. Altogether she was a most exasperating image to confront an impetuous girl's curiosity.

"Say something, Aunt Fanny, if it is only 'boo.' What on earth has Clarence Hooper, S.T.D., ever done to you, or you to him, to cause such conduct as this?" cried I as I picked up her brush.

"I beg pardon, Fanny." (I am Aunt Fanny's namesake, though if they had only given me her nature, they might have called me Karenhoppuch.) "I hadn't heard his name for years, and it brought up a little incident of my youth."

"Now, Auntie, don't drive me crazy with your mystifying generalities, but give me every single particular; all the 'says I's' and 'says he's', and the 'hope we shall part as friends' at the end, etc., etc. If you will," I added, with reckless bribery, "I'll 'do' your hair for you!"

Now Aunt Fanny delighted in this toilette service, and I rendered it less reluctantly to her than to any other mortal because of the exquisite softness and fineness of her hair; but, selfish sinner that I was, I held it in reserve as a final cajolery when I had an end to gain with her.

"Why, there is nothing to tell, my dear; only this: Mr. Hooper once did me a service for which I should like to have thanked him."

"Why didn't you thank him?"

"How foolish of you, child! I never saw him in my life."

"Goodness, gracious me!—You needn't look so at me, Aunt Fanny, you said it yourself only ten minutes ago—yes you did, with your own gracious lips. But now, please, put me out of my misery and explain yourself! Why didn't you write gratitude if you could not speak it?"

"But it was such a peculiar service, and I—I—I was so peculiarly situated at the time it was rendered, that that was out of the question. I could neither speak nor write my thanks, you know, under the circumstances."

"No, I don't know, Aunt Fanny. You talk as one of the foolish women talketh, and not like your own wise, orderly self. Now give me the brush, and begin at the beginning and end at the end, while I make your hair look heavenly. If you would only braid it in front at night—not frizz it, you know, but wave it a little—you would be perfectly bewitching."

"I'll send you into your own room, Fanny, if you treat your old aunt as if she were an idiot to be beguiled by flatteries."

"'Sh—'sh. Stick to your text, my logic-teacher; Dr. Hooper is your text. Now begin: 'Once upon a time, when I was a beautiful young minister's daughter—I mean the beautiful young daughter of a minister—Dr. Hooper rescued me from a burning house by means of a pair of tongs two miles long, so that we never met; and as I was not in full toilette at the time, it being the witching hour of night, I never could muster the requisite indelicacy to say Thank you, sir.'"

I don't think she had heard a word I had

said, for when I peeped around into her face (I stood behind her, wielding the brush vigorously) to see the effects of my pertness, her eyes had lapsed into their dreaminess again, and she neither spoke nor looked the rebuke I deserved.

I changed my tactics, and gave a malicious twirl of the brush which summarily arrested her wandering thoughts, and seizing the opportunity, began again: "As you were saying, Auntie, once upon a time Dr. Hooper—"

"Well, you audacious tease, I suppose I shall have no peace until you hear just how little I have to tell; only please don't uproot any more of my sparse locks than is indispensable to the arrangement of a 'heavenly' coiffure! I remember very well that my hair was long and abundant enough the first and only time that I saw Mr. Hooper."

Eager as I was for the story, I interrupted her with the reminder that she had before said that she never saw him.

"No, did I? I should have said that I never had met him. I saw him once, and heard him talk at times during the space of two or three hours, but only took 'a limited view' of him, like the Marchioness, through a key-hole."

"You! Aunt Fanny! through—a—key—hole!"

"Yes," sighed she, with a fresh influx of "strawberries" to her cheeks and brow; "but really I didn't see that I could help it at the time, neither do I now."

"Aunt Frances Draper!" said I, impressively, "I am fast approaching a state in which I shall be dangerous to friends and foes alike. Will you oblige me by beginning your story, and going straight through it, 'whatever may oppose'? Now then,—

'One to begin,
Two for show,
Three to make ready,
And four to go!'

"Once there was an amorous youth, yclept Clarence Hooper—"

"Not at all. I prefer to tell my own story. Once there was, on the contrary, an ill-conditioned youth who used to darken the dear old parsonage with his presence frequently during my younger days.

"He had been 'liberally educated,' as we say, but his nature was so essentially common that all his years in college and at the theological seminary had only given it a niggardly gloss, through which it was always betraying its vulgar self.

"Your grandfather was so loving and generous that he even embraced this man in his friendliness. Indeed he wished special courtesy to be shown this person whenever he came to the house,—which was often, as the seminary was only a few miles from us, and several of the students, and John Leggett among them, used frequently to walk over to the parsonage."

"John Leggett?" interrupted I; "you don't mean that roistering revivalist whom you wouldn't let me go and hear preach last winter, when he was making such a stir in A.?"

"The very same. Some remote connection of his had been father's friend, and this blinded the dear man's eyes. I doubt if he had the dimmest suspicion of how ineffably offensive Mr. Leggett was to me.

"He could talk glibly of the holiest things. I remember how he used to ring the changes on 'spiritual' and 'spirituality,' and they have been tabooed terms with me ever since. He invariably pronounced any man whom he feared, envied, or misunderstood, 'unspiritual.'

"His own grossness was perhaps too deep-seated to challenge father's notice, and there was no particular overt act on which I could base a complaint; yet his mere presence made me cringe, and to give him my hand in welcome was absolute torture to me. I suppose that a woman must always be more sensitive to such impressions than a man, even one of delicate organization, can be.

"But this is not my story.

"One day, when I was—let me see—twenty-three or twenty-four years old, I was alone at home. Father was making pastoral calls, and our one servant had gone away to spend Christmas week.

"I had myself been down-town to make some purchases, as I was going to a party that evening. After putting the flowers I had brought in water, inspecting my ribbons, and

trying on my new slippers by the dining-room grate, as it began to grow dark, I made preparations for tea.

"Mrs. President Lott was visiting our opposite neighbors, and had just given me a recipe for muffins which I was ambitious to try.

"So, after setting the table in the dining-room (except eatables, on account of the heat), I made my muffins with great pains-taking, and committed them to the oven, where they were to stay precisely one-half hour, I remember, by the rule; and then, as father had not returned, it came into my head that I would dress my hair for the evening, while waiting for him. I ran up to my room, but as it was a very cold day, and the furnace not very active, I did a very improper thing, my dear, and suffered the consequences accordingly. I took my brushes and father's little shaving-glass down into the dining-room, and, after pushing the tea-table into the remotest corner, let my hair down, and soon had it in braiding order. In those days braids were very elaborate affairs, and smoothness was a great consideration, my child—"

"Now, Aunt Fanny, don't introduce irrelevant remarks, but let your eyes look right forward, as Solomon says, or I won't answer for the consequences to your blessed wig."

—"I was startled out of a day-dream with which I was beguiling the tedium of hair-dressing,—which was even then a burden to me,—by hearing father's latch-key in the street-door.

"I did not move at first, for father never would have thought that my dressing-sack wasn't a particularly elegant evening costume, and, besides, my hair was nearly done; but in a moment, to my dismay, I heard the voice of my *bête noir*, Mr. Leggett, in the hall, and an unfamiliar voice answering. I only needed to hear in addition father's pleasant tones, as he said, 'Come right into the dining-room, gentlemen, we shall find it warmest there,' to convince me that instant flight was necessary. There was no time to choose doors,—there were only seven opening out of that one small room!—so I caught at the nearest, and shut it behind me, leaving all my toilette articles at the mercy of the new-comers.

"Imagine my feelings when I found myself in the 'Cloak-cubby,' as we called it, a deep, dark closet, with no knob on the inner side of the door, and the key-hole minus its key, so that the door could only be opened from the outside! I was quite nervous and fanciful in those days, and should have thought myself suffocating if I had been shut in for five minutes, under ordinary circumstances. But then I was too excited and annoyed to think of my breathing apparatus.

"Every word of the conversation that followed is as fresh in my memory as if I had heard it to-day.

"Father began. 'Sit down by the fire, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home, while I look up our Fanny'—O father, father, how could you? 'Our Fanny' to that man! —'and we will all have tea as soon as possible, so that you need not hurry to the train. Why, what can the tea-table have done, that she has put it in the corner with its face to the wall?' he went on to say, as he rattled the innocent china back into position.

"Then out he went into the kitchen, and of course, not finding me, ran up and down stairs in the search. I even heard him in the cellar beneath me, and had an insane impulse to try and telegraph my situation to him. But he soon came up and said, 'I cannot think where she can be; her things are all here, but she may be across the street at Mr. Stacey's. If you will excuse me, I will run over there.'

"Off he went, and we three were left to our own devices.

"'This is a great joke,' said Mr. Leggett. 'I hope, if the old man can't find "Our Fanny," he'll at least manage to scare us up some supper.'

"'You use the lady's name very freely,' said the stranger, rather sharply.

"The voice pleased me, in spite of its sharpness—perhaps because of its sharpness—and I confess to you that at this point I mustered self-possession enough to put my eye to the key-hole in the hope of seeing the speaker. Mr. Leggett was sitting with his back to me, fearfully near, and Mr. Hooper, for it was he, opposite, so that his eyes, and very good honest eyes they were too, seemed to be piercing directly through my key-hole, al-

though they were actually only transfixing his impertinent companion.

"'Well, why shouldn't I?' said Mr. Leggett. 'She's none too good to be spoken of, I hope, for all her high and mighty airs. You can't touch her with a ten-foot pole' (eight feet less would have been sufficient for the purpose at that moment). 'But what makes you so touchy about her? You don't know her.'

"'I never shall know her, or any other lady, little enough or well enough not to object to such a free handling of her name, in her own house at least.'

"'Well, well, don't be huffy. She isn't worth quarreling about. We've got a first-rate chance to see how a blue-stocking keeps house.'

"I never was that, my dear, but I was an omnivorous reader, and always credited with far more knowledge than I possessed.

"'Here's her cloak and bonnet pitched into one corner, and the tea-table was pitched into another till her daddy straightened it. Have a lump of sugar, Hooper? Gracious! if here isn't her hair-brush with a couple of long hairs in it. I'll go halves with you. But there isn't much show for supper, is there?'

"The creature had set out on a voyage of discovery by this time, and I was in an agony of fear lest his vulgar curiosity shouldn't be limited to the room, but take him into the closets also, and lay open my retreat.

A sudden racket and a volley of expletives showed me that he had overturned my big work-basket, and the only consolation I had during all that awful afternoon was in the variety of its contents, and the length of time required to right them again; to say nothing of several resounding bumps which he got from table, sofa, and chairs, in his haste to put things in order before father's return, or my possible appearance. His running commentary would hardly have pleased the Professors any more than it did his hearers in the closet and without.

"Mr. Hooper occasionally remonstrated, and even declared that he would leave the house rather than stay in such company.

"Suddenly Mr. Leggett exclaimed, 'By Jiminy, that's a pretty little slipper, though! How it must pinch her toes! I'll pocket one of 'em, sure as fate, and keep it in my room under a glass-case to make the fellows stare. Who'd have thought a blue-stocking could go into such a Cinderella slipper?'

"I am afraid Mr. Hooper used a too vigorous form of speech by way of preface as he cried out, 'John Leggett, take that shoe out of your pocket and put it where it belongs.'

"'I shouldn't like anything better,' said the wretch, 'if "our Fanny," or your Fanny, if you prefer, would only trot in her little toeses.'

"'I am in earnest, sir; take out that shoe.'

"'Come, come, Hooper, what's the use of such a row? It's too good a joke to spoil. 'Twon't do you any harm.'

"'You shall not leave the house with it, I warn you.'

"'What in tunket are you making such a to-do about it for? Any girl would be tickled to death to have me use her things to ornament my room. What'll you give for the little teenty-tonty-tootsey yourself, now?'

"'Five dollars,' said Mr. Hooper, greatly to my surprise.

"'Done,' said the other; 'fork over.'

"This strange bargain seemed to be consummated, for I heard the slipper fall, and silence followed, which Mr. Hooper was the first to break.

"'I want you to know, Mr. Leggett, that I bought you off, not because one must adapt his arguments to his opponent, but to spare Dr. Draper the knowledge of how basely his hospitality has been outraged, and myself the shame of being known as the companion, even for one afternoon, of such a one as you.'

"'Draw it mildly, young man,' said the cowardly ——" Aunt Fanny hesitated for a substantive, but declined the torrent which I poured out in her service, and finally left the hiatus eloquently unfilled.

"'Mildly! The longer I think of it, the more furious I am. I believe on my soul, what I suspected before, that you stole that daguerreotype of Miss Draper which you showed me the other night.'

"'Well, what of it? A picture's of no account. You were glad enough to look at it, and didn't you carry it off to your own room?'

"'Yes, I am ashamed to say I did; but it was to get it away from profanation for a time. I ought to have known that a woman with such a face as that would never have given you her picture.'

"You will think me a goose," said Aunt Fanny, parenthetically, "to tell you all these things; but they all rush back upon me, and I cannot stop to choose."

Whereupon I threatened her with dire punishment if she dared omit even a conjunction. Then she went on.

"'The picture flatters her, — ambrotypes always do. She don't look handsome much, in my way of thinking; there isn't meat enough to her. Just take a look at her picture, so you can compare it with her if she comes in. I always carry it in my pocket here for the fun of it.'

"Mr. Hooper must have snatched it, for I heard a struggle, though I did not dare look, and my champion cried out, 'I shall knock you down if you make it necessary, and tell Dr. Draper the whole story; but this picture you shall never touch again with my consent.'

"Just then father came bustling in. 'Dear me! Haven't you seen Fanny yet? The Staceys knew nothing of her, but I went down to Mrs. Thompson's, and she said she saw her coming home more than an hour ago. Where can the child be? — But what an intolerable odor! Something must be burning;' and opening the kitchen-door, he inhaled in all its intensity the last expiring breath of my beautiful muffins, which I had poured into their rings with such proud expectation only an hour before!

"The pungent odor penetrated my keyhole, so that I thought I should have strangled, while the others were forced to open doors and windows.

"Poor little father"—(Grandfather Draper's weight was plump two hundred pounds, but Auntie and he were such friends!) "then set himself to serve tea. I knew there was only the last end of a stale loaf in the house (the muffins were my *pièce de resistance* for tea), and that he finally found, with a large loaf of rich fruit-cake. He also made tea in the coffee-pot, which was fortunate, when you consider his rate of measurement—'a *tablespoonful* for each person and one for the pot,' as he told me afterward, and very proud of his housewifery he was, too.

"You can hardly believe me, Puss, but there was not a quarter of that great fruit-cake left, and father declared he had not himself eaten a crumb of it. So these two theological students must have devoured the whole mass of indigestibility. I have no doubt Mr. Leggett took the lion's share, and, quite likely, filled his pockets besides.

"They did not remain long after tea. Father was obviously *distrait* on account of my mysterious disappearance; Mr. Hooper scarcely spoke, but Mr. Leggett mumbled sanctimonious phrases, generally with his mouth full, winding up with a cold-blooded monologue on the state of the wicked after death, by way of a digestive.

"The moment the door closed behind the departing guests I shrieked 'Father!' with the little strength that remained to me, and fell against the door in a dead-faint.

"Of course he had to be told how I came there; but I spared him the story of what I had heard, only telling him that he must never ask me to receive Mr. Leggett as my guest again.

"But bless your dear heart! How selfish I am! I ought not to have let you stand there, brushing my hair all the time, when you were so weary and heated. Lie down quietly till tea-time, darling. No, not a single word more!"

"Yes, Auntie, I must just say that Dr. Hooper is a dear old love, and I should like to kiss him this very minute. Did he never come to your house again?"

"Yes, three or four times; but the Fates forbade our meeting. Once I was ill, and his other calls were made when I was not at home."

"O, Auntie, just look in the glass, and view the prospect o'er now; you are the very quintessence of cinnamon roses, your own dear self."

And so she was.

I had seized the opportunity given by her absorption in her own reminiscences to rob my own disheveled crimps of a pair of little topsies, and rolled her soft chestnut hair over

them, away from her full white temples, and crowned my work with a half-blown rose.

"How could you play such a trick on your sober old aunt, Pussy? People will think I have gone daft if I go down to church to-night with my hair in this girlish fashion. And what will your father and mother say when they see me maltreating the cinnamons by wearing them on my poor old pate?"

"Why, they'll say,

'She is the cinnamon rosy bright,
And her poor types are they.'

"Don't you dare touch it! But did Dr. Hooper run off with your picture himself? I presume he wears it next his heart to this day. He has such a seraphic gesture when he throws back his head *so*, you know, and smites upon his breast, and I don't doubt he drives your image deeper in every time he does it!"

Auntie was finishing her toilette in her dressing-room by this time, so although I raised my voice, yet I doubt if she heard anything further than the opening question; at least she didn't reprove or reply to me, except to say when she returned, "The ambrotype was safe in my work-basket, and I have it now."

Just then came Jane's rap at the door, with the announcement that tea was on the table. I hastily exchanged Aunt Fanny's dressing-sack for a wrapper of my own, and soon joined the family in the tea-room.

Papa beamed upon me with the utmost innocence and tenderness, as if I were the very apple of his eye, which doubtless I am, though I should have been far luckier to have been his green bag.

His unconsciousness of having just broken that brittlest of divine laws, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," so exasperated me that I relapsed into sulkiness. Then mamma remarked that my dress was unbecoming the time and place.

However, after Aunt Fanny had eagerly pleaded in my behalf the fatigue of walking and hair-dressing — so graciously shielding papa that his tender sympathy for his child remained smoothly unruffled by any suspicion of himself as the unnatural cause of her woes —I was made much of, to the great improvement of my temper, and harmony reigned.

Aunt Fanny's muffins and strawberries contributed not less than her eloquence, perhaps, to this result. I was mischievous enough to inquire, in regard to the former, if they were made from Mrs. President Lott's famous recipe.

Papa had just had his plate filled the second time with fruit, leaving perhaps three berry "manners" in the dish, when Aunt Fanny said to him laughingly, "It is well you found no delegate who 'had no objection to going into the country' to spend his nights, or we could have had only a dozen strawberries each."

Up sprang papa, with his usual dazed look when his impish memory has been playing its tricks, and cried out, "What on earth are you eating supper for without the minister, Bertha?"

Mother was so accustomed to this vicarious endurance that she calmly buttered her last muffin as she inquired, "Charles, dear, what minister?"

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Bertha. 'What minister?' Why, Dr. Hooper, who preached this afternoon the very best sermon I have heard in ten years."

Aunt Fanny and I gazed at each other somewhat anxiously, but had no apprehension as yet of the horrors of the situation.

I think we both cherished the hope that for once father's depravity had borne good fruit, and that he had left the honored guest on the church steps, or inadvertently spilled him out of the carriage on the way home.

As for mamma, she was moved to the depths of her hospitable soul, and said reprovingly, "Charles, Dr. Hooper hasn't been in the drawing-room all this time, has he?"

"No, no, no. He is up in the Blue-room. —Didn't you hear any stir in there before you came down, Frances?—Jane, go up and tell the gentleman tea is on the table. He had a head-ache and wanted to sleep it off before the evening session, so I took him right up to the Blue-room, as I told you when I came home."

"You couldn't have told me, Charles; I have just come in from poor Mrs. Howe's. I have been sitting at her bedside all the afternoon, so that sister Frances could have a little rest after her week's watching with her."

"It must have been Frances I told then, or some of you.—But where are you going, girls?" Aunt Fanny and I were alike "girls" to him.

"You will excuse me, please, Bertha," said Aunt Fanny, her face burning red, and fairly convulsed with mortification.

I too was vexed and frightened, but poor Auntie's agonized expression quieted me.

"I—I—I am not dressed, you know, mamma," stammered I.

"Dressed, child," said father, "what do you think a man like Dr. Hooper will care for a baby's second best bib and tucker? Don't you go away, Frances, *you* are fine enough I am sure, roses in your hair and all; and besides I told Hooper you were here and he said he had always wanted to meet your father's daughter. I introduced myself to him as Dr. Draper's son-in-law, you know."

Mother interrupted him with her commands. "I cannot spare either of you. Straighten the table as quickly as possible. Fanny, take away the strawberry-dishes. O Charles! you are really too thoughtless. We have eaten all those delicious berries!"

Papa sighed remorsefully as he devoured the last spoonful of fruit, and remarked,—

"Jane must have trouble in waking him, she is gone so long."

Talk of a drowning man's condensed memories! This cannot be compared with the mental processes which Aunt Fanny and I underwent during those moments of preparation. But papa had let in a ray of hope, and we exchanged a glance of relief by its aid.

Might not our dreaded neighbor of the Blue-room have taken an over-dose of hydrate of chloral? Or, still loyal to womanhood, as in his youth, might he not have fled the house, once more to spare Aunt Fanny?

Not a bit of it. Jane ushered him in, immaculately brushed like a sunny bridegroom prepared to run a race.

The audacious creature even wore in his buttonhole one of Aunt Fanny's own particular "cinnamons"!

I wondered how much he had heard?

The ordinary forms of social life must be gone through with under all conceivable circumstances, till merciful death releases us. So Aunt Fanny and I made our bows (very low, to hide our flaming cheeks) when Dr. Hooper was presented to us.

Mamma welcomed him at her left hand, and next myself, so that poor Aunt Fanny, alone on the opposite side of the table, had to confront not only my conscious face, but the Doctor's, which might express much or nothing, we knew not which.

So there the poor darling sat, the rose in her hair, smiling at its mate in his button-hole!

"I hope you have slept away your headache, Dr. Hooper," said father, adding mendaciously, "we thought we would not disturb you earlier than was absolutely necessary."

"I feel much refreshed," was the Doctor's non-committal answer, as he proceeded to devote himself to mother, in a way that won her heart.

He scarcely seemed to recognize the presence of Aunt Fanny and myself, fortunately for us, although he was courteously responsive to any table-service we were obliged to pay him.

Father was now so awfully wide-awake and present-minded as to be more dangerous than ever, since he was ignorant of any quicksands to be shunned.

He perpetually interrupted the conversation at the upper end of the table with irrelevant questions and remarks, so that Aunt Fanny and I winced apprehensively whenever he opened his lips.

"You love cinnamon roses too, Doctor, I see, as well as Frances and the rest of us. It is my favorite among all the glorious train. There was a great bush against Dr. Draper's parlor-window, where Bertha and I used to sit, and I always grow tender and sentimental when I see the blossom. You remember that bush, don't you, Frances?"

Frances thought she did, and Dr. Hooper echoed father's commendations warmly, and turned again to his hostess.

"Take another muffin, Dr. Hooper," persisted papa, with unprecedented attentiveness. "They are very harmless. We think no one can make such muffins as our sister here. Where did you get the recipe, did you

say, Frances? From some of the Presidents' wives, wasn't it?"

"The muffins are of Bridget's manufacture," said Aunt Fanny, almost tartly, while I choked in the attempt to dispose of some water and a nervous giggle at the same instant.

"Very nice, very nice!" said Dr. Hooper, obviously growing nervous himself, for he helped himself to two muffins at once, and then asked, "Do you go down to church this evening, Mr. Winthrop?"

"No, I am sorry to say; I have some writing which must be done. But my wife and sister will drive down with you."

Aunt Fanny opened her mouth and said, "I shall not g—," when mamma checked her by saying, "I promised Mrs. Howe,—an invalid neighbor, Dr. Hooper,—that I would go back to her immediately after tea, so that I shall be unable to go into town to-night; but Miss Draper will pilot you."

"You said, Dr. Hooper, you would like to go early, I believe, so I will order the horse at once," said papa.

"If you prefer to drive yourself, you and Frances can go in the pony-phaeton, and I will send Thomas down on foot, so that he can take the horse from you at the church-door; or he can drive you both down in the beach-wagon."

"I should like to drive, if Miss Draper will trust herself to my horsemanship."

Miss Draper murmured something which, it is to be hoped, was as polite as it was unintelligible.

Papa, remarking that the pony was not at all exacting in her demands on the skill of the driver, excused himself from the table, that he might order her to be harnessed.

Instead of going into the back hall, as any other mortal would have done, and as he intended to do, this doomed man plunged into the china-closet, and, according to the eternal fitness of things, bumped his head resoundingly against a great salad-bowl which happened to overlap the shelf.

"Why, Charles!" cried mother, for once a little fretted at this glaring exhibition of his obliviousness; "one would think you might remember which was the hall-door in your own house."

Papa came out, looking comically rueful over the bump and the blunder, but mingled with his objurgations of his besetting sin the apologetic statement, "It is an idiotic room, any way, with doors enough to bewilder a more whole-witted man than I."

"Why, Charles, there are only four, and the room is quite large, I am sure." Now it was mamma's turn to harpoon us. "You know at home, in our little dining-room, there were actually seven doors—you remember, Fanny?"

"Were there, Bertha?" faltered that long-suffering darling.

"Why, of course there were. There were the parlor, study, kitchen, and hall-doors, beside the china-closet, the pamphlet-closet, and the Cloak-cubby. *Now* you remember, don't you?"

I think she did.

Dr. Hooper, Aunt Fanny, and myself all lifted our glasses simultaneously, as if to drink to the health of Grandpapa Draper's doors, and all strangled in the act.

Then we knew that he had heard.

When father had made a final exit through the legitimate outlet, mamma's perturbed spirit soothed itself by increased attention to her guest.

"Take a bit of cake, Dr. Hooper. Mr. Winthrop lauded the muffins, but gentlemen honestly care more for cake, I believe. This is fruit-cake. My sister gave it the name of the 'Theologues' Special,' years ago, and always insists upon making it when we expect clergymen to visit us."

"I never eat fruit-cake, madam, under any circumstances," cried Dr. Hooper, with such pronounced vehemence that even mamma realized that 'dangers were abroad' to which she had no clue, and deftly shifted the conversation to the safe ground of common acquaintance.

All things have an end, and so had that awful meal.

Aunt Fanny, pale and grim, went up to her room, at mamma's bidding, to prepare for the inquisitorial torture of her *tête-à-tête* drive with the majestic Doctor.

Could Aunt Fanny slam a door? I am inclined to think the accusing angel would

have pleaded extenuating circumstances in her behalf, even had the jar of double door-shutting been her fault, and not that of the breezy closet which had so perfidiously betrayed her confidence.

However caused, the effects reached even out to the piazza, whither 'we others' had adjourned, and the clangor was most grateful to my ears till I detected an appreciative twinkle in that tiresome Doctor's eye, which spoiled it all.

Immediately after Aunt Fanny left us, a messenger came from Mrs. Howe urging mamma's instant return, so that I was left alone to entertain our guest,—and very well I did it, I am convinced by my own recollection, aided by subsequent contributions from his. In a voice which I was conscious was ludicrously strained above its natural pitch, but which I could not at all control, I chattered on about I know not what, giving him no opportunity for reply.

Among other notable items, I am assured that I told Dr. Hooper, apropos of nothing, that "Ingratitude is the basest of human vices," and also that, in my opinion, the Millennium would not come until the celibacy of the clergy became a fixed fact; and from this latter position I am not inclined to recede.

At last the pony was driven around to the door, and I eagerly volunteered to summon the lingering victim; but father, with ill-timed consideration, said "No, no, child, you are tired enough, after your foolish walk, to sit still. I can call her from here perfectly well; she generally has the doors open through into the Blue-room in warm weather, hasn't she?"

This was his Parthian shot, which left me speechless, and brought Aunt Fanny down, looking paler, primmer, and grimmer than I could have believed possible to her calm, sweet nature.

Dr. Hooper solemnly handed her into the phaeton, seated himself by her side, and as they rode out of the gate together, I went off into a fit of hysterical laughter which lasted almost unrespited through the evening.

My curiosity to see in what mood and manner this Darby and Joan would come home overcame all my fatigue and early-to-bed intentions. But eleven o'clock came before they did, and my first glimpse of Aunt Fanny's face—its pink bloom more than restored—satiated my curiosity in such an unlooked for and melancholy manner that there was no spirit left in me, and I meekly said "good night!" and vanished.

I was as sure at that instant of the awful fact that we had "lost Aunt Fanny" as I was the next morning, when she was guilty of the unprecedented offense of delaying breakfast a quarter of an hour, and at last came sauntering in from the garden, all unconscious of her crime, with fresh rose-buds in her hair, her hair in crimps, and Dr. Hooper's gray moustache in close proximity!

If this were the proper time and place, I should like to remark at length on the ways that are sinful of certain clergymen, who, ostensibly in attendance on meetings of the A. B. C. F. M., State and county C's. S. S. A. and Y. M. C. A.'s, absent themselves from the assemblies of their brethren, in secular devotion to Aunt Fannys and young Fannys. Dr. Hooper, for example, could furnish a far more trustworthy report of the topography of our particular suburb, than of the discussions which agitated his peers during the three days following his opening sermon.

Can you believe that that hitherto confiding, complaisant aunt of mine has never vouchsafed anything but the most barren generalities in regard to that evening drive, and her escort's defense against the charge of eavesdropping?

It must have been in prevision of this base requital of my tender beautifying of her person that fateful afternoon that I had remarked to Dr. Hooper on the superlative baseness of the vice of ingratitude.

And when a certain ceremony, solemnized at our house two months ago, had proclaimed on the house-tops what was spoken in the ear in closets long before, I ventured to say to the bridegroom: "Uncle Hooper, I suppose you overheard me some weeks ago declaring that I would like to kiss you. I hadn't the least idea at the time what misery you were going to bring upon us, nor what a wicked eaves-dropper you were at that very moment, or I should have expressed a very dif-

ferent desire very differently. But, if you will only tell me how you inveigled Aunt Fanny into forgiving you so quickly for lying in wait in the Blue-room while a pair of unwary babes were babbling about you, I will try to forgive you even to the extent of that aforesaid kiss." When I had so humiliated myself, what did he,—that base eaves-dropper and desolater of our household? Why, he smiled triumphantly, patted me cavalierly on the head, and said: "I think little Fanny should be fully satisfied to know that Aunt Fanny is satisfied," and kissed——Aunt Fanny.

"I am Sir Oracle, let no dog bark."

I have told you "how we lost Aunt Fanny," but how Dr. Hooper managed to secure her is an awful mystery to this day. That he got her surreptitiously through a key-hole, so to speak, is evident, for there is every reason to believe that had they "met by chance, the usual way," our delegate would have eaten his meat with singleness of heart, even without Aunt Fanny for his *vis-à-vis*, attended conscientiously to his official duties, and finally adjourned to his bachelor quarters *sine die*.

Yes; the long and the short of the story is that we must forever mourn the loss of our angel of the household, and that it was papa's own particular iniquity of absent-mindedness which brought upon us all the miseries of her "taking off."

THE RAJAH'S GIFT.

'Twas true the Rajah's self had gazed upon her
From his tall war horse when he passed that way,
And given a sign, well known to those about him,
Concerning her—a red-lipped child at play;
And then the years went by, but oft there came
A princely gift in the great Rajah's name.

'Twas true she took one morn a fragrant blossom,
Sent from a rash, admiring stranger's hand,
And wore it once—the sweet and sole adorning
Of her rich locks in many a braided band;
And this was all—a thoughtless act at worst,
But jealous eyes o'erwatched her from the first!

And ere the morrow's sun of Orient splendor
Sank in the sea, appeared a dusky train,
Attendant on the Rajah's trustiest minion;
And thundering on o'er hill and vale and plain,
He paused beside her, drew the fatal "kris"—
"The Rajah sends you *this*—and *this*—and *this!*"

And at each word the keen blue steel has entered,
With mortal thrust that unsuspecting heart!
Which throbs its last amazed, affrighted beating,
Not sooner than the murderous band depart
To seek their lord, with abject mien and tread,
And show how well his bloody errand sped!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 542.)

CHAPTER XLIII.—*Continued.*

"There is nothing in all that about the scabbard," said his father.

"Stop till we come to the history," he replied, and read on, as nearly as I can recall, to the following effect. I have never had an opportunity of copying the words themselves.

"'This sword seems to have been expressly forged for Sir —— ——'" (he read it *Sir So and So*) "'whose initials are to be found on the blade. According to tradition, it was worn by him, for the first and only time, at the battle of Naseby, where he fought in the cavalry led by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. From some accident or other, Sir —— —— found, just as the order to charge was given, that he could not draw his sword, and had to charge with only a pistol in his hand. In the flight which followed, he pulled up and unbuckled his sword, but while attempting to ease it, a rush of the enemy startled him, and, looking about, he saw a roundhead riding straight at Sir Marmaduke, who that moment passed in the rear of his retiring troops, giving some directions to an officer by his side, and unaware of the nearness of danger. Sir —— —— put spurs to his charger, rode at the trooper, and dealt him a downright blow on the pot-helmet with his sheathed weapon. The fellow tumbled from his horse, and Sir *So and So* found his scabbard split half-way up, but the edge of his weapon unturned. It is said he vowed it should remain sheathed for ever.'—The person who has now unsheathed it," added Brotherton, "has done a great wrong to the memory of a loyal cavalier."

"The sheath half-way split was as familiar to my eyes as the face of my uncle," I said, turning to Sir Giles. "And in the only reference I ever heard my great-grandmother make to it, she mentioned the name of Sir Marmaduke. I recollect that much perfectly."

"But how could the sword be there and here at one and the same time?" said Sir Giles.

"*That* I do not pretend to explain," I said.

"Here at least is written testimony of our possession of it," said Brotherton in a conclusive tone.

"How then are we to explain Mr. Cumbermede's story?" said Sir Giles, evidently in good faith.

"With that I cannot consent to allow myself concerned.—Mr. Cumbermede is, I am told, a writer of fiction."

"Geoffrey," said Sir Giles, "behave yourself like a gentleman."

"I endeavor to do so," he returned with a sneer.

I kept silence.

"How can you suppose," the old man went on, "that Mr. Cumbermede would invent such a story? What object could he have?"

"He may have a mania for weapons, like old Close—as well as for old books," he replied.

I thought of my precious folio. But I did not yet know how much additional force his insinuation with regard to the motive of my labors in the library would gain if it should be discovered in my possession.

"You may have remarked, sir," he went on, "that I did not read the name of the owner of the sword in any place where it occurred in the manuscript."

"I did. And I beg to know why you kept it back," answered Sir Giles.

"What do you think the name might be, sir?"

"How should I know? I am not an antiquarian."

"Sir *Wilfrid Cumbermede*. You will find the initials on the blade. Does that throw any light on the matter, do you think, sir?"

"Why, that is your very own name!" cried Sir Giles, turning to me.

I bowed.

"It is a pity the sword shouldn't be yours?"

"It *is* mine, Sir Giles—though, as I said, I am prepared to abide by your decision."

"And now I remember"—the old man resumed, after a moment's thought—"the other evening Mr. Alderforge—a man of great learning, Mr. Cumbermede—told us that the name of Cumbermede had at one time belonged to our family. It is all very strange. I confess I am utterly bewildered."

"At least you can understand, sir, how a man of imagination, like Mr. Cumbermede here, might desire to possess himself of a weapon which bears his initials, and belonged two hundred years ago to a baronet of the same name as himself—a circumstance which, notwithstanding it is by no means a common name, is not *quite* so strange as at first sight appears—that is, if all reports are true."

I did not in the least understand his drift; neither did I care to inquire into it now.

"Were you aware of this, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked his father.

"No, Sir Giles," I answered.

"Mr. Cumbermede has had the run of the place for weeks. I am sorry I was not at home. This book was lying all that time on the table in the room above, where poor old Close's work-bench and polishing-wheel are still standing."

"Mr. Brotherton, this gets beyond bearing," I cried. "Nothing but the presence of your father, to whom I am indebted for much kindness, protects you."

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles.

"Protects me, indeed!" exclaimed Brotherton. "Do you dream I should be by any code bound to accept a challenge from you? Not, at least, I presume to think, before a jury had decided on the merits of the case."

My blood was boiling, but what could I do or say? Sir Giles rose, and was about to leave the room, remarking only—

"I don't know what to make of it."

"At all events, Sir Giles," I said, hurriedly, "you will allow me to prove the truth of what I have asserted. I cannot, unfortunately, call my uncle or aunt, for they are gone; and I do not know where the servant who was with us when I took the sword away, is now. But, if you will allow me, I will call Mrs. Wilson to prove that I had the sword when I came to visit her on that occasion, and that on the morning after sleeping here I complained of its loss to her, and went away without it."

"It would but serve to show the hallucination was early developed. We should probably find that even then you were much attracted by the armory," said Brotherton, with a judicial air, as if I were a culprit before a magistrate.

I had begun to see that, although the old man was desirous of being just, he was a little afraid of his son. He rose as the latter spoke, however, and going into the gallery, shouted over the balustrade:

"Some one send Mrs. Wilson to the library."

We removed to the reading-room, I carrying the scabbard, which Sir Giles had returned to me as soon as he had read the label. Brotherton followed, having first gone up the little turnpike stair, doubtless to replace the manuscript.

Mrs. Wilson came, looking more pinched than ever, and stood before Sir Giles with her arms straight by her sides, like one of the ladies of Noah's ark. I will not weary my reader with a full report of the examination. She had seen me *with* a sword, but had taken no notice of its appearance. I *might* have taken it from the armory, for I *was* in the library all the afternoon. She had left me there thinking I was a "gentlemany" boy. I had *said* I had lost it, but she was sure *she* did not know how that could be. She was *very* sorry she had caused any trouble by asking me to the house, but Sir Giles would be pleased to remember that he had himself introduced the boy to her notice. Little she thought, etc., etc.

In fact the spiteful creature, propitiating her natural sense of justice by hinting instead of plainly suggesting injurious conclusions, was paying me back for my imagined participation in the impertinences of Clara. She had besides, as I learned afterwards, greatly resented the trouble I had caused of late.

Brotherton struck in as soon as his father had ceased questioning her.

"At all events, if he believed the sword was his, why did he not go and represent the case to you, sir, and request justice from you? Since then he has had opportunity enough. His tale has taken too long to hatch."

"This is all very paltry," I said.

"Not so paltry as your contriving to sleep in the house in order to carry off your host's property in the morning—after studying the place to discover which room would suit your purpose best."

Here I lost my presence of mind. A horror struck me lest something might come out to injure Mary, and I shivered at the thought of her name being once mentioned along with mine. If I had taken a moment to reflect, I must have seen that I should only add to the danger by what I was about to say. But her form was so inextricably associated in my mind with all that had happened then, that it seemed as if the slightest allusion to any event of that night would inevitably betray her; and in the tremor which, like an electric shock, passed through me from head to foot, I brunted out words importing that I had never slept in the house in my life.

"Your room was got ready for you, anyhow, Master Cumbermede," said Mrs. Wilson.

"It does not follow that I occupied it," I returned.

"I can prove that false," said Brotherton; but probably lest he should be required to produce his witness, only added,—"At all events, he was seen in the morning, carrying the sword across the court before any one had been admitted."

I was silent; for I now saw too clearly that I had made a dreadful blunder, and that any attempt to carry assertion further, or even to explain away my words, might be to challenge the very discovery I would have given my life to ward off.

As I continued silent, steeling myself to endure, and saying to myself that disgrace was not dishonor, Sir Giles again rose, and turned to leave the room. Evidently he was now satisfied that I was unworthy of confidence.

"One moment, if you please, Sir Giles," I said. "It is plain to me there is some mystery about this affair, and it does not seem as if I should be able to clear it up. The time may come, however, when I can. I did wrong, I see now, in attempting to right myself instead of representing my case to you. But that does not alter the fact that the sword was and is mine, however appearances may be to the contrary. In the meantime, I restore you the scabbard, and as soon as I reach home, I shall send my man with the disputed weapon."

"It will be your better way," he said, as he took the sheath from my hand.

Without another word, he left the room. Mrs. Wilson also retired. Brotherton alone remained. I took no further notice of him, but followed Sir Giles through the armory. He came after me, step for step, at a little distance, and as I stepped out into the gallery, said in a tone of insulting politeness:

"You will send the sword as soon as may be quite convenient, Mr. Cumbermede? Or shall I send and fetch it?"

I turned and faced him in the dim light which came up from the hall.

"Mr. Brotherton, if you knew that book and those weapons as early as you have just said, you cannot help knowing that at that time the sword was *not* there."

"I decline to reopen the question," he said.

A fierce word leaped to my lips, but repressing it, I turned away once more, and walked slowly down the stair, across the hall, and out of the house.

CHAPTER XLIV.

I PART WITH MY SWORD.

I MADE haste out of the park, but wandered up and down my own field for half an hour, thinking in what shape to put what had occurred before Charley. My perplexity arose not so much from the difficulty involved in the matter itself, as from my inability to fix my thoughts. My brain was for the time like an ever-revolving kaleidoscope, in which, however, there was but one fair color—the thought of Mary. Having at length succeeded in arriving at some conclusion, I went home, and would have despatched Styles at once with the sword, had not Charley already sent him off to the stable; so that I must wait.

"What *has* kept you so long, Wilfrid?" Charley asked as I entered.

"I've had a tremendous row with Brotherton," I answered.

"The brute! Is he there? I'm glad I was gone. What was it all about?"

"About that sword. It was very foolish of

me to take it without saying a word to Sir Giles."

"So it was," he returned. "I can't think how *you* could be so foolish!"

I could, well enough. What with the dream and the waking, I could think little about anything else; and only since the consequences had overtaken me, saw how unwisely I had acted. I now told Charley the greater part of the affair—omitting the false step I had made in saying I had not slept in the house; and also, still with the vague dread of leading to some discovery, omitting to report the treachery of Clara; for, if Charley should talk to her or Mary about it, which was possible enough, I saw several points where the danger would lie very close. I simply told him that I had found Brotherton in the armory, and reported what followed between us. I did not at all relish having now in my turn secrets from Charley, but my conscience did not trouble me about it, seeing it was for his sister's sake; and when I saw the rage of indignation into which he flew, I was, if possible, yet more certain I was right. I told him I must go and find Styles, that he might take the sword at once; but he started up, saying he would carry it back himself, and at the same time take his leave of Sir Giles, whose house of course he could never enter again after the way I had been treated in it. I saw this would lead to a rupture with the whole family, but I should not regret that, for there could be no advantage to Mary either in continuing her intimacy, such as it was, with Clara, or in making further acquaintance with Brotherton. The time of their departure was also close at hand, and might be hastened without necessarily involving much of the unpleasant. Also, if Charley broke with them at once, there would be the less danger of his coming to know that I had not given him all the particulars of my discomfiture: If he were to find I had told a falsehood, how could I explain to him why I had done so? This arguing on probabilities made me feel like a culprit who has to protect himself by concealment; but I will not dwell upon my discomfort in the half duplicity thus forced upon me. I could not help it. I got down the sword, and together we looked at it for the first and last time. I found the description contained in the book perfectly correct. The upper part was inlaid with gold in a Greekish pattern crossed by the initials W. C. I gave it up to Charley with a sigh of submission to the inevitable, and having accompanied him to the park-gate, roamed my field again until his return.

He rejoined me in a far quieter mood, and for a moment or two I was silent with the terror of learning that he had become acquainted with my unhappy blunder. After a little pause, he said,

"I'm very sorry I didn't see Brotherton. I should have liked just a word or two with him."

"It's just as well not," I said. "You would only have made another row. Didn't you see any of them?"

"I saw the old man. He seemed really cut up about it, and professed great concern. He didn't even refer to you by name—and spoke only in general terms. I told him you were incapable of what was laid to your charge; that I had not the slightest doubt of your claim to the sword,—your word being enough for me—and that I trusted time would right you. I went too far there, however, for I haven't the slightest hope of anything of the sort."

"How did he take all that?"

"He only smiled—incredulously and sadly,—so that I couldn't find it in my heart to tell him all my mind. I only insisted on my own perfect confidence in you. I'm afraid I made a poor advocate, Wilfrid. Why should I mind his gray hairs where justice was concerned? I am afraid I was false to you, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense; you did just the right thing, old boy. Nobody could have done better."

"*Do* you think so? I am *so* glad! I have been feeling ever since as if I ought to have gone into a rage, and shaken the dust of the place from my feet for a witness against the whole nest of them! But somehow I couldn't —what with the honest face and the sorrowful look of the old man."

"You are always too much of a partisan, Charley; I don't mean so much in your actions—for this very one disproves that—but in your notions of obligation. You forget

that you had to be just to Sir Giles as well as to me, and that he must be judged—not by the absolute facts of the case, but by what appeared to him to be the facts. He could not help misjudging me. But you ought to help misjudging him. So you see your behavior was guided by an instinct or a soul, or what you will, deeper than your judgment."

"That may be—but he ought to have known you better than believe you capable of misconduct."

"I don't know that. He had seen very little of me. But I dare say he puts it down to cleptomania. I think he will be kind enough to give the ugly thing a fine name for my sake. Besides, he must hold either by his son or by me."

"That's the worst that can be said on my side of the question. He must by this time be aware that that son of his is nothing better than a low scoundrel."

"It takes much to convince a father of such an unpleasant truth as that, Charley."

"Not much, if my experience goes for anything."

"I trust it is not typical, Charley."

"I suppose you're going to stand up for Geoffrey next?"

"I have no such intention. But if I did, it would be but to follow your example. We seem to change sides every now and then. You remember how you used to defend Clara when I expressed my doubts about her."

"And wasn't I right? Didn't you come over to my side?"

"Yes, I did," I said, and hastened to change the subject; adding, "As for Geoffrey, there is room enough to doubt whether he believes what he says, and that makes a serious difference. In thinking over the affair since you left me, I have discovered further grounds for questioning his truthfulness."

"As if that were necessary!" he exclaimed with an accent of scorn.—"But tell me what you mean," he added.

"In turning the thing over in my mind, this question has occurred to me.—He read from the manuscript, that on the blade of the sword, near the hilt, were the initials of Wilfrid Cumbermede. Now, if the sword had never been drawn from the scabbard, how was that to be known to the writer?"

"Perhaps it was written about that time," said Charley.

"No; the manuscript was evidently written some considerable time after. It refers to tradition concerning it."

"Then the writer knew it by tradition."

The moment Charley's logical faculty was excited, his perception was impartial.

"Besides," he went on, "it does not follow that the sword had really never been drawn before. Mr. Close even may have done so, for his admiration was apparently quite as much for weapons themselves as for their history. Clara could hardly have drawn it as she did, if it had not been meddled with before."

The terror lest he should ask me how I came to carry it home without the scabbard, hurried my objection.

"That supposition, however, would only imply that Brotherton might have learned the fact from the sword itself, not from the book. I should just like to have one peep of the manuscript to see whether what he read was all there?"

"Or any of it, for that matter," said Charley. "Only it would have been a more tremendous risk than I think he would have run."

"I wish I had thought of it sooner, though."

My suspicion was that Clara had examined the blade thoroughly, and given him a full description of it. He *might*, however, have been at the Hall on some previous occasion, without my knowledge, and might have seen the half-drawn blade on the wall, examined it, and pushed it back into the sheath; which might have so far loosened the blade, that Clara was afterwards able to draw it herself. I was all but certain by this time that it was no other than she that had laid it on my bed. But then why had she drawn it? Perhaps that I might leave proof of its identity behind me—for the carrying out of her treachery, whatever the object of it might be. But this opened a hundred questions not to be discussed, even in silent thought, in the presence of another.

"Did you see your mother, Charley?" I asked.

"No. I thought it better not to trouble her. They are going to-morrow. Mary had persuaded her—why, I don't know—to return a day or two sooner than they had intended."

"I hope Brotherton will not succeed in prejudicing them against me."

"I wish that were possible," he answered. "But the time for prejudice is long gone by."

I could not believe this to be the case in respect to Mary; for I could not but think her favorably inclined to me.

"Still," I said, "I should not like their bad opinion of me to be enlarged as well as strengthened by the belief that I had attempted to steal Sir Giles's property. You *must* stand my friend there, Charley."

"Then you *do* doubt me, Wilfrid?"

"Not a bit, you foolish fellow."

"You know, I can't enter that house again, and I don't care about writing to my mother, for my father is sure to see it; but I will follow my mother and Mary the moment they are out of the grounds to-morrow, and soon see whether they've got the story by the right end."

The evening passed with me in alternate fits of fierce indignation and profound depression, for, while I was clear to my own conscience in regard of my enemies, I had yet thrown myself bound at their feet by my foolish lie; and I all but made up my mind to leave the country, and only return after having achieved such a position—of what sort I had no more idea than the school-boy before he sets himself to build a new castle in the air—as would buttress any assertion of the facts I might see fit to make in after years.

When we had parted for the night my brains began to go about, and the center of their gyration was not Mary now, but Clara. What could have induced her to play me false? All my vanity, of which I had enough, was insufficient to persuade me that it could be out of revenge for the gradual diminution of my attentions to her. She had seen me pay none to Mary, I thought, except she had caught a glimpse from the next room of the little passage of the ring, and that I did not believe. Neither did I believe she had ever cared enough about me to be jealous of whatever attentions I might pay to another. But in all my conjectures, I had to confess myself utterly foiled. I could imagine no motive. Two possibilities alone, both equally improbable, suggested themselves—the one, that she did it for pure love of mischief, which, false as she was to me, I could not believe; the other, which likewise I rejected, that she wanted to ingratiate herself with Brotherton. I had still, however, scarcely a doubt that she had laid the sword on my bed. Trying to imagine a connection between this possible action and Mary's mistake, I built up a conjectural form of conjectural facts to this effect—that Mary had seen her go into my room; had taken it for the room she was to share with her, and had followed her either at once—in which case I supposed Clara to have gone out by the stair to the roof to avoid being seen—or afterwards, from some accident, without a light in her hand. But I do not care to set down more of my speculations, for none concerning this either were satisfactory to myself, and I remain almost as much in the dark to this day. In any case the fear remained that Clara must be ever on the borders of the discovery of Mary's secret, if indeed she did not know it already, which was a dreadful thought—more especially as I could place no confidence in her. I was glad to think, however, that they were to be parted so soon, and I had little fear of any correspondence between them.

The next morning Charley set out to waylay them at a certain point on their homeward journey. I did not propose to accompany him. I preferred having him speak for me first, not knowing how much they might have heard to my discredit, for it was far from probable the matter had been kept from them. After he had started, however, I could not rest, and for pure restlessness sent Styles to fetch my mare. The loss of my sword was a trifle to me now, but the proximity of the place where I should henceforth be regarded as what I hardly dared to realize, was almost unendurable. As if I had actually been guilty of what was laid to my charge, I longed to hide myself in some impenetrable depth, and kept looking out impatiently for Styles's return. At

length I caught sight of my Lilith's head rising white from the hollow in which the farm lay, and ran up to my room to make a little change in my attire. Just as I snatched my riding-whip from a hook by the window, I spied a horseman approaching from the direction of the park gates. Once more it was Mr. Coningham, riding hitherward from the windy trees. In no degree inclined to meet him, I hurried down the stair, and arriving at the very moment Styles drew up, sprang into the saddle, and would have galloped off in the opposite direction, confident that no horse of Mr. Coningham's could overtake my Lilith. But the moment I was in the saddle, I remembered there was a pile of books on the window-sill of my uncle's room, belonging to the library at the Hall, and I stopped a moment to give Styles the direction to take them home at once, and, having asked a word of Miss Pease, to request her, with my kind regards, to see them safely deposited amongst the rest. In consequence of this delay, just as I set off at full speed from the door, Mr. Coningham rode round the corner of the house.

"What a devil of a hurry you are in, Mr. Cumbermede!" he cried. "I was just coming to see you. Can't you spare me a word?"

I was forced to pull up, and reply as civilly as might be.

"I am only going for a ride," I said, "and will go part of your way with you if you like."

"Thank you. That will suit me admirably. I am going Gastford way. Have you ever been there?"

"No," I answered. "I have only just heard the name of the village."

"It is a pretty place. But there's the oddest old church you ever saw, within a couple of miles of it—alone in the middle of a forest—or at least it was a forest not long ago. It is mostly young trees now. There isn't a house within a mile of it, and the nearest stands as lonely as the church—quite a place to suit the fancy of a poet like you! Come along and see it. You may as well go one way as another, if you only want a ride."

"How far is it?" I asked.

"Only seven or eight miles across country: I can take you all the way through lanes and fields."

Perplexed or angry I was always disinclined for speech; and it was only after things had arranged themselves in my mind, or I had mastered my indignation, that I would begin to feel communicative. But something prudential inside warned me that I could not afford to lose any friend I had; and although I was not prepared to confide my wrongs to Mr. Coningham, I felt I might some day be glad of his counsel.

CHAPTER XLV.

UMBERDEN CHURCH.

My companion chatted away, lauded my mare, asked if I had seen Clara lately, and how the library was getting on. I answered him carelessly, without even a hint at my troubles.

"You seem out of spirits, Mr. Cumbermede," he said. "You've been taking too little exercise. Let's have a canter. It will do you good. Here's a nice bit of sward."

I was only too ready to embrace the excuse for dropping a conversation towards which I was unable to contribute my share.

Having reached a small roadside inn, we gave our horses a little refreshment; after which, crossing a field or two by jumping the stiles, we entered the loveliest lane I had ever seen. It was so narrow that there was just room for horses to pass each other, and covered with the greenest sward rarely trodden. It ran through the midst of a wilderness of tall hazels. They stood up on both sides of it, straight and trim as walls, high above our heads as we sat on our horses; and the lane was so serpentine, that we could never see farther than a few yards ahead; while, towards the end, it kept turning so much in one direction that we seemed to be following the circumference of a little circle. It ceased at length at a small double-leaved gate of iron, to which we tied our horses before entering the church-yard. But instead of a neat burial-place, which the whole approach would have given us to expect, we found a desert. The grass was of extraordinary coarseness, and mingled with quantities of vile-looking weeds. Several of the graves had not even a spot of green upon them, but were mere heaps of

yellow earth in huge lumps, mixed with large stones. There was not above a score of graves in the whole place, two or three of which only had gravestones on them. One lay open, with the rough yellow lumps all about it, and completed the desolation. The church was nearly square—small, and shapeless, with but four latticed windows, two on one side, one in the other, and the fourth in the east end. It was built partly of bricks and partly of flint stones, the walls bowed and bent, and the roof waved and broken. Its old age had gathered none of the graces of age to soften its natural ugliness, or elevate its insignificance. Except a few lichens, there was not a mark of vegetation about it. Not a single ivy-leaf grew on its spotted and wasted walls. It gave a hopeless, pagan expression to the whole landscape—for it stood on a rising ground from which we had an extensive prospect of height and hollow, corn-field and pasture and wood, away to the dim blue horizon.

"You don't find it enlivening, do you—eh?" said my companion.

"I never saw such a frightfully desolate spot," I said, "to have yet the appearance of a place of Christian worship. It looks as if there were a curse upon it. Are all those the graves of suicides and murderers? It cannot surely be consecrated ground."

"It's not nice," he said. "I didn't expect you to like it. I only said it was odd."

"Is there any service held in it?" I asked.

"Yes—once a fortnight or so. The rector has another living a few miles off."

"Where can the congregation come from?"

"Hardly from anywhere. There ain't generally more than five or six, I believe. Let's have a look at the inside of it."

"The windows are much too high, and no foothold."

"We'll go in."

"Where can you get the key? It must be a mile off at least, by your own account. There's no house nearer than that, you say."

He made me no reply, but going to the only flat gravestone, which stood on short thick pillars, he put his hand beneath it, and drew out a great rusty key.

"Country lawyers know a secret or two," he said.

"Not always much worth knowing," I rejoined, "if the inside be no better than the outside."

"We'll have a look, anyhow," he said, as he turned the key in the dry lock.

The door snarled on its hinges and disclosed a space drearier certainly, and if possible uglier, than its promise.

"Really, Mr. Coningham," I said, "I don't see why you should have brought me to look at this place."

"It answered for a bait, at all events. You've had a good long ride, which was the best thing for you. Look what a wretched little vestry that is!"

It was but a corner of the east end, divided off by a faded red curtain.

"I suppose they keep a parish register here," he said. "Let's have a look."

Behind the curtain hung a dirty surplice and a gown. In the corner stood a desk like the schoolmaster's in a village school. There was a shelf with a few vellum-bound books on it, and nothing else, not even a chair, in the place.

"Yes; there they are!" he said, as he took down one of the volumes from the shelf. "This one comes to a close in the middle of the last century. I dare say there is something in this now that would be interesting enough to somebody. Who knows how many properties it might make change hands?"

"Not many, I should think. Those matters are pretty well seen to now."

"By some one or other—not always the rightful heirs. Life is full of the strangest facts, Mr. Cumbermede. If I were a novelist now, like you, my experience would make me dare a good deal more in the way of invention than any novelist I happen to have read. Look there, for instance!"

He pointed to the top of the last page, or, rather, the last half of the cover. I read as follows:

MARRIAGES, 1748.

"Mr. Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll, of the Parish of ——, second son of Sir Richard Daryll of Moldwarp Hall in the County of ——, and Mistress Elizabeth Woodruffe were married by a license Jan^{y}. 15."

"I don't know the name of Daryll," I said.

"It was your own great-grandfather's name," he returned. "I happen to know that much."

"You knew this was here, Mr. Coningham," I said. "That is why you brought me."

"You are right. I did know it. Was I wrong in thinking it would interest you?"

"Certainly not. I am obliged to you. But why this mystery? Why not have told me what you wanted me to go for."

"I will why you in turn. Why should I have wanted to show you now more than any other time what I have known for as many years almost as you have lived? You spoke of a ride—why shouldn't I give a direction to it that might pay you for your trouble? And why shouldn't I have a little amusement out of it if I pleased? Why shouldn't I enjoy your surprise at finding in a place you had hardly heard of, and would certainly count most uninteresting, the record of a fact that concerned your own existence so nearly? There!"

"I confess it interests me more than you will easily think—inasmuch as it seems to offer to account for things that have greatly puzzled me for some time. I have of late met with several hints of a connection at one time or other between the Moat and the Hall, but these hints were so isolated that I could weave no theory to connect them. Now I dare say they will clear themselves up."

"Not a doubt of that, if you set about it in earnest."

"How did he come to drop his surname?"

"That has to be accounted for."

"It follows—does it not?—that I am of the same blood as the present possessors of Moldwarp Hall?"

"You are—but the relation is not a close one," said Mr. Coningham. "Sir Giles was but distantly related to the stock of which you come."

"Then—but I must turn it over in my mind. I am rather in a maze."

"You have got some papers at the Moat?" he said—interrogatively.

"Yes; my friend Osborne has been looking over them. He found out this much—that there was once some connection between the Moat and the Hall, but at a far earlier date than this points to, or any of the hints to which I just now referred. The other day, when I dined at Sir Giles's, Mr. Alderforge said that Cumbermede was a name belonging to Sir Giles's ancestry—or something to that effect; but that again could have had nothing to do with those papers, or with the Moat at all."

Here I stopped, for I could not bring myself to refer to the sword. It was not merely that the subject was too painful: of all things I did not want to be cross-questioned by my lawyer-companion.

"It is not amongst those you will find anything of importance, I suspect. Did your great-grandmother—the same, no doubt, whose marriage is here registered—leave no letters or papers behind her?"

"I've come upon a few letters. I don't know if there is anything more."

"You haven't read them, apparently."

"I have not. I've been always going to read them, but I haven't opened one of them yet."

"Then I recommend you—that is, if you care for an interesting piece of family history—to read those letters carefully, that is, constructively."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—putting two and two together, and seeing what comes of it; trying to make everything fit into one, you know."

"Yes. I understand you. But how do you happen to know that those letters contain a history, or that it will prove interesting when I have found it?"

"All family history ought to be interesting—at least to the last of his race," he returned, replying only to the latter half of my question. "It must, for one thing, make him feel his duty to his ancestors more strongly."

"His duty to marry, I suppose you mean?" I said with some inward bitterness. "But to tell the truth, I don't think the inheritance worth it, in my case."

"It might be better," he said, with an expression which seemed odd beside the simplicity of the words.

"Ah! you think then to urge me to make

money; and for the sake of my dead ancestors increase the inheritance of those that may come after me? But I believe I am already as diligent as is good for me—that is, in the main, for I have been losing time of late."

"I meant no such thing, Mr. Cumbermede. I should be very doubtful whether any amount of success in literature would enable you to restore the fortunes of your family."

"Were they so very ponderous, do you think? But in truth I have little ambition of that sort. All I will readily confess to is a strong desire not to shirk what work falls to my share in the world."

"Yes," he said, in a thoughtful manner—"if one only knew what his share of the work was."

The remark was unexpected, and I began to feel a little more interest in him.

"Hadn't you better take a copy of that entry?" he said.

"Yes—perhaps I had. But I have no materials."

It did not strike me that attorneys do not usually, like excisemen, carry about an ink-bottle, when he drew one from the breast-pocket of his coat, along with a folded sheet of writing-paper, which he opened and spread out on the desk. I took the pen he offered me, and copied the entry.

When I had finished, he said—

"Leave room under it for the attestation of the parson. We can get that another time, if necessary. Then write under it, 'Copied by me'—and then your name and the date. It may be useful some time. Take it home and lay it with your grandmother's papers."

"There can be no harm in that," I said, as I folded it up, and put it in my pocket. "I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me here, Mr. Coningham. Though I am not ambitious of restoring the family to a grandeur of which every record has departed, I am quite sufficiently interested in its history, and shall consequently take care of this document."

"Mind you read your grandmother's papers, though," he said.

"I will," I answered.

He replaced the volume on the shelf, and we left the church; he locked the door and replaced the key under the gravestone; we mounted our horses, and after riding with me about half the way to the Moat, he took his leave at a point where our roads diverged. I resolved to devote that very evening, partly in the hope of distracting my thoughts, to the reading of my grandmother's letters.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MY FOLIO.

When I reached home I found Charley there, as I had expected.

But a change had again come over him. He was nervous, restless, apparently anxious. I questioned him about his mother and sister. He had met them as planned, and had, he assured me, done his utmost to impress them with the truth concerning me. But he had found his mother incredulous, and had been unable to discover from her how much she had heard; while Mary maintained an obstinate silence, and, as he said, looked more stupid than usual. He did not tell me that Clara had accompanied them so far, and that he had walked with her back to the entrance of the park. This I heard afterwards. When we had talked a while over the sword-business—for we could not well keep off it long—Charley seeming all the time more uncomfortable than ever, he said, perhaps merely to turn the talk into a more pleasant channel—

"By the way, where have you put your folio? I've been looking for it ever since I came in, but I can't find it. A new reading started up in my head the other day, and I want to try it both with the print and the context."

"It's in my room," I answered. "I will go and fetch it."

"We will go together," he said.

I looked where I thought I had laid it, but there it was not. A pang of foreboding terror invaded me. Charley told me afterwards that I turned as white as a sheet. I looked everywhere, but in vain; ran and searched my uncle's room, and then Charley's, but still in vain; and at last, all at once, remembered with certainty that two nights before I had laid it on the window-sill in my uncle's room. I shouted for Styles, but he was gone home with the mare, and I had to wait, in little short

of agony, until he returned. The moment he entered, I began to question him.

"You took those books home, Styles?" I said, as quietly as I could, anxious not to startle him, lest it should interfere with the just action of his memory.

"Yes, sir. I took them at once, and gave them into Miss Pease's own hands; at least I suppose it was Miss Pease. She wasn't a young lady, sir."

"All right, I daresay. How many were there of them?"

"Six, sir."

"I told you five," I said, trembling with apprehension and wrath.

"You said four or five, and I never thought but the six were to go. They were all together on the window-sill."

I stood speechless. Charley took up the questioning.

"What sized books were they?" he asked.

"Pretty biggish—one of them quite a large one—the same I've seen you, gentlemen, more than once, putting your heads together over. At least it looked like it."

Charley started up and began pacing about the room. Styles saw he had committed some dreadful mistake, and began a blundering expression of regret, but neither of us took any notice of him, and he crept out in dismay.

It was some time before either of us could utter a word. The loss of the sword was a trifle to this. Beyond a doubt the precious tome was now lying in the library of Moldwarp Hall—amongst old friends and companions, possibly—where years might elapse before one loving hand would open it, or any eyes gaze on it with reverence.

"Lost, Charley!" I said at last.—"Irrecoverably lost!"

"I will go and fetch it," he cried, starting up. "I will tell Clara to bring it out to me. It is beyond endurance this. Why should you not go and claim what both of us can take our oath to as yours?"

"You forget, Charley, how the sword affair cripples us—and how the claiming of this volume would only render their belief with regard to the other the more probable. You forget, too, that I *might* have placed it in the chest first, and above all that the name on the title-page is the same as the initials on the blade of the sword,—the same as my own."

"Yes—I see it won't do. And yet if I were to represent the thing to Sir Giles?—He doesn't care for old books——"

"You forget, again, Charley, that the volume is of great money-value. Perhaps my late slip has made me fastidious—but though the book be mine—and if I had it, the proof of the contrary would lie with them—I could not take advantage of Sir Giles's ignorance to recover it."

"I might, however, get Clara—she is a favorite with him, you know——"

"I will not hear of it," I said, interrupting him, and he was forced to yield.

"No, Charley," I said again; "I must just bear it. Harder things *have* been borne, and men have got through the world and out of it notwithstanding. If there isn't another world, why should we care much for the loss of what *must* go with the rest?—and if there is, why should we care at all?"

"Very fine, Wilfrid! but when you come to the practice—why, the less said the better."

"But that is the very point: we don't come to the practice. If we did, then the ground of it would be proved unobjectionable."

"True;—but if the practice be unattainable——"

"It would take much proving to prove that to my—*dis*satisfaction, I should say; and more failure besides, I can tell you, than there will be time for in this world. If it were proved, however—don't you see it would disprove both suppositions equally? If such a philosophical spirit be unattainable, it discredits both sides of the alternative on either of which would it have been reasonable."

"There is a sophism there, of course, but I am not in the mood for pulling your logic to pieces," returned Charley, still pacing up and down the room.

In sum, nothing would come of all our talk but the assurance that the volume was equally irrecoverable with the sword, and indeed with my poor character—at least in the eyes of my immediate neighbors.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LETTERS AND THEIR STORY.

As soon as Charley went to bed, I betook myself to my grandmother's room, in which, before discovering my loss, I had told Styles to kindle a fire. I had said nothing to Charley about my ride, and the old church, and the marriage-register. For the time, indeed, I had almost lost what small interest I had taken in the matter—my new bereavement was so absorbing and painful; but feeling certain when he left me that I should not be able to sleep, but would be tormented all night by innumerable mental mosquitoes if I made the attempt, and bethinking me of my former resolution, I proceeded to carry it out.

The fire was burning brightly, and my reading lamp was on the table, ready to be lighted. But I sat down first in my grandmother's chair and mused for I know not how long. At length my wandering thoughts rehearsed again the excursion of Mr. Coningham. I pulled the copy of the marriage-entry from my pocket, and in reading it over again, my curiosity was sufficiently roused to send me to the bureau. I lighted my lamp at last, unlocked what had seemed to my childhood a treasury of unknown marvels, took from it the packet of yellow, withered letters, and sat down again by the fire to read, in my great-grandmother's chair, the letters of Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll—for so he signed himself in all of them—my great-grandfather. There were amongst them a few of her own in reply to his—badly written and badly spelt, but perfectly intelligible. I will not transcribe any of them—I have them to show if needful—but not at my command at the present moment;—for I am writing neither where I commenced my story—on the outskirts of an ancient city, nor at the Moat, but in a dreary old square in London; and those letters lie locked again in the old bureau, and have lain unvisited through thousands of desolate days and slow creeping nights, in that room which I cannot help feeling sometimes as if the ghost of that high-spirited, restless-hearted grandmother of mine must now and then revisit, sitting in the same old chair, and wondering to find how far it has all receded from her—wondering also to think what a work she made, through her long and weary life, about things that look to her now such trifles.

I do not then transcribe any of the letters, but give, in a connected form, what seem to me the facts I gathered from them; not hesitating to present, where they are required, self-evident conclusions as if they were facts mentioned in them. I repeat that none of my names are real, although they all point at the real names.

Wilfrid Cumbermede was the second son of Richard and Mary Daryll of Moldwarp Hall. He was baptized Cumbermede from the desire to keep in memory the name of a celebrated ancestor, the owner in fact of the disputed sword—itself alluded to in the letters,—who had been more mindful of the supposed rights of his king than the next king was of the privations undergone for his sake, for Moldwarp Hall at least was never recovered from the roundhead branch of the family into whose possession it had drifted. In the change, however, which creeps on with new generations, there had been in the family a reaction of sentiment in favor of the more distinguished of its progenitors; and Richard Daryll, a man of fierce temper and overbearing disposition, had named his son after the cavalier. A tyrant in his family, at least in the judgment of the writers of those letters, he apparently found no trouble either with his wife or his eldest or youngest son; while, whether his own fault or not, it was very evident that from Wilfrid his annoyances had been numerous.

A legal feud had for some time existed between the Ahab of Moldwarp Hall and the Naboth of the Moat, the descendant of an ancient yeoman family of good blood, and indeed related to the Darylls themselves, of the name of Woodruffe. Sir Richard had cast covetous eyes upon the field surrounding Stephen's comparatively humble abode, which had at one time formed a part of the Moldwarp property. In searching through some old parchments, he had found, or rather, I suppose, persuaded himself he had found sufficient evidence that this part of the property of the Moat, then of considerable size, had been willed away in contempt of the entail

which covered it, and belonged by right to himself and his heirs. He had therefore instituted proceedings to recover possession, during the progress of which their usual bickerings and disputes augmented in fierceness. A decision having at length been given in favor of the weaker party, the mortification of Sir Richard was unendurable to himself, and his wrath and unreasonableness, in consequence, equally unendurable to his family. One may then imagine the paroxysm of rage with which he was seized when he discovered that, during the whole of the legal process, his son Wilfrid had been making love to Elizabeth Woodruffe, the only child of his enemy. In Wilfrid's letters, the part of the story which follows is fully detailed for Elizabeth's information, of which the reason is also plain—that the writer had spent such a brief period afterwards in Elizabeth's society, that he had not been able for very shame to recount the particulars.

No sooner had Sir Richard come to a knowledge of the hateful fact, evidently through one of his servants, than, suppressing the outburst of his rage for the moment, he sent for his son Wilfrid, and informed him, his lips quivering with suppressed passion, of the discovery he had made; accused him of having brought disgrace on the family, and of having been guilty of falsehood and treachery; and ordered him to go down on his knees and abjure the girl before heaven, or expect a father's vengeance.

But evidently Wilfrid was as little likely as any man to obey such a command. He boldly avowed his love for Elizabeth, and declared his intention of marrying her. His father, foaming with rage, ordered his servants to seize him. Overmastered in spite of his struggles, he bound him to a pillar, and taking a horse-whip, lashed him furiously; then, after his rage was thus in a measure appeased, ordered them to carry him to his bed. There he remained, hardly able to move, the whole of that night and the next day. On the following night he made his escape from the Hall, and took refuge with a farmer-friend a few miles off—in the neighborhood, probably, of Umberden church.

Here I would suggest a conjecture of my own—namely, that my ancestor's room was the same I had occupied, so—fatally, shall I say?—to myself, on the only two occasions on which I had slept at the Hall; that he escaped by the stair to the roof, having first removed the tapestry from the door, as a memorial to himself and a sign to those he left; that he carried with him the sword and the volume—both probably lying in his room at the time, and the latter little valued by any other. But all this, I repeat, is pure conjecture.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he communicated with Elizabeth, prevailed upon her to marry him at once at Umberden church, and within a few days, as near as I could judge, left her to join, as a volunteer, the army of the Duke of Cumberland, then fighting the French in the Netherlands. Probably, from a morbid fear lest the disgrace his father's brutality had inflicted should become known in his regiment, he dropped the surname of Daryll when he joined it; and—for what precise reasons I cannot be certain—his wife evidently never called herself by any other name than Cumbermede. Very likely she kept her marriage a secret, save from her own family, until the birth of my grandfather, which certainly took place before her husband's return. Indeed I am almost sure that he never returned from that campaign, but died fighting, not unlikely at the battle of Laffeldt; and that my grannie's letters, which I found in the same packet, had been, by the kindness of some comrade, restored to the young widow.

When I had finished reading the letters, and had again thrown myself back in the old chair, I began to wonder why nothing of all this should ever have been told me. That the whole history should have dropped out of the knowledge of the family would have been natural enough, had my great-grandmother, as well as my great-grandfather, died in youth; but that she should have outlived her son, dying only after I, the representative of the fourth generation, was a boy at school, and yet no whisper have reached me of these facts, appeared strange. A moment's reflection showed me that the causes and the reasons of the fact must have lain with my uncle. I could not but

remember how both he and my aunt had sought to prevent me from seeing my grannie alone, and how the last had complained of this in terms far more comprehensible to me now than they were then. But what could have been the reasons for this their obstruction of the natural flow of tradition? They remained wrapt in a mystery which the outburst from it of an occasional gleam of congenial light only served to deepen.

The letters lying open on the table before me, my eyes rested upon one of the dates—the third day of March, 1747. It struck me that this date involved a discrepancy with that of the copy I had made from the register. I referred to it, and found my suspicion correct. According to the copy, my ancestors were not married until the 15th of January, 1748. I must have made a blunder—and yet I could hardly believe I had, for I had reason to consider myself accurate. If there *was* no mistake, I should have to reconstruct my facts, and draw fresh conclusions.

By this time, however, I was getting tired and sleepy and cold; my lamp was nearly out; my fire was quite gone; and the first of a frosty dawn was beginning to break in the east. I rose and replaced the papers, reserving all further thought on the matter for a condition of circumstances more favorable to a correct judgment. I blew out the lamp, groped my way to bed in the dark, and was soon fast asleep, in despite of insult, mortification, perplexity, and loss.

(To be continued.)

IN THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

It seems to be growing dark.
The train is running slow,
But the car-wheels rumble so!
I'm in such a haste to get home!
For my wife has a terrible pain in her head,
And may not live till I come.

Who is that, there at the foot of my bed?
And there on the mantel, click, click, click—
I wonder if I've been sick?
I don't feel anything much like pain,
But, now I remember, the other day
A windmill got in my head some way,
And its fans wheel round and round in my brain.

Why, what have I done? You needn't smile!
I take queer notions once-in-a-while,
But you see I'm perfectly sane;
And, come to think of it again,
It wasn't a windmill, after all:
Only some sand got into my blood.
It's been rushing along my veins for hours,
And it grates and grinds and rubs and scours,
Till now, it wouldn't be strange to find
It had worn some holes in my mind.
How did it get there? Sure enough!
But it's very volatile stuff,

And I think I got it in my food.
Why yes! of course! the other day
They gave me a piece of toasted brick;
And for hours and hours, I should think, it lay
In my stomach, and felt so hard and rough,
'Twould have made a well man sick.

Just look at those awkward curtain strings,
They hang to one side, and the curtain's awry.
Couldn't you fix them if you should try?
What makes them so careless about such things?

Some laudanum for me to take!
Ha! ha! But that is an odd mistake.
The sick man's there at the foot of the bed;
And he groans and tosses and tumbles about—
I really wish you would take him out;
For, you see, he is out of his head,
And when a man's head is a little light,
It's queer what silly speeches he'll make;
And with this and that he has kept me awake
For more than half of the night.

And another thing, let me tell you, I—
Stoop, and let me speak in your ear,
I wouldn't for anything have *him* hear—
THAT MAN IS GOING TO DIE!

I could sleep, perhaps, but that terrible clock
Rings like a wood-chopper's axe in the wood;
And the blood in my veins pounds on with a shock
Like sea-waves breaking against the rock.

I don't understand you; what did you say?
I can't any longer see your face,
And your eyes seem a million miles away.
I think I am going—to sleep—
Call me—at five—in that case.

. . . . . .

What wonderful shadows, heavy and deep,
Spin round each other, and crawl and creep!
They vanish and gather, they pause and glide,
And dash into mist as they break on me,
Widening out in quivering rings,
While low and lower, I slip and slide
In the fathomless depths of an unknown sea,—
A region of shapeless, nebulous things,
A boundless, soundless ocean of air.
I lose the notion of change and place,
My body becomes a point in space,
While I—I seem to be everywhere!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THE Christian gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article died at Lucerne, in Switzerland, August 26, of typhoid fever, at the age of fifty years. It is hard to speak the fitting eulogy of such a man, because those who did not know him well while living will deem such eulogy extravagant, and those who did will deem the most extravagant praise incompetent and tame. His acquaintances were his friends, and his friends were his brothers. Kind, genial, hearty, faithful, noble and true, he held no relation in life which he did not illustrate with eminent virtues and graces, and no position that he did not adorn with manliness and honor. His associates in business lament his loss as if he had been their father or their elder brother, and his family mourn for him as one who united the strength of paternal affection for them with the ardent, tender, and wholly devoted love of a mother.

Few publishers, as matters go in America, have been able to bring to their business the education and culture which enabled Mr. Scribner to achieve his large success. Indeed, his education was for the law; but he entered early into the publishing business with Isaac D. Baker, and from 1846 until the day of his death, through several changes of business partnership, his history as a publisher has been one of steady growth, so that at last he found himself at the head of one of the largest and most important publishing houses in the United States.

The relations that existed between him and those authors for whom he published were the most cordial that can be imagined. Every author who had these relations with him must feel personally bereft by his death, for he was social and brotherly and considerate, almost beyond parallel. The hand that writes this article will ache with its sense of emptiness through life for lack of the strong grasp that told of a friendship stronger than life and more enduring. Willis, Morris, Headley, Mitchell, Dr. Bushnell, President Porter, the Alexanders, Dr. Schaff, Dr. Shedd—these and multitudes of others found their way to the public through him; and writers universally felt that his name was a most honorable indorsement. When this magazine was projected, his name was given to it as the most hearty expression which his business associates could make of the honor in which they held him, and the title will be continued as a living monumental tribute to his memory. His relations with English authors were very pleasant, many of whom he knew personally during his frequent visits to the old world.

Mr. Scribner's literary judgment was remarkable in many ways. Probably no other publisher living, who has done an equal amount of business, has done it with fewer mistakes. His kindness of heart sometimes led him to undertake projects that his judgment condemned, but he never felt certain of a book that did not succeed. His instincts and insight were very remarkable. His knowledge of the public taste and the public want was so complete, and his insight into a new book so quick, that he seemed to know at once what could be done with everything that was offered. While disliking the details of business, and shunning contact with the asperities of trade, his ideas and plans of business were large, far-sighted, and comprehensive and liberal in a very eminent degree.

In our November number we propose to present our readers with his portrait, as the frontispiece of the new volume. In the mean time let us remember him as he sat on a memorable evening, a year ago, at the head of his own table with those who were interested in this magazine—publishers, editors and writers before and around him, radiant with hope and hearty hospitality. There he sits in our memory still, and presides over us all at our monthly banquets.

SHEPHERDS AND THEIR FLOCKS.

A MISCHIEF-BREEDING mistake is made when pastors and people fail to establish and maintain between each other a business relation just as independent of the spiritual as it is possible to make it. The physician may be, and in multitudes of instances is, the dearest family friend; but he lives by his profession, and his services have a recognized money value which he expects to receive without a question. He would prefer, perhaps, to render his services without reward, especially to those whom he loves; but he has mouths to feed and provision to make for rainy days, and for the days of helplessness that come at last to all. So, though love and sympathy, and self-denial for love and sympathy's sake may have actuated him in all his daily round of duty, he goes home at night, takes down his blotter, and enters his charges as formally as if he had been selling farm-produce or tin-ware.

There is a feeling in many parishes that it is a gift by whatsoever any pastor may be profited by them,—that a pastor earns nothing, and that in all things he is the beneficiary of the parish. To make this matter a thousand times worse, there are pastors not a few who take the position to which the parishes assign them, and assist in perpetuating the mistake. They are men whose hands are always open to receive whatever comes; who delight in donation parties, and who grasp right and left, with insatiable greed, at gifts. They become so mean-spirited that they do not like to pay for anything, and do not really think it right that they should be called upon to pay for anything. They are sponges upon their people and the community. Wherever they happen to be, they "lie down" on the brethren. There is nothing of value that they are not glad to receive, and there is nobody that they are not glad to be indebted to for favors. Sometimes they are extravagant, and have a graceless way of getting into debt, out of which they are helped yearly, and out of which they expect to be helped yearly. The abject meanness into which a pas-

tor can sink, and the corresponding and consequent powerlessness into which he can descend, find too frequent illustration among the American ministry. It is shocking and sickening that there are some men who seem forced by their parishes to live in this way, and it is still more disgusting to find men who seem tolerably comfortable and contented while living in this way. If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, they should be paid with all the business regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for the money he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man—in whose work the community is interested—to whom regular wages, that shall not cost him a thought, are so important. Of what possible use in a pulpit can any man be whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and dirty economies? Every month, or every quarter-day, every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation to anybody, he can preach the truth with freedom, and prepare for his public ministrations without distraction. Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or more disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. The office of such a man does not rise in dignity above that of a court-fool. He is the creature of the popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due to a man who devotes his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to him.

Good, manly pastors and preachers do not want gifts: they want wages. It is not a kindness to eke out insufficient salaries by donation parties and by benefactions from the richer members of a flock. It is not a merit, as they seem to regard it, for parishes or individuals to do this. It is an acknowledgment of indebtedness which they are too mean to pay in a business way. The pastor needs it and they owe it, but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place him in an awkward and a false position. The influence of this state of things upon the world that lies outside of the sphere of Christian belief and activity is bad beyond calculation. We have had enough of the patronage of Christianity by a half-scoffing, half-tolerating world. If Christians do not sufficiently recognize the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his just wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world for looking upon him with a contempt that forbids approach and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he teaches at the price its professors are willing to pay, in a business way, for its ministry.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH DICKENS.

THE writer who praised Hawthorne's religion (at the expense of all church-going Christendom), by representing it to be so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew-door, has been bothered, it appears, by some private questionings about the Christianity of Mr. Dickens, and has undertaken for the last time to answer such questionings. We are sorry that the lamented novelist is thus summarily judged, because it is possible that his eulogist may obtain suggestions from other pens that will materially assist him in putting the public mind to rest, and in establishing his own position. It is the misfortune of Mr. Dickens' defender that he lives only in a New England atmosphere, where, from time immemorial, the character of a man's faith has decided his reputation for Christianity. There are, however, even in New England, some who think that a man can make a profession of religion in a better place than in his last will and testament, and that there are higher evidences of Christianity than the use of the life of Jesus for artistic purposes. There are even in New England some who look to a man's life and works for evidences of his Christianity, and a few of these are reported to live in and around Boston. Indeed, until we saw this article, we had supposed that the writer was one of that number. "Was Charles Dickens a believer in our Saviour's life and teachings?" is the question which he attempts to answer. Now we beg the privilege of suggesting that it is not of the slightest consequence to the world or to Christianity whether Mr. Dickens believed in our Saviour's life and teachings or not. He could do that without having the belief of the least advantage to himself or his fellow-men. The devils believe—and—tremble. Have we any certificate that Mr. Dickens trembled? It should have gone as far as that, at least.

No; if Mr. Dickens was a Christian—and this after all is the real question that the world cares for—there must be better evidences of the fact than appears in the defense under consideration. If he was a Christian, he was fond during his life of Christian people. With as hearty a hatred of sectarianism and bigotry and cant as Mr. Dickens himself ever entertained, we declare in all candor that there are men and women in the world who are informed and moved by the spirit of the Master. They love mankind for His sake. They devote their lives and labors, and yield their hearts' best love to Him. They are pure and sweet and good. They live lives of prayer and benevolence. If Mr. Dickens was a Christian, he loved the society of these people, and was supremely interested in their aims and ends of life. When between these and those who so often invited him to the convivial table he was called upon to choose, he made a Christian choice. So his defender should not have been content to tell what Mr. Dickens believed, but he should have shown by his sympathies with Christian people that he possessed the Christian spirit. He should have shown how he always labored heart and hand with the Christian Church in every good work; how for that religion

which is the hope of the world he spent money and sacrificed time and talents, that its benign influence might be spread among the nations of the earth and the ignorant multitudes of his own nation. His ardent sympathy with Christian missions should have been brought forward, and his love and respect for Christian ministers, as displayed in his novels. If all this had been done, the question would have been more nearly settled than it is.

It may be suggested again that Mr. Dickens' friendliness to Christian reforms would do much, when properly presented, to establish his Christian character before the world.

In the long period of his literary life, during which he had the ear and the heart of the English-reading world, a million men and women—more or less—in Great Britain sank into the miserable grave of the drunkard. The liquor-fiend desolated the kingdom. He burnt up the health and the prosperity of the nation. He instigated murder, robbery, and all forms of cruel violence. He beat women and maimed little children, even before they were born. He assumed all seductive forms, and tempted the young to their ruin. Everywhere his work was degradation, desecration, and destruction. No pen can record—nay, no imagination can picture—the evils—the loathsome horrors—inflicted upon the British nation during those thirty years, by the demon of strong drink. To show how valiantly, how persistently, and how powerfully Mr. Dickens worked to stem the tide of intemperance in his own and other lands, to repeat his words of cheer to all who labored for the suppression of the great curse, to present his immaculate example of abstinence for the sake of one of the least of those who possibly might be helped by it, to picture the noble characters he has left upon his printed pages to represent his ideal temperance reformers—this would certainly be better than to tell what he believed, and would go to show something of the practical power of his belief.

Still again: Mr. Dickens lived during a period when the sanctities of Christian marriage were assailed by pretended revelations and infidel philosophies and bold beastliness. He belonged to a guild whose members had been conspicuously unhappy in their marriage relations. Hundreds of literary men and literary women had separated from their companions, and brought disgrace upon themselves, their class, and the sacred institution whose bonds they so lightly snapped asunder. To such lengths had one of them gone, that, after absorbing the lovely youth of his wife—nay, after having lived with her for twenty years, and seen pillowed in her maternal arms his large family of beautiful children, he decided that her nature was incompatible with his own, and that they must separate—a decision which seems so sadly cruel that we can find no words to give it fitting characterization. To be able to say that in such a time as this Mr. Dickens, though sorely tempted by his own temperament and by the circumstances in which he found himself, stood with Christian resignation and Christian honor by his vows, would be grand indeed, and would do much to relieve his eulogist of future questions relating to the Christian character of his subject. We marvel that means of vindication so close at hand as these should have been entirely overlooked.

For thirty years we have been an interested reader and a devoted admirer of Charles Dickens. We believe we have appreciated his rare genius and all his good and noble impulses. Kind things have been said of him and his memory in this magazine, and it is only when his self-appointed champions insist on holding him up before the American people as a Christian saint that we feel compelled to protest. If Christianity is something to be bottled up in a last will and testament, or only used for the purposes of art and literature, it is very cheap stuff and is not really worth making much ado about. If it is something which softens, purifies, and elevates character, and reforms and regulates life, it is not at all necessary to inquire what a man believes. If Mr. Dickens yielded his life to the supreme control of Christian motives he was a Christian man; and, for the life of us, we do not see how he could have been otherwise. Nor do we see how we can do better in the attempt to determine this—and we are not responsible for this attempt—than to examine with the eye of common sense the manifestations and outcome of his life.

THE IMPROVED AMERICAN.

THOSE Americans who have traveled over Europe during the past three or four years, expecting to be shocked by the vulgar display of their countrymen and countrywomen, and shamed by their gaucheries, have been pleasantly surprised to find their expectations unrealized. The American in Europe is now a quiet person, who minds his own business, takes quickly to the best habits of the country in which he finds himself, pays his bills, and commands universal respect. The vulgar displays on the continent are now made mainly by men who were born there, and who, having made money in America, have returned to their early homes to show themselves and their wealth. These people do more to bring America into disrepute in Germany than all the native Americans have ever done; and many of them, we regret to say, have been sent there by the American government as consuls and other governmental agents whose end in securing such appointments was simply that of commanding respect and position in communities in which neither they nor their friends had ever had the slightest consideration. In railway carriages and diligences and steamers the American is always a courteous and well-behaved person, who bears with good-nature his full share of inconveniences, is heartily polite to ladies of all nationalities, is kind to children, and helpful to all. He and his wife and daughters are invariably more tastefully and appropriately dressed than their English fellow-travelers, and at the *table d'hôte* their manners are irreproachable, while very little that is pleasant

can be said of the "table manners" of the subjects of the Kaiser William. In brief, the traveling American is greatly improved, and it is time that he were relieved of the lampoons of ill-natured correspondents and penny-a-liners, and placed where he belongs—among the best bred of all those who are afloat upon the tide of travel.

Again, those who have visited the various American watering-places during the past season, have not failed to remark that a great change has occurred among the summer pleasure-seekers. At Newport and Saratoga the efforts at vulgar display, which were frequent during the last years of the war and the first of peace, have been entirely wanting. A "stunning toilet" was never trailed through the halls and parlor of the Ocean House but once, by the same person, during the past season. The eminent respectability and quietness of the surroundings were such a rebuke that the wearer disappeared the next morning, or subsided into the universal tone. The vulgar love of the dance and the display which it involves, in all the popular places of resort, have almost entirely disappeared. With the most inspiring bands of music there has been no dancing during the season, except at the small family hotels in out-of-the-way places. Bathing, driving, walking, rowing, sailing, bowling, and croquet, and pic-nic have given a healthful tone to the sea-side and inland places of recreation, and dress and dancing have been at a discount. People speak of this change as if it were a fashion of the year, but in truth it is the evidence of an improvement in the national character and life. We are less children and more men and women than we were—finer and higher in our thoughts and tastes.

There are other signs of improvement in the American, and these relate mainly to the female side of the nation. The American woman has long been regarded by Europeans as the most beautiful woman in the world. This she is and has been for twenty-five years, without a doubt; and as the circumstances of her life become easier, her labor less severe, and her education better, she will be more beautiful still. America never possessed a more beautiful generation of women than she possesses to-day, and there is no doubt that the style of beauty is changing to a nobler type. The characteristic American woman of the present generation is larger than the characteristic American woman of the previous generation. It comes of better food, better clothing, better sleep, more fresh air, and less of hard work to mothers during those periods when their vitality is all demanded for their motherly functions. We venture to say that the remark has been made by observers thousands of times during the past summer, at the various places of resort, that they had never seen so many large women together before. Indisputably they never had.

The same fact of physical improvement is not so apparent among the men, and the cause is not too far off to be found. It need not be alluded to, however, until something has been said about the reasons of the superior beauty of American women over those of other Christian nationalities. The typical American woman is not, and never has been, a beer-drinking or a wine-drinking woman; and to this fact mainly we attribute her wealth of personal loveliness. In America it has always been considered vulgar for a woman to be fond of stimulating liquors in any form, and horribly disgraceful for her to drink them habitually. As a rule, all over the country the American woman drinks nothing stronger than the decoctions of the tea-table, and those she is learning to shun. She is a being raised to maturity without a stimulant, and as this is the singular, distinguishing fact in her history, when we compare her with the woman of other nations, it is no more than fair to claim that it has much to do with her pre-eminence of physical beauty.

This will appear still more forcibly to be the case when we find that physical improvement in the American man is not so evident as it appears to be in his wife and sister. The American man is better housed, better clothed, and better fed than formerly, but his habits are not better. Our students are done with bran-bread and scant sleep, and are winning muscle and health in the gymnasium; but they smoke too much. The young men in business everywhere understand the laws of health and development better than the generation that preceded them, but they drink too much. This whole business of drinking is dwarfing the American man. It stupefies the brain and swells the bulk of the Englishman and the German, but it frets and rasps and whittles down the already overstimulated American. The facts recently published concerning the enormous consumption of liquor in America are enough to account for the disparity between the degrees of physical improvement that have been achieved respectively by the two sexes. The young American who drinks habitually, or who, by drinking occasionally, puts himself in danger of drinking habitually, sins against his own body beyond the power of nature to forgive. He stunts his own growth to manly stature, and spoils himself for becoming the father of manly men and womanly women. The improved American will not drink, and he will not be improved until he stops drinking.

THE OLD CABINET.

ONE bright Sunday morning of last July we formed part of the long procession that is to be seen on every pleasant Sabbath of the summer winding its way southward, over the Lebanon Hills, toward the Shaker Settlement. As far as the eye could reach, looking back or straining forward, the road was filled with carriages,—some of them we might have noticed at Central Park a little earlier in the season,—while here and there loomed a country stage fairly brimming with passengers. We knew very well when we had reached the Shaker village by the big, white, factory-like dwelling-houses, with plaited curtains at the windows. The road in front of the meeting-house was as crowded with carriages as Fourteenth street on a Kellogg night; and here, *not* as at the Academy, we mengoats were divided from the women-sheep,—the former entering by a door on the left; the latter passing in on the right, and all being seated by a Shaker usher upon benches ranged one above the other, extending along the road side of the house.

Upon the bench next to the front, staring at the wide painted arch of the ceiling, at the shiny smooth floor, at the large long windows, through the blinds of which the light quivered painfully, and at the vacant benches along the opposite walls—there we sat, with an awful feeling at the heart, wondering what strange thing would happen. And while we stared a door opened on the left, and in trooped a company of—what shall we call them? It was as if Gabriel had blown his horn over just one select little moss-grown grave-yard—and only the women had heard and arisen. Dear ghosts of our grandmothers!—they flitted before us so pale, so sweet, so daintily arrayed for this their resurrection morn!

Then opened another door, and the Shaker brethren stalked in on tiptoe in solemn, grotesque procession—occupying seats opposite the sisters.

At first a pause, but presently the worshipers arise and walk about indifferently—till, in an instant, the moving mass crystallizes into definite form: the sisters and brothers ranged in rows facing each other, the sexes separated near the farther wall by but little space, while the dividing avenue widens out toward the visitors like the letter V. Just to see that company standing there with folded hands! The sisters with their white caps, spotless white kerchiefs crossed upon immaculate bosoms, folded handkerchiefs hanging over prim arms, drab skirts in serene, cast-iron plaits, and high-heeled shoes. The brethren in their sombre, brown-gray suits, long coats, large white turn-down collars, and hair cut straight across the forehead.

Now a brother at the other end of the vis-à-vis—an old fellow with a Duke of Wellington face—steps forward and begins to speak in a subdued, hesitating monotone. He tells what a privilege it is to dwell thus in unity and peace, with all occasions for strife removed; and as he warms a little with his theme his body sways backward and forward, and at every few words he lifts himself on his toes and comes down upon his heels with a jerk. After the Duke has been delivered of his burden, another and another step out from the men's side, and utter a few sing-song sentences of experience or exhortation—declaring how blessed this oneness of the faithful—praying that they all may be enabled to continue in the angel life. Sitting with closed eyes you might think, for all the world, that you were in an old-fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting, just before it had reached the hallelujah-point.

Again they wander around and again take sudden shape. This time the whole company stand in rows with their backs to the world's people—all save a single line stretching along the wall, with their faces toward their companions and us.

Another pause, a low, eldritch wail; a few slow twanging notes in solo; a swift, shrilling chorus—and the multitude has started into motion. Those in the single line along the wall hold out their hands, palms up, and beckon, in time with the singing; the same time is kept, both with hands and feet, by the great company of worshipers,—two steps forward toward the wall, then three quick tramps,—right about face,—backward and forward,—now and then five or six sharp claps of the hand, and above all that wild, exultant melody,—"on and on and ever on," with never a pause between the verses. No bass nor alto. The deep voices of the men, following the air on the lower octaves, make a strange, surging undertone. Shriller and shriller rises the chorus; the dancers sway from side to side; you think you see a brighter glisten in their down-cast eyes, and the faces of some are lit with an inward ecstasy. Others move with a jaunty swing and kick, as if there were a mischievous twinkle under the mask of their stolid features.

"What solemn feelings rise,
And flow through every sense!
Who can behold without surprise
The passing great events?
This is a glorious day
Which God hath ushered in;
And now, his power He doth display,
To save the soul from sin.

"And we are truly blest,
With blessings many fold;
Of many treasures we're possessed,
More precious far than gold.
We are blest in many ways,
We are blest in many things;
And we enjoy far happier days
Than princes, lords, or kings.

"Christ is our heavenly head:
We are fed with angels' food;
We've all that we can ask or need,
To make us truly good.
Then, why should we delay,
Or any coldness feel?
Why not press forward on our way,
With courage, faith, and zeal?

"Let us renew those bands,
Which bind us to obey
The Holy Spirit, whose commands,
Will keep us in the way.
If we are not secured,
By truth's pure golden chain,
We are exposed to be allured,
And drawn to sin again.

"But, if we still pursue
The way so bright and pure,
And persevere till we get through
And heavenly life secure;
Then we shall feel and know,
What now by faith we view;
A rest, where living waters flow,
And joy's forever new."

In an instant all is still. Then out of one more scene of apparently inextricable confusion is evolved, with military precision, another figure: a central group, a circle around this, and another circle including all. The pitch is given, the hymn is started, and the circles move in opposite directions, with bewildering effect. The outer circle is so large that the Shaker plaits and homespun brush, in passing, against worldly flounces and broadcloth.

O those lovely old women demurely skipping by with that queer flopping of the hands—what are they doing here? Why aren't they crooning over the cradles of their grandchildren, or brightening homely firesides with the light of their sweet, motherly old faces. The pink-cheeked girl that just went past, did you notice (or was it only our imagination) that wistful glance toward the world's girls on the benches? What wizened, hopeless faces are these that follow!

And the men—representatives of all classes and kinds! Wellingtons, Benjamin Franklins, French Revolutionists of the Robespierre type; a dreamy-eyed Robert Falconer; a comfortable old Methodist presiding elder; a Continental soldier; and once in a while a countenance almost idiotic.

There were other dances. In the midst of one exercise a cry went up that made us start: "O, I'm glad I can live the angel life here below!" piped a small brother on the left. He went off into a nervous paroxysm and stood shaking for what seemed many minutes with fearful violence. But none of the worshipers appeared at all disturbed by the eccentricity of the little brother who loved the angel life. From what we heard afterwards, we suppose they were used to him.

After a while the backless benches—which had been piled at each end of the room—were brought out and the brothers and sisters sat down facing each other, with their handkerchiefs spread over their knees. Then a dark-browed brother, with a very dignified bearing, and a sadness in his large eyes, came forward and took up his position in front of us poor sinners. So we poor sinners turned and looked upon ourselves. It was a contrast striking enough. There all was "gray and melancholy" as the ocean waste. Here bloomed a terraced parterre of richest flowers. But to the eyes of that stern prophet as he stood gazing full upon us, the contrast was deeper, more portentous, pitiful.

He thanked us for the respect we had shown their worship; he told how this little band was striving to imitate Christ; to follow the example of the early church; to live the angel life, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. He flashed into eloquence when he pointed to the sin and misery within the shadow of our splendid cathedrals; his lip curled with scorn as he spoke of our preaching peace with the bullet. Others of the brethren made short addresses in a similar strain, after which the service was declared ended.

Wasn't the dancing funny? and how could we keep from laughing? It was the funniest thing that ever we beheld—and we never, in our lives, felt less inclined to laughter. If the greatest jokers of all ages had united in devising the most consumedly comical exhibition that could by any means be devised; if they had invented the quaintest costumes in the world and hung them upon the most outlandish set of people under the canopy; if they had succeeded in inducing these people to comport themselves in the most ridiculous manner possible, they could not have produced a divertisement more exquisitely absurd than the Shaker dance. And yet there was a wonderful pathos and charm about it—something of the same atmosphere that makes Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle a "thing of beauty and a joy forever,"—though many go away from the play, as well as from the service, with a memory only of the fun.

But besides the tender quaintness of it, there was an unutterable sadness—a horrible sense of error and misdirection. O, the least melancholy sight of all, that poor idiot face—those long, imbecile fingers, with their weary, pathetic beckoning.

This does not oppress you so strongly while you are under the influence of the spell. It is when you are riding home through God's green and lovely world, and the birds chirp and flit among the branches over your heads,—God's own world, full of all harmonies of sound and color. Then the Shaker song rings in your memory, uncanny, mournful,—the Shaker life, with its selfish self-denial, stands before you, barren, false, ungodly.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

BEST PARLORS.

PEOPLE just returned from Europe are apt to say (and to be laughed at for saying), "You can't think how it strikes us that there is no 'society' here at home. There are balls enough, and dinners; we drink tea with our relations, and in the country partake of fifteen kinds of cake at the sewing-circle. But of 'society,' as the word is understood abroad, there is none, —no habit of reunion—no necessity for social life. People enough there are, and nice people too, but they are all so dreadfully busy. They accept an occasional party as dire necessity, and repay the obligation at stated intervals, as they settle their butcher's bill. But they do not even pretend to find pleasure in it. Each family is intrenched within itself, and sits habitually with drawbridge up, and doors barred to the outer world. And yet 'tis pity, with such good material for better things. There are 'bricks' enough and to spare in our highly-favored land, but mortar is wanting to make them adhere together."

Such is the wail which breaks from many a returned traveler. And though we may scold and resent, it were vain to deny some reason at the bottom of these Jeremiads. Something *is* lacking,—which those of us unacquainted with Paris *salons* miss. Our homes are the narrower that they do not more easily open to receive outsiders, not every day nor all days perhaps—due space must be left for family privacies—but frequently, liberally, and without effort.

No formal entertainment and invitation should be needful. Let it once be understood that a pleasant family are regularly at home on certain evenings of the week and happy to see their friends, and the rest follows as a matter of course. People come for the pleasure of coming—come to meet other people—come to enjoy the atmosphere which any home worthy the name diffuses over a far wider circle than that which daily gathers about its hearth-stone. And there is real education and growth, especially for the young, in society like this; none whatever in a yearly ball, heralded by printed cards and Delmonico's *menu*, and wound up by a flourish of trumpets in the *Social Slop-Jar*.

These evening reunions were the animus of the Paris *salon* in the days of its glory. Society was compacted and welded into form by constant attrition. "How can I fail to know him well," said the old Marquise, "when for twenty-six years I have passed five evenings a week in his society?"

But how if the mistress of the *salon* had spent her time habitually in the basement dining-room, and only when the bell rang to answer visitors, had hurried upstairs to change her cap and send a maid to light the gas? Would these pleasant little circles have been so apt to convene? And precisely here it is that the "best parlor" question comes in.

Almost every American house possesses one of these dreadful altars, erected to what unknown goddess it is impossible to guess. It is a Bogy, before whom from time to time people burn gas in chandeliers of fearful design;—to whom are dedicated flagrant carpets, impossible oil paintings, furniture too gorgeous for common day and shrouded therefrom by customary Holland. Musty smells belong to this Deity, stiffness, angles, absence of sunlight. The visitor, entering, sees written above the portal: "Who enters here abandons—conversation." What is there to talk about in a room dark as the Domdaniel, except where one crack in a reluctant shutter reveals a stand of wax flowers under glass, and a dimly descried hostess, who evidently waits only your departure to extinguish that solitary ray? The voice instinctively hushes; the mind finds itself barren of ideas. A few dreary commonplaces are exchanged, then a rise, a rustle, the door is gained and the light of the blessed sun; you glance up in passing—flap goes the blind, inner darkness is again resumed, Bogy has it all his own way, and you thank your stars that you have done your duty by the Browns for at least a twelvemonth!

And yet, upon this dismal apartment, which she hates and all her acquaintances hate, poor Mrs. Brown has lavished time and money enough to make two rooms charming. For ugly things cost as much as pretty ones,—often more. And costly ugliness is, as Mrs. Brown would tell you, a "great responsibility to take care of." What with the carpet which mustn't get faded, the mirrors which mustn't get fly-specked, the gilding which mustn't be tarnished, there is nothing for it but to shut the room up to darkness and all dull influences. And as families are like flies and *will* follow the sun, the domestic life comes to be led anywhere rather than in the best parlor, and the "taboo" which Mrs. Brown proclaims is easily enforced.

And yet this very Mrs. Brown is quick to recognize the difference when in other people's homes she is shown a cosy and pleasant room. She sits on a chintz sofa in her velvet and ermine, and glances half enviously at the tinted walls hung with photographs, at the sparkling little fire in the grate, the windows gay with sun and green things, the book-cases and tables loaded with volumes. "How I admire an open fire," she says. "But doesn't it make a great deal of dust? And your plants, too—I can't think how you make them grow so well in a *parlor*."

"A little Croton and plenty of sun is all the secret," she is told.

"Oh, but how dreadfully faded your carpet must get," she goes on. "Such quantities of books, too. Well, I should like to have such things!"

It does not occur to the good lady that for the price of one of those useless mirrors which cost her such anxiety and rubbing with chamois-skin, a choice company of poets, philosophers, and sages could be won to sit forever at her side, informing her with their wisdom.

Or that for a tithe of the same her fireless grate would sparkle with Cannel coal for a winter long. Her furniture, her carpets, the dullness of her home, are encumbrances truly, but encumbrances which she bears willingly and would not be without.

And people having the right to live pretty much as they please, so long as they violate no law of the land, it would matter little, except that there are so many Browns and so many best parlors, that society is seriously affected thereby. For a system which necessitates great and troublesome changes in family arrangement whenever a guest comes, tends to narrowness and inhospitality. If the covers must be taken off the furniture, the plated spoons go up stairs and the silver ones come down, the best china be lifted from a top shelf, upon the arrival of each friend, be sure that friend will seldom arrive. Only when what Mrs. Stowe calls "a good liberal average" is established as a rule over *all* houses, will hearty interchange of social courtesies begin, and the communion of friends, face to face, be regarded as a pleasure rather than a toil.

To those of us who have been tasting the summer in the sweet breadth and freedom of the country, our homes will seem dull and straitened enough as we re-enter them. Now is the time, before the old habitual scales blind our eyes, to look about with anointed vision, and see how these homes can be brightened and broadened—made more like that lovely out-door home to which Nature welcomes each new-comer. Above all, let us cast out the "Best Parlor." To the sacred enclosure once called by that name, let us bring our daintier tasks of letter-writing, needle-work, study. Let the walls be beautified with every simple ornament within our reach—the windows opened to receive the sun, and vines and roses set to catch his shining. And over the door once sacred to "Bogy" let us write "Welcome." And so the last shadow of the Bogy will depart, and our homes be very homes indeed,

"From turret to foundation stone."

FOREST FURNISHINGS.

But before returning to these homes of ours, it behooves us to open our hands for those last gifts which Nature, pitiful as it were over the dull days to come, holds out to our acceptance. "Don't talk to me of ugly rooms and narrow purses," she seems to say; "here are my store-houses full of furniture to be had for nothing. Walk in, pick and choose; I love to give to those who know how to take. Carry off what you like and much as you like, and let your homes be, if possible, as pretty as I make mine."

So hearkening the sweet invitation, in we go. The door is open (when, indeed, is it ever shut?), the shelves are filled with treasures. No one watches us—none search our pockets as we go away. Let us see what we can find.

A great roll of birch-bark first, out of which as many things can be made as from the cocoa-nut tree. It shall give us simple baskets to hold our ferns and pressed leaves, dainty ones braided with ribbon for needle-work or netting; a passe-partout to enclose a woodland sketch, drawing-board for some small vignettes in pen and ink, napkin-rings of all devices, Cologne-stands, handkerchief cases. Patience and ribbon will fail ere we exhaust the variety.

Next a spreading fungus of the "bracket" species catches our eye as it grows in the side of a tree-trunk. This shall be nailed above a rustic table we wot of, and upon it shall stand a wine-glass full of rich, black earth, in which a maiden-hair shall rear and nod its delicate fronds.

And now we come to beds of many-hued mosses, gold-flecked, scarlet-tipped, pale green, deep green, umber-brown. Here we make a long pause. Carefully we lift them in soft masses, and with them all sorts of forest treasures: michella, cranberry-vine, tiarellas with leaves of frosted silver, tiny ferns, Linnea sprays, which, planted in an ox-muzzle basket, and a wooden bowel stained and varnished, shall ornament our two south windows, and twinkle with life and growth when all the world is white with snow.

What is the gray sphere on that low bush? A hornet's-nest, by all that is lucky. Its quarrelsome colony have long since departed and left it to us. This we must have, and a mossy bough to hold it. Far away in the city we are aware of some southern moss which will serve as further drapery. It will be a troublesome thing to carry, certainly; but never mind—a perfect hornet's-nest is too great a "find" to be neglected.

Then a basketful of lichens and dry mosses for the window-box, and a handful of cup-moss, of which a glowing bank reveals itself upon an old log. And oh, treasure of treasures! here are rose-fungi, pansy-shaped, veined like rarest agates. Lift the exquisite things with careful—careful fingers.

Now we plunge into a whirlpool of color. The woods are all so ablaze with reds and crimsons, with orange, purple, paly gold, that the dazzled eye cannot for a while select. We dip and dive, we break large boughs and little boughs, we shriek and exclaim. No careful pressing shall they have, but simply dried under a weight, and, mixed with fresh ground pine, they will make our rooms all glorious at Christmas.

Blessed Christmas! Thinking of the day we cannot heap our hands too full of leaves, or of the bright brown fir-cones which go so beautifully with them. How either is to be carried home we know not—have them we must.

And so, perplexed at the burden of our riches, we slowly journey townward. But when all is safely housed, and each treasure has taken its appointed place on wall, and shelf, and bracket, then our reward comes. Summer sits by our side and charms Winter away; and when after long months her robes grow dusty, and the sweet smile fades from her face, lo! open window and robin's-song proclaim that Spring is at the door; and in freshest garb dear Summer comes back, and we dream that it was but a dream that she ever left us.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

FRENCH LITERATURE is just now threatened with a shower of memoirs from notabilities who are endeavoring to justify their course in the respective complications in which they were but recently involved. Those of Ollivier are promised immediately. The ex-Minister is in retirement at the foot of Mont Blanc, busily engaged in the hopeless task of purifying his ministerial Augean stable. Benedetti is similarly employed in the Island of Corsica, and there fails but the story of Gramont to a clear comprehension of the measures that turned France into a devastated field covered with corpses and ruins. As for the master of these three destroyers of the peace of France, he clearly feels that he has washed his hands of all the responsibility, in the famous circular that he issued in his captivity at Wilhelmshöhe, in which he declared Ollivier to be one of the principal and greatest causes of the misfortunes of France and the Empire. The journalistic literature of the French capital has recovered from the terror of the Commune, and is now unwisely engaged in publishing letters from correspondents in various parts of Germany, detailing the dissatisfaction of the various German States at the supremacy of Prussia. Hanover is represented as on the eve of revolt, and Saxony is about to reassert its nationality, so that Bismarck is on the eve of interfering with the last argument of tyrants, and annexing both these countries as simple provinces of Prussia. Such stories sound pleasant to French ears, but they are simply siren songs, from which they would do well to turn and listen to the more pressing needs of their own suffering country.

GERMAN LITERATURE has been enriched by a new epic of the late war that is attracting the attention of the entire nation, and seems likely to gain for itself a lasting foothold in the classical literature of the country. It is termed *The Lay of the New German Empire*, and its fortunate author is Oscar von Redwitz, a favorite poet of the people, but one who had not hitherto scaled the loftiest summit of Parnassus. The miraculous success of the German armies seems to have inspired him, and the clear stream of his verses runs with a purity and beauty worthy of the Rhine that he sings and the deeds that he lauds. The poem tells the story of a volunteer who fought in the German war of Liberation against Napoleon, in 1813, and was afterwards imprisoned in his own country as a dangerous liberal, in the period of reaction that followed. The war of 1870 finds him a gray-headed physician, sending his son into the field, while he and two daughters enter the hospitals and care for the wounded. This son sends home letters from France telling of the deeds of German soldiers, and of his recognition by "Our Fritz," after bravery in the field. In the most fervent strains the old man now sings of the victories and the victors that honor his fatherland, and when William the King returns as William the Emperor of United Germany, he sees fulfilled the most ardent dreams of his youth, for which he fought and suffered. But, like Moses, he is simply permitted to have a glance into the Promised Land from the mountain-top: he dies, and leaves his story as a last will and testament to be told to his country when the festive bells are proclaiming the glad tidings of peace. The Emperor, Bismarck, and Von Moltke have sent to the poet the most flattering testimonials of their appreciation of the merits of the poem, and the entire German people are now joining in tributes of praise: a circumstance all the more remarkable from the fact that the author is a South German now living in Munich. Within a few weeks several editions have been sold.

THE "WOMAN QUESTION" has at last made its way into "Free Italy" from the northern lands of Europe. The literary reviews and journals are discussing the eligibility of women to the ballot and all other State privileges of the male sex, and whatever differences of opinion exist in regard to these matters, all intelligent men concede that the era has arrived for a far higher grade of education of women in Italy, and especially for taking it out of the hands of monks and nuns, and from convent walls. In accordance with these views the lawyer Campeggi lately read in Genoa a series of lectures before the Society for Literature and Entertainment, in which he opened up to his countrymen the views and theories of John Stuart Mill. In the discussion which followed, it was quite evident that nearly all the members were in favor of a forward movement in regard to the women of their country. The president of the association expressed the wish that Italian women might soon be admitted to all privileges and duties for which their physical and moral capacities fit them. Correnti, the Minister of Instruction, has just delegated two ladies to visit the schools and convents of the Neapolitan Provinces, and report in regard to them. A seminary for female instruction of a higher order has just been opened in Milan, in the curriculum of which we find a course of lectures on moral philosophy by a lady—Signora Mozzoni.

CAVOUR, the greatest of modern Italian statesmen, is receiving renewed attention from his countrymen since the realization of his prophetic utterances regarding a "Free Church in a Free State." Dupré, of Sienna, the most celebrated of living Italian sculptors, has just finished a monument in marble to his memory. It is a colossal work, consisting of two parts—a foundation and superstructure: the crowning group is formed by Cavour and Italia, the latter a female figure sunken to the ground and being lifted up by him. The foundation supports two groups; one of these represents Statesmanship, a female figure with the head inclined to the left while the eyes turn to the right. She is supported by two boys, one of whom, with a sword behind his back, represents Diplomacy, and the other, with the torch in hand, Revolution. The other group consists of the female figure of Independence, holding a broken chain in her right hand. Two boys stand

close by her, one seeking protection, and the other bravely offering combat. Other half-reclining figures portray Strength and Military Discipline, while bass-reliefs indicate the Crimean War and the Congress of Paris,—the whole being a rare allegorical history of the great Italian's life, genius, and deeds.

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT is at times a very unruly and impatient assembly, but when its President, with his clear, ringing voice, announces that the "Chancellor of the Empire" has the floor, a death-like stillness suddenly follows the confused humming and buzzing of voices. The members hasten to their places from the extreme corners of the hall, and very soon a buzzing fly would be called to order. Bismarck rises at the call of the chair; in his whole figure he stands before the waiting assembly, and the man to whose voice all Europe listens with anxiety, cannot in this moment divest himself of a certain timidity. His face grows paler, and he seems with difficulty to suppress his well-known anxious cough. The thumb and index-finger of the right hand soon find their way to his stately moustache, over which they glide right and left. He has important tidings to convey—perhaps a definitive treaty of peace. His tone is monotonous as are the muscles of the face immovable; his nervous fingers alone need occupation; sometimes they play with the buttons of his uniform, and anon with the papers that cover his green table. Now they seize the long steel shears with uneasy haste, and these flash and glitter so nervously that he seems to be handling them as a weapon, while he at times during the speech opens and shuts them. The Berliners maintain that Bismarck is a poor orator, and so he is, measured by ordinary standards; but his simple and concise speech is imposing, and his voice, with its clear, clarionet tones and distinct enunciation, possesses a penetrating precision that never fails to reach its goal and effect its purpose. It may be monotonous as a horizontal line, but it goes in the same direct way to its object. His words are like blows of the hammer on the head of the nail, or like the sharpened wedge that stays forever where it is once driven.

RICHARD WAGNER, the great musical composer, has a marvelous "event" on his hands—one that smacks a little of Gilmore. He has composed in verse and note what he calls a "Festive Opera," bearing the name of the "King of the Nibelungs." It is to be brought out in Baireuth, the birthplace and home of Jean Paul Richter, in the summer of 1873. For this purpose a special theater is to be constructed. The most celebrated musicians and singers of Germany, to be chosen by Wagner, are to assemble there in the early summer and devote two full months of undivided attention to its preparation and rehearsal, and those who know Wagner's intensity in his artistic labors, understand what this means. An association of Wagner's friends and admirers have already subscribed about $300,000 towards the enterprise, and a great deal more is to be raised by means of certificates of patronage, at $300 a-piece, which give to the bearer the right of entrance to all the performances. These are to open with several special occasions for the principal patrons of the enterprise, and then the piece is to be seen nightly through several weeks, so that the performers will need to spend at least three months in the undertaking. Wagner is very popular in Bavaria, where for a time he was supposed to control the king, who is an ardent lover of music. There he may be successful, but it is quite doubtful whether he will receive the hearty support of other parts of Germany.

WEBER'S FREISCHUTZ, the greatest of all German operas, has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, or jubilee, in Berlin. It was first brought out in 1821, and nowhere has it been presented with such wealth of scenic effect and genuine artistic talent as in this city. It has become the favorite opera of every stage in the civilized world where a love for music has extended; and now, after fifty years of success wherever German music is appreciated, the artists of Berlin have exerted their utmost talent to present it with a splendor and finish hitherto unattained. The influence of Weber's music has been largely increased by its lovely melodies, and since the great German capital has set the example, we shall doubtless see a revival of Der Freischütz on all the German boards, if not everywhere throughout the musical world.

THERE are said to be about eighty-three of *Raphael's Madonnas* still extant—pictures that may with certainty be declared genuine. Of these the native country of the famous painter has just lost the fifty-first, in this wise: It is the small one known as the "*Madonna del libro*," painted on wood, a jewel of Raphael's youth and the pearl of the gallery of Perugia, which has all been for some time offered for sale. The struggle for the little treasure was a severe one, as the Italian government wished to prevent its being taken outside of the country. Injunctions and confiscations were made use of, but these were not sustained by the courts. At last the Emperor of Russia offered no less than 330,000 francs for it if the bargain was concluded within twenty-four hours, as he wished to use it as a birthday present to the Empress. The government called a cabinet meeting to consult as to the crisis, but could neither outbid the Emperor nor prevent the sale. The only consolation the Italians have is the fact that no picture of Raphael ever brought so enormous a price. The famous Madonna of Dresden brought 53,000 francs in the last century. Its present worth, according to this scale of the *Madonna del libro*, would be simply fifty millions.

A COLLECTION OF GEMS in Vienna is attracting the attention of artists, tourists, and even European governments. Bichler, the collector, has just published an exhaustive catalogue of its contents. He began his purchases in Naples in 1830, and in a few years, while on his travels, succeeded in bringing together many valuable and pretty things. Since that time he has labored assiduously, and his collection now consists of more than eight hundred of the most valuable and interesting cameos and intaglios, that are nearly all set

in gold as rings, pins, or medallions. Bichler has gems of all periods, ancient as well as modern: Egyptian, Persian, Etruscan, Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, etc. The collection is considered very rare and valuable.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PEASANTS have gained such fame by their well-known Passion-play that they are this summer trying their hand at something of a patriotic order. In one of the most beautiful spots of the Bavarian mountains they have fitted up a rustic stage for the representation of the great deeds of the late European struggle. The scenery is very simple, and the large native audience takes the part of the chorus in the ancient Greek tragedy. In their presence one or several soldiers of the war relate some of its principal episodes, that are woven into the form of poems. At the close of each poem the entire chorus or audience strikes up one of the best known national hymns, and in this way replies to the impression produced by the story. The first description represents the departure of the soldier from his quiet valley, and the last his return to his home as a conquering hero. The space is of course filled up with the thrilling events between Weissenburg and Paris or Orleans. The thought seems to have found its inception among the peasants, and they alone share in the performance, which is conducted with as much simplicity and fervor as the famous one that has lately attracted the attention of the world.

IT really seemed quite hopeless to decide whether it was a right rib or a left rib of Adam out of which Eve was made, especially as Adam's sons as well as Eve's daughters regularly have seven ribs on each side of the body. But J. Beswick-Perrin, who has been studying human skeletons, has found some half-dozen cases in which an eighth true rib occurs, and in each case it is found on the right side of the body. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Beswick-Perrin that it was the eighth left rib out of which man's help-meet (if Richard Grant White will pardon the word) must have been made, nor yet the further deduction that it was the loss of a left rib which gave the advantage of strength to the other side of the body. But for Eve, man would have been ambidextrous! But, on the other hand, we should never have heard the blissful words, "You will please join your *right* hands," which ought to reconcile us to the comparative lack of vigor on that side of the body which has lost a rib to gain an Eve. Will it be believed that Mr. Beswick-Perrin does not see the significance of that constant occurrence on the right side of the supernumerary rib, but refers the whole matter, in Darwinian phrase, to "reversion," and talks about a chimpanzee which he found with eight ribs (on both sides), and the lower monkeys, which have from eight to ten? But we discard the gorillas and cling to our help-meets—our beautiful left eighth ribs!

A BOOK has just appeared whose motto is the dying declaration of Madame Roland, "O liberty, what crimes are comitted in thy name!" and its title, *Paris under the Commune; or, The Seventy-three Days of the Second Siege.* Its author is John Leighton, a well-known artist, connected with France by ties of long residence, taste, etc.; and, as may be supposed, the illustrations are a unique feature of the book. They comprise numerous sketches taken on the spot during the long agony of the investment, portraits from the original photographs (now interdicted in Paris) of the heroes of the Commune, and, in a word, all that artistic talent could observe itself, or gather from other sources, characteristic of the time of the shipwreck of society, when the ordinary relations of things were reversed. They exceed one hundred in number, and give to the book, independent of its literary claims, a permanent and enduring value.

THE impetus given to the cause of National Education in England by recent legislation is noticeable in various instances, and has borne fruit in a professional direction by calling forth an excellent and elaborate *Classified Catalogue of School, College, Classical, Technical, and General Educational Books, in Use in Great Britain in* 1871. It is formed from the various issues of nearly one hundred and fifty publishers, and comprises between eight and nine thousand separate works, whose titles are so arranged that all the works applicable to the study of any given subject may be seen at a glance, with their sizes, prices, &c. There is a prevalent opinion in the United States that its school-books are superior to those of any other country. As affording a key to the Educational Literature of England, the Catalogue may furnish means of testing the truth of this idea. It may be useful to mention that the formation of a Library of School-Books is one of the features included in the multifarious institutions of South Kensington; all the books in this Catalogue (nine-tenths of the whole number probably) to be found in this library are so marked, and may be consulted there. In the natural process of "wear and tear," and the absence of any care for their preservation, the school-books of the past ages of England have in a great measure disappeared, thereby causing gaps in the history of culture now irretrievable. This will be remedied in future by the institution just mentioned.

A NOBLE tribute has been paid to the genius of George Cruikshank, by the publication of the *Illustrated Catalogue of his Works.* Its price, and the small number of copies produced (135 only), necessarily confine it to a very limited circle of amateurs; but for the million a work is published affording even a broader range of illustrations of the artist's unrivalled flow of humor, fun, and exquisite perception of character, as shown in all ages, of each sex, under the circumstances common to the great mass of English life. *Cruikshank's Comic Almanac*, complete, in two thick volumes, comprises a perfect chronicle of London life for nineteen years—from 1835 to 1853. Originally published in a separate state, they are now combined as above and include nearly one thousand etchings and woodcuts by the inimitable artist. The literature was contributed by the well-known pens of Albert Smith, Thomas Hood, etc. Two of Thackeray's stories, *The Fatal Boots* and *Cox's Diary*,

were written expressly for Cruikshank's Almanac, and are only to be found with the illustrative etchings. As a magazine of graphic and literary humor, fun, frolic, and eccentricity, there is no equal to these two portly volumes.

THE deficiency of English literature in books of personal and literary anecdote has been often admitted. An effort in the right direction to supply it is made by *The Book of Authors, a Collection of Criticisms, Ana, Mots, Personal Descriptions, &c.*, wholly referring to English men of letters in every age of English literature, by W. Clark Russell. Mr. Russell is a son of the Henry Russell whose songs delighted us twenty years ago and will never become obsolete. His book shows a wide range of reading, and a happy talent for selecting the word or sentence likely to strike the fancy and dwell in the memory of the reader.

ONE of the most important Theological books lately published unquestionably is, *History of Protestant Theology, viewed in its Fundamental Movement, and in Connection with the Religious, Moral, and Intellectual Life*, by Dr. J. A. Dorner, Professor of Theology at Berlin (translated by Rev. George Ritson, of Inverness, and Sophia Taylor), already well known to English and American theologians by his great work on Christology. Dr. Dorner appeals to their common sympathies in this present book. Its origin is due to a Historical Commission of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, under whose auspices is undertaken a complete History of Science (in its widest sense) in Germany, comprising twenty-five separate histories. Of these the *History of Protestant Theology* was intrusted to Dr. Dorner, and the distinguished reception this work has met with more than justifies the choice.

Though of course dealing at greater length with the *German* portion of its subject, the aim of the book is to treat of Protestanism *as a whole*, and to show how its two grand divisions, the British and American, and German churches, rest on the same foundation, have gone through identical experiences, and by paths different and even apparently opposed, have in view the same end, namely, the carrying out of the great work of the Reformation by the construction of an Evangelical Christendom, or comprehensive church, by the side of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. Histories of this kind, where the subject is comprehended as an organic whole, and each portion or separate development falls into its proper place in the general scheme conceived by the author, are not to be found in English literature (unless, perhaps, Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences* is the exception); that they require a class of intellect above that of the mere narrator of events is obvious, and Dr. Dorner's will be found one of the most masterly works of its species.

Another Theological enterprise must be noticed, the commencement of the translation of the chief *Works of St. Augustine*, a series undertaken in connection with the Library of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, published by Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh, now nearing its completion, and, by its success, giving rise to the edition of *St. Augustine*. Volumes I. and II., now published, comprise a version of the famous Treatise, *The City of God*, by Rev. Marcus Dods, A.M. It is surprising that two hundred and fifty years should have elapsed since this great work was last made accessible to the English reader in the folio of 1620. Written at the moment the sword of Alaric had shattered the inviolability of Rome, when men's hearts were failing them, and the firm ground beneath their feet seemed to tremble in the wreck of worn-out faiths and institutions, St. Augustine, with an eloquence that rises with high argument, points out the contrast between the earthly and heavenly city, enforcing his theme with so much use of the circumstances of the time that the historical and ethical value of his work are equally remarkable.

IT is almost too early yet for detailed announcements of the books of the next publishing season to be given. Some important works are, however, mentioned, as Mr. Grote's *Aristotle*, a companion to his *Plato*. This is unfortunately not completed. It will be given to the world, however, in the state it was left by the author, during November next, and will form two volumes octavo. A new book by the author of the *History of Architecture*, Jas. Ferguson, is sure to command attention, particularly when it relates to one of the subjects of the day—Prehistoric Archæology. It is entitled *Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries, their Ages and Uses*, and will form one volume, octavo, with over 200 illustrations.

The Subterranean World is the title of a book now shortly to appear, by Dr. George Hartwig, the distinguished naturalist, author of *The Sea and its Living Wonders, &c.* It will form a handsome octavo, copiously illustrated by maps andwood cuts. *A History of the Gothic Revival, an attempt to show how far the taste for Mediæval Architecture was retained in England during the last two centuries, and has been redeveloped in the present*, is by the accomplished author of *Hints on Household Taste*, Charles L. Eastlake. It has been long in preparation, but may be expected this autumn. The number and beauty of the illustrations will make it very attractive to lovers of art as an ornamental book, independently of the interest of this subject; this, indeed, has as much reference to the state and prospects of architecture in America as in the mother country. The great treatise on *Spectrum Analysis, containing the researches of the German and English Discoverers*, Dr. H. Schelle and Dr. William Huggins, and treating the subject both in its application to terrestrial substances and the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies, cannot fail to become the standard work in the novel branch of science it relates to. It is promised for the coming autumn.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

A TALK ABOUT TEACHING.

WISE old Noah Webster used to ridicule the notion that children should be taught only what they can understand. He remembered through life many things that he learned as meaningless words when a boy, and afterwards understood as his experience widened. What happened to him would happen to other children; wherefore he advised teachers and parents to store the children's minds with the raw material of knowledge, when their time was of little value, and trust to after-experience to furnish the interpretation.

On our way to school, years ago, we used to pass a thicket of pines on a hill-side, a "section" that had been left when the adjoining fields were cleared. Night and morning in autumn we were sure of a run after a chip-muk or a squirrel as he scampered along the rail-fence to or from a clump of oaks in the clearing, whence he carried his winter supplies to his retreat in the thicket. The pines were cut away, and directly there sprang up a growth of oaks, the seeds of which had been imported by the squirrels. Pine woods, we are told, are frequently followed by growths of oak thus planted. But would a timber-grower be justified in trusting his crop to the chance droppings of squirrels? Or would a wise man strew acorns in a pine forest, and trust to its possible clearing and the possible development of conditions suitable for the growth of oaks before the acorns were rotten? Yet that would be quite as reasonable as the method of "planting" knowledge approved by Dr. Webster, and practiced by teachers the world over. Incomprehensible instruction does stick sometimes, it is true; and sometimes the child happens to have the experience required for its conversion into fruitful knowledge: but the chances are against such a contingency. The time might better be devoted to work really suited to the child's age and development,—to multiplying the number and increasing the range of his experiences,—to teaching him how to get and how to use knowledge, whether acquired first-hand from men and things, or second-hand from books.

"Exactly so," puts in Professor Tellemhau, of the National Normal University. "That is just what *we* teach. Dr. Webster and his 'cramming' followers have had their day. The teachers that come from *our* hands are trained in a different method. *Educo*, you know: the teacher must 'draw out—'"

Pardon, worthy Professor; but your educo-theory is as bad as cram. Not that your etymology is wrong (though it has been questioned), but it is too much to ask of the opinionated Nineteenth century—"heir of all the ages," and all that—to accept a doctrine just because some old pagans, who never dreamed of a Normal School, implied it in their word-making. If children were born into the world with a man's allowance of mind, needing only to learn how to use its powers, the drawing-out theory would have some foundation in the eternal verities. But such does not appear to be the case. The teacher must make mind as well as train it to skillful action. A fully developed man has a muscular organization capable of evolving the power required in lifting five hundred pounds. He has likewise a nervous organization capable of controlling that power, and of generating the power required in solving a problem in mathematics, inventing a machine, or composing a poem. The new-born babe has neither organization, and is able to do none of these things. It is a mere bundle of possibilities,—of germs of capacity, which, under favorable conditions of aliment and exercise, will develop a complex organization capable of exerting all the powers of humanity. Its endowment of mental power is like its endowment of physical power—a promise. The schoolmaster's business is to make the fulfillment of that promise certain, chiefly with regard to mental power. He must provide the conditions best suited to the development of the nascent powers committed to his care. One of these conditions, primarily the most important one, is joyful activity of sense. Action and passion—using the last word with its ancient meaning—are the great educators. Prevent these in any degree, as by destroying or obstructing any of the avenues of communication between the child and the outer world, and you prevent by so much its normal development of mind. Feebleness of mind is inseparable from obtuseness of sense, whether arising from physical malformation or insufficient culture. This is shown in an extreme degree in the case of idiots. They are literally senseless. On the other hand, quickness and keenness of sense are ever correlated with quickness and keenness of wit. And with healthy children as with imbeciles, the proper exercise of the senses is the primary and always the most efficient means of developing mental power.

By the time the child comes to the hands of the teacher it has brought its senses to bear more or less on all surrounding objects. Within a variable limit it can discriminate the qualities of things, and can command a respectable number of names for things, their qualities and conditions. It has gained also a multitude of unnamed experiences, more or less acuteness of sense, and no slight mental power. The teacher's true business is to take up and carry on systematically the course the child has thus far pursued in a hap-hazard sort of way. He should vary it only to regulate it by a purpose which knows the end from the beginning, and seeks chiefly to cultivate right habits of thought and action, and to gratify the growing desire for knowledge by its appropriate rewards.

Letters, with their various shapes and sounds and uses, are certainly adapted to this stage of the child's progress; but they are not the only, nor in all respects the best objects to begin with. Things that the child is already somewhat familiar with, and interested in,

are better. An average boy will learn "A is an Agate" with indifferent zeal, caring more for the agate than for A. As a means of inciting thought, of developing brain-power, the agate is much the better object of the two. Try it and see. We are talking to teachers now, parental or other, and fall inevitably into the pedagogic style. Our "object" is, let us suppose, one of those particolored globes of glass that the boys call agates and play marbles with. At first sight the pupil will see that it is marked with various colors. Point to a particular portion; what does it look like? The boy thinks,—that is, he reviews his store of perceptions as memory holds them, compares one and another with the present perception, singles out the nearest counterpart to it,—and decides that the specified part of the agate looks like (say) *ice*, or rock-candy, or what not. In that flash of time he has called into exercise perception, memory, comparison, judgment. It is by such exercises, and such chiefly, that mind is developed and strengthened; and this sort of mental action can be educed in children more easily and more pleasurably, we believe, by the study of familiar things, than by books.

Pursue the investigation, not simply to teach the object, after the manner of formal object-teachers, but to train the senses to quickness and delicacy of action, to develop mind, and to teach the child the art of getting knowledge. How is the clear glass like, and how unlike, the particular kind of matter it has been compared with? This question calls for a long series of observations and experiments. The same course may be pursued with each of the other colors. The combined effect of the whole, the spiral bands of color, or whatever forms the colors may assume, give occasion for still another series of investigations, only limited by the teacher's time and the child's immaturity.

Still further: the agate is round. So is a pencil, a ring, a cent, a cone, a circle on the blackboard. How does the roundness of the agate differ from that of the pencil, or the circle? Compare these several objects with each other, and with other objects to which the term *round* is applicable; then classify the objects compared according to the kind and degree of roundness which they severally exhibit. Here is pure science,—and science-teaching not beyond the capacity of the smallest pupils, yet not diluted nor degraded.

Form appeals to touch as well as to sight. With shut eyes the pupil may grasp the agate with one hand, a larger or smaller one with the other. Are they alike or different? In form or in size?

Compare in like manner the agate with a small spheroid, grasping both together, or first one and then the other. More perception, memory, comparison, and judgment are called for. Then compare the spheroid with a cylinder, the cylinder with a cone, and each with the agate, using different sizes of each, until the child can distinguish and classify, by touch or sight, all the different geometric forms. All this, be it remembered, not simply to teach the meanings of the words *sphere*, *spheroid*, *cylinder*, and so on, but for the sake of the training of sense and intellect which it will give. The other qualities of the agate are subjects for similar exercises, each quality being taught in connection with its opposite, and illustrated by many examples. It is not enough to say that the agate is hard. It is abominable to tell the child, as we have known teachers to do, that a thing—say a stone—is hard "because it resists compression;" that a board is "hard" for the same mysterious reason; that lead is "hard," and ice, and iron, and so on to the end of the chapter. *How* hard is the educating fact. Is the agate as hard as a ball of lead? as hard as marble? as hard as iron? Try a number of objects with a knife or a file, and find where the agate belongs in the scale of hardness. Again: How will it stand pressing and pounding? Does it crush and splinter like wood? flatten like lead? lose and recover its shape like rubber? crumble like a sandstone pebble? or resist like a ball of iron? Every child knows that the agate will break under a hammer; its peculiar brittleness, compared with the same quality as found in other objects, is the point to be determined; and still more important is the acquisition of the habit of intelligent investigation which such exercises will create. The other properties of the agate may be studied in the same way. Put it into water. Does it float like wood, soak up water like sponge, wet through and crumble like earth, become sticky like clay, absorb water and remain dry like quicklime, or what? Drop it. Does it fall dead like mud, or bounce like rubber? How does it behave in fire? Subject it to as many different tests as your opportunities will admit of, and the age of your pupils justify. Then sum up the results as a description of the object and a measure of the knowledge gained.

This is not wholly child's work. It should occupy a good share of the pupil's time during his entire school life. It is exactly the method pursued in scientific investigation; and, if children were trained to it from the beginning, we should hear fewer complaints from science-teachers because of the incapacity of average students to appreciate the method and spirit of true scientific study. It would afford, too, a profitable antidote for, or substitute for, the monotonous lesson-learning, and memorizing of ill-understood verbiage, that occupy so much of ordinary school time.

A Royal Road to Learning?

Thank you, yes,—but without the sneer; *the* royal road to learning. But not a new road, nor a newly-discovered one; only an old road smoothed and straightened. *You* gained all your real knowledge of material things in that way, and much of your knowledge of things not material rests on your perceptions of things material. You got your knowledge most likely by a long series of unguided or misguided assaults upon the world, or by inevitable and not always agreeable collisions therewith. You certainly will not assert that you could not have learned more in the same time, and at less expense of pain and labor.

TAINE'S ART LECTURES.*

An inherent difficulty in investigating and defining the principles or results of Art exists in the fact that the artists who hold these principles in the concrete to an eminent degree, can never examine them in the abstract, —they never possess that power of analysis which enables them to trace their own mental operations to their work; while the analysts who would apply the scientific method of examination are met at the threshold by phenomena which perpetually elude experimental research—evidences of powers which the analyst does not possess and cannot estimate, yet without comprehending which fully he cannot speak authoritatively on their results. Ruskin, full of marvelous instincts and analytic acumen, cannot comprehend the operation of a synthetic faculty,—Turner, the greatest synthetic mind the world knows of, had his brain all behind his eyes, and could scarcely put an idea into words.

Essayists on Art—amongst whom, notable both for catholicism and thorough study of the ground, is Taine—have attempted to construct an æsthetical science by the experimental method. But, unfortunately, the same method is not applicable to the tracing and classifying artistic phenomena that is efficacious in the sciences. In the latter, we work from data materially appreciable to a great First Cause, ourselves being the chief datum, and the Cause infinitely removed and hopeless of final discovery. In the other, we must begin with the artist, and from him comprehend his works. We admit this in our appreciation of works of art,—their highest value and the strongest hold they have on us is in the expression of the individuality of the artist, so that we all learn to like the pictures of our friend, as we find *him* in them —which is not the scientific temper. Taine elaborates with great justice the idea that "the social and intellectual condition of a community is the standard of that of artists;" but beyond this is the equally significant and more important one, that the moral and intellectual state of the artist determines the character of his art— *i. e.*, that the art is the expression of himself in his essential nature. The man is moulded by his epoch, but he is the mould of his art.

Of all the tempting paths which open from this analogy we can only follow one: that which leads to a definition of art—which develops the law of self-expression. The law which Taine would establish is so far from the true one, that he himself excludes music and architecture from its full application, and his definition narrows down to this: "The end of a work of art is to manifest some essential salient character, consequently some important idea, more clearly and completely than is attainable from real objects." But this expression of the salient character found in external or "real" objects is only the *means* of art, the language, the essential being in the individuality of the artist. Taine's definition is incomplete, because, to cover music and architecture it must be amended. The true definition must be central, simple, and cover everything. It must be found by the experimental method.

Experiment first. A child in perfect health and enjoyment of external influences, going out into green and sunlit fields, especially with fellowship of its like, sings and dances; older and instructed, it sings and dances with others in harmony and symmetry. This is art, and becomes music and dancing.

Experiment second. Another child, with a strong love of external nature, *i. e.*, of beauty, which is the vital stimulant of that love, attempts to convey his delight by representation of the objects which stimulate it. Later, he draws and colors, always following the lead of this dominant emotion, or maybe attempts modeling, and finally art with this one becomes painting or sculpture.

Experiment third. A barbarous (childlike) people, animated by intense reverence for a superior being, desires to express its adoration by building a house better and more beautiful than all their own houses; as beautiful as may be, or as grand; and this art, aiming always to satisfy the emotions of grandeur and beauty in imposing forms, becomes architecture.

Experiment fourth. A lover, excited by a new and delightful emotion, immediately attempts versification of his sentiments, and the more noble and intense his emotion, the more highly harmonic becomes their expression, *cæteris paribus*. Metre, rhyme, cadence, become the imperative qualities of his effusion. This, supposing the intellectual qualification, becomes art— poetry.

Our deduction is, that Art is the harmonic (musical, as the Greeks used the word) expression of the emotions excited in the artist by external causes, either physical or spiritual. These causes we should call the Ideals.

But in any artistic expression there enters, to a greater or less extent as the art is objective or subjective, a scientific perception of facts (as in painting), or relations (as in music), which furnish the language or vehicle of expression, but in all cases of a trivial importance in relation to the Ideal. For instance, Denner paints a head in which the ideal is at the minimum, and realization of facts at the maximum; Correggio, one in which the ideal is at the maximum, and the fact at the minimum. Denner's work is base and Correggio's noble, while Bellini unites the two so justly that it is difficult to say which is most satisfactory. In all cases the true nobility of the work of art is in the ideal element. Turner painted pictures as perfect in expression of the ideals of light and color, *i. e.*, in art, as anything he did, but in which no facts are recognizable, their scientific perception being of relations as in music. Scores of painters will occur to us all who make his antithesis, and give infinitude of fact, and no art beyond a grim and painful perception of nature's anatomy, a scientific fervor for externalities.

It seems to us, therefore, far from true, as Taine asserts, that imitation is the end of art, but rather expression; the facts which the artist collects, and by

* *The Philosophy of Art, The Ideal in Art, Art in Italy, Art in the Netherlands, &c.* Translated by John Durand. (Holt & Williams, Publishers.)

which he expresses his ideal, are in the same relation to that ideal that the universe is to the Creator.

The artistic element, as such, is in the harmony and proportion between the words, forms, lines used in the expression of the emotions excited by the respective ideals; Art therefore being neither in imitation or intellectual perception, but in the successful expression of the emotions excited in the artist by the Ideal, so as to reproduce those emotions in the minds of others.

Taine, it seems to us, mistakes still further in making the arts peculiar to assigned epochs. They are, and always have been, synchronous, although certain epochs have taken the lead in particular arts, and carried them nearer to perfection than the previous ones, from incidental causes, mainly the individuality of the leading artistic nation of that epoch. Of Greek painting we know little, and of Greek music nothing; but we can hardly say that sculpture is the art of Greece, as Taine would have it, rather than architecture, which, like music, is clearly a continuous growth from the earliest ages.

The true division of epochs seems to us to be rather into that of the ideal of form (Greek), that of color (Venetian), and that of realization (Dutch); there being at all times a crossing and intermingling of these motives, forming three great schools with numerous subschools and classes, in which the character partook more or less of one or the other of these three motives, besides which none can exist in representation of external things, or what is called representative or objective art.

The Greek was thus the earliest pure objective art, (the Egyptian, Assyrian, etc., not being art at all, but monumental sculpture—mnemonic, and neither scientific nor ideal), and from circumstances and national traits became the supreme art of all time in all that pertains to purity of the ideal and logical treatment, either objective or subjective.

"ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT."

THE true artist is never niggardly of his material. He fears no famine. He knows with reverent gratitude that such a thing can never happen to him. Nothing less than this unconscious generosity, which proves unreckoned stores, would have given us in one short magazine story the series of dramatic pictures which Mrs. Whitney has presented in the story, *Zerub Throop's Experiment* (Loring, Boston).

There is material in this clever little tale for a novel of average length. There are three eras in it, each of which, in the hands of a trickster at books, a penny-a-liner, would have been much spun out, and would have borne it, too, far better than most of the material to the attenuation of which we are indebted for the greater portion of our novels.

Zerub Throop, the odd old miser living alone with his still odder old maid-servant:—how unprofitable for the book-maker the concentration which gives us, in one chapter, a graphic picture of him, his life and his death, incidents by which he is involved in the fates of the Whapshare family, and the curious whim by which he chooses to make chance the instrument of his restitution of so large a sum as thirty-five thousand dollars.

Two chapters give us the whole history of the Whapshare family; as graphic, pathetic, genuine a picture as is often given of an every-day struggle in an every-day home in an every-day New England village. Each member of the Whapshare family is as clearly revealed to us, as clearly individualized, as if we had been condemned to listen to four hundred pages of their conversation, and two hundred pages of inventory of their downsittings and uprisings, in the metronomic style—no, absence of style—of Mr. Trollope. And this is not done by any sensational touches—no sharp or startling qualities in any one of them; they are just as commonplace people as we are ourselves, and never once surprise us. But their worries, their economies, their sorrows, their hopes, their fears are as vital to us as our own: we keep school with Carry; we fret over burnt pea-soup with Martha; we are discouraged with poor Mrs. Whapshare; and we wish, oh, how we wish we could have had the wit to deal with a youthful gossip as Dr. Plaice did with Dimmy. This scene is perhaps one of the best in the book. Dimmy, aged seven, one of Carry's scholars, has repeated in the Doctor's hearing that he (Dr. Plaice) was Carry's "beau." Dr. Plaice asks the little fellow into his office, and after torturing him with civil sarcasm for five minutes, makes him his friend for life by shaking hands with him and saying: "That is all, Dimmy, now let's shake hands and be friends. You don't like being talked to like a mean little man. Well, you can wake up from that bad dream all safe at seven years old, with twice your age to grow in, and to make what kind of a man you will. Miss Caroline told you: if you want to be a splendid, honorable one, don't do any small meddling things or tell any small meddling tales!"

And Dr. Plaice kept hold of Dimmy's hand till his legs untwisted, and he was slid safely down out of the big chair. Then Dimmy put on his cap, pulled it very much over his eyes, and departed meekly and swiftly. When he was around the corner, however, behind the tin-shop, he paused, pushed his cap up into its place, took a good long breath, and said "By George" again.

The first "By George" had been his sole reply to the first half of Dr. Plaice's address. Like a brave little fellow, he undertakes to remedy the mischief of his gossip, but finds it hard work to stop a rumor, even among little people. However, the next morning Dr. Plaice, grateful perhaps to the gossiping babies for bringing his own resolution to the acting-point, has news for his friend Dimmy.

"I've stopped it, Dimmy."

"How?" said Dimmy, explosively.

"As the Indians stop the fire from chasing them on the prairies—kindled it at my own end. I want your congratulations, Dimmy; I am engaged to be married, some time—to Miss Caroline Whapshare."

The fourth chapter of the book contains a first-rate

ghost story, the denouement of old Zerub Throop's experiment, and the happy climax of the fortunes of Dr. Plaice and Carry, and the Whapshare family. The note-of-hand which Zerub Throop had written, and had rolled up in a tiny ball of tin-foil, and left to chance, is discovered in a cellar furnace-pipe, and gives the Whapshares thirty-five thousand dollars. The machinery by which all this is effected is most ingenious and amusing,—a black cat, who journeys from cellar to sitting-room through the furnace-pipe, being the finger of Providence.

"It's very well," said Mrs. Hand (Zerub's old servant), with slow significance, "to lay it all off on to her. But what possessed the cat? It's like the pigs in the New Testament. If—a ghost—wanted something—out of a register-pipe,—he might very likely need some sort of a cat's-paw to help hisself with."

Mrs. Whitney's great excellence as an artist seems to us to be in the quiet, exact delineation of homely life. In this she shows humor, pathos, and the ineffable, indefinable charm of that verisimilitude of likeness which distinguishes the reproducer from the imitator. This is most especially true of *The Gayworthys*, which is far the best of her stories. Many of the scenes on the Gayworthy farm remind us of George Eliot's pictures of a similar life in England.

"A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION."

WHAT relationship exists between Charles Reade, who is now writing novels in England, and the lamented gentleman of the same name who some years ago wrote *Peg Woffington* and *Christie Johnstone*, we do not know. But the present writer is a most pitiable illustration of the degeneracy of a noble house. It is hard to conceive how he can be so insensible to the obligation of an honorable lineage. Who does not remember the sparkle, the flow, the delicious vividness of *Peg Woffington?* the genuine strength and sweetness of *Christie Johnstone?* How glad we were in those days that Charles Reade wrote! How have we learned to shudder at an announcement of a fresh story bearing his name on its title-page!

Instead of sparkle, we have flippancy; instead of flow, we have spasms; instead of true vividness, we have cheap melodramatic shams; and overlying and underlying everything, an air—nay, more, a positive odor of coarse vulgarity which is disgusting.

We believed that *Griffith Gaunt* must have touched bottom in these respects. But it seems there was a lower depth still; and we are brought to it by this last story, *A Terrible Temptation* (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; Harper & Brothers, New York).

It is useless to recapitulate the offensive details of this narrative. Two of the most influential houses in the country are scattering cheap editions of the book broadcast through our land. Everybody has read it before this time. There is not a circulating library in any town which would venture to omit in its purchases "Charles Reade's last novel." It is of small use to cry out against the book; or, for that matter, against any other bad book; but we do wish that there were any means of rousing in the reading public a liking for pure English, and an aversion to indecency of plot; and that it might come to pass that writers should find it better *policy* not to seek for all the materials of their fictions in the lowest police-court records; not to say, when they wish to describe the effect on a young boy's manners of too great familiarity with stablemen, that he learned "to talk horsey and smell dunghilly."

What Charles Reade may have yet in store for us in the way of Horrible After-thoughts, Later Insanities, or Commandments Done Away With, it is appalling to fancy. The best thing we can wish to him is an immediate and severe threatening of illness, and imperative orders from physicians putting him under vigorous cold-water treatment. A year at Great Malvern might cleanse his disordered brain, and give us back once more the man and novelist whom we admired and respected.

NONSENSE.

BLESSED be nonsense! And blessed be he who invented it! But who was he? Was he pliocene or miocene? Were little Tubal Cain and his sister Naamah sung to sleep by anything deliciously silly? Did anybody draw funny caricatures of the Dinotherium and the Iguanodon in those days? And would sixty-five Pterodactyls sitting in a row, on a rail, fast asleep, make as effective a picture as Edward Lear's picture of the sixty-five parrots whose two hundred and sixty tail-feathers were "inserted" in the bonnet of Violet, in that most exquisitely nonsensical story "The Four Little Children," in that most exquisitely nonsensical book, *Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets*, by Edward Lear; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston? The world, especially this American world, owes more than it knows to the man who makes it laugh. This summer has owed largely to Edward Lear. Anything so funny has not been seen for many a day, as are some of these nonsense songs and stories, with their attendant pictures. The voyage of the Jumblies is perhaps the best of the songs; the Jumblies who went to sea in a sieve with

> "Forty bottles of ring-bo-ree
> And no end of Stilton cheese;"

they were gone twenty years or more, and when they came back,

> "Every one said, 'How tall they've grown;
> For they've been to the Lakes and the Terrible Zone
> And the hills of the Chankly Bore.'"

Perhaps there is an under-thought of moral in the story of the Jumblies. Perhaps when we welcome back Jumblies who have been to the hills of Chankly Bore we give them

> "A feast
> Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast."

But far the best thing in the book is the story of the four little children who went round the world. Their names were Violet, Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel; but this is of no consequence, neither that they took a small cat to steer their boat. The gist of the narra-

tive is that they took "an elderly Quangle Wangle" as cook. What is a "Quangle Wangle?" That is precisely the joke. It isn't anything. It is a mysterious, formless, bodiless, comic demon! But in every picture, from behind the convenient shelter of sail or tea-kettle appear the fearful, inexplicable, useful, culinary hands of the Quangle Wangle! There is positive genius in this conception all through; and when at last the discomfited party, having lost their boat by a bite from a Seeze Pyder, return home on the back of an elderly rhinoceros who happened to be passing, and we see the Quangle Wangle riding placidly and shapelessly astride the rhinoceros's big horn, the triumph is complete!

We should distrust the past and despair of the future of any man who could not laugh at the Quangle Wangle! and we wish every melancholy man had its portrait in his hands this minute.

HAWTHORNE.

THE tone of criticism upon Hawthorne in these days is growing mellower than it was ten and twenty years ago. He was then credited to the full with all his richness of fancy, power of imagination, and wonderful insight into human character, but was generally supposed to be a gloomy man who saw little except the dark side of life; who dwelt in perpetual shadow, emerging from it only to seize upon some hapless victim who, once in his clutches, was doomed to inevitable destruction.

Few who yet acknowledged in him the powerful writer of tragedy were willing to allow him the privilege usually accorded to tragic writers—to Shakespeare, for instance—of conducting his heroes and heroines, by the same path which crime and sin choose, down to the "sunless abodes" of death. The publication of his American and English *Note-Books*, and the collection and republication of the whole body of his works, together with the new light thrown upon his life and habits from many quarters, have, within these last six years, given us a more complete view of the character of the man, and enabled the reader of today not only to balance the shadow of his earlier works with the light and sunniness of his life, but even to see a better proportion of light and shadow in those early works themselves.

Going from *Our Old Home*, or from the *Note-Books* of America, England, and Italy (the latter of which are now being published in *Good Words*), to the *Blithedale Romance*, or the *House of the Seven Gables*, or to that terrible *Scarlet Letter*, the student will hardly fail now to adopt the estimate expressed (perhaps ironically) by an English writer, and to recognize that "while Hawthorne is stern as a prophet in denouncing crime and sin, he has the most tender indulgence for the criminal and sinner, judging him extenuatingly, setting forth his temptations, and sorrowing greatly as he abandons him to the inevitable law—a kind of soft-hearted Rhadamanthus, held by an unhappy fascination on the judicial bench, and forced in conscience to punish the culprits whom he would willingly set free."

The best of the old critics (and not very old either) claimed that while punishment did surely follow sin, the course of the sinner was, after all, a much pleasanter one than Hawthorne represented it; there were a thousand alleviations; the deep baying of the hound was seldom heard. This was entirely true. Even Jim Fisk's course has probably been strewn with roses, and when the fatal bite comes at last, he may never guess what deed of his let loose the relentless hound. But the death of Judge Pyncheon, the destruction of the young and eloquent Puritan Dimmesdale, the awful end of Zenobia, the terrible catastrophe of Donatello, and the mysterious and awful disappearance of Miriam from the surface of society, were nevertheless as naturally the results of their lives, and mainly of the leading sin of their lives, as the end of Ruloff the murderer was of his. The vividness of the picture, and the clear light in which we see the relation of sin and its punishment, are the results of the purely scientific method which Hawthorne, and Shakespeare as well, and the Greek tragedy writers also, pursued, of clearing the problem of unnecessary surroundings, of eliminating elements which do not essentially alter the result.

But whatever morbidness we may seem to find in some of his earlier tales, and however severe and relentless the fate which, in all his works, pursues any deviation from the strict line of rectitude, none of us will be likely to find fault with the value which he sets upon a pure life. The beauty of innocence, the sweetness of affection, the charm of genius allied to guilelessness, are surely expressed in Hilda, and Priscilla, and Phœbe Pyncheon, "with a most particular grace, and an inexpressible addition of comeliness," which may be set off against the "lurid gloom" that overhangs Miriam and Zenobia. The honor which we join to manliness will not be lessened by the character of the artist of the *Seven Gables*, or by that of Kenyon the sculptor. The beautiful pictures of home life at Concord, and Salem, and Lenox, and the sunny gleams we have in the *Note-Books* of English cathedrals and Italian antiquities, will throw a mild radiance over the harsher pictures of his gloomier pages. The "thunder-burst" is far off, and the "warbling of bobolinks" more present to us.

Even the elderly men and women, his contemporaries, with the new light in their hands, are going back into the silent halls of the past with more tenderness and greater reverence, to lift, as they can now, the "cloudy veil" which stretched over the abyss of his nature who could yet say:—"I have no love of secrecy and darkness. I am glad to think that God sees through my heart, and, if any angel has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know everything that is there. So may any mortal who is capable of full sympathy, and therefore worthy to come into my depths."

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMONG recent religious works are the following:—*The Conversion of St. Paul*, by Geo. Jarvis Geer,

D.D.; (New York: Samuel R. Wells). Under this title are gathered three discourses on the facts, influence, and teaching of St. Paul's Conversion and subsequent life. They are thoughtful and well-written studies on an important subject. *Ad Clerum*, by J. Parker, D.D., author of *Ecce Deus* (Boston: Roberts Brothers), is a book of advice to young preachers, in which much sound sense and earnest religious feeling are seasoned with keen wit. We commend it to all for whom it is designed, and do not doubt that some preachers no longer young would be both interested and benefited by reading it. *The Lord's Prayer*, by Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D. (New York: Robert Carter and Bros.). While there is nothing specially original or suggestive in the author's thought or expression, his book will be found a cheering and instructive one to many minds. *Westminster Lessons:* Prepared for the Presbyterian Board of Publication, by the Rev. Henry C. McCook. These lessons comprise twenty-six "Studies in the Last Year of our Lord's Ministry." The exegetical treatment of each subject seems to be full and satisfactory, and the questions are clear and pointed.

MANNERS and customs, domestic life and popular thought, are included in the modern idea of the materials of history not less than "the march of Empires and the fate of Kings;" but for the study of them we depend largely on the various phases of what is called historical fiction. The poet, the playwriter, the novelist, if his work is genuine, reanimates the past, and shows us what we want chiefly to see—the play of human sympathy that underruns the historian's great events. Thus old Homer may tell us not a word of historical fact, in the usual sense of the term, yet his pictures of ancient life give a clearer insight into the thoughts and ways of the early Greeks than could have been given by the most accurate chronicler of the ordinary sort. For the convenience of those who wish to follow some sort of system in their reading in this department of literature, or to supplement their study of sober history with the works of imagination bearing on any particular period, the Superintendent of the Boston Public Library has prepared an experimental list of novels, plays, and poems illustrative of historical eras and personages. The scheme of supplementing in this way the catalogues of popular libraries with classified cross-references applied to fiction promises to be of great assistance to general readers.

WE can find it in our heart to forgive Mr. James Parton for taking from the editorial department of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY the title of his new volume of essays, because that title so distinctly describes them. In the tact of selecting for discussion just those *Topics of the Time* which are uppermost in the public mind, and are likely to prove popular, lies, in our judgment, one secret of his unquestionable success. No one knows better than Mr. Parton how "to catch as she flies the Cynthia of the minute." The materials which make up this handsome volume, recently issued from the press of James R. Osgood & Co., have already seen the light in the pages of the magazines; but they will be enjoyed none the less in their collected form, for they relate to important questions of administration and social life every day talked about in the newspapers and in the domestic circle. "The Yankees at Home," "Log Rolling in Washington," "How Congress Wastes Its Time," and "The Government of the City of New York," are cases in point. Nor is it to be denied that Mr. Parton writes of these matters from a full knowledge of them, and with a certain freshness of style that makes his paragraphs truly enjoyable. The essay on "International Copyright" is the only one in the volume which may be said to lie without the range of popular sympathy and immediate interest, but this shows very strikingly Mr. Parton's ingenuity and shrewdness; and the general reader, who might be repelled from reading an argument on the copyright question, from a not unintelligent dread of its dullness, will find himself really entertained by Mr. Parton's original way of presenting a plea for the rights of authorship.

GRAMMAR as a science is a culture-study requiring maturity of mind and considerable acquaintance with language. The grammar-teaching needed by the young is a mere corrective of "naughtie speche," as the ancients called it. The failure of the ordinary grammar-teaching of the schools seems to be due to the failure of the text-book makers to choose correctly between the two. They begin at the wrong end of their work, and, neglecting the formation of right habits of speaking, attempt to dilute the science of language to the mental capacity of children. Grammar is thus spoiled as a culture-study, and made of no effect for teaching the art of using language correctly. In his *Shorter Course of English Grammar* (New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.) Mr. Kerl has tried to present the subject in a more suitable way, with no small measure of success. He has departed widely and wisely from the old-fashioned course, though not so far as he might have done to advantage. His inability to free himself from time-honored absurdities is amusingly illustrated on page 94, where the learner is taught to "spell the possessive singular" of certain words after the following model: "*Sister*.—s-i-s-si-t-e e-ap-o-s-t-r-o-p-h-e-s-e-r's—sister's." That is almost as ingenious as the cockney's spelling "a hess, and a hay, and a hell, two hoes, and a hen," for *saloon*.

JOHN JERNINGHAM, whose *Journal* has just been published (Charles Scribner & Co.), although he writes in the same measures and in much the same lively vein, is by no means so dainty and delightful a versemaker as his little wife. But many people will be curious to hear the husband's side of the story, and there is this to be said in favor of the book that, like Mrs. Stowe's *Pink and White Tyranny*, it carries into society a protest against the growing heresy of divorce.

Strife is the monosyllabic title of a story by Mrs. E. D. Wallace, the incidents of which are laid in Germany and Italy within a comparatively recent period. The

plot hinges on the relation of a ring, bearing for inscription the family motto, "*Spes, Espérance, Speranza*," to the fortunes of the characters, one of whom has been wrongfully kept out of an inheritance. The movement of the drama involves to a considerable extent the politics of the Italian peninsula since the upheaval of 1848, and though the tone of the work is sombre, and the denouement is far from cheerful, being burdened with a murder by poisoning, there are many passages in it of very happy description, and some of real dramatic power.

One of the most important announcements of the year is that of the publication of Dr. Hodge's *Systematic Theology* (Charles Scribner & Co.). The first volume will include the Introduction and Theology proper. The two subsequent volumes will treat of Anthropolgy, Soteriology, and Eschatology. The same house will shortly commence the publication of the *Bible Commentary*, known in England as the *Speaker's Commentary*, by the issue of the first volume, which embraces the entire Pentateuch. They also announce *Elements of Intellectual Philosophy*, abridged from President Porter's well-known work on *The Human Intellect;* the second series of Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, which will include his already celebrated papers on "Calvinism," "Progress," the "Scientific Method Applied to History," &c.; *Lectures on the Science of Religion*, by Max Müller, with papers on Buddhism and a Translation of Dhammapada; *Mountain Adventures*, and *The Wonders of Water*, two new volumes in the Wonder Library; a new novel by the long silent author of Rutledge, entitled *Richard Vandermarck; Shooting, Boating, and Fishing, for Young Sportsmen*, by T. Robinson; the second volume of Curtius's great work, *The History of Greece*, and an entertaining and suggestive volume of *Americanisms*, by Prof. Schele de Vere.

GEORGE SAND.

It is now many years since a new voice began to make itself heard, and to utter such wonderful things that people could not do less than listen. But anon they stopped their ears and exclaimed: "It is Bogy!" for the voice uttered wild and lawless things; its tones set hot blood astir in men's hearts; it lamented, it imprecated; now smiting like a javelin, now foaming like ocean waves, against the bulwark of social restraint. So that in the end few listened, and those who did were worse off than those who did not. Thus, for all the beauty of the voice, and its eloquence, which was like a rare spell, the world was none the better that it sounded at all.

But bye-and-bye the voice (which called itself "George Sand") took on a different sound. Year by year it increased in purified beauty. Each utterance showed the change; the bitter waters confessed the herb of healing, and now the time was come when a little child might listen, and listening, smile. But still the majority, faithful to old tradition, kept fingers in ears, and to all who said, "But the voice is sweet, and soundeth like one who playeth upon a pleasant instrument," replied, "Listen not, or you will run mad."

The George Sand of to-day is not the Circe of twenty years ago, against whom, with much justice and a little injustice, the good arrayed themselves. She is a better woman and truer artist; her later books are among the best delights of the age, and it is time that we all unstop our ears and suffer the voice to be heard.

Her "picture-power" is extraordinary. This is wonderfully evidenced in each of the five translations recently issued by the Messrs. Roberts. There are no repetitions—no tinting over of dim accustomed outline. Each story is an "entire and perfect chrysolite,"—unique, distinct, original. The stale devices by which the modern novelist is wont to conceal his poverty-struck invention are as foreign as needless to such inexhaustible fertility. Her style, like a pellucid stream, reflects and beautifies the thought it glasses, without distortion and without change. Colors glow on her page, winds sound, birds sing. She has the miraculous gift of conveying to other minds with absolute distinctness the image which fills her own—a gift in the perfection of which she stands pre-eminent among her generation. Raphael did it on canvas; Beethoven in his orchestral scores; to accomplish it with pen and paper is a harder thing, and few in our day beside George Sand have attained thereunto.

Examining the five novels to which we have alluded, we find *The Snow Man* our favorite; *The Miller of Angibault* ranking next in point of attraction; *Mauprat*, powerful and vivid, leaves a depression, as when one has watched a conflict, and sympathized in thew and muscle with its progress. *Monsieur Sylvestre* breathes a melancholy rustle as of dried leaves falling in sombre autumn evenings. But the *Miller of Angibault* is like the ocean wind blowing freshly amid the poplar trees, and tinkling their tiny leaf castanets into music. There is strength and freshness in the story, and a simple charm which blends with summer days and quiet thoughts. And the *Snow Man*, crisp, brilliant, dazzling, full of life and movement, is like the northern night, with its auroras, its mysterious shoots and crackles, its electric frosts, its innumerable stars drawn in a deep blue vault, and beneath, fires lit by human hands and the songs of simple hearts which warm themselves in the blaze.

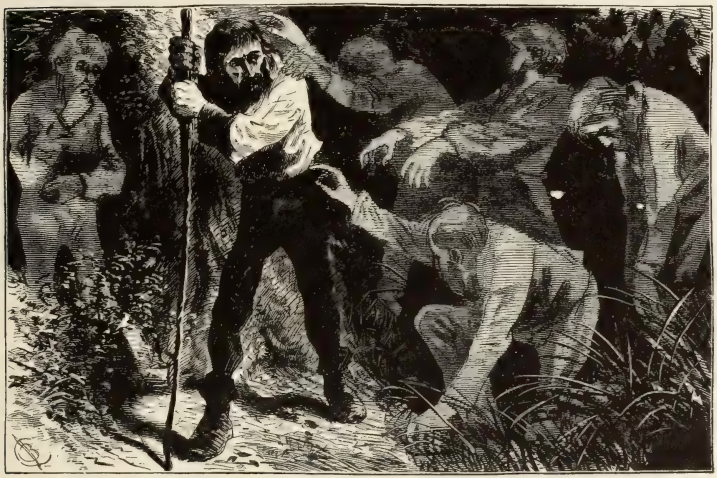
We can hardly speak too strongly of this book, and of the honest regret it causes that, deterred by the old prejudice against its author, so many are likely to lose the pleasure of knowing and tasting its flavor, to which Miss Vaughn's admirable translation does true justice. "Prove all things," says the injunction; and how shall we "hold fast to that which is good" unless we comply?

THE UNION
MAP OF STATES

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1871. NO. 1.

THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS OF PERIL.



IMAGINARY COMPANIONS.

I HAVE read with great satisfaction the excellent descriptive articles on the wonders of the Upper Yellowstone, in the May and June numbers of your magazine. Having myself been one of the party who participated in many of the pleasures, and suffered all the perils of that expedition, I can not only bear testimony to the fidelity of the narrative, but probably add some facts of experience which will not detract from the general interest it has excited.

A desire to visit this remarkable region, of which, during several years' residence in Montana, I had often heard the most marvelous accounts, led me to unite in the expedition of August last. The general character of the stupendous scenery of the Rocky Mountains prepared my mind for giving credit to all the strange stories told of the Yellowstone, and I felt quite as certain of the existence of the physical phenomena of that country, on the morning that our company started from Helena, as when I afterwards beheld it. I engaged in the enterprise with enthusiasm, feeling that all the hardships and exposures of a month's horseback travel through an unexplored region would be more than compensated by the grandeur and novelty of the natural objects with which it was crowded. Of course, the idea of being lost in it, without any of the ordinary means of subsistence, and of wandering for days and weeks, in a famishing condition, alone, in an unfrequented wilderness, formed no part of my contemplation. I had dwelt too long amid the mountains not to know that such a thought, had it occurred, would have been instantly rejected as improbable; nevertheless, "man proposes and God disposes," a truism which found a new and ample illustration in my wanderings through the Upper Yellowstone region.

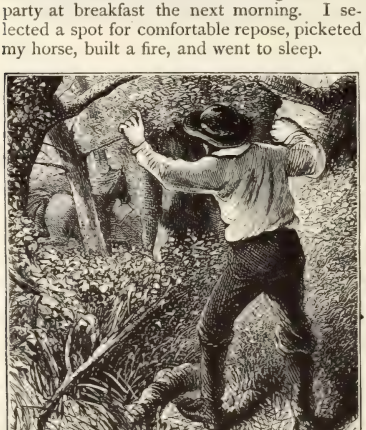
My friend Langford has so well described

the scenery and physical eccentricities of the country, that I should feel that any attempt to amplify it would be to

"Gild refined gold and paint the lily."

My narrative must, therefore, be strictly personal.

On the day that I found myself separated from the company, and for several days previous, our course had been impeded by the dense growth of the pine forest, and occasional large tracts of fallen timber, frequently rendering our progress almost impossible. Whenever we came to one of these immense windfalls, each man engaged in the pursuit of a passage through it, and it was while thus employed, and with the idea that I had found one, that I strayed out of sight and hearing of my comrades. We had a toilsome day. It was quite late in the afternoon. As separations like this had frequently occurred, it gave me no alarm, and I rode on, fully confident of soon rejoining the company, or of finding their camp. I came up with the pack-horse, which Mr. Langford afterwards recovered, and tried to drive him along, but failing to do so, and my eyesight being defective, I spurred forward, intending to return with assistance from the party. This incident tended to accelerate my speed. I rode on in the direction which I supposed had been taken, until darkness overtook me in the dense forest. This was disagreeable enough, but caused me no alarm. I had no doubt of being with the party at breakfast the next morning. I selected a spot for comfortable repose, picketed my horse, built a fire, and went to sleep.



"THE LAST I EVER SAW OF HIM."

The next morning I rose at early dawn, saddled and mounted my horse, and took my course in the supposed direction of the camp. Our ride of the previous day had been up a peninsula jutting into the lake, for the shore of which I started, with the expectation of finding my friends camped on the beach. The forest was quite dark, and the trees so thick, that it was only by a slow process I could get through them at all. In searching for the trail I became somewhat confused. The falling foliage of the pines had obliterated every trace of travel. I was obliged frequently to dismount, and examine the ground for the faintest indications. Coming to an opening, from which I could see several vistas, I dismounted for the purpose of selecting one leading in the direction I had chosen, and leaving my horse unhitched, as had always been my custom, walked a few rods into the forest. While surveying the ground my horse took fright, and I turned around in time to see him disappearing at full speed among the trees. That was the last I ever saw of him. It was yet quite dark. My blankets, gun, pistols, fishing tackle, matches—everything, except the clothing on my person, a couple of knives, and a small opera-glass were attached to the saddle.

I did not yet realize the possibility of a permanent separation from the company. Instead of following up the pursuit of their camp, I engaged in an effort to recover my horse. Half a day's search convinced me of its impracticability. I wrote and posted in an open space several notices, which, if my friends should chance to see, would inform them of my condition and the route I had taken, and then struck out into the forest in the supposed direction of their camp. As the day wore on without any discovery, alarm took the place of anxiety at the prospect of another night alone in the wilderness, and this time without food or fire. But even this dismal foreboding was cheered by the hope that I should soon rejoin my companions, who would laugh at my adventure, and incorporate it as a thrilling episode into the journal of our trip. The bright side of a misfortune, as I found by experience, even under the worst possible circumstances, always presents some features of encouragement. When I began to realize that my condition was one of actual peril, I banished from my mind all fear of an unfavorable result. Seating myself on a log, I recalled every foot of the way I had traveled since the separation from my friends, and the most probable opinion I could form of their whereabouts was, that

they had, by a course but little different from mine, passed by the spot where I had posted the notices, learned of my disaster, and were waiting for me to rejoin them there, or searching for me in that vicinity. A night must be spent amid the prostrate trunks before my return could be accomplished. At no time during my period of exile did I experience so much mental suffering from the cravings of hunger as when, exhausted with this long day of fruitless search, I resigned myself to a couch of pine foliage in the pitchy darkness of a thicket of small trees. Naturally timid in the night, I fully realized the exposure of my condition. I peered upward through the darkness, but all was blackness and gloom. The wind sighed mournfully through the pines. The forest seemed alive with the screeching of night birds, the angry barking of coyotes, and the prolonged, dismal howl of the gray wolf. These sounds, familiar by their constant occurrence throughout the journey, were now full of terror, and drove slumber from my eye-lids. Above all this, however, was the hope that I should be restored to my comrades the next day.

Early the next morning I rose unrefreshed, and pursued my weary way over the prostrate trunks. It was noon when I reached the spot where my notices were posted. No one had been there. My disappointment was almost overwhelming. For the first time, I realized that I was lost. Then came a crushing sense of destitution. No food, no fire; no means to procure either; alone in an unexplored wilderness, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest human abode, surrounded by wild beasts, and famishing with hunger. It was no time for despondency. A moment afterwards I felt how calamity can elevate the mind, in the formation of the resolution "not to perish in that wilderness."

The hope of finding the party still controlled my plans. I thought, by traversing the peninsula centrally, I would be enabled to strike the shore of the lake in advance of their camp, and near the point of departure for the Madison. Acting upon this impression, I rose from a sleepless couch, and pursued my way through the timber-entangled forest. A feeling of weakness took the place of hunger. Conscious of the need of food, I felt no cravings. Occasionally, while scrambling over logs and through thickets, a sense of faintness and exhaustion would come over me, but I would suppress it with the audible expression, "This won't do; I *must* find my company." Despondency would sometimes strive with resolution for the mastery of my thoughts. I would think of home—of my daughter—and of the possible chance of starvation, or death in some more terrible form; but as often as these gloomy forebodings came, I would strive to banish them with reflections better adapted to my immediate necessities. I recollect at this time discussing the question, whether there was not implanted by Providence in every man a principle of self-preservation equal to any emergency which did not destroy his reason. I decided this question affirmatively a thousand times afterwards in my wanderings, and I record this experience here, that any person who reads it, should he ever find himself in like circumstances, may not despair. There is life in the thought. It will revive hope, allay hunger, renew energy, encourage perseverance, and, as I have proved in my own case, bring a man out of difficulty, when nothing else can avail.

It was mid-day when I emerged from the forest into an open space at the foot of the peninsula. A broad lake of beautiful curvature, with magnificent surroundings, lay before me, glittering in the sunbeams. It was full twelve miles in circumference. A wide belt of sand formed the margin which I was approaching, directly opposite to which, rising seemingly from the very depths of the water, towered the loftiest peak of a range of mountains apparently interminable. The ascending vapor from innumerable hot springs, and the sparkling jet of a single geyser, added the feature of novelty to one of the grandest landscapes I ever beheld. Nor was the life of the scene less noticeable than its other attractions. Large flocks of swans and other water-fowl were sporting on the quiet surface of the lake; otters in great numbers performed the most amusing aquatic evolutions; mink and beaver swam around unscared, in most grotesque confusion. Deer, elk, and mountain sheep stared at me, manifesting more surprise than fear at my presence among them. The adjacent forest was vocal with the songs of birds, chief of which were the chattering notes of a species of mocking-bird, whose imitative efforts afforded abundant merriment. Seen under favorable circumstances, this assemblage of grandeur, beauty, and novelty would have been transporting; but, jaded with travel, famishing with hunger, and distressed with anxiety, I was in no humor for ecstasy. My tastes were subdued and chastened by the perils which environed me. I longed for food, friends, and protection. Associated with my thoughts,

however, was the wish that some of my friends of peculiar tastes could enjoy this display of secluded magnificence, now, probably, for the first time beheld by mortal eyes.

The lake was at least one thousand feet lower than the highest point of the peninsula, and several hundred feet below the level of Yellowstone Lake. I recognized the mountain which overshadowed it as the landmark which, a few days before, had received from Gen. Washburn the name of Mount Everts; and as it is associated with some of the most agreeable and terrible incidents of my exile, I feel that I have more than a mere discoverer's right to the perpetuity of that christening. The lake is fed by innumerable small streams from the mountains, and the countless hot springs surrounding it. A large river flows from it, through a cañon a thousand feet in height, in a southeasterly direction, to a distant range of mountains, which I conjectured to be Snake River; and with the belief that I had discovered the source of the great southern tributary of the Columbia, I gave it the name of Bessie Lake, after the

"Sole daughter of my house and heart."

During the first two days, the fear of meeting with Indians gave me considerable anxiety; but, when conscious of being lost, there was nothing I so much desired as to fall in with a lodge of Bannacks or Crows. Having nothing to tempt their cupidity, they would do me no personal harm, and, with the promise of reward, would probably minister to my wants and aid my deliverance. Imagine my delight, while gazing upon the animated expanse of water, at seeing sail out from a distant point a large canoe containing a single oarsman. It was rapidly approaching the shore where I was seated. With hurried steps I paced the beach to meet it, all my energies stimulated by the assurance it gave of food, safety, and restoration to friends. As I drew near to it it turned towards the shore, and oh! bitter disappointment, the object which my eager fancy had transformed into an angel of relief stalked from the water, an enormous pelican, flapped its dragon-wings as if in mockery of my sorrow, and flew to a solitary point farther up the lake. This little incident quite unmanned me. The transition from joy to grief brought with it a terrible consciousness of the horrors of my condition. But night was fast approaching, and darkness would come with it. While looking for a spot where I might repose in safety, my attention was attracted to a small green plant of so lively a hue as to form a striking contrast with the deep pine foliage. For closer examination I pulled it up by the root, which was long and tapering, not unlike a radish. It was a thistle. I tasted it; it was palatable and nutritious. My appetite craved it, and the first meal in four days was made on thistle-roots. Eureka! I had found food. No optical illusion deceived me this time; I could subsist until I rejoined my companions. Glorious counterpoise to the wretchedness of the preceding half-hour!

Overjoyed at this discovery, with hunger allayed, I stretched myself under a tree, upon the foliage which had partially filled a space between contiguous trunks, and fell asleep. How long I slept I know not; but suddenly I was roused by a loud, shrill scream, like that of a human being in distress, poured, seemingly, into the very portals of my ear. There was no mistaking that fearful voice. I had been deceived by and answered it a dozen times while threading the forest, with the belief that it was a friendly signal. It was the screech of a mountain lion, so alarmingly near as to cause every nerve to thrill with terror. To yell in return, seize with convulsive grasp the limbs of the friendly tree, and swing myself into it, was the work of a moment. Scrambling hurriedly from limb to limb, I was soon as near the top as safety would permit. The savage beast was snuffing and growling below, apparently on the very spot I had just abandoned. I answered every growl with a responsive scream. Terrified at the delay and pawing of the beast, I increased my voice to its utmost volume, broke branches from the limbs, and, in the impotency of fright, madly hurled them at the spot whence the continued howlings proceeded.

Failing to alarm the animal, which now began to make the circuit of the tree, as if to select a spot for springing into it, I shook, with a strength increased by terror, the slender trunk until every limb rustled with the motion. All in vain. The terrible creature pursued his walk around the tree, lashing the ground with his tail, and prolonging his howlings almost to a roar. It was too dark to see, but the movements of the lion kept me apprised of its position. Whenever I heard it on one side of the tree I speedily changed to the opposite—an exercise which, in my weakened state, I could only have performed under the impulse of terror. I would alternately sweat and thrill with horror at the thought of being torn to pieces and devoured by this formidable monster. All my attempts to frighten it seemed unavailing. Disheartened at its persistency, and expecting every moment it would take the deadly leap, I tried to

collect my thoughts, and prepare for the fatal encounter which I knew must result. Just at this moment it occurred to me that I would try silence. Clasping the trunk of the tree with both arms, I sat perfectly still. The lion, at this time ranging round, occasionally snuffing and pausing, and all the while filling the forest with the echo of his howlings, suddenly imitated my example. This silence was more terrible, if possible, than the clatter and crash of his movements through the brushwood, for now I did not know from what direction to expect his attack. Moments passed with me like hours. After a lapse of time which I cannot estimate, the beast gave a spring into the thicket and ran screaming into the forest. My deliverance was effected.



THE MOUNTAIN LION.

Had strength permitted, I should have retained my perch till daylight, but with the consciousness of escape from the jaws of the ferocious brute came a sense of overpowering weakness which almost palsied me, and made my descent from the tree both difficult and dangerous. Incredible as it may seem, I lay down in my old bed, and was soon lost in a slumber so profound that I did not awake until after daylight. The experience of the night seemed like a terrible dream; but the broken limbs which in the agony of consternation I had thrown from the tree, and the rifts made in the fallen foliage by my visitant in his circumambulations, were too convincing evidences of its reality. I could not dwell upon my exposure and escape without shuddering, and reflecting that probably like perils would often occur under less fortunate circumstances, and with a more fatal issue. I wondered what fate was in reserve for me—whether I would ultimately sink from exhaustion and perish of starvation, or become the prey of some of the ferocious animals that roamed these vast fastnesses. My thoughts then turned to the loved ones at home. They could never know my fate, and would indulge a thousand conjectures concerning it, not the least distressing of which would be that I had been captured by a band of hostile Sioux, and tortured to death at the stake.

I was roused from this train of reflections by a marked change in the atmosphere. One of those dreary storms of mingled snow and rain, common to these high latitudes, set in. My clothing, which had been much torn, exposed my person to its "pitiless peltings." An easterly wind, rising to a gale, admonished me that it would be furious and of long duration. None of the discouragements I had met with dissipated the hope of rejoining my friends; but foreseeing the delay, now unavoidable, I knew that my escape from the wilderness must be accomplished, if at all, by my own unaided exertions. This thought was terribly afflicting, and brought before me, in vivid array, all the dreadful realities of my condition. I could see no ray of hope. In this condition of mind I could find no better shelter than the spreading branches of a spruce tree, under which, covered with earth and boughs, I lay during the two succeeding days; the storm, meanwhile, raging with unabated violence. While thus exposed, and suffering from cold and hunger, a little benumbed bird, not larger than a snow-bird, hopped within my reach. I instantly seized and killed it, and, plucking its feathers, ate it raw. It was a delicious meal for a half-starved man.

Taking advantage of a lull in the elements, on the morning of the third day I rose early and started in the direction of a large group of hot springs which were steaming under the shadow of Mount Everts. The distance I traveled could not have been less than ten miles. Long before I reached the wonderful cluster of natural caldrons, the storm had recommenced. Chilled through, with my clothing thoroughly saturated, I lay down under a tree upon the heated incrustation until completely warmed. My heels and the sides of my feet were frozen. As soon as warmth had permeated my system, and I had quieted my appetite with a few thistle-roots, I took a survey of my surroundings, and selected a spot between two springs sufficiently asunder to afford heat at my head and feet. On this spot I built a bower of pine branches, spread its incrusted surface with fallen foliage and small boughs, and stowed myself away to await the close of the storm. Thistles were abundant, and I had fed upon them long enough to realize that they would, for a while at least, sustain life. In convenient proximity to my abode was a small, round, boiling spring, which I called my dinner-pot, and in which, from time to time, I cooked my roots.

This establishment, the best I could improvise with the means at hand, I occupied seven days—the first three of which were darkened by one of the most furious storms I ever saw. The vapor which supplied me with warmth saturated my clothing with its condensations. I was enveloped in a perpetual steam-bath. At first this was barely preferable to the storm, but I soon became accustomed to it, and before I left, though thoroughly parboiled, actually enjoyed it.

I had little else to do during my imprisonment but cook, think, and sleep. Of the variety and strangeness of my reflections it is impossible to give the faintest conception. Much of my time was given to devising means for escape. I recollected to have read, at the time of their publication, the narratives of Lieutenant Strain and Doctor Kane, and derived courage and hope from the reflection that they struggled with and survived perils not unlike those which environed me. The chilling thought would then occur, that they were not alone. They had companions in suffering and sympathy. Each could bear his share of the burden of misery which it fell to my lot to bear alone, and make it lighter from the encouragement of mutual counsel and aid in a cause of common suffering. Selfish as the thought may seem, there was nothing I so much desired as a companion in misfortune. How greatly it would alleviate my distress! What a relief it would be to compare my wretchedness with that of a brother sufferer, and with him devise expedients for every exigency as it occurred! I confess to the weakness, if it be one, of having squandered much pity upon myself during the time I had little else to do.

Nothing gave me more concern than the want of fire. I recalled everything I had ever read or heard of the means by which fire could be produced; but none of them were within my reach. An escape without it was simply impossible. It was indispensable as a protection against night attacks from wild beasts. Exposure to another storm like the one just over would destroy my life, as this one would have done, but for the warmth derived from the springs. As I lay in my bower anxiously awaiting the disappearance of the snow, which had fallen to the depth of a foot or more, and impressed with the belief that for want of fire I should be obliged to remain among the springs, it occurred to me that I would erect some sort of monument, which might, at some future day, inform a casual visitor of the circumstances under which I had perished. A gleam of sunshine lit up the bosom of the lake, and with it the thought flashed upon my mind that I could, with a lens from my opera-glasses, get fire from Heaven. Oh, happy, life-renewing thought! Instantly subjecting it to the test of experiment, when I saw the smoke curl from the bit of dry wood in my fingers, I felt, if the whole world were offered me for it, I would cast it all aside before parting with that little spark. I was now the happy possessor of food and fire. These would carry me through. All thoughts of failure were instantly abandoned. Though the food was barely adequate to my necessities—a fact too painfully attested by my attenuated body—I had forgotten the cravings of hunger, and had the means of producing fire. I said to myself, "I will not despair."

My stay at the springs was prolonged several days by an accident that befell me on the third night after my arrival there. An unlucky movement while asleep broke the crust on which I reposed, and the hot steam, pouring upon my hip, scalded it severely before I could escape. This new affliction, added to my frost-bitten feet, already festering, was the cause of frequent delay and unceasing pain through all my wanderings. After obtaining fire, I set to work making preparations for as early departure as my condition would permit. I had lost both knives since parting



THE FIRST FIRE.

from the company, but I now made a convenient substitute by sharpening the tongue of a buckle which I cut from my vest. With this I cut the legs and counters from my boots, making of them a passable pair of slippers, which I fastened to my feet as firmly as I could with strips of bark. With the ravelings of a linen handkerchief, aided by the magic buckle-tongue, I mended my clothing. Of the same material I made a fish-line, which, on finding a piece of red tape in one of my pockets better suited to the purpose, I abandoned as a "bad job." I made of a pin that I found in my coat a fish-hook, and, by sewing up the bottoms of my boot-legs, constructed a very good pair of pouches to carry my food in, fastening them to my belt by the straps.

Thus accoutered, on the morning of the eighth day after my arrival at the springs I bade them a final farewell, and started on my course directly across that portion of the neck of the peninsula between me and the south-east arm of Yellowstone Lake. It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone bright and warm, and there was a freshness in the atmosphere truly exhilarating. As I wandered musingly along, the consciousness of being alone, and of having surrendered all hope of finding my friends, returned upon me with crushing power. I felt, too, that those friends, by the necessities of their condition, had been compelled to abandon all efforts for my recovery, The thought was full of bitterness and sorrow. I tried to realize what their conjectures were concerning my disappearance; but could derive no consolation from the long and dismal train of circumstances they suggested. Weakened by a long fast, and the unsatisfying nature of the only food I could procure, I know that from this time onward to the day of my rescue, my mind, though unimpaired in those perceptions needful to self-preservation, was in a condition to receive impressions akin to insanity. I was constantly traveling in dream-land, and indulging in strange reveries such as I had never before known. I seemed to possess a sort of duality of being, which, while constantly reminding me of the necessities of my condition, fed my imagination with vagaries of the most extravagant character. Nevertheless, I was perfectly conscious of the tendency of these morbid influences, and often tried to shake them off, but they would ever return with increased force, and I finally reasoned myself into the belief that their indulgence, as it afforded me pleasure, could work no harm while it did not interfere with my plans for deliverance. Thus I lived in a world of ideal happiness, and in a world of positive suffering at the same time.

A change in the wind and an overcast sky, accompanied by cold, brought with them a need of warmth. I drew out my lens and touchwood, but alas! there was no sun. I sat down on a log to await his friendly appearance. Hours passed; he did not come. Night, cold, freezing night, set in, and found me exposed to all its terrors. A bleak hill-side sparsely covered with pines afforded poor accommodations for a half-clad, famishing man. I could only keep from freezing by the most active exertion in walking, rubbing, and striking my benumbed feet and hands against the logs. It seemed the longest, most terrible night of my life, and glad was I when the approaching dawn enabled me to commence retracing my steps to Bessie Lake. I arrived there at noon, built my first fire on the beach, and remained by it, recuperating, for the succeeding two days.

The faint hope that my friends might be delayed by their search for me until I could rejoin them now forsook me altogether. I made my arrangements independent of it. Either of three directions I might take would effect my escape, if life and strength held out. I drew upon the sand of the beach a map of these several courses with reference to my starting-point from the lake, and considered well the difficulties each would present. All were sufficiently defined to avoid mistake. One was to follow Snake River a distance of



A NIGHT OF TERROR.

one hundred miles or more to Eagle Rock bridge; another, to cross the country between the southern shore of Yellowstone Lake and the Madison Mountains, by scaling which I could easily reach the settlements in the Madison Valley; and the other, to retrace my journey over the long and discouraging route by which I had entered the country. Of these routes the last-mentioned seemed the least inviting, probably because I had so recently traversed it, and was familiar with its difficulties. I had heard and read so much concerning the desolation and elemental upheavals and violent waters of the upper valley of the Snake, that I dared not attempt to return in that direction. The route by the Madison Range, encumbered by the single obstruction of the mountain barrier, was much the shortest, and so, most unwisely as will hereafter appear, I adopted it.

Filling my pouches with thistle-roots, I took a parting survey of the little solitude that had afforded me food and fire the preceding ten days, and with something of that melancholy feeling experienced by one who leaves his home to grapple with untried adventures, started for the nearest point on Yellowstone Lake. All that day I traveled over timber-heaps, amid tree-tops, and through thickets. At noon I took the precaution to obtain fire. With a brand which I kept alive by frequent blowing, and constant waving to and fro, at a late hour in the afternoon, faint and exhausted, I kindled a fire for the night on the only vacant spot I could find amid a dense wilderness of pines. The deep gloom of the forest, in the spectral light which revealed on all sides of me a compact and unending growth of trunks, and an impervious canopy of somber foliage; the shrieking of night-birds; the supernaturally human scream of the mountain lion; the prolonged howl of the wolf, made me insensible to all other forms of suffering.

The burn on my hip was so inflamed that I could only sleep in a sitting posture. Seated with my back against a tree, the smoke from the fire almost enveloping me in its suffocating folds, I vainly tried, amid the din and uproar of this horrible serenade, to woo the drowsy god. My imagination was instinct with terror. At one moment it seemed as if, in the density of a thicket, I could see the blazing eyes of a formidable forest monster fixed upon me, preparatory to a deadly leap; at another I fancied that I heard the swift approach of a pack of yelping wolves through the distant brushwood, which in a few moments would tear me limb from limb. Whenever, by fatigue and weakness, my terrors yielded to drowsiness, the least noise roused me to a sense of the hideousness of my condition. Once, in a fitful slumber, I fell forward into the fire, and inflicted a wretched burn on my hand. Oh! with what agony I longed for day!

A bright and glorious morning succeeded the dismal night, and brought with it the conviction that I had been the victim of uncontrollable nervous excitement. I resolved

henceforth to banish it altogether; and, in much better spirits than I anticipated, resumed my journey towards the lake. Another day of unceasing toil among the tree-tops and thickets overtook me, near sunset, standing upon a lofty headland jutting into the lake, and commanding a magnificent prospect of the mountains and valley over an immense area. In front of me, at a distance of fifty miles away, in the clear blue of the horizon, rose the arrowy peaks of the three Tetons. On the right, and apparently in close proximity to the eminence I occupied, rolled the picturesque range of the Madison, scarred with clefts, ravines, gorges, and cañons, each of which glittered in the sunlight or deepened in shadow as the fitful rays of the descending luminary glanced along their varied rocky irregularities. Above where I stood were the lofty domes of Mounts Langford and Doane, marking the limits of that wonderful barrier which had so long defied human power in its efforts to subdue it. Rising seemingly from the promontory which favored my vision was the familiar summit of Mount Everts, at the base of which I had dwelt so long, and which still seemed to hold me within its friendly shadow. All the vast country within this grand enclosure of mountains and lake, scarred and seamed with the grotesque ridges, rocky escarpments, undulating hillocks, and miniature lakes, and steaming with hot springs, produced by the volcanic forces of a former era, lay spread out before me like a vast panorama.

I doubt if distress and suffering can ever entirely obliterate all sense of natural grandeur and magnificence. Lost in the wonder and admiration inspired by this vast world of beauties, I nearly forgot to improve the few moments of remaining sunshine to obtain fire. With a lighted brand in my hand, I effected a most difficult and arduous descent of the abrupt and stony headland to the beach of the lake. The sand was soft and yielding. I kindled a fire, and removing the stiffened slippers from my feet, attached them to my belt, and wandered barefoot along the sandy shore to gather wood for the night. The dry, warm sand was most grateful to my lacerated and festering feet, and for a long time after my wood-pile was supplied, I sat with them uncovered. At length, conscious of the need of every possible protection from the freezing night atmosphere, I sought my belt for the slippers, and one was missing. In gathering the wood it had become detached, and was lost. Darkness was closing over the landscape, when, sorely disheartened with the thought of passing the night with one foot exposed to a freezing temperature, I commenced a search for the missing slipper. I knew I could not travel a day without it. Fearful that it had dropped into the lake, and been carried by some recurrent wave beyond recovery, my search for an hour among fallen trees and bushes, up the hill-side and along the beach, in darkness and with flaming brands, at one moment crawling on hands and feet into a brush-heap, another



THE BURNING FOREST.

peering among logs and bushes and stones, was filled with anxiety and dismay. Success at length rewarded my perseverance, and no language can describe the joy with which I drew the cause of so much distress from beneath the limb that, as I passed, had torn it from my belt. With a feeling of great relief, I now sat down in the sand, my back to a log, and listened to the dash and roar of the waves. It was a wild lullaby, but had no terrors for a worn-out man. I never passed a night of more refreshing sleep. When I awoke my fire was extinguished save a few embers, which I soon fanned into a cheerful flame. I ate breakfast with some relish, and started along the beach in pursuit of a camp, believing that if successful I should find directions what to do, and food to sustain me. The search which I was making lay in the direction of my pre-arranged route to the Madison Mountains, which I intended to approach at their lowest point of altitude.

Buoyed by the hope of finding food and counsel, and another night of undisturbed repose in the sand, I resumed my journey along the shore, and at noon found the camp last occupied by my friends on the lake. I struck their trail in the sand some time before I came to it. A thorough search for food in the ground and trees revealed nothing, and no notice to apprise me of their movements could be seen. A dinner-fork, which afterwards proved to be of infinite service in digging roots, and a yeast-powder can, which would hold half a pint, and which I converted into a drinking-cup and dinner-pot, were the only evidences that the spot had ever been visited by civilized man. "Oh!" thought I, "why did they forget to leave me food!" it never occurring to me that they might have cached it, as I have since learned they did, in several spots nearer the place of my separation from them. I left the camp in deep dejection, with the purpose of following the trail of the party to the Madison. Carefully inspecting the faint traces left of their course of travel, I became satisfied that from some cause they had made a retrograde movement from this camp, and departed from the lake at a point farther down stream. Taking this as an indication that there were obstructions above, I commenced retracing my steps along the beach. An hour of sunshine in the afternoon enabled me to procure fire, which, in the usual manner, I carried to my camping-place. There I built a fire, and to protect myself from the wind, which was blowing violently, lashing the lake into foam, I made a bower of pine boughs, crept under it, and very soon fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was aroused by the snapping and cracking of the burning foliage, to find my shelter and the adjacent forest in a broad sheet of flame. My left hand was badly burned, and my hair singed closer than a barber would have trimmed it, while making my escape from the semicircle of burning trees. Among the disasters of this fire, there was none I felt more seriously than the loss of my buckle-tongue knife, my pin fish-hook, and tape fish-line.

The grandeur of the burning forest surpasses description. An immense sheet of flame, following to their tops the lofty trees of an almost impenetrable pine forest, leaping madly from top to top, and sending thousands of forked tongues a hundred feet or more athwart the midnight darkness, lighting up with lurid gloom and glare the surrounding scenery of lake and mountains, fills the beholder with mingled feelings of awe and astonishment. I never before saw anything so terribly beautiful. It was marvelous to witness the flash-like rapidity with which the flames would mount the loftiest trees. The roaring, cracking, crashing, and snapping of falling limbs and burning foliage was deafening. On, on, on traveled the destructive element, until it seemed as if the whole forest was enveloped in flame. Afar up the wood-crowned hill, the overtopping trees shot forth pinnacles and walls and streamers of arrowy fire. The entire hill-side was an ocean of glowing and surging fiery billows. Favored by the gale, the conflagration spread with lightning swiftness over an illimitable extent of country, filling the atmosphere with driving clouds of suffocating fume, and leaving a broad and blackened trail of spectral trunks shorn of limbs and foliage, smoking and burning, to mark the immense sweep of its devastation.

Resolved to search for a trail no longer, when daylight came I selected for a landmark the lowest notch in the Madison Range. Carefully surveying the jagged and broken surface over which I must travel to reach it, I left the lake and pushed into the midst of its intricacies. All the day, until nearly sunset, I struggled over rugged hills, through windfalls, thickets, and matted forests, with the rock-ribbed beacon constantly in view. As I advanced it receded, as if in mockery of my toil. Night overtook me with my journey half accomplished. The precaution of obtaining fire gave me warmth and sleep, and long before daylight I was on my way. The hope of finding an easy pass into the

valley of the Madison inspired me with fresh courage and determination; but long before I arrived at the base of the range, I scanned hopelessly its insurmountable difficulties. It presented to my eager vision an endless succession of inaccessible peaks and precipices, rising thousands of feet sheer and bare above the plain. No friendly gorge or gully or cañon invited such an effort as I could make to scale this rocky barrier. Oh for the faith that could remove mountains! How soon should this colossal fabric open at my approach! What a feeling of helpless despair came over me with the conviction that the journey of the last two days had been in vain! I seated myself on a rock, upon the summit of a commanding hill, and cast my eyes along the only route which now seemed tenable—down the Yellowstone. How many dreary miles of forest and mountain filled the terrible panorama! I thought that before accepting this discouraging alternative I would spend a day in search for a pass. Twenty miles at most would take me into the Madison Valley, and thirty more restore me to friends who had abundance. Supposing that I should find plenty of thistles, I had left the lake with a small supply, and that was entirely spent. I looked in vain for them where I then was.



THE GHOSTLY COUNSELLOR.

While I was thus considering whether to remain and search for a passage or return to the Yellowstone, I experienced one of those strange hallucinations which many of my friends have misnamed insanity, but which to me was Providence. An old clerical friend, for whose character and counsel I had always cherished peculiar regard, in some unaccountable manner seemed to be standing before me, charged with advice which would relieve my perplexity. I seemed to hear him say, as if in a voice and with the manner of authority:—

"Go back immediately, as rapidly as your strength will permit. There is no food here, and the idea of scaling these rocks is madness."

"Doctor," I rejoined, "the distance is too great. I cannot live to travel it."

"Say not so. Your life depends upon the effort. Return at once. Start now, lest your resolution falter. Travel as fast and as far as possible—it is your only chance."

"Doctor, I am rejoiced to meet you in this hour of distress, but doubt the wisdom of your counsel. I am within seventy miles of Virginia. Just over these rocks, a few miles away, I shall find friends. My shoes are nearly worn out, my clothes are in tatters, and my strength is almost overcome. As a last trial, it seems to me I can but attempt to scale this mountain or perish in the effort, if God so wills."

"Don't think of it. Your power of endurance will carry you through. I will accompany you. Put your trust in Heaven. Help yourself and God will help you."

Overcome by these and other persuasions, and delighted with the idea of having a traveling companion, I plodded my way over the route I had come, intending at a certain point to change it so as to strike the river at the foot of the lake. Stopping after a few miles of travel, I had no difficulty in procuring fire, and passed a comfortable night. When I resumed my journey the next day the sun was just rising. Whenever I was disposed, as was often the case, to question the wisdom of the change of routes, my old friend appeared to be near with words of encouragement, but his reticence on other subjects both surprised and annoyed me. I was impressed at times, during the entire journey, with the belief that my return was a fatal error, and if my deliverance had failed should have perished with that conviction. Early this day I deflected from my old route and took my course for the foot of the lake, with the hope, by constant travel, to reach it the next day. The distance was greater than I anticipated. Nothing

is more deceptive than distance in these high latitudes. At the close of each of the two succeeding days, my point of destination was seemingly as far from me as at the moment I took leave of the Madison Range, and when, cold and hungry, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I gathered the first food I had eaten in nearly five days, and lay down by my fire near the debouchure of the river, I had nearly abandoned all hope of escape.

At day-break I was on the trail down the river. The thought I had adopted from the first, "I will not perish in this wilderness," often revived my sinking spirits, when, from faintness and exhaustion, I felt but little desire for life. Once, while struggling through a field of tangled trunks which seemed interminable, at one of the pauses I found myself seriously considering whether it was not preferable to die there than renew the effort to proceed. I felt that all attempt to escape was but a bitter prolongation of the agony of dissolution. A seeming whisper in the air, "While there is life there is hope; take courage," broke the delusion, and I clambered on. I did not forget to improve the mid-day sun to procure fire. Sparks from the lighted brands had burned my hands and crisped the nails of my fingers, and the smoke from them had tanned my face to the complexion of an Indian. While passing through an opening in the forest I found the tip of a gull's wing; it was fresh. I made a fire upon the spot, mashed the bones with a stone, and consigning them to my camp kettle, the yeast-powder box, made half a pint of delicious broth. The remainder of that day and the night ensuing were given to sleep.

I lost all sense of time. Days and nights came and went, and were numbered only by the growing consciousness that I was gradually starving. I felt no hunger, did not eat to appease appetite, but to renew strength. I experienced but little pain. The gaping sores on my feet, the severe burn on my hip, the festering crevices at the joints of my fingers, all terrible in appearance, had ceased to give me the least concern. The roots which supplied my food had suspended the digestive power of the stomach, and their fibres were packed in it in a matted, compact mass.

Not so with my hours of slumber. They were visited by the most luxurious dreams. I would apparently visit the most gorgeously decorated restaurants of New York and Washington; sit down to immense tables spread with the most appetizing viands; partake of the richest oyster stews and plumpest pies; engage myself in the labor and preparation of curious dishes, and with them fill range upon range of elegantly furnished tables until they fairly groaned beneath the accumulated dainties prepared by my own hands. Frequently the entire night would seem to have been spent in getting up a sumptuous dinner. I would realize the fatigue of roasting, boiling, baking, and fabricating the choicest dishes known to the modern *cuisine*, and in my disturbed slumbers would enjoy with epicurean relish the food thus furnished even to repletion. Alas! there was more luxury than life in these somnolent vagaries.

It was a cold, gloomy day when I arrived in the vicinity of the falls. The sky was overcast and the snow-capped peaks rose chilly and bleak through the biting atmosphere. The moaning of the wind through the pines, mingling with the sullen roar of the falls, was strangely in unison with my own saddened feelings. I had no heart to gaze upon a scene which a few weeks before had inspired me with rapture and awe. One moment of sunshine was of more value to me than all the marvels amid which I was famishing. But the sun had hid his face and denied me all hope of obtaining fire. The only alternative was to seek shelter in a thicket. I penetrated the forest a long distance before finding one that suited me. Breaking and crowding my way into its very midst, I cleared a spot large enough to recline upon, interlaced the surrounding brushwood, gathered the fallen foliage into a bed, and lay down with a prayer for sleep and forgetfulness. Alas! neither came. The coldness increased through the night. Constant friction with my hands and unceasing beating with my legs and feet saved me from freezing. It was the most terrible night of my journey, and when, with the early dawn, I pulled myself into a standing posture, it was to realize that my right arm was partially paralyzed, and my limbs so stiffened with cold as to be almost immovable. Fearing lest paralysis should suddenly seize upon the entire system, I literally dragged myself through the forest to the river. Seated near the verge of the great cañon below the falls, I anxiously awaited the appearance of the sun. That great luminary never looked so beautiful as when, a few moments afterwards, he emerged from the clouds and exposed his glowing beams to the concentrated powers of my lens. I kindled a mighty flame, fed it with every dry stick and broken tree-top I could find, and without motion, and almost without sense, remained beside it several hours. The great falls of the Yellowstone were roaring within three hundred yards, and the awful cañon

yawned almost at my feet; but they had lost all charm for me. In fact, I regarded them as enemies which had lured me to destruction, and felt a sullen satisfaction in morbid indifference.

My old friend and adviser, whose presence I had felt more than seen the last few days, now forsook me altogether. But I was not alone. By some process which I was too weak to solve, my arms, legs, and stomach were transformed into so many traveling companions. Often for hours I would plod along conversing with these imaginary friends. Each had his peculiar wants which he expected me to supply. The stomach was importunate in his demand for a change of diet—complained incessantly of the roots I fed him, their present effect and more remote consequences. I would try to silence him with promises, beg of him to wait a few days, and when this failed of the quiet I desired, I would seek to intimidate him by declaring, as a sure result of negligence, our inability to reach home alive. All to no purpose—he tormented me with his fretful humors through the entire journey. The others would generally concur with him in these fancied altercations. The legs implored me for rest, and the arms complained that I gave them too much to do. Troublesome as they were, it was a pleasure to realize their presence. I worked for them, too, with right good will, doing many things for their seeming comfort which, had I felt myself alone, would have remained undone. They appeared to be perfectly helpless of themselves; would do nothing for me or for each other. I often wondered, while they ate and slept so much, that they did not aid in gathering wood and kindling fires. As a counterpoise to their own inertia, whenever they discovered languor in me on necessary occasions, they were not wanting in words of encouragement and cheer. I recall as I write an instance where, by prompt and timely interposition, the representative of the stomach saved me from a death of dreadful agony. One day I came to a small stream issuing from a spring of mild temperature on the hillside, swarming with minnows. I caught some with my hands and ate them raw. To my taste they were delicious. But the stomach refused them, accused me of attempting to poison him, and would not be reconciled until I had emptied my pouch of the few fish I had put there for future use. Those that I ate made me very sick. Poisoned by the mineral in the water, had I glutted my appetite with them as I intended, I should doubtless have died in the wilderness, in excruciating torment.

A gradual mental introversion grew upon me as physical weakness increased. The grand and massive scenery which, on the upward journey, had aroused every enthusiastic impulse of my nature, was now tame and spiritless. My thoughts were turned in upon myself—upon the dreadful fate which apparently lay just before me—and the possible happiness of the existence beyond. All doubt of immortality fled in the light of present realities. So vivid were my conceptions of the future that at times I longed for death, not less as the beginning of happiness than as a release from misery. Led on by these reflections, I would recall the varied incidents of my journey—my escape from the lion, from fire, my return from the Madison Range—and in all of them I saw how much I had been indebted to that mysterious protection which comes only from the throne of the Eternal. And yet, starving, foot-sore, half blind, worn to a skeleton, was it surprising that I lacked the faith needful to buoy me above the dark waters of despair, which I now felt were closing around me?

In less serious moods, as I struggled along, my thoughts would revert to the single being on whom my holiest affections centred—my daughter. What a tie was that to bind me to life! Oh! could I be restored to her for a single hour, long enough for parting counsel and blessing, it would be joy unspeakable! Long hours of painful travel were relieved of physical suffering by this absorbing agony of the mind, which, when from my present stand-point I contrast it with the personal calamities of my exile, swells into mountains.

To return from this digression. At many of the streams on my route I spent hours in endeavoring to catch trout, with a hook fashioned from the rim of my broken spectacles, but in no instance with success. The tackle was defective. The country was full of game in great variety. I saw large herds of deer, elk, antelope, occasionally a bear, and many smaller animals. Numerous flocks of ducks, geese, swans, and pelicans inhabited the lakes and rivers. But with no means of killing them, their presence was a perpetual aggravation. At all the camps of our company I stopped and recalled many pleasant incidents associated with them.

One afternoon, when approaching "Tower Falls," I came upon a large hollow tree, which, from the numerous tracks surrounding it, and the matted foliage in the cavity, I recognized as the den of a bear. It was a most inviting couch. Gathering a needful

supply of wood and brush, I lighted a circle of piles around the tree, crawled into the nest, and passed a night of unbroken slumber. I rose the next morning to find that during the night the fires had communicated with the adjacent forest, and burned a large space in all directions, doubtless intimidating the rightful proprietor of the nest, and saving me from another midnight adventure.

At "Tower Falls" I spent the first half of a day in capturing a grasshopper, and the remainder in a fruitless effort to catch a mess of trout. In the agony of disappointment, I resolved to fish no more. A spirit of rebellion seized me. I determined that thistles should thenceforth be my only sustenance. "Why is it," I asked of myself, "that in the midst of abundance, every hour meeting with objects which would restore strength and vigor and energy, every moment contriving some device to procure the nourishment my wasting frame required, I should meet with these repeated and discouraging failures? Thoughts of the early teaching of a pious mother suppressed these feelings. Oh! how often have the recollections of a loved New England home, and the memories of a happy childhood, cheered my sinking spirits, and dissipated the gathering gloom of despair! There were thoughts and feelings and mental anguishes without number, that visited me during my period of trial, that never can be known to any but my God and myself. Bitter as was my experience, it was not unrelieved by some of the most precious moments I have ever known.

Soon after leaving "Tower Falls," I entered the open country. Pine forests and windfalls were changed for sage brush and desolation, with occasional tracts of stinted verdure, barren hillsides, exhibiting here and there an isolated clump of dwarf trees, and ravines filled with the rocky *débris* of adjacent mountains. My first camp on this part of the route, for the convenience of getting wood, was made near the summit of a range of towering foot-hills. Towards morning a storm of wind and snow nearly extinguished my fire. I became very cold; the storm was still raging when I arose, and the ground white with snow. I was perfectly bewildered, and had lost my course of travel. No visible object, seen through the almost blinding storm, reassured me, and there was no alternative but to find the river and take my direction from its current. Fortunately, after a few hours of stumbling and scrambling among rocks and over crests, I came to the precipitous side of the cañon through which it ran,



DESCENDING THE PRECIPICE.

and with much labor, both of hands and feet, descended it to the margin. I drank copiously of its pure waters, and sat beside it for a long time, waiting for the storm to abate, so that I could procure fire. The day wore on, without any prospect of a termination to the storm. Chilled through, my tattered clothing saturated, I saw before me a night of horrors unless I returned to my fire. The scramble up the side of the rocky cañon, in many places nearly perpendicular, was the hardest work of my journey. Often while clinging to the jutting rocks with hands and feet, to reach a shelving projection, my grasp would unclose and I would slide many feet down the sharp declivity. It was night when, sore from the bruises I had received, I reached my fire; the storm, still raging, had nearly extinguished it. I found a few embers in the ashes, and with much difficulty kindled a flame. Here, on this bleak mountain side, as well as I now remember, I must have passed two nights beside the fire, in the storm. Many times during each night I crawled to the little clump of trees to gather wood, and brush, and the broken limbs of fallen tree-tops. All the sleep I obtained was snatched from the inter-

vals which divided these labors. It was so harassed with frightful dreams as to afford little rest. I remember, before I left this camp, stripping up my sleeves to look at my shrunken arms. Flesh and blood had apparently left them. The skin clung to the bones like wet parchment. A child's hand could have clasped them from wrist to shoulder. "Yet," thought I, "it is death to remain; I cannot perish in this wilderness."

Taking counsel of this early formed resolution, I hobbled on my course through the snow, which was rapidly disappearing before the rays of the warm sun. Well knowing that I should find no thistles in the open country, I had filled my pouches with them before leaving the forest. My supply was running low, and there were yet several days of heavy mountain travel between me and Boteler's ranch. With the most careful economy, it could last but two or three days longer. I saw the necessity of placing myself and imaginary companions upon allowance. The conflict which ensued with the stomach, when I announced this resolution, required great firmness to carry through. I tried wheedling and coaxing and promising; failing in these, I threatened to part company with a comrade so unreasonable, and he made no further complaint.

Two or three days before I was found, while ascending a steep hill, I fell from exhaustion into the sage brush, without the power to rise. Unbuckling my belt, as was my custom, I soon fell asleep. I have no idea of the time I slept, but upon awaking I fastened my belt, scrambled to my feet, and pursued my journey. As night drew on I selected a camping-place, gathered wood into a heap, and felt for my lens to procure fire. It was gone. If the earth had yawned to swallow me I would not have been more terrified. The only chance for life was lost. The last hope had fled. I seemed to feel the grim messenger who had been so long pursuing me knocking at the portals of my heart as I lay down by the side of the wood-pile, and covered myself with limbs and sage brush, with the dreadful conviction that my struggle for life was over, and that I should rise no more. The floodgates of misery seemed now to be opened, and it rushed in living tide upon my soul. With the rapidity of lightning, I ran over every event of my life. Thoughts doubled and trebled upon me, until I saw, as if in vision, the entire past of my existence. It was all before me, as if painted with a sunbeam, and all seemingly faded like the phantoms of a vivid dream.

As calmness returned, reason resumed her empire. Fortunately, the weather was comfortable. I summoned all the powers of my memory, thought over every foot of the day's travel, and concluded that the glass must have become detached from my belt while sleeping. Five long miles over the hills must be retraced to regain it. There was no alternative, and before daylight I had staggered over half the distance. I found the lens on the spot where I had slept. No incident of my journey brought with it more of joy and relief.

Returning to the camp of the previous night, I lighted the pile I had prepared, and lay down for a night of rest. It was very cold, and towards morning commenced snowing. With difficulty I kept the fire alive. Sleep was impossible. When daylight came, I was impressed with the idea that I must go on despite the storm. A flash—momentary but vivid—came over me, that I should be saved. Snatching a lighted brand, I started through the storm. In the afternoon the storm abated and the sun shone at intervals. Coming to a small clump of trees, I set to work to prepare a camp. I laid the brand down which I had preserved with so much care, to pick up a few dry sticks with which to feed it, until I could collect wood for a camp-fire, and in the few minutes thus employed it expired. I sought to revive it, but every spark was gone. Clouds obscured the sun, now near the horizon, and the prospect of another night of exposure without fire became fearfully imminent. I sat down with my lens and the last remaining piece of touchwood I possessed to catch a gleam of sunshine, feeling that my life depended on it. In a few moments the cloud passed, and with trembling hands I presented the little disk to the face of the glowing luminary. Quivering with excitement lest a sudden cloud should interpose, a moment passed before I could hold the lens steadily enough to concentrate a burning focus. At length it came. The little thread of smoke curled gracefully upwards from the Heaven-lighted spark, which, a few moments afterwards, diffused with warmth and comfort my desolate lodgings.

I resumed my journey the next morning, with the belief that I should make no more fires with my lens. I must save a brand, or perish. The day was raw and gusty; an east wind, charged with storm, penetrated my nerves with irritating keenness. After walking a few miles the storm came on, and a coldness unlike any other I had ever felt seized me. It entered all my bones. I at-



THE RESCUE.

tempted to build a fire, but could not make it burn. Seizing a brand, I stumbled blindly on, stopping within the shadow of every rock and clump to renew energy for a final conflict for life. A solemn conviction that death was near, that at each pause I made my limbs would refuse further service, and that I should sink helpless and dying in my path, overwhelmed me with terror. Amid all this tumult of the mind, I felt that I had done all that man could do. I knew that in two or three days more I could effect my deliverance, and I derived no little satisfaction from the thought that, as I was now in the broad trail, my remains would be found, and my friends relieved of doubt as to my fate. Once only the thought flashed across my mind that I should be saved, and I seemed to hear a whispered command to "Struggle on. "Groping along the side of a hill, I became suddenly sensible of a sharp reflection, as of burnished steel. Looking up, through half-closed eyes, two rough but kindly faces met my gaze.

"Are you Mr. Everts?"

"Yes. All that is left of him."

"We have come for you."

"Who sent you?"

"Judge Lawrence and other friends."

"God bless him, and them, and you! I am saved!" and with these words, powerless of further effort, I fell forward into the arms of my preservers, in a state of unconsciousness. I was saved. On the very brink of the river which divides the known from the unknown, strong arms snatched me from the final plunge, and kind ministrations wooed me back to life.

Baronet and Prichette, my two preservers, by the usual appliances, soon restored me to consciousness, made a camp upon the spot, and while one went to Fort Ellis, a distance of seventy miles, to return with remedies to restore digestion and an ambulance to convey me to that post, the other sat by my side, and with all the care, sympathy, and solicitude of a brother, ministered to my frequent necessities. In two days I was sufficiently recovered in strength to be moved twenty miles down the trail to the cabin of some miners who were prospecting in that vicinity. From these men I received every possible attention which their humane and generous natures could devise. A good bed was provided, game was killed to make broth, and the best stores of their larder placed at my command. For four days, at a time when every day's labor was invaluable in their pursuit, they abandoned their work to aid in my restoration. Owing to the protracted inaction of the system, and the long period which must transpire before Prichette's return with remedies, my friends had serious doubts of my recovery.

The night after my arrival at the cabin, while suffering the most excruciating agony, and thinking that I had only been saved to die among friends, a loud knock was heard at the cabin door. An old man in mountain costume entered—a hunter, whose life was spent among the mountains. He was on his way to find a brother. He listened to the story of my sufferings, and tears rapidly coursed each other down his rough, weather-beaten face. But when he was told of my present necessity, brightening in a moment, he exclaimed:

"Why, Lord bless you, if that is all, I have the very remedy you need. In two hours' time all shall be well with you."

He left the cabin, returning in a moment with a sack filled with the fat of a bear which he had killed a few hours before. From this he rendered out a pint measure of oil. I drank the whole of it. It proved to be the needed remedy, and the next day, freed from pain, with appetite and digestion re-established, I felt that good food and plenty of it were only necessary for an early recovery.

In a day or two I took leave of my kind friends, with a feeling of regret at parting, and of gratitude for their kindness as enduring as life. Meeting the carriage on my way, I proceeded to Boseman, where I remained among old friends, who gave me every attention until my health was sufficiently restored to allow me to return to my home at Helena.

My heartfelt thanks are due to the members of the Expedition, all of whom devoted seven, and some of them twelve days to the search for me before they left Yellowstone Lake; and to Judge Lawrence, of Helena, and the friends who co-operated with him in the offer of reward which sent Baronet and Prichette to my rescue.

My narrative is finished. In the course of events the time is not far distant when the wonders of the Yellowstone will be made accessible to all lovers of sublimity, grandeur, and novelty in natural scenery, and its majestic waters become the abode of civilization and refinement; and when that arrives, I hope, in happier mood and under more auspicious circumstances, to revisit scenes fraught for me with such thrilling interest; to ramble along the glowing beach of Bessie Lake; to sit down amid the hot springs under the shadow of Mount Everts; to thread unscared the mazy forests, retrace the dreary journey to the Madison Range, and with enraptured fancy gaze upon the mingled glories and terrors of the great falls and marvelous cañon, and to enjoy, in happy contrast with the trials they recall, their power to delight, elevate, and overwhelm the mind with wondrous and majestic beauty.

WAITING.

I KNOW it will not be to-day;
I know it will not be to-morrow;
Oh, half in joy and half in sorrow,
I watch the slow swift hours away;
I bid them haste, then bid them stay,
I long so for the coming day.

I long so I would rather wait;
Each hour I see the unseen comer;
Each hour turns ripe in secret summer
The joys which I anticipate.
Oh, precious feet, come slow, come late!
I long so, it is bliss to wait!

Ah, sweet sad life, so far to-day!
Ah, sweet sad life, so near to-morrow!
Can joy be joy when we miss sorrow?
When earth's last sun has rolled away
In tideless time, and we can say
No more, "To-morrow," or "To-day?"

PRISCILLA.

THE trained novel-readers, those who have made a business of it (if any such should honor this poor little story with their attention), will glance down the opening paragraphs for a description of the heroine's tresses. The opening sentences of Miss Braddon are enough to show how important a thing a head of hair is in the getting up of a heroine for the popular market. But as my heroine is not gotten up for the market, and as I cannot possibly remember even the color of her hair or her eyes as I recall her now, I fear I shall disappoint the "professionals," who never feel that they have a complete heroine till the "long waving tresses of raven darkness, reaching nearly to the ground, enveloping her as with a cloud," have been artistically stuck on by the author. But be it known that I take Priscilla from memory, and not from imagination. And the memory of Priscilla, the best girl in the school, the most gifted, the most modest, the most gentle and true, is a memory too sacred to be trifled with. I would not make one hair light or dark, I would not change the shading of the eye-brows. Priscilla is Priscilla forever, to all who knew her. And as I cannot tell the precise color of her hair and eyes, I shall not invent a shade for them. I remember that she was on the blonde side of the grand division line. But she was not blonde. She was—Priscilla. I mean to say that since you never lived in that dear old-fogy Ohio River village of New Geneva, and since, consequently, you never knew our Priscilla, no words of mine can make you exactly understand her. Was she handsome? No—yes. She was "jimber-jawed," that is, her lower teeth shut a little outside her upper. Her complexion was not faultless. Her face would not bear criticism. And yet there is not one of her old schoolmates that will not vow that she was beautiful. And indeed she was. For she was Priscilla. And I never can make you understand it.

As Priscilla was always willing to oblige any one, it was only natural enough that Mrs. Leston should send for her to help entertain the Marquis. It was a curious chance that threw the young Marquis d'Entremont for a whole summer into the society of our little village. His uncle, who was his guardian, a pious *abbé*, wishing to remove him from Paris to get him out of socialistic influences, had sent him to New Orleans, consigned to the care of the great banking-house of Challeau, Lafort et Compagnie. Not liking to take the chances of yellow-fever in the summer, he had resolved to journey to the north, and as Challeau, Lafort et Cie. had a correspondent in Henry Leston, the young lawyer, and as French was abundantly spoken in our Swiss village of New Geneva, what more natural than that they should dispatch the Marquis to our pleasant town of vineyards, giving him a letter of introduction to their attorney, who fortunately spoke some book French. He had presented the letter, had been invited to dinner, and Priscilla Haines, who had learned French in childhood, though she was not Swiss, was sent for to help entertain the guest.

I cannot but fancy that d'Entremont was surprised at meeting just such a girl as Priscilla in a rustic village. She was not abashed at finding herself *vis-à-vis* with a nobleman, nor did she seem at all anxious to attract his notice. The vanity of the Marquis must have been a little hurt at finding a lady that did not court his attention. But wounded vanity soon gave place to another surprise. Even Mrs. Leston, who understood not one word of the conversation between her husband, the Marquis, and Priscilla, was watching for this second surprise, and did not fail to read it in d'Entremont's eyes. Here was a young woman who had read. She could admire Corinne, she could oppose Saint Simon. The Marquis d'Entremont had resigned himself to the *ennui* of talking to Swiss farmers about their vineyards, of listening to Swiss grandmothers telling stories of their childhood in Neufchatel and Berne. But to find in this young village school-teacher one who could speak, and listen while he spoke, of his favorite writers, was to him very strange. Not that Priscilla had read many French books, for there were not many within her reach. But she had read some, and she had read Ste. Beuve and Grimm's Correspondence, and he who reads these two has heard the echo of all the great voices in French literature. And while David Haines had lived his daughter had wanted nothing to help her to the highest culture.

But I think what amazed the Marquis most was that Priscilla showed no consciousness of the unusual character of her attainments. She spoke easily and naturally of what she knew, as if it were a matter of course that the teacher of a primary school should have read Corneille, and should be able to combat Saint Simonism. As the dinner drew to a close, Leston lifted his chair round where his wife sat and interpreted the brilliant conversation at the other side of the table.

I suspect that Saint Simon had lost some of his hold upon the Marquis since his arrival in a country where life is more beautiful and the manner of thought more practical. At any rate, he dated the decline of his socialistic opinions from his discussion with Priscilla Haines.

The next Sunday morning he strolled out of the Le Vert House, breathing the sweet air perfumed with the blossoms of a thousand apple-trees. For what yard is there in New Geneva that has not apple-trees and grape-vines? And every family in the village keeps a cow, and every cow wears a bell, and every bell is on a different key; so that the three things that penetrated the senses of the Marquis on this Sunday morning were the high hills that stood sentinels on every hand about the valley in which New Geneva stood, the smell of the apple-blossoms, and the *tinkle* and *tankle* and *tonkle* of hundreds of bells on the cows grazing on the "commons," as the open lots were called. On this almost painfully quiet morning, d'Entremont noticed the people going one way and another to the Sunday-schools in the three churches. Just as he came to the pump that stood in front of the "public square," he met Priscilla. At her heels were ten ragged little ruffians, whom she was accustomed to have come to her house every Sunday morning and walk with her to Sunday-school.

"You are then a Sister of Charity also," he said in French, bowing low with sincere admiration as he passed her. And then to himself the young Marquis reflected: "We Saint Simonists theorize and build castles in Spain for poor people, but we do not take hold of them." He walked clear round the square, and then followed the steps of Priscilla into the little brick Methodist church, which in that day had neither steeple nor bell, which had nothing church-like about it except the two arched front windows. There was not even a fence to enclose it, nor an evergreen nor an ivy about it; only a few black locusts. For the Congregational puritanism of New England was never so hard a puritanism as the Methodist puritanism of a generation ago in the West—a puritanism that forbade jewelry, that stripped the artificial flowers out of the bonnets of country girls, that expelled and even yet expels a country boy for looking with wonder at a man hanging head downward from a trapeze in a circus tent. No other church, not even the Quaker, ever laid its hand more entirely upon the whole life of its members. The dead hand of Wesley has been stronger than the living hand of any pope.

Upon the hard, open-backed, unpainted and unvarnished oak benches, which seemed devised to produce discomfort, sat the Sunday-school classes, and upon one of these, near the door, d'Entremont sat down. He looked at the bare walls, at the white pulpit, at the carpetless floors, at the general ugliness of things, the box stove, which stood in the only aisle, the tin chandeliers with their half-burned candles, the eight-by-ten lights of glass in the windows, and he was favorably impressed. With a quick conscience he had often felt the frivolous emptiness of a worldly life, and had turned toward the religion of his uncle the *abbé* only to turn away again disgusted with the frivolity of the religious pomp that he saw. But here was a religion not only without the attractions of sensuous surrounding, but a religion that maintained its vitality despite a repelling plainness, not to say a repulsive ugliness in its external forms. For could he doubt the force of a religious principle that had divested every woman in the little church of every ornament? Doubtless he felt the narrowness that could read the Scriptural injunction so literally, but none could doubt the strength of a religious principle that submitted to such self-denial. And then there was Priscilla, with all her gifts, sitting in the midst of her boys, gathered from that part of the village known as "Slabtown." Yes, there must be something genuine in this religious life, and its entire contrast to all that the Marquis had known and grown weary of attracted him.

As eleven o'clock drew on, the little church filled with people. The men sat on one side the aisle and the women on the other. The old brethren and sisters, and generally those who prayed in prayer-meeting and spoke in love-feast sat near the front, many of them on the cross-seats near the pulpit, which were thence said by scoffers to be the "Amen corners." Any one other than a leader of the hosts of Israel would as soon have thought of taking a seat in the pulpit as on one of these chief seats in the synagogue. The Marquis sat still and watched the audience gather, while one of the good brethren led the congregation in singing,

"When I can read my title clear,"

which hymn was the usual voluntary at the opening of service. Then the old minister said, "Let us continue the worship of God by singing hymn on page 554." He "lined" the hymn, that is, he read each couplet before it was sung. With the coming in of hymn-books and other new-fangled things

the good old custom of "lining the hymn" has disappeared. But on that Sunday morning the Marquis d'Entremont thought he had never heard anything more delightful than these simple melodies sung thus lustily by earnest voices. The reading of each couplet by the minister before it was sung seemed to him a sort of recitative. He knew enough of English to find that the singing was hopeful and triumphant. Wearied with philosophy and *blasé* with the pomp of the world, he wished that he had been a villager in New Geneva, and that he might have had the faith to sing of the

"—land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,"

with as much earnestness as his friend Priscilla on the other side of the aisle. In the prayer that followed d'Entremont noticed that all the church-members knelt, and that the hearty *amens* were not intoned, but were as spontaneous as the rest of the service. After reverently reading a chapter the old minister said: "Please sing without lining,

"'A charge to keep I have,'"

and then the old tune of "Kentucky" was sung with animation, after which came the sermon, of which the Marquis understood but few words, though he understood the pantomime by which the venerable minister represented the return of the prodigal and the welcome he received. When he saw the tears in the eyes of the hearers, and heard the half-repressed "Bless the Lord" of an old brother or sister, and saw them glance joyfully at each other's faces as the sermon went on, he was strangely impressed with the genuineness of the feeling.

But the class-meeting that followed, to which he remained, impressed him still more. The venerable Scotchman who led it had a face that beamed with sweetness and intelligence. It was fortunate that the Marquis saw so good a specimen. In fact, Priscilla trembled lest Mr. Boreas, the stern, hard-featured "exhorter," should have been invited to lead. But as the sweet-faced old leader called upon one and another to speak, and as many spoke with streaming eyes, d'Entremont quivered with sympathy. He was not so blind that he could not see the sham and cant of some of the speeches, but in general there was much earnestness and truth. When Priscilla rose in her turn and spoke, with downcast eyes, he felt the beauty and simplicity of her religious life. And he rightly judged that from the soil of a *culte* so severe there must grow some noble and heroic lives.

Last of all the class-leader reached the Marquis, whom he did not know.

"Will our strange brother tell us how it is with him to-day?" he asked.

Priscilla trembled. What awful thing might happen when a class-leader invited a marquis, who could speak no English, and who was a disciple of Saint Simon, to tell his religious experience, was more than she could divine. If the world had come to an end in consequence of such a concatenation, I think she would not have been surprised. But nothing of the sort occurred. To her astonishment the Marquis rose and said:—

"Is it that any one can speak French?"

A brother who was a member of one of the old Swiss families volunteered his services as interpreter, and d'Entremont proceeded to tell them how much he had been interested in the exercises; that it was the first time he had ever been in such a meeting, and that he wished he had the simple faith which they showed.

Then the old leader said, "Let us engage in prayer for our strange brother."

And the Marquis bowed his knees upon the hard floor.

He could not understand much that was said, but he knew that they were praying for him; that this white-haired class-leader, and the old ladies in the corner, and Priscilla, were interceding with the Father of all for him. He felt more confidence in the efficacy of their prayers than he had ever had in all the intercessions of the saints of which he was told when a boy. For surely God would hear such as Priscilla!

It happened not long after this that d'Entremont was drawn even more nearly to this simple Methodist life, which had already made such an impression on his imagination, by an incident which would make a chapter if this story were intended for the *New York Weekly Dexter*. Indeed, the story of his peril in a storm and freshet on Indian Creek, and of his deliverance by the courage of Henry Stevens, is so well suited to that periodical and others of its class, that I am almost sorry that Mrs. Eden, or Cobb, Jr., or Optic, were not the author of this story. Either of them could make a chapter which would bear the title of "A Thrilling Incident." But with an unconquerable aversion to anything and everything "thrilling," this present writer can only say in plainest prose and without a single startling epithet that this incident made the young Marquis the everlasting friend of his deliverer, Henry Stevens, who happened to be a zealous Methodist, and about his own age.

The effort of the two friends to hold intercourse was a curious spectacle. Not only did they speak different languages, but they lived in different worlds. Not only did d'Entremont speak a very limited English while Stevens spoke no French, but d'Entremont's life and thought had nothing in common with the life of Stevens, except the one thing that made a friendship possible. They were both generous, manly men, and each felt a strong drawing to the other. So it came about that when they tired of the Marquis's English and of the gulf between their ideas, they used to call on Priscilla at her home with her mother in the outskirts of the village. She was an interpreter indeed! For with the keenest sympathy she entered into the world in which the Marquis lived, which had always been a sort of intellectual paradise to her. It seemed strange indeed to meet a living denizen of a world that seemed to her impossible except in books. And as for the sphere in which Stevens moved, it was her own. He and she had been schoolmates from childhood, had looked on the same green hills, known the same people, been moulded of the same strong religious feeling. Nothing was more delightful to d'Entremont than to be able to talk to Stevens, unless it was to have so good an excuse for conversation with Priscilla; and nothing was so pleasant to Henry Stevens as to be able to understand the Marquis, unless it was to talk with Priscilla; while to Priscilla those were golden moments, in which she passed like a quick-winged messenger between her own native world and the world that she knew only in books, between the soul of one friend and that of another. And thus grew up a triple friendship, a friendship afterward sorely tried. For how strange it is that what brings together at one time may be a wall of division at another.

I am not writing an essay on Christian experience. I cannot pretend to explain just how it came about. Doubtless Henry Stevens's influence had something to do with it, though I feel sure Priscilla's had more. Doubtless the Marquis was naturally susceptible to religious influences, and I cannot but feel that after all he was led by the gentle drawings of the Divine Oracle in his own breast. But the erratic opinions, never very deeply rooted, and at most but a reaction from a religion of "postures and impostures," disappeared, and there came a sense of unworthiness and a sense of trust. They came simultaneously, I think; certainly d'Entremont could never give any chronological order to the two experiences. At any rate, he was drawn to the little class-meeting, which seemed to him so simple a confessional that all his former notions of "liberty, fraternity, and equality" were satisfied by it. I believe he became a "probationer," but his creed was never quite settled enough for him to accept of "full membership."

Some of the old folks could not refrain from expressions of triumph that "the Lord had got a hold of that French infidel;" and old Sister Goodenough seized his hand, and, with many sighs and much upturning of the eyes, exhorted him: "Brother Markus! Give up everything! Give up everything, and come out from the world and be separated!" Which led d'Entremont to remark to Stevens as they walked away that "Madame Goodenough was vare curus indeed!" And Brother Boreas, the exhorter, who had the misfortune not to have a business reputation without blemish, but who made up for it by rigid scruples in regard to a melodeon in the church, and by a vicarious conscience which was kindly kept at everybody's service but his own,—old Brother Boreas always remarked in regard to the Marquis, that "as for his part he liked a deeper repentance and a sounder conversion." But the gray-haired old Scotch class-leader, whose piety was at a premium everywhere, would take d'Entremont's hand and talk of indifferent subjects while he *beamed* on him his affection and Christian fellowship.

To the Marquis, Priscilla was a perpetual marvel. More brilliant women he had known in Paris, more devout women he had seen there, but a woman so gifted and so devout, and above all a woman so true, so modest, and of such perfect delicacy of feeling he had never known. And how poorly these words describe her! For she was Priscilla; and all who knew her will understand how much more that means than any adjectives of mine. Certainly Henry Stevens did, for he had known her always, and would have loved her always had he dared. It was only now, as she interpreted him to the Marquis and the Marquis to him, idealizing and elevating the thoughts of both, that he surrendered himself to hope. And so, toward the close of the summer, affairs came to this awkward posture that these two sworn friends loved the same woman.

D'Entremont discovered this first. More a man of the world than Henry Stevens, he read the other's face and voice. He was perturbed. Had it occurred two years before he might have settled the matter easily by a duel, for instance. And even now his passion got the better for a while of all his good

feelings and Christian resolutions. When he got back to the Le Vert House with his unpleasant discovery, he was burning like a furnace. In spite of a rain-storm just beginning and a dark night, he strode out and walked he knew not whither. He found himself, he knew not how, on the bank of the river. Seizing an old board for a paddle, he unloosed a skiff and pushed out into the river. How to advance himself over his rival was his first thought. But this darkness and this beating rain and this fierce loneliness reminded him of that night when he had clung desperately to the abutment of the bridge that spanned Indian Creek, and when the courage and self-possession of Henry Stevens had rescued him. Could he be the rival of a man who had gone down into that flood that he might save the exhausted Marquis?

Then he hated himself. Why had he not drowned that night on Indian Creek? And with this feeling of self-disgust added to his general mental misery and the physical misery that the rain brought to him, there came the great temptation to write "*Fin*" in French fashion, by jumping into the water. But something in the influence of Priscilla and that class-meeting caused him to take a better resolution, and he returned to the hotel.

The next day he sent for Henry Stevens to come to his room.

"Henry, I am going to leave to-night on the mail-boat. I am going back to New Orleans, and thence to France. You love Priscilla. You are a noble man; you will make her happy. I have read your love in your face. Meet me at the river to-night. When you are ready to be married, let me know, that I may send some token of my love for both. Do not tell mademoiselle that I am going; but tell her good-by for me afterwards. Go now, I must pack."

Henry went out stupefied. What did it mean? And why was he half-glad that d'Entremont was going? By degrees he got the better of his selfishness. In fact, he had the habit of keeping his selfishness under in little things, so that the victory in a great thing was not so difficult.

"Marquis d'Entremont," he said, breaking into his room, "you must not go away. You love Priscilla. You have everything—learning, money, travel. I have nothing."

"Nothing but a good heart, which I have not," said d'Entremont.

"I will never marry Priscilla," said Henry, "unless she deliberately chooses to have me in preference to you."

My readers will say that this incident, of two men unselfish in an affair of this sort, is impossible. I should never have written it but that this incident is fact.

To this arrangement, so equitable, the Marquis consented, and the matter was submitted to Priscilla by letter. Could she love either, and if either, which? She asked a week for deliberation.

It was not easy to decide. By all her habits of thought and feeling, by all her prejudices, by all her religious life, she was drawn toward the peaceful and perhaps prosperous life that opened before her as the wife of Henry Stevens, living in her native village, near to her mother, surrounded by her old friends, and with the best of Christian men for a husband. But by all the clamor of her intellectual nature for something better than her narrow life—by all her joy in the conversation of d'Entremont, the only man her equal in culture she had ever known, she felt drawn to be the wife of the Marquis. But if there were roses, there were thorns in such a path. The village girl knew that *Madame la Marquise* must lead a life very different from any she had known. She must bear with a husband whose mind was ever in a state of unrest and skepticism, and she must meet the great world.

In truth there were two Priscillas. There was the Priscilla that her neighbors knew, the Priscilla that went to church, the Priscilla that taught Primary School No. 3. There was the other Priscilla, that read Chaucer and Shakespeare, Molière and De Staël. With this Priscilla New Geneva had nothing to do. And it was the doubleness of her nature that aggravated her indecision.

Then her conscience came in. Because there might be worldly attractions on the one side, she leaned to the other. To reject a poor suitor and accept a rich and titled one, had something of treason in it.

At the end of a week she sent for them both. Henry Stevens's flat-boat had been ready to start for New Orleans for two days. And Challeau, Lafort & Co. were expecting the Marquis, who was in some sort a ward of theirs. Henry Stevens and the Marquis Antoine d'Entremont walked side by side, in an awkward silence, to the little vine-covered cottage. Of that interview I do not know enough to write fully. But I know that Priscilla said such words as these:—

"This is an awful responsibility. I suppose a judge trembles when he must pass sentence of death. But I must make a decision that involves the happiness of both my friends and myself. I cannot do it now.

God does not give me to see my duty clearly, and nothing but duty should speak in making such a decision. Will you wait until you both return in the spring? I have a reason that I cannot explain for wishing this matter postponed. God will decide for me perhaps."

I do not know that she said just these words, and I know she did not say them all at once. But so they parted. And Miss Nancy More, who retailed ribbons and scandal, and whose only effort at mental improvement had been the plucking out of the hairs contiguous to her forehead, that she might look intellectual—Miss Nancy More from her look-out at the window descried the two friends walking away from Mrs. Haines's cottage, and remarked, as she had often remarked before, that it was "absolutely scandalious for a young woman who was a professor to have two beaux at once, and such good friends, too!"

I have noticed that gifted girls like Priscilla have a back-ground in some friend, intelligent, quiet, restful. Anna Poindexter, a dark, thoughtful, and altogether excellent girl, was sometimes spoken of as "Priscilla's double"; but she was rather Priscilla's opposite: all her gifts were complementary to those of her friend. The two were all but inseparable; and so, when Priscilla found herself the next evening on the bank of the river, she naturally found Anna with her. Slowly the flat-boat of which Henry Stevens was owner and captain drifted by, while the three or four men at each long oar strode back and forward on the deck as they urged the boat on. Henry was standing on the elevated bench made for the pilot, holding the long "steering-oar" and guiding the craft. As his manly form in the western sunlight attracted their attention, both the girls were struck with admiration for the noble fellow. Both waved their handkerchiefs, and Henry returned the adieu by swinging his hat. So intent was he on watching them that he forgot his duty, and one of the men was obliged to call out: "Swing her round, Captain, or the mail-boat 'll sink us."

Hardly was the boat swung out of the way when the tall-chimneyed mail-boat swept by.

"See the Marquis," cried Anne, and again adieux were waved. And the Marquis stepped to the guard and called out to Henry, "I'll see you in New Orleans," and the swift steamer immediately bore him out of speaking distance. And Henry watched him disappear, with a choking feeling that thus the nobleman was to outstrip him in life.

"See!" said Anne, "you are a lucky girl. You have your choice; you can go through life on the steamboat or on the flat-boat. Of course you'll go by steam."

"There are explosions on steamboats sometimes," said Priscilla. Then turning, she noticed a singular expression on Anna's face. Her insight was quick, and she said, "Confess that *you* would choose the flat-boat." And Anna turned away.

"Two strings to her bow, or two beaux to her string, I should say," and she did say it, for this was Miss More's comment on the fact which she had just learned, that Miss Haines had received letters from "the lower country," the handwriting on the directions of which indicated that she had advices from both her friends. But poor Miss More, with never a string to her bow and never a beau to her string, might be forgiven for shooting arrows that did no harm.

There was a time when Priscilla had letters from only one. Henry was very sick, and d'Entremont wrote bulletins of his condition to Priscilla and to his family. In one of these it was announced that he was beyond recovery, and Priscilla and Anna mingled their tears together. Then there came a letter that he was better. Then he was worse again. And then better.

In those days the mail was brought wholly by steamboats, and it took many days for intelligence to come. But the next letter that Priscilla had was from Henry Stevens himself. It was filled from first to last with praises of the Marquis: how he had taken Henry out of his boarding-place, put him in his own large room in the St. Charles; how he had nursed him with more than a brother's tenderness, scarcely sleeping at all; how he had sold his cargo, relieved his mind of care, employed the most eminent physicians, and anticipated his every want—all this and more, the letter told.

And the next steamboat brought Henry, well-nigh restored, and his noble nurse. Both were impatient to learn the decision of Priscilla; each was sure the other was to carry off the prize.

And so they walked together, the day after their arrival, to the little cottage. The conversation was begun by each of the gentlemen expressing his conviction that her decision was against him, and offering to retire.

Priscilla leaned her head on her hand a minute. Then she began: "I told you, my friends, that I thought God would decide for me. He has. I can marry neither of you."

The two friends looked at one another in doubt and amazement.

"Three sisters, four brothers, and my father

died of pulmonary disease. Of eight children I only am left, and in three months my mother will be childless. God has decided for me. Why should I give either of you pain by making a decision."

For the first time, in the imperfect light, they noticed the flushed cheeks, and for the first time they detected the quick breathing. It was a sad hour, and when they walked away the two friends were nearer than ever, for nothing brings souls together so much as a common sorrow.

And as day after day the two friends visited her in company, the public, and particularly that part of the public which peeped out of Miss Nancy More's windows, was not a little mystified. Miss More thought a girl who was drawing near to the solemn and awful realities of eternal bliss should let such worldly vanities as Markusses alone!

A singular change came over Priscilla in one regard. As the prospect of life faded out, she was no longer in danger of being tempted by the title and wealth of the Marquis. She could be sure that her heart was not bribed. And when this restraint of a conscience abnormally sensitive was removed, it became every day more and more clear to her that she loved d'Entremont. Of all whom she had ever known, he was a companion. And as he brought her choice passages from favorite writers every day, and as her mind grew with unwonted rapidity under the influence of that strange disease which shakes the body down while it ripens the soul, she felt more and more that she was growing out of sympathy with all that was narrow and provincial in her former life, and into sympathy with God's great world, and with Antoine d'Entremont who was the representative of the world to her.

This rapidly growing gulf between his own intellectual life and that of Priscilla, Henry Stevens felt keenly. But there is one great compensation for a soul like Henry's. Men and women of greater gifts might outstrip him in intellectual growth. He could not add one cell to his brain, or make the slightest change in his temperament. But neither the Marquis nor Priscilla could excel him in that gift of noble generosity which does not always go with genius, and which is not denied to the man of the plainest gifts. He wrote to the Marquis :—

"My Dear Friend:—You are a good and generous friend. I have read in her voice and her eyes what the decision of Priscilla must have been. If I had not been blind, I ought to have seen it before in the difference between us. Now I know that it will be a comfort to you to have that noble woman die your wife. I doubt not it will be a comfort to her. Do you think it will be any consolation to me to have been an obstacle in the way? I hope you do not think so meanly of me, and that you and Priscilla will give me the only consolation I can have in our common sorrow—the feeling that I have been able to make her last days more comfortable and your sorrow more bearable. If you refuse, I shall always reproach myself. Henry."

I need not tell of the discussions that ensued. But it was concluded that it was best for all three that Priscilla and the Marquis should be married, much to the disgust of Miss Nancy More, who thought that "she'd better be sayin' her prayers. What good would it do to be a March-oness and all that when she was in her coffin."

A wedding in prospect of death is more affecting than a funeral. Only Henry Stevens and Anna Poindexter were to be present. Priscilla's mother had completed the arrangements, blinded by tears. I think she could have dressed Priscilla for her coffin with less suffering. The white dress looked so like a shroud, under those sunken cheeks as white as the dress! Once or twice Priscilla had drawn her mother's head to her bosom and wept.

"Poor mother!" she would say, "so soon to be alone. But Antoine will be your son."

There was one more at the wedding than was intended. The family physician was there. For just as the dressing of the pale bride was completed, there came one of those sudden break-downs to which a consumptive is so liable. The doctor said that there was internal hemorrhage, and gave but a few hours of life. When the Marquis came he was heart-broken to see her lying there, so still, so white—dying. She took his hand. She beckoned to Anna and Henry Stevens to stand by her, and then, with tear-blinded eyes, the old minister married them for eternity! Then the door opened, and the ten little Sunday-school boys from Slabtown marched in. Each of them had a bouquet provided by Henry Stevens for the wedding. When the leader of the file saw her so sick he began to cry. She took his bouquet and kissed him. Then the little fellow rushed out, weeping piteously. Each of the others followed his example.

Feeling life ebbing, she took the hand of the Marquis. Then, holding to the hand of d'Entremont, she beckoned Henry to come near. As he bent over her she said, looking significantly at the Marquis, "Henry, God bless you, my noble-hearted friend." And as Henry turned away, the Marquis put

his arm about him, and said gratefully, "Henry, God *will* bless you."

Priscilla's nature abhorred anything dramatic in dying, or rather she did not think of effect at all. So she made no fine speeches. But when she had ceased to breathe, the old preacher said, "The bridegroom has come." And he was more eloquent than he knew.

She left an envelope for Henry. What it had in it no one but Henry ever knew. I have heard him say that it was one word, which became the key to all the happiness of his after-life. Judging from the happiness he has in his home with Anna, his wife, it would not be hard to tell what the word was. The last time I was at his house I noticed that their eldest child was named Priscilla, and that the boy who came next was Antoine. Henry told me that Priscilla left a sort of "will" for the Marquis, in which she asked him to do the Christian work that she would have liked to do. Nothing could have been wiser if she had only sought his own happiness, for in activity for others is the only safety for a restless and skeptical mind. He had made himself the special protector of the ten little Slabtown urchins.

Henry told me in how many ways, through Challeau, Lafort & Co., the Marquis had contrived to contribute to his prosperity without offending his delicacy. He found himself possessed of practically unlimited credit through the guarantee which the great New Orleans banking-house was always ready to give.

"What is that fine building?" I said, pointing to a picture on the wall.

"O! that is the 'Hospice de Sainte Priscille,' which Antoine has erected in Paris. People there call it 'La Marquise.'"

"By the way," said Priscilla's mother, who sat by, "Antoine is coming to see us next month, and is to look after his Slabtown friends when he comes. They used to call him at first 'Priscilla's Frenchman.'"

And to this day Miss More declares that Markusses is a thing she can't no ways understand.

ALBATROSS.

Time cannot age thy sinews, nor the gale
Batter the network of thy feathered mail,
  Lone sentry of the deep!
Among the crashing caverns of the storm,
With wing unfettered, lo! thy frigid form
  Is whirled in dreamless sleep!

Where shall thy wing find rest for all its might?
Where shall thy lidless eye, that scours the night,
  Grow blank in utter death?
When shall thy thousand years have stripped thee bare,
Invulnerable spirit of the air,
  And sealed thy giant-breath?

Not till thy bosom hugs the icy wave—
Not till thy palsied limbs sink in that grave,
  Caught by the shrieking blast,
And hurled upon the sea with broad wings locked,
On an eternity of waters rocked,
  Defiant to the last!

HALLOWEEN; OR, CHRISSIE'S FATE.

"Some merry, friendly, country-folks
Together did convene
To burn their nits, and pou their stocks
And haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night."—*Burns.*

It was a merry band that trooped into the square hall of the great comfortable homestead at The Grove that bright October afternoon, and the mellow light of the setting sun made a glory about the bright young heads, and lit the laughing, girlish eyes with yet greater brilliancy. Rich chestnut braids, bright golden coils, and raven bands, were alike radiant for the moment.

I—serene spinster—had been wheedled and coaxed until I stood committed to give these madcaps a "Halloween" frolic. To tell the truth, my scruples were not very obstinate, for I hoped these merry young voices would dispel the shadow that was falling on the dear old home whence all had passed—to the altar, to other homes, and to heaven—save just my lonely self; and from sheer force of habit I clung to the homestead hearth, propping my drooping spirits with frequent visits from cheery young relations, and the determination that the old house should be "kept up" for the holiday gathering. For at Thanksgiving and the "Christmas Week" the home band rallied from all points of the compass, and the ties of kinship gathered new strength.

So it came to pass that my niece Kitty Coles was spending the month with me, and having happened upon an old book upon "The Supernatural," had become imbued with a frantic desire to test some of her new-found theories on the approaching "Halloween." Now, as I was altogether too sedate for such pranks, she had found some fellow-conspirators of her own age, and the time was at hand which was to test my hospitality, as well as their ingenuity and nerve. And how jolly it was, to be sure, to see the graceful forms and bright young faces flitting about, preparing the night's mysteries. I soon learned that my principal *rôle* was Lady Bountiful—in other words, to place house and substance (*pro tem.*) at the disposal of the marauders. Their preparations were soon completed, and after tea the girls drew about the ample fireplace to watch "the melting of the lead," in a little old iron skillet which they had unearthed from some unknown quarter—for youth seems to possess a magician's charm of intuition if not of creation, and those girls certainly made discoveries that were new to my gray hairs even. From my chair in the corner I had the privilege of a spectator, and watched with curiosity as Kitty hurried in from the kitchen regions with a tin basin of clear water in one hand and a rusty iron spoon in the other. Depositing the basin on the hearth, she knelt before it, and with a—"Now, girls, who comes first?" plunged her spoon into the glowing embers for the necessary heating. Responding to my look of inquiry, Madge Milton enlightened me with, "You see, Miss Jeannette, we must drop the melted lead into the water, and whatever form it takes will show the occupation of our future husband. I'm awfully curious," said Madge, "so I think I'll take my turn, since you're all so modest about speaking." Dipping up a little of the molten metal, she dropped it in a diffusive sort of way into the water. The sharp hiss and sputter brought an immediate "cloud of witnesses" and a puzzled silence, which was soon broken by merry queries.

"Why, Madge, it looks like a pulpit—hope you're not going to marry a missionary!"

"Indeed, no, dear; it is much more like a beer-mug. Guess it's a German student."

"Well, it's obscure enough to be anything," said Madge, in a tone of dissatisfaction. "I'm not one whit wiser for *that* venture. Who'll spoon next?"

With "I believe I'm your next neighbor," Netta Fane consulted the fiery oracle; and peals of laughter arose as one and another traced resemblances, until Kitty sprang from her post with flushed face and burning fingers, and the declaration that it was time for something new.

"*I* conclude from this trick that we shall just all marry *tinkers*. Where are the chestnuts, Auntie? Frances, just skip into the kitchen and bring that long-handled shovel that stands by the 'Dutch oven;' there's a lambkin, for I don't propose to sacrifice my poor hands further in this cause."

Again they drew about the fire with mock anxiety, and gazed steadily upon the chestnuts that bore their names and hopes as they were placed in couples on the hot shovel, each fair lassie with a favored swain. Miss Kitty (by proxy) coquetted in a very characteristic way—fizzing and hopping—until in a burst of generosity and enthusiasm she revealed entirely her white heart. Madge sputtered and hissed, and finally left her lover altogether, in a mad leap into the flames, while demure little Daisy Burns sighed her life away nestling close beside her stolid choice. Netta Fane skipped

about in an uncertain sort of manner, first to one lover and then to another, until she finally edged into a cold corner, quite alone.

The pleasures of "popping" being exhausted, several other experiments were proposed which I was obliged to veto, as all included out-door expeditions, and one involved my winter's supply of cabbages. So my plea of icy dews and uncertain routes in the darkness prevailed, and the wonder-book was scanned anew.

"There, we forgot the herrings we were to bring from the village! What shall we do? Miss Jeannette, that's such a fine trick! You must swallow a salt herring in three bites, bones and all, and not drink a drop till the apparition of your future spouse comes in the night to offer you a glass of water. We *must* have that. Haven't you a herring in the house, no matter if it's ever so dry?"

I racked my brains in vain, but could find no compromise between codfish and sardines. But meanwhile they had turned to fresh fields and pastures new. I need hardly enumerate the various experiments, though they were many and ludicrous. But finally came the most momentous and inspiring of all, that which was to show the true metal.

"My dears," announced Kitty, in a serious, dignified tone, "buckle on your armor now, for I am about to propose what demands Spartan courage. Leading from the library next us is a covered way, which communicates directly with an old summer-house, which was inclosed to serve as a study for grandfather, when he was a young man. It is just the place for our last, most important charm. One of us must take a candle and an apple, and having first let down her hair, must pace along this lonely corridor, enter this ruined temple, and there find a mirror, before which she must seat herself; and as the clock strikes twelve, must eat her apple and comb out her hair. She will be rewarded by seeing the face of her future lover and husband reflected in the glass as though he were looking over her shoulder."

Kitty delivered herself of this harangue with great gusto, adding, "Now I don't mind telling you, girls, that *I* leave the field clear to the rest of you; for nothing could induce me to take that terrible promenade, though I *did* hang a mirror out there this afternoon for any one who chooses to tempt Providence." There was quite a pause when she finished, and for the moment curiosity as to the relative courage of the pretty group before me kept back the command which I meant to give against this expedition. The girls looked curiously into one another's faces, but all seemed to shrink from the ordeal, until Chrissie Marstone turned and said, with an odd laugh, "Well, girls, I've made up my mind that *I'll* do it, just for the fun of the thing."

"O Chrissie, *dare* you?" burst in a sort of half-protest from all, and I think this settled brave Chris. She was a handsome blonde, a trifle haughty perhaps, yet with a ravishing smile that belied her stately mien, for she carried her seventeen years like a society-queen. I should have refused any other, I think, but I liked Christabel, and I knew, too, that opposition would be useless if she was really determined. "It is half-past eleven now, *chéries*, and Lady Macbeth demands her lamp, with the rest of her paraphernalia, for I must be in time to meet my gallant lover," pursued brave Chris, undauntedly.

"We shall all wait for you in the library," we said, and the lamps were forthcoming as well as the candle. "And then we'll go directly to bed, if you please, my dears," I was obliged to add. Chrissie sat by the fire, unwinding the golden glory of her hair, which rippled in radiant waves from her crown to her knees. It was the "Marstone hair," the traditional pride of her house, and seemed almost too much for her slight, graceful form. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her eyes glistened and danced, and her lovely mouth was tremulous with unspoken thoughts. I think I never realized her beauty before; but she seemed lovely then beyond compare.

Throwing a shawl about her shoulders, she took the candle, the apple (which Kitty considerately took care should be small), and her comb, and with rapid step and not a word of good-bye sped swiftly down the "corridor," as Kitty had romantically termed it. As I watched her all the ludicrousness of the scene vanished. She looked like some sweet saint framed in the nimbus of her shining hair,—like Beatrice going to her dungeon.

She soon disappeared from our sight in a bend of the passage-way, and the group of half-frightened girls huddled together in a hushed crowd of scared faces upturned to me with a half-query and half-protest. "We ought not to have let her go—how long will she stay?" As none could answer, they tried to divert themselves from foolish fears. Kitty was studying the clock face and winking hard over "three doses of salt, administered two minutes apart." In spite of all attempts at amusement it seemed an age, although it was really five minutes after twelve. Still the corridor was dark and silent, and I had almost made up my mind to break the spell

and go to meet her, when the pale light flickered once more at the end of the passageway. As she came nearer, it seemed as though she was very white—else it was the sickly glare of the candle, but as she crossed the threshold her fingers relaxed, the candle fell, and she threw herself upon my neck with a burst of hysterical sobs. The nervous strain had been too much, and I led her into the parlor again, and, drawing her down on the broad divan, tried to soothe her. But she sprang up in a moment and said, "Girls, don't ever try that experiment—for it's true. I've seen him—I've seen him—and I'm *sure* it's true!"

"Who—*who?*—*do* tell us all about it," and the astonished girls drew back in a half-horror as they looked upon Chrissie's unnatural pallor and restless, trembling fingers. Drawing her down once more, and clasping my warm hands over her cold ones, I soon calmed her sufficiently for the narration of her story.

"After I left you I walked fast, because it was chilly, and although I was not afraid, I felt excited. Of course all was quiet when I entered the old study. I found Kitty's mirror, and seating myself before it, fell to quietly musing, forgetting my apple and comb, when I suddenly heard a stealthy footstep near. As I was about to turn my head quickly, thinking some of you meant to play a joke upon me, my uplifted eyes encountered in the mirror the reflection of a handsome, smiling face—that of a gentleman.

"It was quite as life-like as my own, and seemed to be peering over my shoulder. It was the face of a man of twenty-five, I should judge, with dark hair and merry brown eyes, a clear, rich complexion and a saucy mouth, half-hidden by a long, full moustache. It was a face I had never seen before, and I was spell-bound—too fascinated to move a muscle. With a half-bow and a whole smile, disclosing fine teeth, it or he, or whatever it was, disappeared. The revulsion of feeling the moment it was gone was terrible. Such a horrible fright came over me as I turned and saw that everything was unchanged—not a trace of humanity near—that I clutched my light with a desperate grip and flew into the entry! How I reached you all I shall never know, for I felt as if I was suffocating."

"O Auntie! what *could* it have been?" gasped Kitty.

"It is impossible, my child, that it could have been anything but an over-excited fancy, and you must all forget it now and get ready for bed."

"No, Miss Jeannette, I *know*, and shall always affirm to my dying day that my senses were clear, and I did indeed see another face in the glass beside my own," answered Christabel, in a tone of such earnest conviction that I was staggered for a moment. The girls, rallying from their scare, insisted it was a "true sign, and now that Chrissie had seen *her* lover, they would make one more effort." So Daisy went to bed faithfully obeying the directions :—

"Turn your boots toward the street,
Leave your garters on your feet,
Put your stockings on your head,
You'll dream of the one you're going to wed!"

—while Kitty, pursuant to her "salt charm" —having successfully accomplished the three swallows—went to bed backward, and lay down upon her right side, determined to sleep without stirring till morning. As my room was separated only by a thin partition from the larger one which the girls had improvised into a dormitory for the sake of being together, I had the benefit of Kitty's martyrdom. After they had chatted some time, I heard her voice mournfully exclaim, "Oh dear! if I only could stir enough to have a drink! I'm *dying* of thirst!" yet refusing all offers of relief, determined not to spoil her charm. Then—

"Oh girls! *how* I pity Lot's wife. I should think she would have swallowed the Dead Sea."

And again: "This is *ever* so much worse than having your 'photo' taken, because you *can* wink then; besides, if you do spoil it, you can have another one taken."

Thus through the watches of the night came the lamentations of this small Jeremiah, till suddenly there was a bound upon the floor, and a burst of laughter, as poor parched Kitty made an attack on the pitcher, and between swallows announced that she was "cured in every sense of the word;—catch her in such a pickle again, if she never got married," which was the last sound I heard from my dove-cote.

The morning dawned clear and fresh, and November seemed to borrow her first day from her predecessor, to get a good start as it were, and I found my birds could be larks as well as owls; for ere my own toilet was complete I heard the rustling and nestling and twittering, which finally merged into a general gossiping, and the click of little heels across the floor. This assured me that my breakfast preparations could proceed, for neither superstition nor sentiment can exist without food, I find. Poor Daisy was in great distress when,

on rising, she found her tiny boots staring at the barn instead of streetward, and she was quite sure

"Some elfin sprite
On mischief hight"

had turned them. Wonderful visions were related at the table, in which hobgoblins and knights seemed to have an even chance of it, while Kitty's demands on my coffee-pot betrayed her briny condition. Chrissie was still a trifle pale and preoccupied.

And thus ended, or seemed to end, the Halloween Frolic.

As the last blue veil whisked out of sight down the road, I heartily wished them all back. But the sunlight and laughter lingered long in the old house, cheering me until the Thanksgiving preparations commenced, when Kitty was with me again; and while I was engaged in preparing "divers and sundries" of sweets and pastes, flesh and fowl, her nimble, tasteful fingers were beautifying the rooms with festoons and garlands and bright bouquets. Her blithe young friends hunted through highway and woodland for leaves and moss, grasses and pines, and came in laden. For several days the great hall was piled with a beautiful confusion of dark evergreens, trailing Princess Pine, smoky wreaths of graceful clematis, great clusters of the scarlet and orange bitter-sweet, and the dazzling globes of the snowberry. Baskets of ferny moss too, and sprays of wild cranberry! Wasn't it a lovely frame for beautiful faces and graceful forms? Can you wonder the old home was transfigured under the magic of such influences, and that a proud hostess greeted the new-comers, as by twos and tens they all gathered under the roof-tree? Every nook was filled, from the great "spare-chamber"—double-bedded for the occasion—to the old mahogany crib for Baby Maud!

Well, all went on finely, till just as we were about to march in grand procession to the Thanksgiving-feast, the door burst open, and, to our great surprise, merry Rollie Haydon, my young nephew, in all the pride and promise of a nearly attained majority, walked in, with—

"How are you all, good kinsfolk, and my blessed Auntie? I was determined to come, 'if it took a leg,' and though it was hard to get off, I did it; and here's my chum, Mr. Richard Delamore, whom I insisted upon bringing to see a genuine Thanksgiving. He protested, but I knew you'd give him a hearty welcome, and we could find a shake-down somewhere, in barn or cellar. So make yourself at home, Dick." Whereat the audacious youth pirouetted across the room and demanded a cousin's right from all the feminines present, young and old; in the midst of which confusion I went to greet and welcome our new guest, who was a self-possessed, handsome fellow, with a singularly attractive expression.

He was soon on an easy footing with all, and we were delighted at the pleasant accession to our numbers. His conversational powers were brought into exercise at table, and a very merry feast we had, for our young people were many, and the elders were rejuvenated by the spirit of the day and hour. Rollie and Mr. Delamore were studying law in the same office, and seemed to feel greater zest for merriment after a season of Blackstone and Barbour. There was no end of jokes and repartee; and when all rose from the table, Rollie caught blushing Miss Kitty about the waist and waltzed down the long dining-room into the parlor. Dick looked very much as though he would like to follow, but contented himself with offering his arm to a fair neighbor and walking rapidly after them.

"I say, let's have a walk," said Rollie. "Come, girls, get your wraps, and let us have a little tramp to settle our dinner. We gentlemen can't smoke here, and we don't care to lose your charming society, so it's but fair you should join us. Aunt Jeannette, I speak for you and Kitty for my escorts; who'll follow my lead?" The proposition was met by a general stampede for wraps, which was evidence plain that it received approval; and after keeping my nose so long in the kitchen fire, I was glad enough to sniff the crisp, clear air. So we strolled off by twos and threes, wheresoever we listed. Rollie ahead, with Kitty in a bewitching little turban, with its saucy red wing perked on one side, and the most jaunty jacket of glossy seal-skin, while sober I hung on for ballast to this giddy young couple.

"Oh, Aunt Jean, this is perfectly jolly!" and the dear, daft fellow evidently thought I fancied it an all-abroad remark, referring to earth and sky, when I knew very well it was solely stimulated by the bright brown eyes, the glowing cheek, and dainty mouth of the charmer beside him. Ah! did I not see the soft little hand that nestled on his arm drawn closer as the frosty breezes blew the fleecy chestnut curls against his coat, and for one look at me Kitty had threescore and ten. But I enjoyed it all, and wondered if the trio behind us were getting on as well, for Dick had a lady fair on each arm, and was skimming on after us. As we turned a sharp cor-

ner I heard a suppressed exclamation ahead of me, and looking up beheld Chrissie Marstone *vis-à-vis*, looking straight through me, apparently, at some one in the rear. Her dilated eyes and flushed cheeks astonished me; but she quickly rallied, and after greeting us, said hurriedly, in response to Kitty's invitation to join us, "I can't, I'm going to grandfather's with a message."—"But, dearie, I was just going to stop at your gate and ask you to come up this evening. We are going to have lots of fun; say you will." After a moment's hesitation she consented, and left us. I was somewhat surprised to see her frequent glances at Mr. Delamore while Kitty was speaking, and almost feared, from the conscious blush and drooping eyelids, that our sweet Chris was an incipient flirt. Rollie, too, seemed struck with it, for as she disappeared he said, "Dick, my boy, I fear you've smitten that beauty, whoever she is."—"Exactly my query," responded Dick, ignoring the first clause. "May I ask who your beautiful friend is, Miss Coles?"

"Certainly; she is my dearest friend, and I'm glad you like her, for she *is lovely*," was Kitty's enthusiastic answer.

"Well, I must say that either black is very becoming to her, or she *is* an uncommonly handsome girl, though I am not so partial to blondes as my friend there," affirmed Rollie.

"My friend" seemed lost in thought, and I fancied his ladies fair were rather disgusted at the turn things had taken, and were ready enough to face homeward.

Most had arrived before us, and the remaining hours of the afternoon were spent in chatting and music. After tea, Rollie and Kitty started off for Christabel, and I was rather amused to hear Mr. Delamore's offer in the hall to accompany them "just to even matters coming home, chum—" he explained. I smiled when they had gone, thinking he would prove Monsieur de Trop, and fell to speculating over Chrissie's odd manner in the afternoon. She was a favorite with me, and after the death of her mother—some years back—I took the child close to my heart, for she had very little sympathy in the cold, still house where, being the only child, she had no companion but her father, who was absorbed in his books, and her grim aunt, who hadn't a thought beyond her housekeeping. Christabel's nature was as quaint and sweet as her name, and very womanly withal, and she clung to Kitty and me with a fervor that seemed odd to one who did not understand the force of her character. But since the night of the Halloween mystery she had seemed dreary and preoccupied; and although she never referred to it again in my presence, seeming to avoid the subject, I still felt sure that she brooded over it. Meditating thus, I strolled back to my room, and was putting the finishing touch to my coiffure, when Kitty's voice started me from my revery.

She burst into my room, dragging Chrissie fairly off her feet, and closing the door, clasped my waist, and whirling me about the room exclaimed: "O Aunt Jean, Aunt Jean, isn't it grand—I'm *so* happy—*so* happy." When I recovered my breath I held the crazy witch fast, and said:

"Child! what possesses you—what *is* the matter?"

"Oh, do sit down here, and I'll tell you all about it. Chris, come here and hold her other hand. You see, Auntie, Mr. Dick *would* come with us, and kept asking me about Chrissie all the way; and when we got to the house and they were introduced, they acted *so* funny, I was completely puzzled. Chrissie kept turning red and white, and Mr. Dick looked at her in a kind of daze. It was such an evident case of love at first sight, that Rollie and I considered it best to let him escort her," (profound Kitty!), "and they walked just ahead of us. Well, as we were coming up the avenue—suddenly Mr. Dick said 'By Jove' again, just as he did this afternoon, you remember; and I was about to rejoin him, when he added, 'I have it—I have it,' and looked so straight at Chrissie that she dropped her head on his arm, and I was sure he must be mad to make love so violently. Of course we asked him *what* he 'had' (I privately suspected it was Chrissie's hand), and then he said that about a month ago he was riding across the country near here, and on a strange road he lost his way. It was very late, nearly midnight, so he resolved to stop at the first house where he saw a light, and ask shelter or further direction. Soon after he came upon a large building, and in a small one close by was a pale light. Tying his horse, he hurried toward it, and, seeing the door slightly ajar, was about to enter, when he saw the figure of a woman with long golden hair seated before a table with her back to him. At first he thought she was praying; but, with his usual love of adventure, he determined to see her face. So he stepped noiselessly behind her and saw that she was before a mirror. That moment she raised her eyes—such *heavenly* eyes, he said—and looked at his face in the glass, peering from behind the golden veil of her beautiful hair; and as she looked not a sound came from her, but every trace of color died

out of her face, leaving it like marble; and fearing to frighten her more, he gave a reassuring smile, and quietly withdrew as he came. Until he was fairly in the saddle again and some distance on, he did not once think of his errand, so enraptured was he with the beautiful vision; but he rode on until he came to a village, and finding a hotel, stopped long enough for a few hours' rest, and was off at dawn. Since that time those eyes have followed him in dreams, and come between him and all duty."

"O Kitty, don't!" pleaded Christabel, as she hid her crimson face in my lap.

"Why, darling, I'm just repeating his own words, only I can't tell it as splendidly as he did. Well, any way, he never thought about the locality when Roland asked him to come here; and so when he came on Chrissie this afternoon, her face seemed like a dream to him, and he could not help that exclamation. Still he wasn't at all sure about her; yet when he saw her again, by lamp-light, the resemblance was startling. But he thought it must be his fancy until, as we came into the grounds, he looked up suddenly toward the house, and it all flashed across his mind in a moment,—the large building looming out of the darkness, and the smaller one with a light moving about in it—for I suppose some of the folks are prowling around. Chrissie made us hurry into the house, but promised she would explain *her* part to him by-and-by; and I think it would be *so* romantic if she would only go out into the old study with him and tell him all about it there. Isn't it splendid to think it was all true, after all, Aunt Jean?" And Kitty paused, quite out of breath. For answer I raised Chrissie's face and head between my two palms, while I asked, "And what does my Christabel say to all this? Did she recognize her midnight lover this afternoon?"

"Yes, Auntie," she responded, in a low tone, "I knew the face the moment I saw it, but I dared not say a word, I knew you would all quiz me so; and it all seemed so mysterious till he explained it. But it seems as though I must have known him all this time."

"Well, my darling, I hope it will all come right. I hardly know what to say." But I had an uncomfortable sense that things were settled in one direction already. Chrissie had a new shyness, and seemed reluctant, yet anxious, to go down-stairs. As we entered the parlor, I saw our little romance was still a secret among us five, and would remain so. During a pause in the games, Chrissie whispered quietly to me, "Auntie, Mr. Delamore is impatient to have me keep my promise, and Kitty has put it into his head that the story must be told in that very room. I have agreed, if Kitty and Mr. Haydon and yourself will go with us."

"Go into the library, dear, all of you, and stay till I can slip away unperceived."

Which I soon did, and in solemn file, with triumphal torches we marched down the corridor into the grim, musty little study, where we received a chrism of cobweb by way of baptism, in this new Lovers' Bower. Rollie perched on the desk, Dick leaned near him, and Kitty nestled in my lap, while Christabel stammered out the story of her ordeal, which the irreverent Rollie received with a shout of amusement. But the delighted hero looked as though he would like then and there to assure her of the faithfulness of the prophecy. Kitty suddenly sprang from my knee, exclaiming:

"There! I've been wondering how that door came to be open. I remember now; that was the way I came in to bring the mirror, for I had a horror of that pokey old passage!"

Things were getting a little awkward, and I proposed a return to the parlor, lest we should be missed, magnanimously leading the procession this time.

With a wooing so mysteriously and romantically begun, can you doubt the sequel? Mr. Dick found my old home very attractive long after the family dispersed, and the "strange road" became a highway to happiness with him. This is an age of progress. The wooing sped so well that I placed June roses in my cap for the double wedding, for willful Kitty determined to have things her own way. We fitted up the old study as a little chapel, and the dainty brides made dainty wives, where Chrissie "met her Fate."

"TOO WISE FOR LOVE."

I.

A BLUE-BIRD sang through glen and grove—
"The world has grown too wise for Love!"

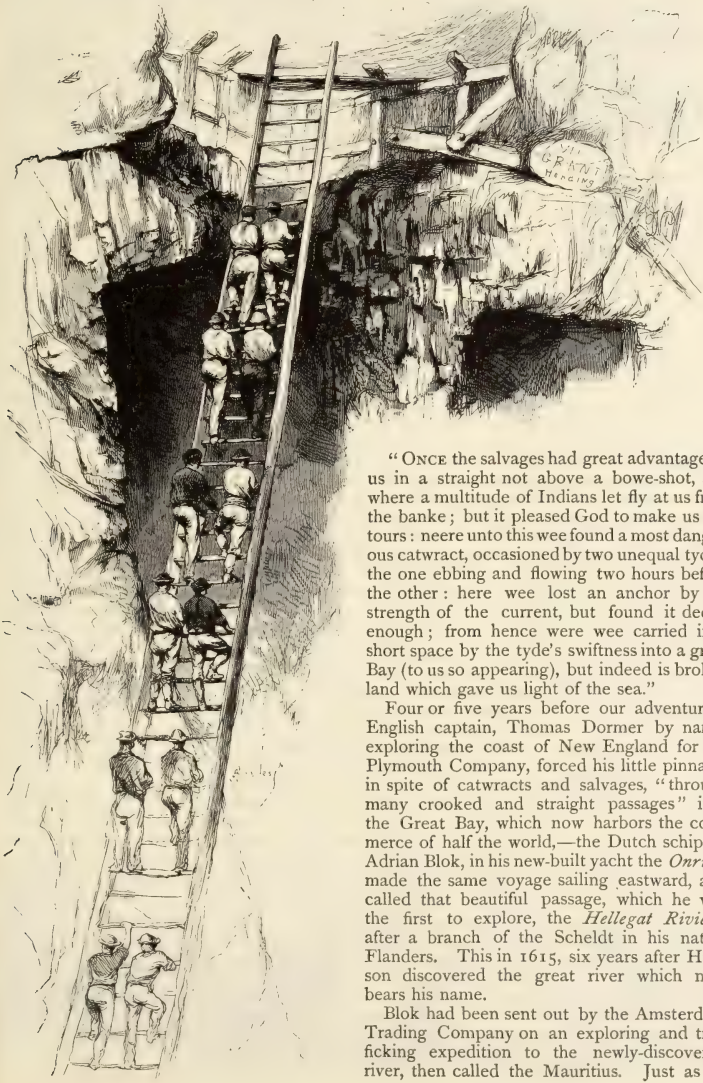
"Too wise for Love!" O eyes of men!
Ye scarcely turn to look again,
Though tangling in the wayside press
Float airy phantasies of dress,
And blonde hair's witching loveliness.
Vain all the shy, delaying arts:
Ye look straight on. O manly hearts!
Ye were not wont to beat so slow
Where Beauty's footsteps come and go.
At some new altars do ye bow?
New Platos con with bloodless brow?—
Or thin-lipped schoolmen, armed to spy
Chemic equivalents of a sigh,
And say what royal gases speak
Their secrets in a blush-warm cheek?
On summer shores, by sea-winds blown,
The white-armed maidens walk alone;
Long grasses choke your trysting-grove;
The world has grown too wise for Love.

II.

"Too wise for Love!" O woman-souls,
Round you the same chill current rolls.
Your ancient landmarks, thrust aside,
Float downward on the dizzying tide.
Ah, ruthless Change! No longer waits
The queen within her palace gates.
With lips grown tired—too tired to kiss—
Discoursing of what thing Love is;
With hands that cling not any more,
For grasping pen, and rein, and oar;
Forth fares she on the common way.
Ah, lingering Theban of our day,
Promised, as erst of old, to him
Who reads the Sphinx's riddle grim,
Your rallying song rings out amain,
And this the burden of your strain:
"O, Love was sweet, but Love is past!
Not sweetest things may longest last;
Now Wisdom cometh from afar,
And blazing o'er her silver car,
Lo, *Freedom*—bright and morning star!"

And still around, below, above,
The blue-bird sang—"Too wise for Love—
The world has grown too wise for Love!"

THE UNBARRING OF HELL GATE.



"ONCE the salvages had great advantage of us in a straight not above a bowe-shot, and where a multitude of Indians let fly at us from the banke; but it pleased God to make us victours: neere unto this wee found a most dangerous catwract, occasioned by two unequal tydes, the one ebbing and flowing two hours before the other: here wee lost an anchor by the strength of the current, but found it deepe enough; from hence were wee carried in a short space by the tyde's swiftness into a great Bay (to us so appearing), but indeed is broken land which gave us light of the sea."

Four or five years before our adventurous English captain, Thomas Dormer by name, exploring the coast of New England for the Plymouth Company, forced his little pinnace, in spite of catwracts and salvages, "through many crooked and straight passages" into the Great Bay, which now harbors the commerce of half the world,—the Dutch schipper Adrian Blok, in his new-built yacht the *Onrust*, made the same voyage sailing eastward, and called that beautiful passage, which he was the first to explore, the *Hellegat Riviere*, after a branch of the Scheldt in his native Flanders. This in 1615, six years after Hudson discovered the great river which now bears his name.

Blok had been sent out by the Amsterdam Trading Company on an exploring and trafficking expedition to the newly-discovered river, then called the Mauritius. Just as he



BLOCK-HOUSE ON MILL ROCK, 1814.

was about to return, in the fall of 1614, his little ship, the *Tigre*, caught fire and was destroyed. Nothing daunted by the mishap, he set to work to build another, which, with the assistance of the admiring natives, he finished the following spring. His new craft, the first bit of naval architecture launched on Manhattan waters, was a yacht of sixteen tons burden, 38 feet keel and 11½ feet beam. He christened it the *Onrust*, in English *Restless*—a name peculiarly appropriate for the first of the multitudinous shipping to hail from the same port. It was significant, too, that the first voyage of the *Restless* should be through the channel destined, in after years, when its turbulence had been quelled, to become the main gateway to the harbor of Manhattan, itself the portal of a new world won to civilization.

Fifty years after the adventure of Captain Dormer, another Englishman wrote a description of the place called Hell Gate: "which being a narrow passage there runneth a violent stream both upon flood and ebb, and in the middle lyeth some Islands of rocks which the current sets so violently upon that it threatens present shipwreck; and upon the flood is a large whirlpool which continually sends forth a hideous roaring, enough to affright any stranger from passing that way, and to wait for some Charon to conduct him through: yet to those who are well acquainted, little or no danger; yet a place of great defence against any enemy coming in that way, which a small fortification would absolutely prevent."

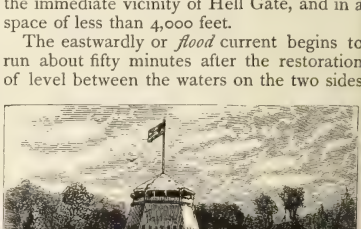
Thus early, it appears, the name *Hellegat*, —originally applied to the whole of what is now East River,—had been restricted to Captain Dormer's "dangerous catwract," and warped from its poetical meaning, *beautiful pass*, as Judge Benson translates it, to something savoring of the infernal: not solely through English perverseness, however; for, as De Laet's *Inferni os* implies, the Dutch themselves must speedily have forgotten the origin of the name, and begun to give it a meaning more appropriate to the limited space to which they had come to apply it.

The readers of Cooper will remember the headlong chase of the Water-Witch through this critical pass, pursuer and pursued each in too imminent danger to think of hurting the other as they whirled through the boiling eddies.

The novelist's description of the passage has all the rush and excitement of the place itself. Irving's is humorously whimsical; yet no one could excel him in fidelity to Nature when he tells how the current is violently compressed between shouldering promontories and horribly perplexed by rocks and shoals. "Being at the best of times a very violent and impetuous current, it takes these impediments in mighty dudgeon; boiling in whirlpools; brawling and fretting in ripples; raging and roaring in rapids and breakers; and, in short, indulging in all kinds of wrong-headed paroxysms. At such times, woe to any unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches. This termagant humor, however, prevails only at certain times of tide. At low water, for instance, it is as pacific a stream as you would wish to see. But as the tide rises it begins to fret; at half-tide it roars with might and main, like a bull bellowing for more drink; but when the tide is full, it relapses into quiet, and for a time sleeps as soundly as an alderman after dinner. In fact, it may be compared to a quarrelsome toper, who is a peaceable fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he has a skinful, but who, when half-seas over, plays the very devil."

The violent currents that traverse East River and make it so dangerous to shipping, arise from contrasts of elevation between two tidal waves—one entering from the Sound, the other by way of Sandy Hook entrance. These two waves meet and struggle for the mastery between Forty-second street and Pot Rock, the greatest disturbance of level occurring in the immediate vicinity of Hell Gate, and in a space of less than 4,000 feet.

The eastwardly or *flood* current begins to run about fifty minutes after the restoration of level between the waters on the two sides



TOWER ON HALLET'S POINT, 1814.

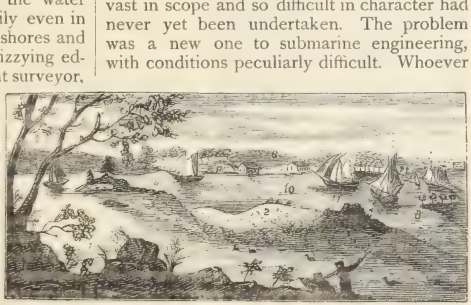


FORT STEVENS IN 1814.

of the Gate. The *ebb*, or westwardly current, follows slack water at a smaller interval. The flood tide flows at a lower stage than the ebb, and is consequently much the stronger. The bewildering whirls of the currents at this stage of the tide are attributed by the Chief Hydrographer of the Coast Survey, not so much to the uneven channel and obstructing rocks as to the abrupt changes of course at the point of greatest fall.

The main ship-channel is the best at all stages of tide, having the deepest water and the slowest current. Through this channel the water runs from two to two and a half miles an hour; through the middle channel, from four to seven miles; through the eastern channel, about three miles. Off Hallet's Point the tide sweeps at the fearful rate of eight or nine miles an hour; between Shell Drake Rock and Holme's Rock, from four to eight miles; below Pot Rock, from two to five. Unless favored with a commanding breeze, the early navigator found it impossible to control his vessel when once fairly caught in these furious currents, which were made tenfold more perilous by cross-currents and countless circular eddies running into and overlying each other. "To steer a vessel through these intricate passages, through which the water runs with such speed, breaks noisily even in the calmest times upon the rocky shores and islands, and whirls in a thousand dizzying eddies, requires," says the Government surveyor, "a cool head and a steady hand, even with the superior help of steam. But in a sailing-vessel the greatest skill and self-possession, without a commanding wind, prove insufficient to guard against certain danger." More harm is suffered and more risks incurred here in a space of 2,000 yards, than in all the rest of the navigable waters this side of New York to the farthest extremity of the Sound. Before any improvement was made in the channel, a thousand vessels a year were wrecked or seriously damaged by collision with its projecting rocks. Even now it is no uncommon thing to see two or three vessels go ashore, or come to grief on Frying-Pan, Gridiron or some other of its treacherous reefs, in the course of a single day.

But it is not so much the damage done to the light coasters that frequent the passage, as the exclusion of larger craft from this much-needed entrance to the harbor of New York, that makes the bars of Hell Gate so hurtful to our commerce. The fleets of ships and steamers that do our European carrying trade are now compelled to enter by way of Sandy Hook. The approaches to this entrance are stormy and perilous. The entrance is obstructed by a sand-bar, over which vessels of large draught cannot cross except at high tide, causing constant, vexatious, and expensive delays. The inner channel is crooked, shallow, and subject to shifting shoals, which make the passage uncertain and troublesome, if not dangerous. It was natural that the master-minds of our commercial interests should covet the shorter and safer entrance through the Sound, so provokingly barred at Hell Gate. These obstructions once removed, a hundred miles of exposure to a dangerous coast would be shunned and an equal distance of smooth sailing gained; the route to Europe would be shortened by fifty miles; the tedious waiting for high water at Sandy Hook would be avoided, and a full day's time gained on every voyage. The far-reaching importance of these advantages, and the possible effect of them on the future of the city and country are simply incalculable. The more they were considered, the more urgent appeared the necessity of their realization. But how could the channel be cleared? An enterprise of the kind so vast in scope and so difficult in character had never yet been undertaken. The problem was a new one to submarine engineering, with conditions peculiarly difficult. Whoever



A DUTCH VIEW OF HELL GATE; (FROM AN OLD PRINT).

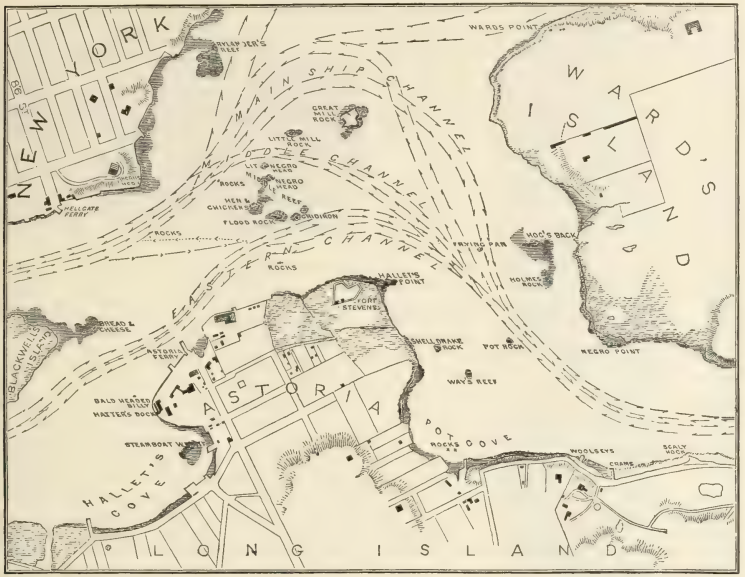


HELL GATE FROM NEGRO POINT.

undertook its reduction would have to invent both means and processes; and there were few engineers who did not seriously doubt the possibility of dislodging by human agencies those solid barriers which had so long withstood the terrific force of the tides sweeping over and around them, and which were accessible only for a few minutes at slack water each day. The uncertainty of the problem was heightened by the lack of any accurate knowledge of the obstacles to be removed. Hell Gate had not even been surveyed when, in 1845, the much-canvassed assault upon it began to show signs of passage from words to deeds, at which time, under the leadership of David Hall, the merchants of New York began their appeals to Congress for an appropriation for the improvement of the channel. These petitions and memorials seemed to have no effect; yet when the Coast Survey Office was reorganized in 1847, under the superintendence of Professor Bache, the first local field-work undertaken was an examination of this most important and most perilous channel on our coasts. The first survey was made under the supervision of Lieut. (now Rear Admiral) Chas. H. Davis, U. S. N., in the winter of 1847–48. The report of Lieut. Davis, made in February, 1848, gave a minute description of the rocks and currents of the Gate, and suggested a plan of blasting and docking by which the more serious obstructions might be removed or shorn of their dangerous character. The plan thus recommended was promptly approved by the New York Chamber of Commerce, and Congress was again appealed to for an appropriation for carrying on the work. The only effect was an order for a re-survey of the channel. The work was committed to Lieut. (now Admiral) David D. Porter, who, in the fall of 1848, reaffirmed the observations of Lieut. Davis, reviewed somewhat more minutely the obstructions of the channel, and expressed the opinion that where the interests of so many were at stake the want of attention to the navigation of Hell Gate appeared like culpable neglect. After describing particularly the perils of the passage, and speaking of the great numbers of vessels that went ashore from month to month, he concluded by expressing the conviction that if the measures proposed by Lieut. Davis were carried out, "not one vessel would be lost in five years."

Encouraged by this report, the merchants of New York renewed their appeals to Congress, with no other result than an order for a new survey. Another naval officer attached to the Coast Survey, Lieut. M. Woodhull, was sent to repeat the work, which he did in 1849, making a full report, and, like his predecessors, recommending immediate action. One excellent result of these surveys was a fine chart of Hell Gate and its approaches, with elaborate sailing directions, first issued from the office of the Coast Survey in 1851. Our map is a photographic copy in miniature of that part of the Coast Survey chart which covers the Gate, with the soundings omitted. It shows far better than any verbal description the order and grouping of the obstructions.

While Lieut. Woodhull was engaged in his survey, there appeared upon the field of action a volunteer, a French



MAP OF HELL GATE.

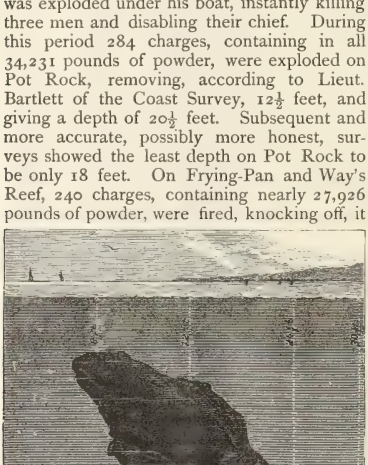
engineer, Mons. Maillefert by name, who declared himself able and willing to undertake the Herculean task of clearing the Gate, at a cost surprisingly small. His plan was entirely new. He dispensed with the slow and costly process of drilling—a process that seemed well-nigh impracticable in the furious tides of Hell Gate—and exploded his charges against instead of within the rocks to be broken up. When exploded in open air, gunpowder, it is well known, flashes upward and outward, doing little or no harm to bodies beneath. Under water the action is different. The superincumbent stratum offers such resistance to the passage of the gas evolved, that the shock of the explosion is determined in all directions, making it possible to shatter subaqueous rocks by surface concussion. The process was remarkably simple, and within certain limits quite successful, as its employment in the harbor of Nassau and elsewhere, under Mons. Maillefert's supervision, had sufficiently demonstrated.

Lieut. Woodhull, to whom Mons. Maillefert applied for employment, had no authority beyond the exigencies of the survey. Yet the proposed plan appeared so feasible and inexpensive, that he interested himself so far as to aid Mons. Maillefert in bringing his project before the leading merchants of the city, in connection with the well-known scientist, Mr. E. Merriam, of Brooklyn. Nothing was accomplished, however, until March, 1851, when, despairing of any action by Congress, Mr. Henry Grinnell offered to subscribe $5,000 toward giving the new plan a trial. Shortly after Mons. Maillefert submitted to the Chamber of Commerce an offer to remove three small but dangerous reefs—Pot Rock, Frying-Pan, and Way's Reef—for the sum of $15,000, which proposition was formally accepted on the 18th of June following. The first blast was made on Pot Rock on the 19th of August, knocking off some four feet from its highest projection. Originally this obstruction rose to within eight feet of the surface at low water, and stretched like a dam across the Gate, broadside to the current, at an average depth of ten feet, for a distance of 130 feet. At the depth of 24 feet the reef was 250 feet long and 75 feet wide, the strata vertical and trending north and south like all the other rocks of Hell Gate. At the least depth the rock was about six feet square, deepening to fourteen feet on the east and west, and suddenly to 24 feet on the north and south. At a short

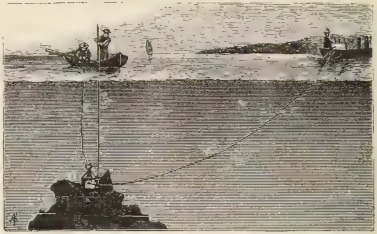
distance on either side the soundings show from 50 to 75 feet of water, increasing to 115 feet off Woolsey's Bath-House. Standing thus in the very middle of the channel, and swept by a current rushing from five to eight miles an hour, this obstruction was of the most formidable character. Its removal, Lieut. Porter believed, would lessen the dangers of the passage by one-half.

Frying-Pan was a narrow ledge, approaching within nine feet of the surface and running north and south, a part of the chain of rocks extending from Hog's Back to Hallet's Point. This rock out of the way, vessels would always drift through the main ship-channel. The difficulty of removing it was considered by Lieut. Porter to be much greater than with any other rock in the Gate. Way's Reef comprised two rocks, one conical, with five feet of water, the other twenty yards north, a flat bed ten feet square, with fourteen feet of water. A strong current setting over Way's Reef made it very dangerous.

Mons. Maillefert's operations were continued intermittently, as funds were forthcoming, until March 26th, 1852, when, by a misplacing of battery connections, a canister of powder was exploded under his boat, instantly killing three men and disabling their chief. During this period 284 charges, containing in all 34,231 pounds of powder, were exploded on Pot Rock, removing, according to Lieut. Bartlett of the Coast Survey, 12½ feet, and giving a depth of 20½ feet. Subsequent and more accurate, possibly more honest, surveys showed the least depth on Pot Rock to be only 18 feet. On Frying-Pan and Way's Reef, 240 charges, containing nearly 27,926 pounds of powder, were fired, knocking off, it



PROFILE OF POT ROCK.



MAILLEFERT'S PLAN.

a, Powder Canister; *b*, Iron Rod for placing Charge; *c*, Rope; *d*, Conducting Wire; *e*, Battery.

was claimed, 9½ feet from each. and giving them a depth of water of 18½ and 14½ feet respectively. These results also appear to have been greatly exaggerated, as later surveyors found but 9½ feet on the former and 13 feet on the latter. Six discharges of 125 pounds each reduced Shell Drake from eight to seventeen feet. A single discharge on Bald-Headed Billy, a small but dangerous boulder, dry at low water, was sufficient to dislodge it, when it was split by drilling, and the two parts separately removed. Mons. Maillefert also destroyed, by eight discharges, two other small rocks in the neighborhood of Woolsey's Bath-House. The cost of these operations was about $13,000, a small sum for the great improvement effected in the channel. The principal result came from the removal of the projection of Pot Rock. That secured a safe way for vessels drawing sixteen feet of water, and gave such increased facility for the passage of the rapid flood-current that the violent boiling of the pot was greatly reduced, and the destructive whirlpool almost completely disappeared. "Hell Gate has lost its terrors," was the jubilant report of Mons. Maillefert and his Danish copartner, Captain Raasloff, in August, 1852, adding that it might be made the safest entrance to the harbor of New York, "if the necessary means be found to continue operations, which, from the very outset, have given such beautiful and important results."

Shortly after this appeal an appropriation of $20,000 was made by Congress for carrying on the work under the supervision of Lieut. Bartlett, and subsequently of Major Fraser, of the Engineer Corps. This fund was soon exhausted, together with Mons. Maillefert's private capital, and the work came to an end.

In 1857 General Totten, Chief Engineer U. S. Army, A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and Commander Charles H. Davis, U. S. Navy, were appointed Advisory

Council to the Commissioners relative to the encroachments and preservation of the harbor of New York. In their report, based on the survey of Hell Gate by Lieut. Craven, of the Coast Survey, made in 1856, they recommended the removal of Pot Rock, Frying-Pan, Way's Reef, and certain smaller rocks, by blasting; the building of stone piers with spring fenders on Hog's Back, the Gridiron, and Bread and Cheese; the closing of the channel between the latter reef and the head of Blackwell's Island, and the erection of a beacon on Rylander's Reef. But their recommendation ended with itself, no action being taken to carry it into effect.

For the next ten years the affairs of the nation were so absorbing that local interests were left perforce in the background. As soon, however, as the war was over, the conversion of Hell Gate into a safe highway for commerce was again demanded: and the demand was so urgent, and so reasonable withal, that it could not be denied.

In the summer of 1866, Brevet Major-General Newton was assigned by the War Department to the duty of examining these obstructions, with a view to their removal. His first report was made in January, 1867, giving elaborate estimates of the work required to make the channel what it should be,—a safe passage-way for all shipping, not a mere coaster's channel. Three plans of operation were suggested.

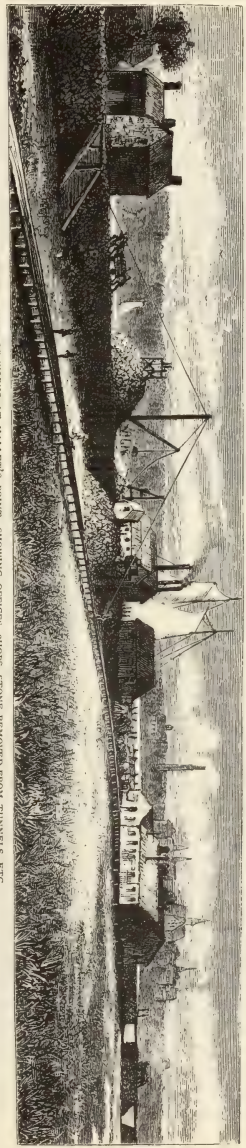
The first project comprised the blasting and removal of rock from Pot Rock, Frying-Pan, Way's Reef, Shell Drake, Heeltap Rocks, Negro Point, Scaly Rock, Hallet's Point, and certain small detached rocks; and the erection of a series of sea-walls along Hen and Chicken, Flood Rock, the Gridiron, Hog's Back, Holme's Rock, and on the exposed sides of the other reefs of the channel. Rock to be removed to 24 or 26 feet below mean low water; time, six years; estimated cost for the greater depth, $6,000,000.

The second project included the foregoing with the removal of Negro Head, Flood Rock, Hen and Chicken, and the Gridiron, with the omission of the sea-walls, thereby made unnecessary. Time, ten years; cost, $9,000,000.

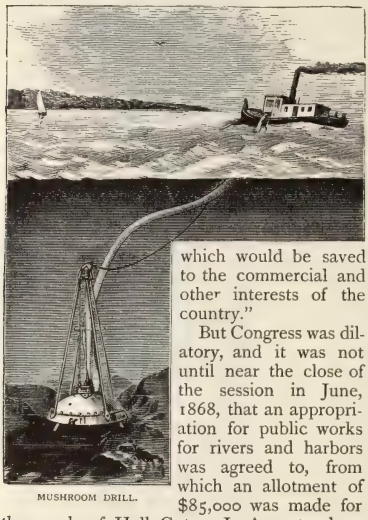
The third project omitted all improvement of the middle channel, and, with the addition of Hallet's Point, was essentially that recommended by the Advisory Council in 1857. Time, four years; cost about $3,000,000.

The third project was recommended by the U. S. Chief of Engineers, on account of its moderate cost. A subsequent reduction of the estimated expense removed the only objection to including the Gridiron in the plan of operation, and the scope of the work was consequently extended to include that most formidable and destructive reef in the channel.

While General Newton was making his surveys and preparing his estimate, Congress was importuned by ship-masters and merchants impatient for visible results. The actual loss by the obstruction of Hell Gate, it was asserted in a petition presented in October, 1867, amounted to between one and a half and two million dollars a year, during the time when our commerce was suffering from the "war-blight;" with returning prosperity the losses would be proportionally increased. The cost of the desired improvements, it was urged, "would be not at all proportioned to the amount



GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS AT HALLET'S POINT, SHOWING OFFICES, SHOPS, STONE REMOVED FROM TUNNELS, ETC.



MUSHROOM DRILL.

which would be saved to the commercial and other interests of the country."

But Congress was dilatory, and it was not until near the close of the session in June, 1868, that an appropriation for public works for rivers and harbors was agreed to, from which an allotment of $85,000 was made for the needs of Hell Gate. In August, advertisements were inserted in the leading papers, calling for bids for the removal of Pot Rock and Frying-Pan. When publicly opened, September 21, the bids were found to range from $38,000 to $500,000, the time asked varying from three months to time unlimited. The great disparity in these bids was evidence enough of the experimental and problematic character of the work to be done. The lowest bidder was Mr. Sidney F. Shelbourne, of New York, to whom the contract was awarded in October. Mr. Shelbourne proposed to do the work by drilling and blasting, the machinery to be placed on the bottom and driven by a steam pump placed on a vessel above. The rock was to be pierced by a rotating diamond drill driven by a small turbine wheel enclosed in a turtle-shaped chamber, blasted by charges of nitro-glycerine, and the *débris* removed by a grappling machine. The current of water by which the first drill was driven did not give power enough on trial, and the drill was abandoned for a larger one—the "Mushroom," of similar construction, driven by steam. This drill was tried with partial success on Frying-Pan, but it proved too delicate and uncertain of continuous action under the trying requirements of the rough work at Hell Gate, and one of entirely different construction was substituted.

Speaking of these experiments, in his report dated December 19, 1868, Gen. Newton said: "The removal of rocks in Hell Gate is attended with peculiar difficulty. The current is extremely rapid, so that divers could not be sent down, in most places, to regulate and set the drills, except at slack water. This fact requires that the drill should act independently of manual assistance, and therefore peculiar and ingenious devices are required. But the more formidable evil is the chance, unavoidable in the long run, of being collided with, from the number of vessels, daily increasing, which frequent this narrow pass." This danger Mr. Shelbourne soon had experience of, to his cost.

The impossibility of placing the "Mushroom" satisfactorily on jagged rocks swept by violent currents, caused Mr. Shelbourne to discard the rotating principle of the diamond drill, substituting a striking drill. This machine was 35 feet high, 27 feet in diameter at the base, and weighed 28 tons. The drilling engine was above water, the rock being pierced by the continual falling of a heavy drill-bar. The preliminary trial of this drill was entirely successful. When placed on Frying-Pan it stood firmly on the rock, unmoved by the current, until the necessary preparations were made for putting it in operation. But that very day it was run down by a brig, a tug, and a canal-boat, and completely demolished. The time of Mr. Shelbourne's contract had been twice extended. As the final period expired three days after the destruction of the last drill, no application for renewal was made. Mr. Shelbourne had labored faithfully and well: but luck was against him, his last misfortune leaving him some twenty thousand dollars out of pocket, and the public so much the richer for the experiments he had made.

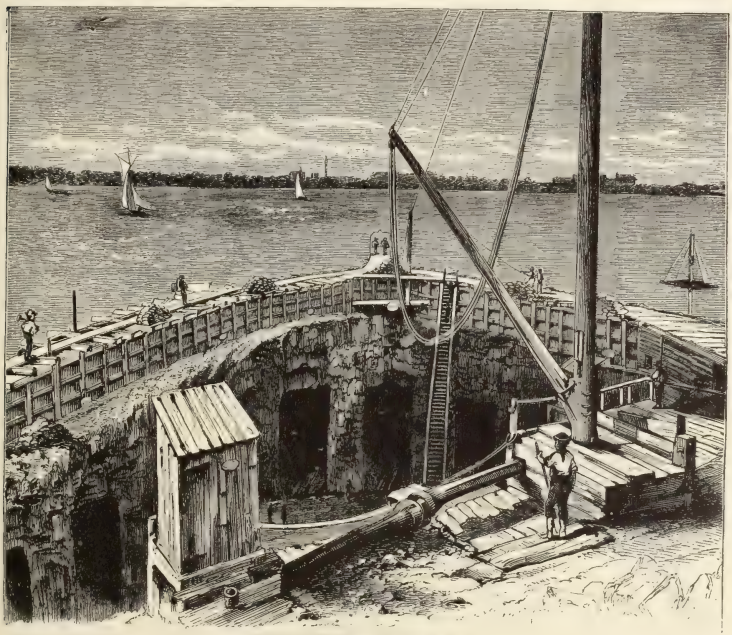
While Mr. Shelbourne's large drill was building, the removal of Pot Rock was withdrawn from his contract, and awarded to Mons. Maillefert, together with Way's Reef and Shell Drake. The time of completing the reduction of these rocks to the depth of 25 feet, mean low water, was limited to December 1, 1869. Mons. Maillefert began operations about the first of August, employing his process of surface blasting. He succeeded only in demonstrating, at his own expense, the inefficiency of the process for removing solid bed-rock. So long as the rock was found in isolated pinnacles, great effects were produced; but when the projecting points had been knocked away, and the rock reduced to a large, smooth surface, progress became slow, doubtful, and

costly. For example, the narrow ledge of Pot Rock was reduced about nine feet in height by 284 discharges; subsequently 900 charges, from 75 to 100 pounds each, exploded under the supervision of Major Fraser, removed but little over a foot, the rate of gain decreasing with great rapidity with each discharge. At the close of Mons. Maillefert's last operations on Way's Reef and Shell Drake, they showed a depth of water of $17\frac{1}{2}$ and $18\frac{4}{5}$ feet respectively.

While these unsuccessful but not fruitless experiments were making, the General in charge became convinced that the work could be done more economically if conducted directly on behalf of the Government, instead of through contractors as heretofore. It was evident that new plans would have to be tried, and new machinery invented, requiring outlays that a contractor could not afford to make while uncertain of a successful bid under succeeding appropriations. To contract with one party for the whole work, payments to be made as appropriations were granted, would, on the other hand, be inordinately expensive. In estimating for his bid the contractor would have to allow a wide margin for possible losses by delays and failures by Congress to appropriate, and no allowance could be made for the improvements in means and methods of working, sure to be devised from time to time, as the requisite experience should be gained.

Taking all things into account, General Newton believed it possible to perform the work at a great saving if allowed to do it in his own way. His opportunity came when the allotment for Hell Gate ($178,200) was made from the general appropriation for river and harbor improvements granted April 10, 1869; and, without waiting for the expiration of the contracts then running, he proceeded to lay out the work under the direct supervision of the War Department.

The removal of Hallet's Point was the largest and most pressing operation thus far authorized. Projecting three hundred feet into the stream in such a way as to throw the Sound tide straight upon the Gridiron, over which it breaks with destructive violence, this



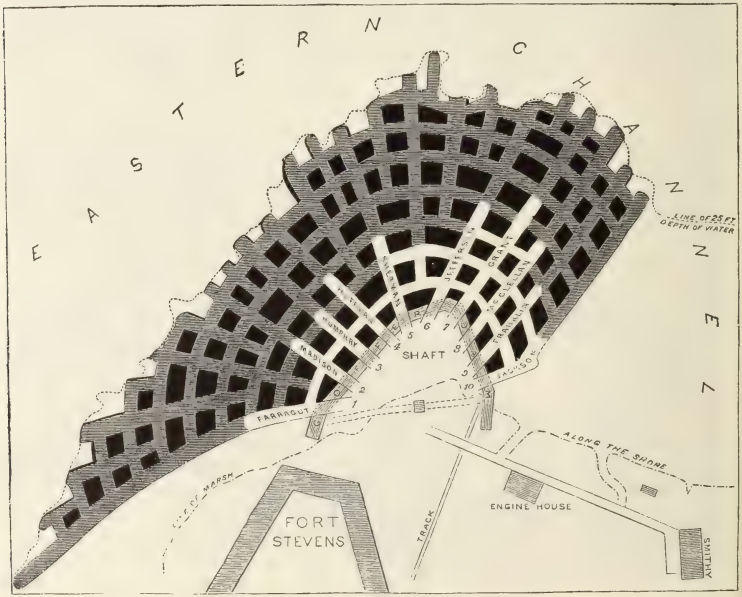
VIEW OF COFFER-DAM, LOOKING EAST.

spur of rock stands squarely in the way of shipping coming in from the eastward. To escape the Gridiron such vessels have to shave the point as closely as possible, so that any apparatus placed above the reef would inevitably be run down and disposed of as unceremoniously as Mr. Shelbourne's, on Frying-Pan. The only feasible plan of operation was to work from the shore by sinking a shaft, out of the way of shipping, and, after undermining the reef with radiating headings connected by concentric galleries, and removing all the rock that could be safely taken out, blow up the roof and its supporting columns at a single explosion, the *débris* to be either buried in the excavation or removed by grappling, as might be most economical.

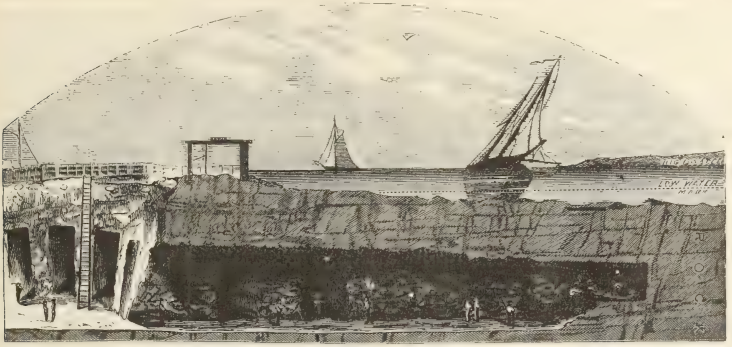
This plan had the advantage of being known and tried. The only risk was the possible flooding of the mine through fissures in the roof; but even if such an accident should occur, and the completion of the work by dry blasting prevented, every foot of rock taken out would be so much gained; and what remained could be removed without increased difficulty by whatever process might be adopted for the removal of the channel rocks.

The first step was to construct between high and low water around the mouth of the proposed shaft a strong coffer-dam, 310 feet in length, extending along four sides of an irregular pentagon, the fifth, or shore line, of which was about 145 feet. This dam consisting of a double shield of heavy timbers securely fastened to the rocks by bolts passing through the structure, the space between the walls filled water-tight with sand and clay, was completed and pumped out, so that operations could be begun in the interior, about the first of November, since which time—save for a short period last fall, when the available funds ran out—the work has been pushed rapidly and successfully, at a cost that amply demonstrated the economy of the plan.

The place is well worth visiting. A slender causeway leads to it across the salt-marsh back of the Point. A huge pile of rock to the right of Fort Stevens, now in ruins, indicates the mouth of the shaft. The long embankments stretching across the marsh and along the water-side hint of the capacity of the excavation, and give rise to speculations in regard to the time it would require to remove an equal amount of rock by the vaporous de-



GROUND PLAN OF OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF GRANT HEADING.

trition of surface-blasting. We open the gate at the end of the walk, pass the Surveyor's office and the smithy on the right, and enter the Superintendent's office to present our credentials—not because of any "No Admittance Except on Business"—it is a public work, and every sovereign citizen enters by virtue of proprietorship,—but because we have special favors to ask.

With cordial courtesy, the Superintendent, Mr. G. C. Reitheimer (whose operations at Holy Head and elsewhere have given him a world-wide reputation as a mining engineer), supplies the information desired, exhibits a plan of the work, explains its scope and purpose, and enlarges upon the peculiar difculties and interesting features of the undertaking. Front of his desk lies a pile of specimens from the various strata opened up in the progress of the work: nodules of clay from the surface, enclosing fossil hickory-nuts floated down ages ago, perhaps, from *Nutten Eilandt* (which we call Governor's), buried in the clay, and slowly turned to stone; a fine specimen of iron pyrites dropped probably from some passing vessel; a fragment of pine honey-combed by the *Teredo Navalis*, and petrified like the hickory-nuts; a great variety of simple minerals and gneissoid compounds, not the least interesting of which is a fragment enclosing grains of gold. Here is a block of quartz from a two-foot vein; there a chunk of mica-schist, rusty and rotten. You can crumble it in your hand, or cut it like cheese; a month hence it will be as hard as granite. Yonder white and friable "chamber" stone, that can hardly hold itself together, was once the hardest gneiss; the intense heat of exploding nitro-glycerine has completely disintegrated it.

But we are curious to see the place whence these stones have come, and peer anxiously in that direction through the little window of the slight board building that does duty as the office.

Before we go the Superintendent must have his little joke, which he enjoys immensely.

A group of cartridges, with fuses for their explosion, hang upon the wall. Samples of the various explosives used are near at hand. For the first time we look upon and gingerly handle the harmless-looking but terrific agents that modern science has invented to rival gunpowder. The portable friction-battery for exploding them stands on the table,—a simple box enclosing an insulated glass disk, turned by a crank.

"I take this exploder," the Superintendent says in German-English, showing a little box-wood cylinder with two rubber-covered wires attached, "place it in the cartridge, connect one wire with the positive pole of the battery, the other with the negative pole; turn the crank *so;* the electric current passing from pole to pole fuses the bit of platinum connecting the wires within the exploder; the ignited platinum fires the fulminating powder surrounding it; the fulminate fires the nitro-glycerine, dynamite, or whatever composes the charge, the explosion takes place, and the rock is thrown down as desired.

"Now, if you please" (with an air of serious devotion to science), "we will see if your lungs are sound, by firing an exploder with a spark passed through your bodies. It won't hurt you. Electricity is——" the subject of many curious and amusing remarks, while preparations for the experiment are making. The exploder is connected with the battery

and adroitly slipped under an empty powder-keg to increase the detonation. All join hands, assured that if either has defective lungs no explosion is possible. The right-hand man grasps the free wire of the exploder, the crank is turned, the left-hand victim brings his forefinger hesitatingly to the innocent looking negative pole, and quick as flash, a shock, a sharp report, and a variety of comic attitudes ensue, to the intense delight of the operator.

While elbows are rubbed and eyes and mouths brought gradually into normal shape and position, the startled seekers for pathological information are overwhelmed with congratulations. "Perfectly healthy, perfectly healthy! Your lungs are in an ad-mi-ra-ble condition!"

The new building on the right, as we pass from the Superintendent's office, contains the boilers, air-compressers, and receiver, for running the Burleigh drills, soon to be employed in driving forward the headings. On the left is the carpenter-shop, and farther along the engine-room of the steam-pumps and the hoisting-machine, and the miners' dressing-room.

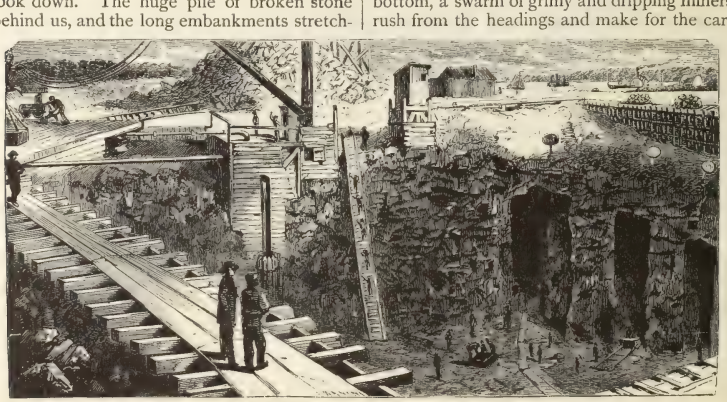
Past these, the first object that attracts attention is a long, rufous Yankee, who stands at the foot of the derrick throwing his arms about after a fashion not laid down by Delsarte. Directly a load of rock heaves in sight, and in obedience to a gesture the car swings over to the truck waiting to receive the load, discharges its contents, and surges back to the unseen depths.

We draw nigh, and grasping the hand-rail, look down. The huge pile of broken stone behind us, and the long embankments stretching across the marsh are accounted for. The tunnels piercing the farther wall under the river suggest a subterranean, or sub-marine, "Mugby Junction," an impression that is not lessened by the loads of rock shooting into the central light from out the darkness penetrated by a dozen radiating tramways, the dripping water below, and the rushing tide above whitening the reef, that stretches out like a dam into the stream.

A steamer, black with passengers, swings round the bend of the river, and careening in the eddies, breasts the tide that breaks in foam high on her bow; tug-boats come puffing in with their tows; a fleet of coasters with all sails set gain slowly on the current; while a deeply-laden sloop drifting out with the tide is caught in the remnant of the whirlpool, and swung completely round before the light breeze stiffens enough to give the helmsman control of his craft. Lucky for her, the once formidable Pot Rock no longer rears its head to stave her bottom. A less fortunate craft lies on the Gridiron, burned almost to the water's edge—a schooner, stranded last night on that treacherous reef, and fired by the flooding of her cargo of lime. Farther east, the projecting masts of another victim tell an "o'er true" tale of the dangers of the passage.

Will we go down?

Our gesticulating friend stops a descending car, we step over its shallow sides, and clinging to the chains are swung over the depths. Emulating the *nonchalance* of our conductor, we look about us, and soon begin to enjoy the novel motion. The moment we touch bottom, a swarm of grimy and dripping miners rush from the headings and make for the car.



VIEW OF SHAFT FROM COFFER-DAM.



DRILLING.

A lot of freshly-sharpened drills came down with us, and for these the miners are speedily pushing and scrambling, like school-boys after a foot-ball.

"All our work is done by the day," the Superintendent explains; "and as a day's work means so many feet forward for each man, according to the nature of the rock, the possession of sharp tools is a matter of no slight moment."

Below, the pit seems deeper than we had judged. From the bottom of the coffer-dam the depth is thirty-two feet. The dam adds considerably to the height on the water side, while the elevation landward, and the platforms atop, make the real depth of the pit nearer fifty feet. The rock is mainly a dark hornblendic gneiss. The dripping water stripes it with the vivid green of slimy vegetation, and the rusty yellow of iron-oxyde, on which the sunlight produces effects that would delight a painter. On the west the rock lies in horizontal strata. At the axis of the reef—along Grant Heading—a sudden twist occurs, beyond which to the eastward the strata are vertical. Several of the headings follow strongly marked lines of vertical stratification, greatly reducing the cost of excavation, and securing without effort perpendicular walls as regular as if smoothed by hand.

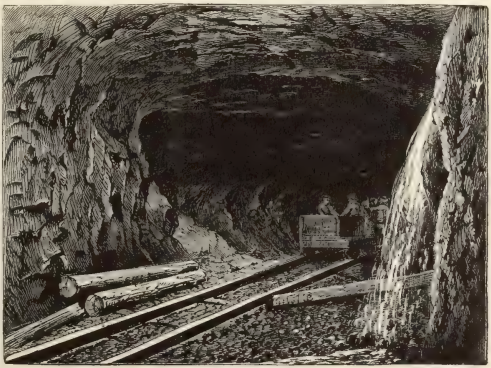
We pass under the river, following first the heading that prolongs the shore-line eastward. Jackson Heading it is called. Cornish miners are as little pleased with numerical designations as the most whimsical Labor Reformer. For their satisfaction, each heading has its proper name, No. 1 being christened in honor of Farragut; the others in order after Madison, Humphry, Hoffman, Sherman, Jefferson, Grant, McClellan, Franklin, and Jackson.

Jackson Heading led off due east. For awhile this direction was maintained, but under steadily increasing difficulties. The rock became micaceous, seamy, and full of iron, causing rapid disintegration. Water poured in through fissures; and when test-holes were driven forward, the in-rushing water drove the drills from the miners' hands, and spouted forty feet into the mine. The course of the heading had to be changed; and now, to keep sufficient strength of rock above, the miners are driving the heading several feet below the general level of the pit.

As the headings are driven forward, they are connected by transverse galleries, leaving only so much rock standing in columns as shall insure stability to the shell above. Dodging as we may the water that filters through from the river overhead, we pass from heading to heading through the archways of the galleries. The alternations of bright light and heavy shadow make the view through these galleries peculiarly impressive. The effect will be grand indeed when the entire reef is undermined.

"What a splendid place for storing lager-bier," exclaims a portly brewer, gazing with rapture on this subterranean labyrinth;

> And his eye is lit
> With a speculative ray,



UNDER THE RIVER.



MINERS AT WORK.

as he conceives the grand idea of buying the mine.

"What will the Government do with the work when it is finished?" he asks.

"Blow it up."

"*What?*"

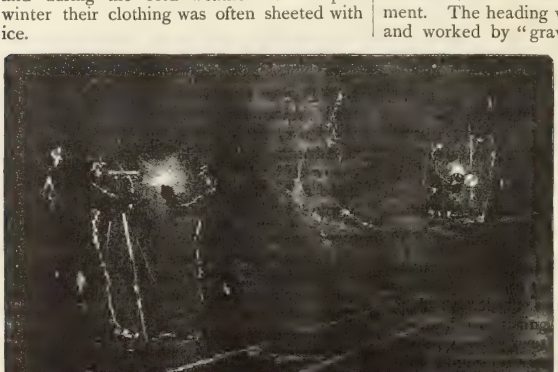
With professional pride the Superintendent explains how the roof and its supporting columns are to be charged with so many thousand pounds of nitro-glycerine, and broken up by a single grand explosion.

"And spoil all these fine cellars!"

From the extremities of the headings we hear the ringing clink of hammers and drills, keeping time to the mohotonous chant of the Cornish miners, the only workmen who can endure the discomforts of mining like this. They are seldom dry while at work, and during the cold weather of the past winter their clothing was often sheeted with ice.

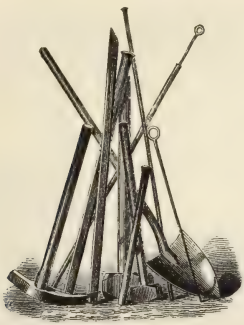
The drilling has thus far been done mainly by hand; but preparations are now making for the employment of Burleigh drills, driven by compressed air, in connection with a diamond prospecting drill.

Mining under water requires peculiar care. Every inch of the way must be critically explored. The rock at Hell Gate contains seams of decomposed mica, through which the water is pressed as through a sieve. In Humphrey Heading (No. 3) the miners came upon a horizontal stratum of this sort, fourteen feet wide and two feet thick. The water poured in at the rate of six hundred gallons a minute, and before the flow could be checked the workmen stood waist-deep in water. When small horizontal fissures are struck, the water is stopped by driving in wedges of dry wood. Vertical fissures are closed with clay thrown in at low water over the seam. Bags of clay, for this purpose, are piled on the coffer-dam over each heading. Sometimes holes are drilled on either side and charged with a slow-burning "carbolic" powder, which on exploding produces a strong and steady pressure, and closes the seam without fracturing the rock. In the case of No. 3, none of these expedients would suffice. A strong shield had to be built and fitted to the opening, into which three hundred weight of oakum was driven, and backed with ten barrels of Roman cement. The heading was then carried below and worked by "gravity," as it is technically called.



LEVELLING.

The floor of the mine follows thus far a level about thirty feet below low-water line. As the excavation approaches the outer edge of the reef, the headings will have to be sunk deeper to preserve the requisite thickness of the "crust." Extra steam pumps are now being put in to remove the water that collects in the lower levels. The roof of the mine follows necessarily the general contour of the



MINERS' TOOLS.

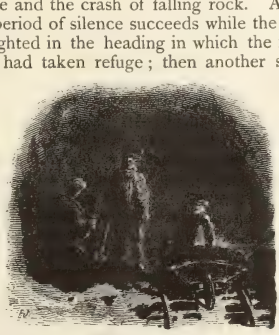
reef. To determine this, mere soundings of the ordinary sort are not to be depended on, since the rock, except on the crest of the reef, is covered by a deposit of boulders, marl, and organic matter from the city sewers, sometimes to the depth of ten or twelve feet. As the exact profile of the live-rock above each heading must be known before the miners can safely proceed, the surveyor and his assistants are kept pretty constantly employed. Every sounding—and upwards of 15,000 have been made up to the time of this writing—requires quite a series of careful observations. The sounding apparatus consists of a float supporting a "guillotine motion," by which a three-inch iron tube is driven through the overlying matter to the bed-rock, by a weight striking like a pile-driver. After the contents of the tube have been pumped out, the surveyor passes in an iron rod to determine the nature of the rock hit upon. If a boulder, a dull thud is heard, and there is no rebound of the rod. Live-rock returns a sharp clink, and the rod springs back. The bearings of the tube are then taken by instruments at two fixed points on the shore, to ascertain the exact position of the sounding; the tide-gauge shows the level of the water; and a few simple measurements determine the thickness of the superficial deposit,and the depth of the rock below low-water line.

The work goes on day and night. The miners are divided into three shifts, each working eight hours a day, so that three days' work is accomplished every twenty-four hours. About two hundred men are employed in all. Good wages are paid, and to ensure a fair day's work from every man, miners using one-hand tools—holding the drill-bar in one hand and striking with the other—are expected to furnish five feet gauging at a shift, in average rock. For second-size tools, worked by two men on face or bench, seven feet are required; and an equal depth for third-size tools, worked by three men. This is the general standard, the exact amount being graded from day to day, according to the density and hardness of the rock, which varies considerably.

From eight to twelve drills are blunted in sinking a one-and-a-half inch hole one foot in the softer micaceous rock; in gneiss of medium hardness, from twelve to twenty drills are required per foot, and in the hardest, from twenty to twenty-six. All the drills are made and repaired on the premises.

While we are watching the work, the strikers lay aside their sledges and prepare for a blast. Cartridges are distributed, placed, and tamped with wet clay. Meanwhile the stagings are removed, tools are put into sheltered places out of the way of flying rock, and the tramways are covered with scantling. The captain of the adits sees that everything is ready. The mine is vacated, and as it is time for the mid-day shift, the most of the miners scramble up the huge ladder, two or three abreast, rejoicing that their day's work is done.

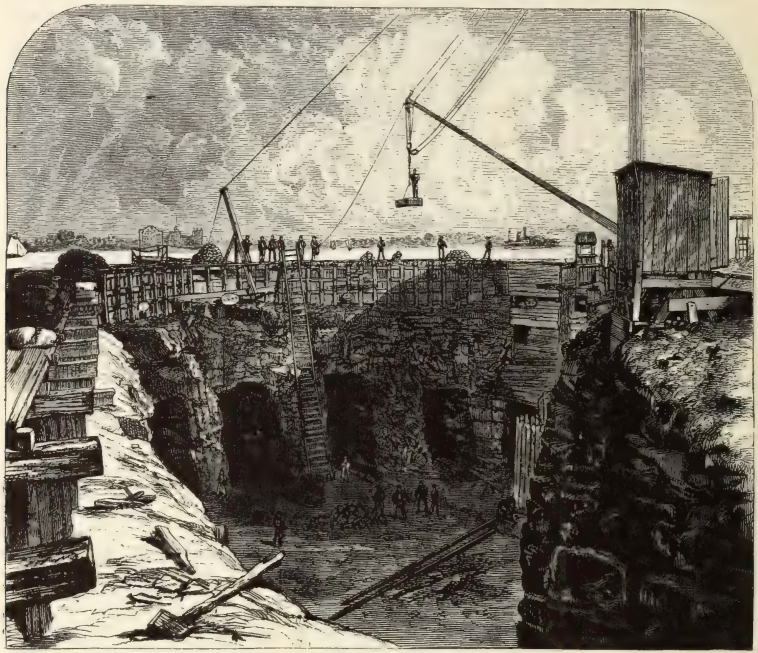
"All ready!" shouts the captain, who with a small firing party has stayed below. The gong sounds, and all hands retire to places of safety. A moment's silence, then a series of reverberating discharges follow, with a perceptible interval between each discharge and the crash of falling rock. A second period of silence succeeds while the fuses are lighted in the heading in which the firing party had taken refuge; then another series



OPENING A GALLERY.

of explosions, and the cry, "All is over!" comes up through the wreathing smoke.

The usual charges are two ounces of nitro-glycerine. Dynamite was used for a time, but the detonation was found to be too great, the effect being to start the seams in the



THE SHAFT, LOOKING EAST.

river-bed above, and threaten the flooding of the mine. The electric exploder is used only when a simultaneous firing of a large number of charges is desired; for example, in cutting the archways of the galleries. In case of a misfire, a new hole is drilled by the side of the old one, the disturbing of a charge when once placed being positively prohibited.

The only serious accident that has occurred came through a disobedience of this order. A miner thought it would be cheaper to clear out an old hole than to drill a new one. His rashness cost him an arm and other injuries, which effectually prevented his repeating the experiment.

All the cartridges are made and filled on the spot, and only so much explosive material as is required from day to day is kept on hand. The "Laboratory," extemporized from an old boat-house, stands apart. A bench covered with dry plaster-of-Paris to render inert any accidental drops of nitro-glycerine, an ice-box, a few cans, a quantity of cartridge-cases, made of stout Manilla paper coated with a water-tight composition, and some simple chemical apparatus, completes the furniture.

We wish to see what a little of the harmless-looking compound can do.

A few spoonfuls are put into a paper bag, a fuse is inserted and lighted, and our accommodating manipulator of liquid destruction walks deliberately along the tramway and lays his "charge" on a block of gneiss. A minute after, a bright flash is followed by a sharp detonation, and fragments of the rock are seen flying in all directions. Part of the stone is literally ground to powder, as though struck with the hammer of Thor.

Gunpowder exploded thus loosely in the open air would have had no effect on the rock. Its combustion is comparatively slow, and the gas evolved finds easy escape through the air. Not so with nitro-glycerine. Its decomposition is instantaneous, and the volume of gas so great that the air reacts almost as though it were solid.

As soon as Congress makes the requisite appropriation, the obstructions lying between Eastern and Middle Channel, and covering an area of about ten acres, will be attacked on the same general plan as the work at Hallet's Point. Two shafts will probably be sunk: one from the surface of Flood Rock, now occupied by a powder magazine; the other through the water on the Gridiron, five or six hundred feet distant. These shafts will be connected by a grand tunnel, from which headings will be run to the extremities of the reef. The removal of this grand obstruction will give the deepest-draught vessels an easy entrance twelve hundred feet wide, sweeping with a gentle curve from Negro Point to the deep channel west of Blackwell's Island.

For the removal of the smaller channel rocks, too far out to be reached by tunneling from the shore, and swept by currents too powerful to allow the sinking of a caisson, a special and entirely novel apparatus had to be invented. Mr. Shelbourne's experiments had determined with discouraging exactness the elements of the problem to be solved. The first was a drilling-machine, capable of successful operation under the most adverse conditions of time and tide; the second was a boat for moving the drilling apparatus readily from place to place, as the daily exigencies of the work should require; the third and all-important requisite was suitable provision against the destruction of the machine by the collisions inevitable in a narrow and crooked channel, swept by powerful and ever-varying currents, and crowded with shipping.

To the solution of this problem, involving some of the most difficult points of mining, mechanical and marine engineering, General Newton set himself as soon as the conduct of the work was given entirely into his hands. Old principles had to be applied to new processes, and familiar means to novel uses, calling into requisition a wide range and nice adjustment of inventive skill and mechanical achievement. Upwards of a year was spent

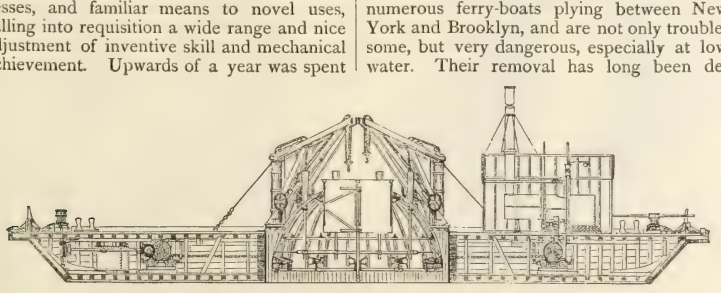


BATTERY, CARTRIDGES, CONDUCTING CABLE, ETC.

in developing and perfecting the machinery, with a scow for its transportation and protection—a time that will not seem long when we remember that the problem had baffled the ingenuity of engineers for a quarter of a century.

To witness the operation of this unique machine, we shall have to leave the modern Hell Gate for that part of the stream which first received the name—the western extremity of East River.

Lying in the channel between Governor's Island and the Battery is a bed of rock, 366 feet long and 255 feet broad at its widest part, known as Diamond Reef. Farther up the stream, about two hundred yards from Pier 8, is Coentie's Reef, mainly loose rock, 250 feet long, with a maximum width of 130 feet. These obstructions lie in the busiest part of the Harbor, directly in the track of the numerous ferry-boats plying between New York and Brooklyn, and are not only troublesome, but very dangerous, especially at low water. Their removal has long been de-



SECTION OF THE SCOW.

Length, 128 ft. Diameter of Well-Hole, 32 ft. Breadth, 56 ft. Diameter of Dome, 30 ft.

manded by the merchants and ship-owners of the city, the growing needs of this part of the channel making its clearing not less urgent than the improvement of Hell Gate. A good deal of powder was burned at different times on Diamond Reef by Mons. Maillefert, knocking off the projecting points and deepening the channel somewhat, but leaving the great body of the reef untouched.

Other parties have attempted to remove the rocks by drilling and blasting, but little was accomplished until Gen. Newton's machine was brought to bear last spring.

With a pass from Headquarters we signal the scow as she lies on Coentie's Reef, whither she was towed in the early part of June, after a month's successful operation on Diamond Reef.

Fortunately, the Superintendent, Mr. Pearce, is just leaving the pier to go aboard. The wind is high, and the tide will not wait for ceremony. None is needed. Men of the open air, whose lives are spent in daily conflict with the elements, acquire a breezy, off-hand affability that wastes no time on idle formalities.

"Just in time to see a blast: jump in!" and the outstretched hand gives a hearty grasp as it steadies us to a seat in the light skiff that dances on the swells.

Five minutes' vigorous rowing—the tide runs like a mill-race, and progress is slow—brings us to the scow, a dark, low-lying, box-like craft, with a confusion of timbers, ropes, chains, and machinery surrounding a huge dome in the center.





PUTTING IN THE CHARGES.

"We have just completed a round of holes," the Superintendent remarks, "and have hauled off the reef to put in the charges. When the drills are working the dome is down, out of sight, and the machinery that now seems 'all in a heap' is ranged in order, level with the deck."

Stepping on board, the broad dimensions of the scow seem less surprising than its immobility. The heavy swells from a passing steamer strike its side as against a wharf. Its massive anchors would hold it taut even if struck by the steamer herself, while its solid structure and projecting guards would make the collision a serious matter to the steamer.

The general plan of the scow is quickly seen and comprehended. Its purpose is to guard the drilling machinery while at work, to transport it from place to place, and to support the engines for running the drills. In the center is an octagonal well, thirty-two feet in diameter, in which is suspended a wrought-iron dome for protecting the divers. At the top of the dome is a "telescope" twelve feet in diameter, with a rise and fall of six feet to adapt its height to the various stages of the tide. When the dome is in working position, it stands clear of the scow, resting on self-adjusting legs which adapt themselves to the inequalities of the reef. The drilling engines, nine in number, are supported by movable bridges,—thrown back when the dome is up,—the drill-bars working within stout iron tubes passing through the dome, one at the center, the others ranged in a circle about twenty feet in diameter.

When down, the dome rests on the bottom



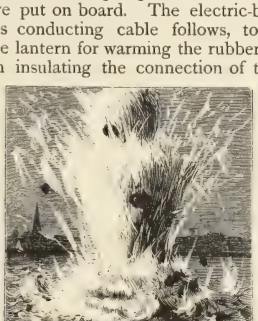
READY TO GO DOWN.

as nearly as the contour of the reef will permit, and serves to break the force of the current, so that the divers can go down at any stage of the tide to regulate the motion of the drills or to repair any damages that may occur to them. Without this protection the divers could not maintain their position under water except during the brief periods of slack-water. The drilling engines are run by steam from a 52-inch locomotive tubular boiler, which also furnishes steam for the four engines for hoisting and lowering the dome. The devices for regulating the "feed" of the drills, and their adjustment so as to work steadily in spite of the rising and falling of the engines with the tide and independent of the unavoidable swaying of the scow by heavy swells or collisions, are extremely ingenious and successful. The rock is pierced by the dropping stroke of the heavy drill-bars, falling sixteen inches clear, and penetrating from six inches to two feet an hour, according to the hardness of the rock.

While we are gathering these facts the little "Shoo Fly" arrives from the nitro-glycerine factory, towing a small boat which flies the red-flag of danger. The boat contains the explosive to be used in the approaching blast.

"Tide turns in half an hour," reports the diver. The tide, in his affairs, must be taken at the *slack*, and he is anxious to be on the spot for timely operation.

The float has already been hauled alongside the scow. The air-pump and the diver's armor are put on board. The electric-battery with its conducting cable follows, together with the lantern for warming the rubber to be used in insulating the connection of the ex-



THE BLAST.

ploders with each other and with the battery cable. The cartridge-cases, tin cans like mammoth candle-moulds, ten feet long and from four to five inches in diameter, complete



NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY.

the requirements for putting down and firing the blast. As we wish to witness the operation closely, we will risk the certain headache that nitro-glycerine gives to those who are not used to handling it, and the possibility of an untimely explosion that may leave us no head to ache, and accompany those who are to take part in the work.

While the scow was in position on the reef, the holes that had been drilled were closed to keep out silt, and to the cords connecting the plugs a line was attached, to serve as a guide to the place when the time should come for putting in the charges. Holding this guide-line, the captain of the float gives the order for hauling the float to the point of operation on the reef. The tide is still running swiftly. Heavy swells roll in from the lower harbor, and are cross-hatched by waves from passing steamers, giving the little craft a jerky motion somewhat trying to a landsman's legs. Half a dozen stout seamen make the patent capstan spin round like a whirligig, steadily widening the distance between us and the scow, while orders that none but sailors understand are shouted back and forth. Suddenly the hauling ceases and the shouting is redoubled.

"The guide-rope's fouled."

All attempts to clear it prove fruitless, and the order is given for the diver to make ready to go down. Hastily the close-fitting rubber suit is drawn on and fastened with thumb-screws to the metal shoulder-piece. Canvas overalls are donned for the protection of the armor; and while one man buckles on the clumsy shoes, weighted with fifteen pounds of lead apiece, another fastens the heavy sinkers "fore and aft." Then the pot-like helmet is screwed on, after giving each window a dab of vinegar to keep it clear; a few turns are

given to the air-pump to see that all is working well, and Captain Quinn is ready to go down. In a moment he is swung overboard with a splash, and a stream of bubbles marks his progress along the guide-rope to the point of fouling. Soon he signals to be hauled in; and before the front window of his helmet is unscrewed, so that he can explain how the rope had caught under a loose rock thrown up at a preceding blast, the capstan is at work and the float is drawing near its destination. Not a moment is to be lost, for the period of slack-water, short at best, has been seriously encroached upon by the delay.

Glycerine Jack is ordered up with his dangerous cargo, and by the time the float has been made fast in position, the cans of explosive oil are on board and the red flag flying to warn off shipping to a respectful distance. Meanwhile the cartridge-cases have been made ready for filling; the nitro-glycerine is weighed and poured in, and by the time the diver has sent up the first plug and signaled for a cartridge, the case is filled and sealed to prevent spilling, and fastened to the rope ready to be passed down. For a while all goes smoothly and rapidly; then comes a hitch, and the diver signals to be hauled in.

The tide has begun to run, and he is completely exhausted by the labor of handling the long cartridges in the swift current. After a brief rest he goes down again, and slowly gets in two more charges. By this time the tide sweeps him off his feet, and leaving two holes uncharged, he is forced to abandon the unequal task.

As soon as the connecting wires of the exploders can be joined to the battery cable and the connection securely insulated, the



GRAPPLING MACHINE.

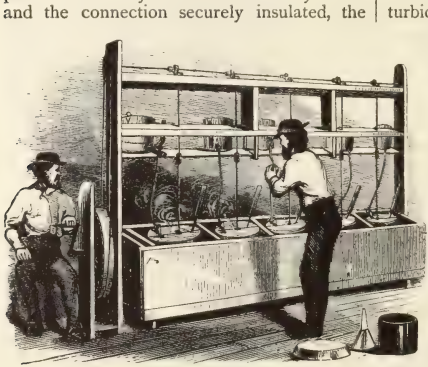
float drops down with the tide, a hundred yards or so, out of the way of flying rock from the expected explosion. Passing vessels are warned away. Then, at the word "ready," a few rapid turns of the friction-battery are followed by two muffled explosions (air and water telling each a separate tale), and on the instant a huge column of water, broken to white foam on all sides, and dark with mud and shattered rock within, bursts hissing into the air. There is a spiteful suddenness to exploding nitro-glycerine that allows no time for swelling curves. The water is heaved in a volume perhaps fifty feet into the air; then, through the mass, jets of water are shot in right-lines upwards and outwards two or three times farther, breaking at last into streams of mist, while fragments of rock flying off on lines of least resistance are hurled obliquely to long distances from the point of disturbance.

The water subsides quickly. The first surprise is scarcely over before the place of the explosion is a level expanse of discolored water, contrasting strongly with the rough clear water around. As the tide drifts the turbid water towards us, shoals of unlucky fish, shocked beyond recovery, turn their white bellies to the surface, or dart in zig-zag mazes, flashing the sunlight from their bright scales.

"You have seen what nitro-glycerine can do," says one of the manufacturers, Mr. Warren, as the "Shoo Fly" steams alongside the float. "Would you like to see how we make it?"

Exacting a promise to be excused from any closer exhibition of its explosive power, we board the little craft and are soon puffing our way towards Jersey flats, where the factory stands.

For submarine work nitro-glycerine is unquestionably the best explosive known. Its supposed instability as a compound, and the fact that the causes of its accidental explosion have gener-



MAKING NITRO-GLYCERINE.

ally been unexplained or unexplainable, have led many to regard its use as exceedingly hazardous. But such is not the case when it is carefully compounded with pure materials, kept free from conditions unfavorable to its stability, and used immediately. That which is used in the Government operations at Hell Gate and in East River is prepared expressly for the work, under the supervision of Mr. Pearce, superintendent of the drilling scow. It is never kept more than a few days, and always at a temperature slightly above freezing-point.

An accident that occurred on the drilling scow last May affords strong evidence of the safety of the compound when made and used in this manner. A fulminating cap exploded while being inserted into a cartridge of nitroglycerine. The cartridge was broken and its contents scattered about; but though there were nearly two hundred pounds of the explosive close by, no harm was done. If the cartridge had contained gunpowder a disaster would have been inevitable. The fulminating caps have since been discarded, and the charges are fired by electricity, the exploders containing simply rifle-powder.

The manufactory stands at a distance from the shore, in shallow water, a mile or two south of Communipaw. The location was chosen by General Newton for its convenience and safety. Being accessible to boats, the explosive can be distributed directly from the factory to the points where it has to be used; and being surrounded by only four feet of water, large vessels cannot approach it, while its distance from shore amply insures the safety of persons and property on land in case of an accidental explosion. The apparatus used was designed by Mr. Pearce, assisted by Mr. Paul Marcelin, who, in connection with Mr. Warren, conducts the manufacture.

When we return to the scow the divers are busy examining the site of the blast, and surveying the reef to discover a suitable place for sinking the dome for another round of holes. To select a proper place for a blast in utter darkness, under water, and encumbered with heavy armor, is a task that requires the judgment of an educated miner, as well as the skill of a diver. When the divers had done their best, their reports were often so vague and conflicting, that the superintendent of the scow was at last compelled to add diving to his other accomplishments, and do his own submarine surveying. After a new position has been selected, as near the preceding blast as practicable, its place is marked by a weight, with a line attached, and the line brought up inside the well. The scow is then moved until this line plumbs in the center of the dome, which is then lowered for drilling. At each blast the rock is broken up to the depth required, over an area of four or five hundred square feet. When the whole reef has been gone over, so that there is no place for setting the dome, the scow is hauled off and the broken rock removed by a huge grappling machine.

Both reefs have been pretty thoroughly blasted; whether sufficiently to give the requisite depth of channel, cannot be told until all the *débris* is removed.

More than enough has been done to demonstrate the efficiency of the machine. It is not impossible that its economy and success may work a revolution in the art of mining under water.

The ability of the scow to withstand collision has been tried many times; in one instance at least, to the destruction of the colliding vessel. There is every reason to believe that it will acquit itself as honorably when transferred to Hell Gate.

As both plans of operation have long passed the experimental stage, final and complete success is assured.

When?

That depends on the action of Congress. If the needed appropriations are not withheld, a very few years will see the consummation so devoutly wished by all the commercial interests of New York, to say nothing of the East Side Association, whose prophetic vision sees Harlem the center of our foreign commerce. The most visionary expectations are distanced sometimes by the logic of events. They may be in this case.

LOW LIFE IN NATURE.

Not many years ago good Fredrika Bremer wrote a book under the title of *New Homes*, amusing, because it gratified those who like to know how they appear in the eyes of outsiders, and still more so because of the boundless *naïveté* with which the old lady opened the doors and windows of these new homes, and let all the world see what her friends in America ate and drank, and did in the intimacy of their private life. No such indiscretion is to be feared in the most minute description of the dwellings of our humbler brethren in nature, who, according to Darwin, have not yet climbed to the top of the ladder on which we proudly stand, but are closely following our footsteps. When, therefore, an able and well-informed author like the Rev. J. G. Wood presents us with another charming volume, on *Insects at Home*, he does not hesitate to describe, besides the outward appearance of their dwellings, also their passions and their emotions, and opens new and most valuable mines of interesting knowledge. All lovers of nature are well repaid if they follow him, as we propose doing now, in his walks through field and forest, especially if they bear in mind the links that connect his special pets, Insects, with their fellow-beings in the great kingdom of Animal Nature.



PLATE I.

He is much inclined to claim that his friends, the Beetles, are always in good odor, and mentions with special emphasis the Great Tigers, several of which may be seen on the lower part of Plate I., with their larvæ beneath in their cosy burrows. This beetle carries with it the odor of sweet-brier, and transfers it by the touch to its captor. Where beetles are endowed with a bad smell, the poor creatures employ it mainly in self-de-

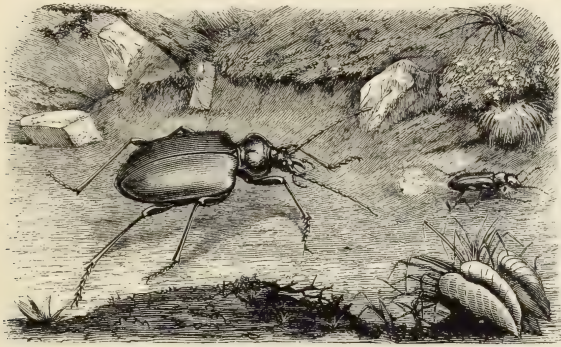


PLATE II.; (BEETLE AND BOMBARDIER.)

the upper corner on the right hand of Plate III., in the act of winging its flight to a mushroom, is of classic celebrity, for ancient authors, who speak of it as "the beetle that walks about with its tail in the air," call it also Cæsareus, in allusion to the blood-red spots on its body, which resembled the "dotted-blood" purple of Cæsar's imperial mantle. A near cousin, equally endowed with a villainous smell and formidable weapons, appears on the same Plate, in the lower right-hand corner, in its favorite threatening attitude. This is nothing less than the Devil's Coach-Horse, by many estimable entomologists considered the very ugliest insect known in nature. It cannot be denied that its dull, dead-black color, its flat eyes, with a cold, cruel look about them, and its tail, raised menacingly like that of the scorpion, exuding a most horrible stench, entitle it fairly to that distinction. It is as fierce and brave as it is hideous, and, seemingly born without fear, will show fight to any adversary, whatever may be his size or his weapons.

fense, for their enemies are many. This is most strikingly exhibited in a little sad-colored Brachinus, called the explosive one, because it discharges its artillery, a small quantity of offensive fluid, violently at the aggressor.

The latter, generally, as in Plate II., a larger beetle, stops in the most ludicrous manner, as if startled beyond measure, and backs away from the tiny blue cloud, while the Bombardier, as the fugitive is familiarly called, throws its antennæ back, as a dog takes its tail between its legs, and runs away in great haste. He has, however, quite a provision of his strange means of defense, and can discharge twenty shots in succession, while his instinct is so strong that at the sound of a shot from one Bombardier, all others in the vicinity prepare for action, and keep up a running fire along the line. Another Carabus, or garden beetle, very useful as a destroyer of cockchafers, has, like many beetles, an unpleasant way of pouring from its mouth a blackish fluid, which stains the fingers, and rivals the odor of a polecat. Even this, however, is surpassed by the really formidable secretion which some of the so-called cocktail beetles exude from the end of their tails. It is well known that these active creatures, as swift on foot as on wing, have a curious habit of bending their bodies upwards when alarmed, which in the larger species has so threatening an aspect that many persons are literally afraid to touch so extraordinary an insect. In some cases this attitude involves the turning up of their pointed tail, and this is the source of the intense pain which so-called black flies—in reality Rove Beetles—cause to the eye into which they find their way accidentally on fine summer evenings.

A larger variety of these Rovers, seen in

It is a pleasure to revert from such extreme ugliness to a little beetle who unites with a pleasing form, and a coat of golden green or rich bronzed blue, a scent so sweet and so



PLATE VIII.; (THE HERMIT CRAB.)



PLATE III.

that the Musk Beetle has been observed to emit a stronger scent in the breeding season than at other times, teaches us anew the wonderful provision of nature in endowing these despised creatures with a special power to find their mates in the hours of darkness; and we cannot doubt that other beetles also emit scents perceptible to their sharper senses, though too faint to be perceived by our nostrils. While some, as Darwin tells us, are directed in the choice of their future helpmates by the beauty of their garb and the richness of colors, others light up a bright lamp, and thus allure their lovers, while our friends the Musk Beetles perfume the air around them, and thus win affection by the most subtle of all senses.

It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that the life of these humble insects is one of pleasure only: many of them, as we have recently learned, are eminently useful to the great household of Nature; others, no doubt, perform duties which have so far escaped our observation, and still others endure silently privations the severity of which we can hardly appreciate. Thus it is one of the most beautiful provisions of Nature that as hyenas and vultures dispose of the surplus of animal life where it prevails on a larger scale, the world of insects also has its own scavengers, represented by a class of swift-winged, powerful

pleasant as to have won for it the name of the Musk Beetle. His scent is so enduring that if the insect be held with a gloved hand, or wrapped in a handkerchief, it will impart its odor to the kid or the cambric, and they will retain it for a long time. The fact

beetles, known as Sextons. Wherever a bird or a frog, or even a larger animal, like a hare, ends his brief life, these wonderful beetles appear, rendering themselves useful in so many ways that we cannot help marveling at the Supreme Wisdom, which here also has vouchsafed to change labor into a delight. These little creatures not only bury, with perfectly amusing rapidity, a dead animal, thus removing decaying matter from the surface of the earth, but they fertilize the latter at the same time, by burying it below the surface; they obtain their reward instantly by feeding upon the carrion and by laying their eggs in it, thus securing a feast for themselves and a provision for their future descendants.

On Plate III. a number of them may be seen in the act of thus burying a dead bird; their busiest scene is, however, the "Keeper's Tree" of England, a large oak or beech, on which the game-keeper of some well-stocked estate nails the carcasses of owls, weasels, magpies, and ravens, in his mistaken enmity against these useful birds. Entomologists love to disturb the apparent peace of these trophies: a net is held under them, a few taps are given, and "out of death cometh life," for instantly a whole host of larvæ and beetles drop into the net, and among them hundreds of Sextons. In Russia these indefatigable laborers, jet black with two bands of brilliant orange across the back, are over an inch long; they swarm by thousands in the evening, over the burying-places, invited by the sad, slovenly manner of burying the poor of that country, who are placed between four boards roughly nailed together, and interred only a few inches below the ground.

We are naturally less familiar with the purposes fulfilled by beetles that live in the water, where much of their activity escapes our observation. In order to watch them with success, the eye must either be submerged in the water, when all objects below the surface may be distinctly seen, or it must be aided by a so-called water-telescope, a tube open at the upper end and closed with a glass below.

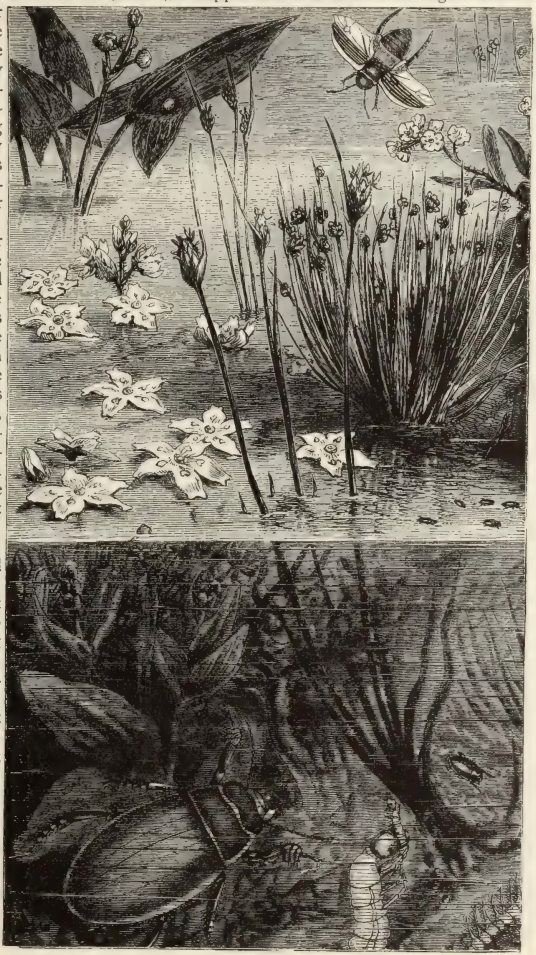


PLATE IV.

Thus entomologists have watched the gradual development of water-insects, some of which pass in their short life through as many and as amusing changes as the Harlequin of our pantomimes. Perhaps the most familiar of these is the Whirligig or Whirlwig, as the ignorant are apt to call it, for it frequents every pond and pool, every ditch and dyke, being capable of flying quite far, and seeking new pastures when it has exhausted the old. It has an amusing way of crawling up a reed or water-plant, to gain space for the spreading of its beautiful wings; it generally flies at night, and when it reaches a newly formed puddle, it closes its wings high in the air and falls like a stone into the water. There it begins at once its fierce, predatory life, attacking every living creature it can master, not sparing its own kindred, as unmerciful to the opposite sex as to its own, and fearless enough even to attack the gold-fish in our aquaria. A fine specimen may be seen on Plate IV. in the water, and another flying through the air, with its wings spread, while below its hideous larva is seen in the act of seizing its prey.



PLATE V.

Among the apparently neglected children of Nature, none is perhaps more curiously treated than the common May Fly, belonging to a class of insects known as Ephemeridæ, because of their short lives. A specimen of these may be seen in Plate V., above the Dragon Fly. They have no mouth! The parts of the mouth are there, but even when the May Fly is in its perfect state, they are so rudimentary that they serve no purpose, and the insect hence, during the time of its existence, neither eats nor requires food. It has altogether a hard time of it on earth,—for first it spends two years in the water and the wet mud; then it emerges into the open air, its skin splits, and the gradually unfolded wings enable it to fly to some tree or post, where it rests after its exertions.

A little time later the poor creature's skin splits once more, the

wings assume a more airy form, and the May Fly, now perfect, launches into the air to dance away its life. For all this weary waiting, all these painful operations seem to serve only to fit the insect for a few hours' life, during which it joins large swarms and with them flutters up and down in restless, merry dance. And yet, as Nature is always as great in small things as in her largest offspring, she here also makes amends for tiny size and short life by creating the May Fly in such vast numbers that in many parts of Europe their bodies are collected in heaps and used for manuring the fields!



PLATE VI.

On the same Plate (V.) may be seen several varieties of the familiar Dragon Fly, known in England and in some parts of our country as Horse-Stingers, from an absurd notion that they sting horses. Perhaps of all insects the most beautiful in Nature, endowed with huge powerful wings and magnificent clusters of eyes, through which the light plays with matchless splendor, it is punished apparently for this excess of beauty by the curse of insatiable hunger. Eating seems to be the one object of its life; it devours whatever comes in its way, from tiny flies to colossal spiders, and hardly is its meal finished than it darts off again with incredible swiftness, apparently as hungry as if it had starved for a long time. Fortunately, Nature has endowed it with a power of flight such as alone can enable it to chase and catch its prey: it has the power of suddenly reversing the stroke of its wings, so that it can stop in full career or fly backwards with considerable speed.

It is a near relative of this Dragon Fly, one variety of which is by the French gallantly called Demoiselle, in a previous state of existence, which bears the familiar and formidable name of Ant-Lion, on account of the carnage it makes among ants. Delighting in the rays of a burning sun, this larva is not found in England, but abounds on our own continent, and its ingeniously formed traps

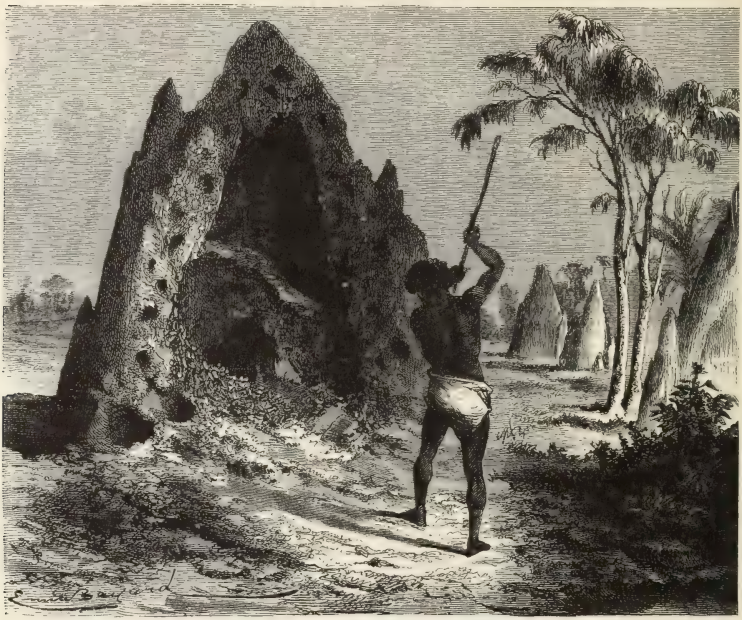


PLATE VII.: (HOMES OF THE TERMITES.)

may be found almost wherever dry, fine sand prevails in the soil. Out on the arid plain, or between two paving-stones in a populous city, everywhere the formidable though tiny lion scoops out with great labor and marvelous skill its regular round funnel; lifting its little load with its head, it toils up to the surface, shakes off the particles of sand, and returns so swiftly to its task that the sand forms almost a continuous jet. At last the sides are so smooth and sloping that no living creature can climb up, and now the Ant-Lion takes its place at the bottom, burying itself in the sand, so that only the mandibles stand open, ready to devour the prey that unwarily approaches the edge and instantly rolls helplessly down into the jaws of its enemy. If the animal be larger than an ant, the lion keeps in its retreat, but covers its captive with incessant showers of sand, till it rolls down the treacherous slopes, and once at the bottom of the gulf, falls a ready prey to the owner of the funnel. The same head which has so indefatigably labored to construct the funnel then falls to work to rid it of the débris: by a powerful effort it launches them into the air, so that they fall several inches from the edge, and no longer frighten the more wary passers-by. Thus on Plate VI. the neighborhood of the funnel may be seen strewn with the corpses of its victims.

In return, insects seem to be in the greater and more constant peril of life the lower they descend in the scale of their countless family. While larger and more powerful members rove about freely and live by robbery on land and piracy on water, the smaller and more helpless are in unceasing fear and anguish. Some rarely venture from their hiding-place, and others can wound an aggressor only at the cost of their own life; but no fact shows the terror in which these poor persecuted creatures live forever more clearly than the amazing stoicism with which they feign death, resisting every temptation and every torture. Some insects will allow themselves to be rolled about, punctured and pinched, singed and drowned, rather than show a sign of life when they have once determined to appear lifeless; and a few actually submit to being torn to pieces without moving a muscle, and may be burnt alive without making an attempt to escape.

Great, however, as the difference is in the manner of living, the catching of prey, and the provision for future generations in the various classes of the lower kingdom, the homes which they inhabit are perhaps even more varied in their construction and their adornments. There is no part of nature which does not serve as the home of some living creature; no work of man's hand escapes their irresistible inroads, and flesh and blood themselves harbor their inmates by thousands. No wonder, then, that some—and often the tiniest of insects—erect huge structures rivaling the boasted achievements of man, while others, like many of us, have to dwell all their life long in hired lodgings, for which they make it a point to forget to pay the rent.

Among the former none are more remarkable than the Termites—often erroneously called white ants, as they do not belong to the family of our ants—who build themselves homes of prodigious height and amazing solidity. In Africa these pyramid-shaped dwellings—such as may be seen on Plate VII.—often are twenty feet high, and, as they are apt to be built near each other, assume the appearance of a village of natives. Although they are slowly and laboriously built up by tiny beings able to carry but a small particle of clay at a time, their strength, when completed, is so great that the wild cattle can climb upon them to stand there as sentinels, while the interior is large enough to shelter a dozen of men, and often serves hunters as lodgings while lying in wait for their game.

While these Neuroptera delight in erecting colossal structures with airy chambers, vast passages, and countless nurseries, an animal of far larger size and greater power is left homeless and helpless, as far as its own protection is concerned. This is the well-known Hermit Crab of our Southern shores, which has to seek a shelter for its soft and unprotected body, but instead of making a cell its home, after the manner of pious hermits of old, it looks around for the owner of a comfortable house, a mollusk or a brother-hermit, and after having eaten the occupant, ensconces itself snugly in its new abode. As these robbers grow larger, they leave their modest domicile and dislodge the proprietor of a more roomy dwelling, which they drag about with them, sheltering themselves like soldiers in a sentry-box, and presenting only their formidable arms at the entrance. (See Plate VIII.) The contrast between the size of the shell and that of the owner is often ludicrous in the extreme; but they are not fastidious in the choice of their hermitage, and even the bowl of an earthenware pipe has been known to be used for the purpose.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Arise, come forth, O heart, thou art not dead!
'Twas but the jeering falsehood of Despair;—
Earth bourgeons bright for thee,—the skies are fair,
And Hope, to greet thee, lifts her shining head.
But, coming, fail not thou with awe to tread
The path of darkness, royal highway where,
All round thee and above, thou shalt be 'ware
That thy most loving Lord for thee had spread
The curtains of His own pavilion, fold
On fold all costliest broideries of grace,—
Designs of mercy, cunning work of old—
Heavily hiding. Walk with veilèd face,
With bowed head, reverently, till thou behold
His unveiled glory in the eternal place!

MOMMA PHŒBE.



Ef my hah is de colo' o' silbah,
I aint mo' d'n fifty yea' ole ;
It tuck all dat whiteness f'om mo'nin',
An' weepin', an' tawtah o' soul.
Faw I los' bofe my dahlin' men-child'en—
De two hev done gone to deh res'—
My Jim, an' my mist'ess' Mahs' William,
De pah dat hev nussed at my breas'.

Miss' Lucy she mawied in Ap'il,
An' I done got mawied in May ;
An' bofe o' ow beautiful child'en
Wah bo'n de same time to a day.
But while I got bettah an' strongah,
Miss' Lucy got weakah an' wuss ;
Den she died, an' dey guv me de baby,
De leetle Mahs' William, to nuss.

De two boys weh fotch up togeddah,
Miss' Lucy's alongside o' mine ;
Ef one got his se'f into mischief,
De uddah wah not fuh behine.
When Mahs' William he went to de college,
Why nuffin on ahf den wou' do,
But Jeemes, his milk-bruddah, faw sahb
Mus' git, an' mus' go wid him too.

Dey come back in fo' yea' faw to stay yeh—
I allow 'twas de makin' o' Jim ;
Setch a gemplum, de young colo'd women
Got pullin' deh caps dah faw him.

But he wasn't a patch to Mahs' William,
Who'd grown up so gran' an' so tall ;
An' he hadn't fo'got his ole momma,
Faw he hugged me, he did, fo' dem all.

Den Mahs' Dudley was tuck wid de fevah,
An' I nussed him, po' man, to de las' ;
An' my husban', Ben Prossah, he cotch it ;
An' bofe from dis life dey done pas'.
Mahs' William, he run de plantation,
But de niggahs could easy fool him ;
An' de place would hev all come to nuffin',
Ef 'twant faw ole momma an' Jim.

Well, at las'—I dunno how dey done it—
Aw jes' what de fightin' was faw ;
But de No'f an' de Souf got a quawlin,
An' Mahs' William 'd go to de waw.
De folks roun' about, raised a squad'on,
An' faw cap'en de boys 'lected him ;
I prayed he'd stay home wid his people,
But he went, an' o' co'se he tuck Jim.

It was gran' faw to see all dem hossmen
Dat numbah'd a hund'ed an' fo',
As dey sot up so straight in deh saddles,
An' rid in fo' rows by de do'!
An' Mahs' William he sed as he pas' me,
An' me a'most ready to cry—
"Take good cah o' youse'f, Momma Phœbe—
Jim an' I 'll be along yeh, bime-by !"

We hea' bout dem two sets a fightin',
I reckon faw mo' d'n fo' yea' ;
An' bime-by we la'nt dat de Yankees
Wid deh ahmy was comin' quite nea'.
An' den deh was fit a great battle,
Jes' ovah dat hill dat you sees ;
We could hea' all deh cannons a boomin',
An' see de smoke obah dem trees.

I sot in my cabin a prayin'—
I tought o' my two boys dat day—
An' de noise it went fudda an' fudda,
'Tell all o' it melted away.
An' de sun it sot awful an' bloody,
An' a great pile o' fi' in de sky ;
An' beyond was de dead men a lyin,
An' de wounded agwine faw to die.

Den I riz, an' I called faw ole Lem'el,
An' a couple o' mo' o' de boys ;
An' s'I—"Now you saddle de hosses,
An' be kehful an' don't make no noise.
An' we'll go to de fiel' o' de battle,
Afo' de las' bit o' de beams
O' daylight is gone, an' we'll look dah
Faw ow young Mahs' William an' Jeems."

An' dey say—"Dey aint dah, faw sahtin ·
Deh's nuffin de mattah, faw sho'!
But seein' it's you, Momma Phœbe,
O' co'se all de boys yuh'll go."
An' dey saddled an' bridled de hosses—
De bes' had been all tuck away—
An' we retched to de place o' de fightin',
Jes' on de heels o' de day.

An' oh! what a sight deh wah, honey !
A sight you could nevvah fo'git ;
De piles o' de dead an' de dyin'—
I see um afo' me eyes yit.

An' de blood an' de gashes was ghas'ly,
An' shibbèd de soul to see,
Like de fiel' o' de big Ahmageddon,
Which yit is agwine faw to be.

Den I hea'd a woice crying faw "watah!"
An' I toted de gode to de place,
An' den, as I guv him de drink dah
My teahs dey fell obah his face.
Faw he was shot right froo de middle,
An' his mastah lay dead dah by him ;
An' he sed, s'e, "Is dat you dah, momma?"
An' I sed, s'I, "Is dat you dah, Jim?"

"It's what deh is lef' o' me, momma ;
An' young Mahs' William's done gone ;
But I foun' de chap dat had killed him,
An' he lies dah, clove to de bone.
An' po' young Mahs' William, in dyin',
Dese wah de words dat he sed :
'Jes you tell you' momma, Mom' Phœbe'"—
Den I scream, faw de dahlin fell dead.

All batte'd an' shatte'd wid bullets,
An' hacked wid de bayonet an' swo'd ;
An' bleedin', an' cut up, an' mangled,
An' dead on de meadow so broad.
But what dah was lef' o' de bodies,
I tuck um, an' washed um, an' dres' ;
Faw I membe'd de deah blessed babies
Dat once drawed de milk f'om my breas'.

Den on to de ole plantation
We toted de cawpses dat night,
An' we guv um a beautiful beryum,
De colo'd as well as de white.
An' I shall be jined to dem child'en,
When de jedgmen'-day comes on ;
Faw God 'll be good to Mom' Phœbe
When Gab'el is blowin' his ho'n.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 650.)



WILFRID AND MARY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ONLY A LINK.

It may be said of the body in regard of sleep as well as in regard of death, "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." For me, the next morning, I could almost have said, "I was sown in dishonor and raised in glory." No one can deny the power of the wearied body to paralyze the soul; but I have a correlate theory which I love, and which I expect to find true—that, while the

body wearies the mind, it is the mind that restores vigor to the body, and then, like the man who has built him a stately palace, rejoices to dwell in it. I believe that, if there be a living, conscious love at the heart of the universe, the mind, in the quiescence of its consciousness in sleep, comes into a less disturbed contact with its origin, the heart of the creation; whence, gifted with calmness and strength for itself, it grows able to impart comfort and restoration to the weary frame. The cessation of labor affords but the necessary occasion; makes it possible, as it were, for the occupant of an outlying station in the wilderness to return to his father's house for fresh supplies of all that is needful for life and energy. The child-soul goes home at night, and returns in the morning to the labors of the school. Mere physical rest could never of its own negative self build up the frame in such light and vigor as come through sleep.

It was from no blessed vision that I woke the next morning, but from a deep and dreamless sleep. Yet the moment I became aware of myself and the world, I felt strong and courageous, and I began at once to look my affairs in the face. Concerning that which was first in consequence, I soon satisfied myself: I could not see that I had committed any serious fault in the whole affair. I was not at all sure that a lie in defense of the innocent, and to prevent the knowledge of what no one had any right to know, was wrong—seeing such involves no injustice on the one side, and does justice on the other. I have seen reason since to change my mind, and count my liberty restricted to silence—not extending, that is, to the denial or assertion of what the will of God, inasmuch as it exists or does not exist, may have declared to be or not to be fact. I now think that to lie is, as it were, to snatch the reins out of God's hand.

At all events, however, I had done the Brothertons no wrong.

"What matter, then," I said to myself, "of what they believe me guilty, so long as before God and my own conscience I am clear and clean?"

Next came the practical part:—What was I to do? To right myself, either in respect of their opinion or in respect of my lost property, was more hopeless than important, and I hardly wasted two thoughts upon that. But I could not remain where I was, and soon came to the resolution to go with Charley to London at once, and taking lodgings in some secure recess near the inns of court, there to give myself to work, and work alone, in the foolish hope that one day fame might buttress reputation. In this resolution I was more influenced by the desire to be near the brother of Mary Osborne, than the desire to be near my friend Charley, strong as that was; I expected thus to hear of her oftener, and even cherished the hope of coming to hear from her—of inducing her to honor me with a word or two of immediate communication. For I could see no reason why her opinions should prevent her from corresponding with one who, whatever might or might not seem to him true, yet cared for the truth, and must treat with respect every form in which he could descry its predominating presence.

I would have asked Charley to set out with me that very day, but for the desire to clear up the discrepancy between the date of my ancestor's letters, all written within the same year, and that of the copy I had made of the registration of their marriage—with which object I would compare the copy and the original. I wished also to have some talk with Mr. Coningham concerning the contents of the letters which at his urgency I had now read. I got up and wrote to him therefore, asking him to ride with me again to Umberden Church as soon as he could make it convenient, and sent Styles off at once on the mare to carry the note to Minstercombe and bring me back an answer.

As we sat over our breakfast, Charley said suddenly,

"Clara was regretting yesterday that she had not seen the Moat. She said you had asked her once, but had never spoken of it again."

"And now I suppose she thinks, because I'm in disgrace with her friends at the Hall, that she mustn't come near me," I said, with another bitterness than belonged to the words.

"Wilfrid!" he said reproachfully; "she didn't say anything of the sort. I will write and ask her if she couldn't contrive to come over. She might meet us at the park gates."

"No," I returned; "there isn't time. I mean to go back to London—perhaps tomorrow evening. It is like turning you out, Charley, but we shall be nearer each other in town than we were last time."

"I am delighted to hear it," he said. "I had been thinking myself that I had better go back this evening. My father is expected home in a day or two, and it would be just like him to steal a march on my chambers. Yes, I think I shall go to night."

"Very well, old boy," I answered. "That will make it all right. It's a pity we couldn't take the journey together, but it doesn't mat-

ter much. I shall follow you as soon as I can."

"Why can't you go with me?" he asked.

Thereupon I gave him a full report of my excursion with Mr. Coningham, and the after-reading of my letters, with my reason for wishing to examine the register again; telling him that I had asked Mr. Coningham to ride with me once more to Umberden Church.

When Styles returned, he informed me that Mr. Coningham at first proposed to ride back with him, but probably bethinking himself that another sixteen miles would be too much for my mare, had changed his mind and sent me the message that he would be with me early the next day.

After Charley was gone, I spent the evening in a thorough search of the old bureau. I found in it several quaint ornaments besides those already mentioned, but only one thing which any relation to my story would justify specific mention of—namely, an ivory label, discolored with age, on which was traceable the very number Sir Giles had read from the scabbard of Sir Wilfrid's sword. Clearly then my sword was the one mentioned in the book, and as clearly it had not been at Moldwarp Hall for a long time before I lost it there. If I were in any fear as to my reader's acceptance of my story, I should rejoice in the possession of that label more than in the restoration of sword or book; but amidst all my troubles, I have as yet been able to rely upon her justice and her knowledge of myself. Yes—I must mention one thing more I found—a long, sharp-pointed, straight-backed, snake-edged Indian dagger, inlaid with silver—a fierce, dangerous, almost venomous-looking weapon, in a curious case of old green morocco. It also may have once belonged to the armory of Moldwarp Hall. I took it with me when I left my grannie's room, and laid it in the portmanteau I was going to take to London.

My only difficulty was what to do with Lilith; but I resolved for the mean time to leave her, as before, in the care of Styles, who seemed almost as fond of her as I was myself.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A DISCLOSURE.

MR. CONINGHAM was at my door by ten o'clock, and we set out together for Umberden Church. It was a cold, clear morning. The dying autumn was turning a bright, thin, defiant face upon the conquering winter. I was in great spirits, my mind being full of Mary Osborne. At one moment I saw but her own ordinary face, only, what I had used to regard as dullness I now interpreted as the possession of her soul in patience; at another I saw the glorified countenance of my Athanasia, knowing that beneath the veil of the other, this, the real, the true face ever lay. Once in my sight, the frost-clung flower had blossomed; in full ideal of glory it had shone for a moment, and then, folding itself again away, had retired into the regions of faith. And while I knew that such could dawn out of such, how could I help hoping that from the face of the universe, however to my eyes it might sometimes seem to stare like the seven-days dead, one morn might dawn the unspeakable face which even Moses might not behold lest he should die of the great sight? The keen air, the bright sunshine, the swift motion—all combined to raise my spirits to an unwonted pitch; but it was a silent ecstasy, and I almost forgot the presence of Mr. Coningham. When he spoke at last, I started.

"I thought from your letter you had something to tell me, Mr. Cumbermede," he said, coming alongside of me.

"Yes, to be sure. I have been reading my grannie's papers, as I told you."

I recounted the substance of what I had found in them.

"Does it not strike you as rather strange that all this should have been kept a secret from you?" he asked.

"Very few know anything about their grandfathers," I said; "so I suppose very few fathers care to tell their children about them."

"That is because there are so few concerning whom there is anything worth telling."

"For my part," I returned, "I should think any fact concerning one of those who link me with the infinite past out of which I have come, invaluable. Even a fact which is not to the credit of an ancestor may be a precious discovery to the man who has in himself to fight the evil derived from it."

"That, however, is a point of view rarely taken. What the ordinary man values is also rare; hence few regard their ancestry, or transmit any knowledge they may have of those who have gone before them to those that come after them."

"My uncle, however, I suppose, told *me* nothing because, unlike the many, he prized neither wealth nor rank; nor what are commonly considered great deeds."

"You are not far from the truth there," said Mr. Coningham in a significant tone.

"Then *you* know why he never told me anything!" I exclaimed.

"I do—from the best authority."

"His own, you mean, I suppose."

"I do."

"But—but—I didn't know you were ever—at all—intimate with my uncle," I said.

He laughed knowingly.

"You would say, if you didn't mind speaking the truth, that you thought your uncle disliked me—disapproved of me. Come now—did he not try to make you avoid me? You needn't mind acknowledging the fact, for when I have explained the reason of it, you will see that it involves no discredit to either of us."

"I have no fear for my uncle."

"You are honest, if not over polite," he rejoined. "You do not feel so sure about my share. Well, I don't mind who knows it, for my part. I roused the repugnance, to the knowledge of which your silence confesses, merely by acting as any professional man ought to have acted—and with the best intentions. At the same time, all the blame I should ever think of casting upon him is, that he allowed his high-strung, saintly, I had almost said superhuman ideas to stand in the way of his nephew's prosperity."

"Perhaps he was afraid of that prosperity standing in the way of a better."

"Precisely so. You understand him perfectly. He was one of the best and simplest-minded men in the world."

"I am glad you do him that justice."

"At the same time I do not think he intended you to remain in absolute ignorance of what I am going to tell you. But you see, he died very suddenly. Besides, he could hardly expect I should hold my tongue after he was gone."

"Perhaps, however, he might expect me not to cultivate your acquaintance," I said, laughing to take the sting out of the words.

"You cannot accuse yourself of having taken any trouble in that direction," he returned, laughing also.

"I believe, however," I resumed, "from what I can recall of things he said, especially on one occasion on which he acknowledged the existence of a secret in which I was interested, he did not intend that I should always remain in ignorance of everything he thought proper to conceal from me then."

"I presume you are right. I think his conduct in this respect arose chiefly from anxiety that the formation of your character should not be influenced by the knowledge of certain facts which might unsettle you, and prevent you from reaping the due advantages of study and self-dependence in youth. I cannot, however, believe that by being open with you I shall now be in any danger of thwarting his plans, for you have already proved yourself a wise, moderate, conscientious man, diligent and pains-taking. Forgive me for appearing to praise you. I had no such intention. I was only uttering as a fact to be considered in the question, what upon my honor I thoroughly believe."

"I should be happy in your good opinion, if I were able to appropriate it," I said. "But a man knows his own faults better than his neighbor knows his virtues."

"Spoken like the man I took you for, Mr. Cumbermede," he rejoined gravely.

"But to return to the matter in hand," I resumed: "what can there be so dangerous in the few facts I have just come to the knowledge of, that my uncle should have cared to conceal them from me? That a man born in humble circumstances should come to know that he had distinguished ancestors, could hardly so fill him with false notions as to endanger his relation to the laws of his existence."

"Of course—but you are too hasty. Those facts are of more importance than you are aware—involve other facts. Moldwarp Hall is *your* property, and not Sir Giles Brotherton's."

"Then the apple was my own, after all!" I said to myself exultingly. It was a strange fantastic birth of conscience and memory,—forgotten the same moment, and followed by an electric flash—not of hope, not of delight, not of pride, but of pure revenge. My whole frame quivered with the shock; yet for a moment I seemed to have the strength of a Hercules. In front of me was a stile through a high hedge: I turned Lilith's head to the hedge, struck my spurs into her, and over or through it, I know not which, she bounded. Already, with all the strength of will I could summon, I struggled to rid myself of the wicked feeling; and although I cannot pretend to have succeeded for long after, yet by the time Mr. Coningham had popped over the stile, I was waiting for him, to all appearance, I believe, perfectly calm. He on the other hand, from whatever cause, was actually trembling. His face was pale, and his eye flashing. Was it that he had roused me more effectually than he had hoped?

"Take care, take care, my boy," he said, "or you won't live to enjoy your own. Permit me the honor of shaking hands with Sir Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll."

After this ceremonial of prophetic investiture we jogged away quietly, and he told me a long story about the death of the last pro-

prietor, the degree in which Sir Giles was related to him, and his undisputed accession to the property. At that time, he said, my father was in very bad health, and indeed died within six months of it.

"I knew your father well, Mr. Cumbermede," he went on, "—one of the best of men, with more spirit—more ambition than your uncle. It was *his* wish that his child, if a boy, should be called Wilfrid,—for though they had been married five or six years, their only child was born after his death. Your uncle did not like the name, your mother told me, but made no objection to it. So you were named after your grandfather, and great-grandfather, and I don't know how many of the race besides.—When the last of the Darylls died—"

"Then," I interrupted, "my father was the heir."

"No; you mistake: your uncle was the elder—Sir David Cumbermede Daryll, of Moldwarp Hall and The Moat," said Mr. Coningham, evidently bent on making the most of my rights.

"He never even told me he was the eldest," I said. "I always thought, from his coming home to manage the farm when my father was ill, that he was the second of the two sons."

"On the contrary, he was several years older than your father—so that you mustn't suppose he kept you back from any of your rights. They were his, not yours, while he lived."

"I will not ask," I said, "why he did not enforce them. That is plain enough from what I know of his character. The more I think of that, the loftier and simpler it seems to grow. He could not bring himself to spend the energies of a soul meant for higher things on the assertion and recovery of earthly rights."

"I rather differ from you there; and I do not know," returned my companion, whose tone was far more serious than I had ever heard it before, "whether the explanation I am going to offer will raise your uncle as much in your estimation as it does in mine. I confess I do not rank such self-denial as you attribute to him so highly as you do. On the contrary, I count it a fault. How could the world go on if everybody was like your uncle?"

"If everybody was like my uncle, he would have been forced to accept the position," I said; "for there would have been no one to take it from him."

"Perhaps. But you must not think Sir Giles knew anything of your uncle's claim. He knows nothing of it now."

I had not thought of Sir Giles in connection with the matter—only of Geoffrey; and my heart recoiled from the notion of dispossessing the old man, who, however misled with regard to me at last, had up till then shown me uniform kindness. In that moment I had almost resolved on taking no steps till after his death. But Mr. Coningham soon made me forget Sir Giles in a fresh revelation of my uncle.

"Although," he resumed, "all you say of your uncle's indifference to this world and its affairs is indubitably correct, I do not believe, had there not been a prospect of your making your appearance, that he would have shirked the duty of occupying the property which was his both by law and by nature. But he knew it might be an expensive suit—for no one can tell by what tricks of the law such may be prolonged—in which case all the money he could command would soon be spent, and nothing left either to provide for your so-called aunt, for whom he had a great regard, or to give you that education which, whether you were to succeed to the property or not, he counted indispensable. He cared far more, he said, about your having such a property in yourself as was at once personal and real, than for your having any amount of property out of yourself. Expostulation was of no use. I had previously learned—from the old lady herself—the true state of the case, and, upon the death of Sir Geoffrey Daryll, had at once communicated with him—which placed me in a position for urging him, as I did again and again, considerably to his irritation, to assert and prosecute his claim to the title and estates. I offered to take the whole risk upon myself; but he said that would be tantamount to giving up his personal liberty until the matter was settled, which might not be in his life-time. I may just mention, however, that besides his religious absorption, I strongly suspect there was another cause of his indifference to worldly affairs: I have grounds for thinking that he was disappointed in a more than ordinary attachment to a lady he met at Oxford—in station considerably above any prospects he had then. To return: he was resolved that whatever might be your fate, you should not have to meet it without such preparation as he could afford you. As you have divined, he was most anxious that your character should have acquired some degree of firmness before you knew anything of the possibility of your inheriting a large property and

historical name; and I may appropriate the credit of a negative share in the carrying out of his plans, for you will bear me witness how often I might have upset them by informing you of the facts of the case."

"I am heartily obliged to you," I said, "for not interfering with my uncle's wishes, for I am very glad indeed that I have been kept in ignorance of my rights until now. The knowledge would at one time have gone far to render me useless for personal effort in any direction worthy of it. It would have made me conceited, ambitious, boastful: I don't know how many bad adjectives would have been necessary to describe me."

"It is all very well to be modest, but I venture to think differently."

"I should like to ask you one question, Mr. Coningham," I said.

"As many as you please."

"How is it that you have so long delayed giving me the information which on my uncle's death you no doubt felt at liberty to communicate?"

"I did not know how far you might partake of your uncle's disposition, and judged that the wider your knowledge of the world, and the juster your estimate of the value of money and position, the more willing you would be to listen to the proposals I had to make."

"Do you remember," I asked, after a canter, led off by my companion, "one very stormy night on which you suddenly appeared at the Moat, and had a long talk with my uncle on the subject?"

"Perfectly," he answered. "But how did you come to know? *He* did not tell of my visit!"

"Certainly not. But, listening in my night-gown on the stair, which is open to the kitchen, I heard enough of your talk to learn the object of your visit—namely, to carry off my skin to make bagpipes with."

He laughed so heartily that I told him the whole story of the pendulum.

"On that occasion," he said, "I made the offer to your uncle, on condition of his sanctioning the commencement of legal proceedings, to pledge myself to meet every expense of those and of your education as well, and to claim nothing whatever in return, except in case of success."

This quite corresponded with my own childish recollections of the interview between them. Indeed, there was such an air of simple straightforwardness about his whole communication, while at the same time it accounted so thoroughly for the warning my uncle had given me against him, that I felt I might trust him entirely, and so would have told him all that had taken place at the Hall, but for the share his daughter had borne in it, and the danger of discovery to Mary.

CHAPTER I.

THE DATES.

I HAVE given, of course, only an epitome of our conversation, and by the time we had arrived at this point, we had also reached the gate of the churchyard. Again we fastened up our horses; again he took the key from under the tomb-stone; and once more we entered the dreary little church, and drew aside the curtain of the vestry. I took down the volume of the register. The place was easy to find, seeing, as I have said, it was at the very end of the volume.

The copy I had taken was correct: the date of the marriage in the register was January 15, and it was the first under the year 1748, written at the top of the page. I stood for a moment gazing at it; then my eye turned to the entry before it, the last on the preceding page. It bore the date December 13—under the general date at the top of the page, 1747. The next entry after it was dated March 29. At the bottom of the page, or cover rather, was the attestation of the clergyman to the number of marriages in that year; but there was no such attestation at the bottom of the preceding page. I turned to Mr. Coningham, who had stood regarding me, and, pointing to the book, said—

"Look here, Mr. Coningham. I cannot understand it. Here the date of the marriage is 1748; and that of all their letters, evidently written after the marriage, is 1747."

He looked, and stood looking, but made no reply. In my turn I looked at him. His face expressed something not far from consternation; but the moment he became aware that I was observing him, he pulled out his handkerchief, and wiping his forehead with an attempt at a laugh, said—

"How hot it is! Yes; there's something awkward there. I hadn't observed it before. I must inquire into that. I confess I cannot explain it all at once. It does certainly seem queer. I must look into those dates when I go home."

He was evidently much more discomposed than he was willing I should perceive. He always spoke rather hurriedly, but I had never heard him stammer before. I was certain that he saw or at least dreaded something fatal in the discrepancy I had pointed out.

As to looking into it when he got home, that sounded very like nonsense. He pulled out a note-book, however, and said:

"I may just as well make a note of the blunder—for blunder it must be—a very awkward one indeed, I am afraid. I should think so—I cannot—But then—"

He went on uttering disjointed and unfinished expressions, while he made several notes. His manner was of one who regards the action he is about as useless, yet would have it supposed the right thing to do.

"There!" he said, shutting up his note-book with a slam; and turning away he strode out of the place—much, it seemed to me, as if his business there was over for ever. I gave one more glance at the volume, and replaced it on the shelf. When I rejoined him, he was already mounted and turning to move off.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Coningham," I said. "I don't exactly know where to put the key."

"Fling it under the grave-stone, and come along," he said, muttering something more, in which perhaps I only fancied I heard certain well-known maledictions.

By this time my spirits had sunk as much below their natural level, as, a little before, they had risen above it. But I felt that I must be myself, and that no evil any more than good fortune ought for a moment to perturb the tenor of my being. Therefore, having locked the door deliberately and carefully, I felt about along the underside of the grave-stone until I found the ledge where the key had lain. I then made what haste I could to mount and follow Mr. Coningham, but Lilith delayed the operation by her eagerness. I gave her the rein, and it was well no one happened to be coming in the opposite direction through that narrow and tortuous passage, for she flew round the corners — "turning close to the ground, like a cat when scratchingly she wheels about after a mouse," as my old favorite Sir Philip Sidney says. Notwithstanding her speed, however, when I reached the mouth of the lane, there was Mr. Coningham half across the first field, with his coat-tails flying out behind him. I would not allow myself to be left in such a discourteous fashion, and gave chase. Before he had measured the other half of the field I was up with him.

"That mare of yours is a clever one," he said, as I ranged alongside of him. "I thought I would give her a breather. She hasn't enough to do."

"She's not breathing so *very* fast," I returned. "Her wind is as good as her legs."

"Let's go along then, for I've lost a great deal of time this morning. I ought to have been at Squire Strode's an hour ago. How hot the sun is, to be sure, for this time of the year!"

As he spoke he urged his horse, but I took and kept the lead, feeling, I confess, a little angry, for I could not help suspecting he had really wanted to run away from me. I did what I could, however, to behave as if nothing had happened. But he was very silent, and his manner towards me was quite altered. Neither could I help thinking it scarcely worthy of a man of the world, not to say a lawyer, to show himself so much chagrined. For my part, having simply concluded that the new-blown bubble-hope had burst, I found myself just where I was before—with a bend sinister on my scutcheon, it might be, but with a good conscience, a tolerably clear brain, and the dream of my Athanasia.

The moment we reached the road, Mr. Coningham announced that his was in the opposite direction to mine, said his good morning, shook hands with me, and jogged slowly away. I knew that was not the nearest way to Squire Strode's.

I could not help laughing—he had so much the look of a dog with his tail between his legs, or a beast of prey that had made his spring and missed his game. I watched him for some time, for Lilith being pulled both ways—towards home, and after her late companion—was tolerably quiescent, but he never cast a glance behind him. When at length a curve in the road hid him from my sight, I turned and went quietly home, thinking what the significance of the unwelcome discovery might be. If the entry of the marriage under that date could not be proved a mere blunder, of which I could see no hope, then certainly my grandfather must be regarded as born out of wedlock, a supposition which, if correct, would account for the dropping of the *Daryll*.

On the way home, I jumped no hedges.

Having taken my farewell of Lilith, I packed my "bag of needments," locked the door of my uncle's room, which I would have no one enter in my absence, and set out to meet the night mail.

CHAPTER LI.

CHARLEY AND CLARA.

On my arrival in London I found Charley waiting for me, as I had expected; and with his help soon succeeded in finding, in one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river, the accommodation I wanted. There

I settled, and resumed the labor so long and thanklessly interrupted.

When I recounted the circumstances of my last interview with Mr. Coningham, Charley did not seem so much surprised at the prospect which had opened before me as disappointed at its sudden close, and would not admit that the matter could be allowed to rest where it was.

"Do you think the change of style could possibly have anything to do with it?" he asked, after a meditative silence.

"I don't know," I replied. "What change of style do you mean?"

"I mean the change of the beginning of the year from March to January," he answered.

"When did that take place?" I asked.

"Some time about the middle of the last century," he replied; "but I will find out exactly."

The next night he brought me the information that the January which according to the old style would have been that of 1752, was promoted to be the first month of the year 1753.

My dates then were, by several years, antecedent to the change, and it was an indisputable anachronism that the January between the December of 1747 and the March of 1748 should be entered as belonging to the latter year. This seemed to throw a little dubious light upon the perplexity: the January thus entered belonged clearly to 1747, and therefore was the same January with that of my ancestors' letters. Plainly, however, the entry could not stand in evidence, its interpolation at least appearing indubitable, for how otherwise could it stand at the beginning of the new year instead of towards the end of the old, five years before the change of style? Also, I now clearly remembered that it did look a little crushed between the heading of the year and the next entry. It must be a forgery—and a stupid one as well, seeing the bottom of the preceding page, where there was a small blank, would have been the proper place to choose for it—that is, under the heading 1747. Could the 1748 have been inserted afterwards? That did not appear likely, seeing it belonged to all the rest of the entries on the page, there being none between the date in question and March 29, on the 25th of which month the new year began. The conclusion lying at the door was, that some one had inserted the marriage so long after the change of style that he knew nothing of the trap there lying for his forgery. It seemed probable that, blindly following the letters, he had sought to place it in the beginning of the previous year, but, getting bewildered in the apparent eccentricities of the arrangement of month and year, or, perhaps, finding no other blank suitable to his purpose, had at last drawn his bow at a venture. Neither this nor any other theory I could fashion, did I however find in the least satisfactory. All I could be sure of was, that here was no evidence of the marriage—on the contrary, a strong presumption against it.

For my part, the dream in which I had indulged had been so short that I very soon recovered from the disappointment of the waking therefrom. Neither did the blot with which the birth of my grandfather was menaced affect me much. My chief annoyance in regard of that aspect of the affair was in being *so* related to Geoffrey Brotherton.

I cannot say how it came about, but I could not help observing that, by degrees, a manifest softening appeared in Charley's mode of speaking of his father, although I knew that there was not the least approach to a more cordial intercourse between them. I attributed the change to the letters of his sister, which he always gave me to read. From them I have since classed her with a few others I have since known, chiefly women, the best of their kind, so good and so large-minded that they seem ever on the point of casting aside the unworthy opinions they have been taught, and showing themselves the true followers of him who cared only for the truth; and yet holding by the doctrines of men, and believing them to be the mind of God.

In one or two of Charley's letters to her I ventured to insert a question or two, and her reference to these in her replies to Charley gave me an opportunity of venturing to write to her more immediately, in part defending what I thought the truth, in part expressing all the sympathy I honestly could with her opinions. She replied very kindly, very earnestly, and with a dignity of expression as well as of thought which harmonized entirely with my vision of her deeper and grander nature.

The chief bent of my energies was now to vindicate for myself a worthy position in the world of letters; but my cherished hope lay in the growth of such an intimacy with Mary Osborne as might afford ground for the cultivation of far higher and more precious ambitions.

It was not, however, with the design of furthering these that I was now guilty of what will seem to most men a Quixotic action enough.

"Your sister is fond of riding—is she not?"

I asked Charley one day, as we sauntered with our cigars on the terrace of the Adelphi.

"As fond as one can possibly be who has had so little opportunity," he said.

"I was hoping to have a ride with her and Clara the very evening when that miserable affair occurred. The loss of that ride was at least as great a disappointment to me as the loss of the sword."

"You seem to like my sister, Wilfrid," he said.

"At least I care more for her good opinion than I do for any woman's—or man's either, Charley."

"I am so glad!" he responded. "You like her better than Clara, then?"

"Ever so much," I said.

He looked more pleased than annoyed, I thought—certainly neither the one nor the other entirely. His eyes sparkled, but there was a flicker of darkness about his forehead.

"I am very glad," he said again, after a moment's pause. "I thought—I was afraid—I had fancied sometimes—you were still a little in love with Clara."

"Not one atom," I returned. "She cured me of that quite. There is no danger of that any more," I added—foolishly, seeing I intended no explanation.

"How do you mean?" he asked, a little uneasily.

I had no answer ready, and a brief silence followed. The subject was not resumed.

It may well seem strange to my reader that I had never yet informed him of the part Clara had had in the matter of the sword. But, as I have already said, when anything moved me very deeply, I was never ready to talk about it. Somehow, whether from something of the cat-nature in me, I never liked to let go my hold of it without good reason. Especially I shrunk from imparting what I only half comprehended; and besides, in the present case, the thought of Clara's behavior was so painful to me still, that I recoiled from any talk about it—the more that Charley had a kind and good opinion of her, and would, I knew, only start objections and explanations defensive, as he had done before on a similar occasion, and this I should have no patience with. I had therefore hitherto held my tongue. There was, of course, likewise the fear of betraying his sister, only the danger of that was small, now that the communication between the two girls seemed at an end for the time; and if it had not been that a certain amount of mutual reticence had arisen between us, first on Charley's part and afterwards on mine, I doubt much whether, after all, I should not by this time have told him the whole story. But the moment I had spoken as above, the strangeness of his look, which seemed to indicate that he would gladly request me to explain myself but for some hidden reason, flashed upon me the suspicion that he was himself in love with Clara. The moment the suspicion entered, a host of circumstances crystallized around it. Fact after fact flashed out of my memory, from the first meeting of the two in Switzerland down to this last time I had seen them together, and in the same moment I was convinced that the lady I saw him with in the Regent's Park was no other than Clara. But if it were so, why had he shut me out from his confidence? Of the possible reasons which suggested themselves, the only one which approached the satisfactory was, that he had dreaded hurting me by the confession of his love for her, and preferred leaving it to Clara to cure me of a passion to which my doubtful opinion of her gave a probability of weakness and ultimate evanescence.

A great conflict awoke in me. What ought I to do? How could I leave him in ignorance of the falsehood of the woman he loved? But I could not make the disclosure now. I must think about the how and the how much to tell him. I returned to the subject which had led up to the discovery.

"Does your father keep horses, Charley?"

"He has a horse for his parish work, and my mother has an old pony for her carriage."

"Is the rectory a nice place?"

"I believe it is, but I have such painful associations with it that I hardly know."

The Arab loves the desert sand where he was born; the thief loves the court where he used to play in the gutter. How miserable Charley's childhood must have been! How *could* I tell him of Clara's falsehood?

"Why doesn't he give Mary a pony to ride?" I asked. "But I suppose he hasn't room for another."

"Oh yes, there's plenty of room. His predecessor was rather a big fellow. In fact, the stables are on much too large a scale for a clergyman. I dare say he never thought of it. I must do my father the justice to say there's nothing stingy about him, and I believe he loves my sister even more than my mother. It certainly would be the best thing he could do for her to give her a pony. But she will die of religion—young, and be sainted in a two-penny tract, and that is better than a pony. Her hair doesn't curl—that's the only objection. Some one has remarked that all the good children who die have curly hair."

Poor Charley! Was his mind more healthy then? Was he less likely to come to an early death? Was his want of faith more life giving than what he considered her false faith?

"I see no reason to fear it," I said, with a tremor at my heart as I thought of my dream.

That night I was sleepless — but about Charley—not about Mary. What could I do?—what ought I to do? Might there be some mistake in my judgment of Clara? I searched, and I believe searched honestly, for any possible mode of accounting for her conduct that might save her uprightness, or mitigate the severity of the condemnation I had passed upon her. I could find none. At the same time, what I was really seeking was an excuse for saying nothing to Charley. I suspect now that had I searched after justification or excuse for her from love to herself, I might have succeeded in constructing a theory capable of sheltering her; but as it was, I failed utterly; and turning at last from the effort, I brooded instead upon the Quixotic idea already adverted to, grown the more attractive as offering a good excuse for leaving Charley for a little.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE.

Eve nas some cause to look twice at a plausible proffer of advantage. Her children have double cause to watch with jealous anxiety her deliberations in such a case. She cannot act for herself, for she incloses the race. All the types of destiny are shaped in the matrix of her decisions.

It would not be very fanciful to describe the present as the crisis of a Second Temptation. The bauble of power now bends to the same hand as did the fruit of knowledge, and "Ye shall be as gods," is again the assurance of the tempter. The iron subjection and sorrow into which the first counsel of ambition beguiled the common mother has been borne for sixty centuries, and at last the emancipator stands before her, ready to strike off the chain and bid her accept at once equality, freedom, and power.

We do not overstate the liberal purpose of the age. Christ's own mission "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," is not broader (temporally) than the theory of equality which has become the Gospel's grandest offshoot in its second spring. No such thing as arbitrary privilege or privation has a living root left in the future. Man alone is crowned, and his accidents, birth, wealth, learning, color, sex, are everywhere getting ready to cast their crowns at his feet. In all prerogative, he must increase, they must decrease. For there is recognized in the soul itself that which is above all it has done. It inherits of the dignity of its Author, and can have no other superior. To define the *jure divino* sovereign of this world, it is only necessary to ascertain who is a Man. We may safely assume this as the fundamental political criterion of the world that is to be. No matter if the weight of opinion be still in favor of the doctrine that political power is a providential trust, never to be conceded to others but in extremity or on sound considerations of public good. Regardless of authority and expediency, the democratic mass of mankind everywhere feels that the common birthright of equal liberty involves equal prerogatives of power, and is a gift of too high origin and quality for man to confer or withhold. It follows that the natural right of any human being to take part in political elections can be challenged only on the ground of incompleteness in manhood. The practical right can be denied only in the case of one alien to the community and interests concerned, or in some way presumably incapable of performing the intelligential act of election.

Considering, therefore, that equality has fought its decisive battle and is the established creed of the future, it is not too much to say that the temptation of power approaches the female sex as closely and as plausibly as did that of forbidden knowledge. It comes in as a necessary incident of the progress of political equity: the most perilous career into which mankind have ever launched, insomuch as the powers and possibilities of abuse, which it brings indiscriminately to all, are unprecedented and enormous. It matters not whether the proposition be ultimately put to a direct vote of women, as seems to be anticipated by many, or whether it shall be decided through the votes of men alone. Whether in their own persons, or through the agency of their brothers, as hitherto, women will participate in the decision of this question and all other questions in which their rights and interests are concerned. It is too late in the day to think of carrying measures or sustaining laws in which women

are especially concerned, over the heads of women, if indeed such a thing were ever possible under Christian civilization. All who are exercised concerning real or supposed wrongs of women, such as legislation or public opinion can reach, may make themselves easy. No public wrong whatever can now long withstand the forces of discussion and organization, wielded by or in behalf of any important fraction of the body politic. And above all other possible fractions, that, to men at least, emphatically better half of mankind—the female sex—must not, cannot, be permanently wronged or dissatisfied by the arrangements of society. Wielding always, in this country at least, a power in all departments which, if conscious of itself, could but smile at the feeble alliance of the ballot, women will have this additional power very easily as soon as they conclude to take it.

The only question remaining, therefore, and the only inquiry here proposed, is this: What is the interest, honor, and duty of women, in regard to assuming an identical position with men? The question is evidently a question for women. It is certainly time for women to take it up seriously, consider it thoroughly, and express themselves upon it authentically. There are persons who assume to deliver the opinion and demand of the female sex. Women, it is true, reject for themselves, and justly, the common rule that silence gives consent. It is their right not to be forced to speak. Still, the determined effort to personate them in most important relations, by individuals whose sex is suspected to be rather a disguise, requires the principals compromised by the proceedings to scrutinize and dispose of them in a way of unmistakable authority. They begin to recognize this necessity. A very few have led forward in behalf of their sex, and if in some way the expense of canvassing and organizing the silent sentiment of women were but provided for, very instructive and indeed convincing developments might be realized. Perhaps this will come of itself soon enough, and in a way of its own. Discussion, meanwhile, is yet needed, to give consciousness, consistency, and decision to the sentiments of right-minded women. It is superfluous to add that we address ourselves to women in what we have to advance on this subject. Everything that is said upon the subject is necessarily addressed to women, mediately or immediately, and from them must get its answer in the end.

The right to vote, then, need detain us no longer The question is on the right not to vote. Allowing the vote to stand for all the various masculine functions which women are invited to assume, this title is broad enough to cover the whole debate. Have women such negative right, and is it for their interest, honor, and usefulness to waive it, or to insist upon it?

There is certainly no such right for men. Men must vote, as soldiers must fight. Popular suffrage is an arsenal thrown open to the public enemy. It compels good citizens to arm likewise, in defense. The worst of it is that the modern repeating arms are for the public enemy exclusively. So far, women on both sides are non-combatants. Throw open the arsenal to them also, and you at once put another hostile army in the field as strong as the first (for every bad man has somewhere a bad woman for his mate), and every virtuous woman then must fight by the side of every loyal man. Have they not a right to decline this necessity while they may? Women, good and bad, now stand paired off. Their common abstinence does not affect the vote either way. Shall the zeal or ambition of a minority be allowed to break this truce, and plunge the whole sex, against their will, into a conflict from which none can be exempt and which never will end?

It must be conceded that women have a right to consider this question in the light of their own general interests, and to decide for themselves, as a body, whether they will be made voters, and otherwise masculine, or not. The natural right of the individual must be subordinated here, as everywhere, to the paramount rights of the whole. No individual right can be exercised to the injury of another, and much less to the injury of the many. There is no right in the world which is not subject to this limitation. The question must, therefore, be submitted to the decision of the majority, at least of women themselves. Not a woman can be allowed to commit the sex to a political career by her individual assumption of the right until the whole have decided to submit to the change. Nobody will dispute this position who is not prepared for absolute individualism and anarchy.

Is it best for women, as a body, to accept and assume an identical position with men, in each or any of the three great spheres of life, social, civil, and political? The social sphere we shall understand to include all relations between human beings which are not established by law. Conventional agreement, or public opinion, is the law of this sphere. Here women are nearly omnipotent. Whatever conventional rules or prejudices restrain them

are their own. Men themselves learn all their views of feminine propriety ultimately from women. The sex will therefore approach this part of the question in a peculiarly independent, or say rather sovereign, attitude. Whatever they agree to will be accomplished in the act of agreement. And the power and efficacy of social action immeasurably transcends that of all civil and political processes combined. The latter absolutely proceed from the former. The man is not more effectively shaped in the womb and in the home than the parts and processes of the public organism are shaped in the vital stir of private society or personal intercourse. How far will the position of women be improved by exchanging it for that of men, or assimilating it to that of men, in society?

The material peculiarities which distinguish the social position of men from that of women resolve themselves into these two: (1) the burden of supporting themselves and families; and (2) the burden of carrying on the public, professional, and material business of the world. For the bulk of this work men alone generally have by nature the proper faculties, such at least as physical strength, boldness, and enterprise. But for all of it, the law of self-dependence peculiar to them as men is a necessary condition, as enforcing the life-long application which is in most cases indispensable to success.

In exceptional cases, women voluntarily embrace this self-dependence for life, in preference to such proposals of protection as happen to them. Nearly all women, however, have preferred husbands and children, such as they could get, to all other objects. From this thorough experiment, elucidated by what we have been able to learn of their nature, we (men) feel warranted in the comfortable, not to say flattering, expectation that women will generally continue to give us the preference, and to yield their indispensable good-will to the perpetuation of our species, to the end of time. Could we even waive the solaces of home and children and woman's love, yet the conception of a planet depopulated and left to wiser animals, that the mother of men might dedicate herself to the production of laws, books, arts, and works of art, for which, alas, their dumb inheritors would have no use, is a conception too repugnant to all rational ends of creation and providence to be possible. We mention this, and with the utmost seriousness, because it is too often forgotten that the balance between births and deaths is getting to be a delicate one in civilized countries; that in many places it is already on the side of death; and that as a small change in the inclination of the earth's axis would convert our blooming lands into lifeless wastes of perpetual ice and snow, so a little general shifting of the burdens of active life upon our women would depress procreative action sufficiently to extinguish our own branch of the race, at least, within a moderate period of time. We conclude, therefore, that self-dependence will not become the rule for women until it shall be the pleasure of Providence to exterminate us, and that women will be the least willing executioners of such a decree. Until then, the imperative condition of success in all arts, professions, and businesses —that is, self-dependence, forcing an unalterable and undivided application for life—will be exceptional among women, as now. The cause which makes many employments masculine in practice, which are not distinctively such in character, is this necessity of a more than temporary prosecution of them, in order to succeed in competition with those who can and must give their lives to them. Exceptional women are often found to break the ice of precedent and custom in such matters, and to make for themselves a place among men by a man-like choice and endeavor. But nothing less than a general compulsion to self-support, which if inflicted upon women would be equivalent to the extinction of civilized man, can ever naturalize in the sex any of the learned professions or of the more difficult arts, handicrafts and commercial employments, to such extent that a female *expert* will be less than a prominent exception. Such a general compulsion of women to self-support would be a return to heathen barbarism of the most brutal type.

Possibly the ladies may correct us, but to our own humble perception there is, after this single remark, nothing left of apparent interest or honor to the female sex in the transfer of the arts and professions to their side, or rather in the transfer of the female sex to the arts and professions. Not even the honor of earning their own living independently, of which so much is said by some. There is no peculiar honor in independence. There is something quite the contrary, in fact. The only honor that belongs to independence is that of being useful to others in due proportion to what we receive from them, or in common language, paying one's way. No one enjoys that honor more perfectly than a good wife, mother, or daughter, who never touched a penny of wages or profit in her life. But a further honor is enjoyed in those positions of a nature which mankind have always

agreed to regard as the highest they can bestow. Royalty, priesthood, and official station are honored with support at public expense. These conditions are imperfectly honored, however, in this way, because services are exacted as an equivalent for support. The relation partakes of that of a hireling, in which the absence of honor is absolute. But when the never-to-be-recompensed services of a great soldier, in the crisis of his country's fate, are to be recognized, there is no consideration of what is to be got from him in return for his pension or salary. His services may be nominal, or *nil*, but his public support is (or should be) princely ; not so much for his own sake as for the sake of public virtue and of humanity. Now this sort of position alone bears an analogy to that of the woman in the family. There is enough of coarseness, grudging, and haggling debate about what is yielded in Congress to the national benefactors, and in the family to the wife and mother : there is enough of all this in the manner, and enough of uttermost stinginess in the matter, of what is done in both cases, to disgust the benefactors and disgrace the beneficiaries, and in a superficial point of view almost to pervert the whole tribute to an insult. But the bottom fact remains that an obligation is recognized, however shabbily. Homage is paid perforce to a right of unconditional support ; and if there is any higher or deeper homage than this expressed or expressible by human society (save that obedience which is due only to God), we know not what can be the form of it. The individual man may contemn and oppress his wife ; but society commands him to support her, irrespective of her usefulness to him, and in effect authorizes her to take her support, according to his ability, wherever she can get it, from his substance or his credit, whether she *does* anything to deserve it or not. It is enough that she is a wife : that of itself is her plenary title. In so requiring, Christian society recognizes in wifehood a dignity such as it recognizes nowhere else on earth. In that very dependence (as contempt prefers to put it) which some inconsiderate women resent so loudly, Christian society exalts the wife and her office above every other human character and station. It expresses in its broad, rough-hewn phrase of fact the sincere homage which takes living form in every manly heart and crowns the wife and mother as the highest earthly object of reverence and love ; shedding its exuberant halo so far around her as to invest her daughters with a secondary sanctity. All genuine manhood has a jealous repugnance to the soiling of a wife's or daughter's hand with hire. And of all the aristocracies, where is that which the supposed degradation of self-support cuts so keenly, so universally, as the aristocracy of domestic womanhood ? Yet where is the democracy whose voluntary service is so cheerful, so lowly, even extreme, as that of the same proud caste ? Long may this pride flourish ! We can half forgive, though we would not excuse, the folly of daughters who so commonly carry their sense of womanly dignity to the false extreme of feeling ashamed to work for wages when paternal poverty renders it needful, dutiful, and hence honorable. Though a mistaken or even hateful sentiment, it has its root in a genuine instinct of woman's dignity and "woman's rights."

The ideals of society are far above the statutes in which they are imperfectly suggested. Statutes are framed for the worse part of men, and necessarily enforce but a minimum standard of morality. The theory of Christian law is very high ; and although its statutory development steadily tends to higher forms, the theory must not be sought on the actual low level of the statutes or of the vulgar usage. We have, therefore, no more than justly, resorted to the better sentiment of men, for the true interpretation of their meaning in binding themselves to the support of women, and we have found this interpretation decisively confirmed by the nature of the provisions they have made for their purpose. On the same ground we deny the crude theory that support is exacted for wives, as for children or slaves, because their civil existence is merged alike in that of the husband, father, or master, so that the law looks to him, as the only responsible party whom it knows, to prevent them from becoming a public charge. There may be truth in this aspect of the case, but it is only a small part of the truth. The provision made for the wife is far too broad and free to be covered by this explanation, or to be compared with that of children or slaves. It is also steadily growing broader and freer (as there is admitted room for it to do) by the vital efficacy of the principle we have attributed to it. Besides this, there are no counter provisions, as with children and slaves, for enforcing subjection and service upon the wife which shall make good the expense of her support. Duties on her part, to husband and family, are indeed recognized, as Heaven forbid they should not be ; but no other means of enforcing such duties are given by law to the husband than to the wife, save as they may linger, like tenacious roots and stumps

of pre-Christian barbarism, in the more backward political communities. A man may lawfully chastise his son, or bind him out to a master, to enforce his service in recompense for his support. Or he may bring him before a magistrate and have him punished for contumacy, or for larceny of anything the father chooses to forbid to him. Or he may expel him from his house, and the son will have no direct remedy at law. All this is disallowed by the law in respect to a wife. He may not, without cause, even go away from her peaceably, leaving her in his own house to enjoy it alone.

The superior happiness and dignity of marital rather than independent support for women being established, as well as its absolute necessity to the race from the lowest to the highest considerations—a necessity we must leave our readers to consider for themselves—we return to the question, or rather to the form of the question, which still remains and chiefly exercises earnest minds, viz.: How to deal with the exceptional cases, the unmarried, the unmarriageable, and the unwilling to marry. The trials of these classes originate most of the agitation. There are always on hand, too, a large class of active and ardent spirits who take it for granted that for every wrong and infelicity there must be somewhere a remedy. Nothing but experiment can satisfy a philanthropist of this kind that a law aimed at an evil will fail to reach it, or will overturn with the evil a greater good, or will establish in exchange for the first evil another still worse. It is necessary to realize that evil and sore evil is incurable in an evil world, and that beyond very narrow limits the utmost that is left us to effect is the exchange of one evil for another, and the choice of the least. So it is in the matter of providing for single women. The gravest evil connected with single women is their singleness, for it implies single men, and both together, on a large scale, constitute one of the most unhealthy conditions of society. Could we remedy this!—but at least we must not aggravate this. The most of mankind would sooner punish than encourage bachelors; but we all sympathize with single women, and, so far as they are concerned, would gladly make their lot as independent as it is inconvenient. But in this kind impulse, is it worth while to forget that, could we satisfy it, we should instantly multiply *both* the classes of single persons whose singleness is the greatest of misfortunes at once to themselves and to society? We do not refer to recruits of celibacy who would otherwise have been constrained by its terrors to submit to ineligible marriages. We have no desire to keep up arrangements for forcing women to accept husbands. But independence and the processes of independence do even more to render women ineligible for marriage than indifferent to it. It is unnecessary here to inquire whether this ought to be or not to be. It is the fact to be met. Be it a true instinct or a discreditable weakness, it is certain that all men find a charm in girlish simplicity and softness, while they shrink from the self-poised and self-sufficing woman of affairs, with something akin to preternatural dread. The slightest tinge of business in a woman's air demagnetizes her. It is useless to reason or to rail: this weakness, or whatever it be, is chronic and hopeless. Throughout the vicissitudes of society and the changing phases of human nature, men have given no sign of amendment in this respect; and, bad as it is, we really think the women might do worse than to take them as they are, and give up reforming them.

At this point our sex-reformers exhibit to advantage that remarkable unconsciousness of the higher characteristics of men as well as of women, which distinguishes them at all times. Those ladies are far from masculine, or even remotely acquainted with the masculine nature, we should say (unless in its baser forms), who take it for granted and steadily assure us that women will better their prospects of marriage by proving their capacity to take care of themselves and their husbands too. They may be as well qualified as anybody to argue the abstract question whether woman ought to be supported by man, and they are entitled to their individual preference on the same point, so far as they are personally concerned. But they lack the first condition for a practical argument—acquaintance with the primary facts of the case—if they do not know that Nature has certified *her* intention in this matter by endowing the adult male portion of mankind not only with ample ability to support all the rest, women and children, but with a spontaneous impulse to do so, and even to insist on doing so, which is one of the most remarkable facts in human nature. We shall probably be told that this, too, is a perversion. If so, it is a perversion nourished by Christianity and enjoined by its apostles. It is a perversion most perfect wherever the sexual attraction in men is purest, gentlest, most ennobled, and is wholly imperceptible only under the brutal phase of savageism—to which we should speedily descend, without further motive, under a system of sex independence and equality which gave women no unconditional right to support in

the conjugal relation. The women who decry sentiments of generosity between the sexes, and cry mightily for justice as something more sacred and more serviceable, would, like another noted lover of justice, if they had their way, find justice more than they desired. The man who married an Irish servant to save hiring one, illustrated the peculiar advantage to be expected in matrimony by the independent woman, and the style of husband her business qualities are likely to win—yes, and to develop, on a general scale, proportioned to the extent of self-dependence among women. On the other hand, wherever a genuine specimen of natural manly affection for woman can be taken, it will be found upon strict analysis that the master impulse is that of protection rather than possession, while considerations of advantage are held in utter contempt. The chief happiness of the lover and of the husband alike is expected and found in the strange pleasure of carrying a certain woman and her children in ease through life by his own life-long toil. It was a home-thrust of some cynical wit who rallied our young men upon their overmastering desire to pay for some young woman's board. This noble rage is said to have fallen of late years, at least relatively to the rising board and dress bills, and the flood of independent oratory with which women are deluging us does not a little, doubtless, towards extinguishing it.

But do we really wish to extinguish it? It is thoroughly woman-like to toss the head at masculine help when put as a consideration *per se*—as much so as it is to receive it with delight in the acceptable form of courtesy or love. But, rising above personal feeling (for the question is not here put to any woman as a personal one), will our women soberly consent, in their regard for the true welfare and nobleness of their brothers, husbands, and sons, to do anything which shall tend to educate them to a less generous sentiment or habit of mind in this matter? Our sincerest natural sentiments are products of social culture, in their perfection, and are capable, like other growths, of perishing under adverse influences or neglect. The ruder sort of men in a Christian community, ignorant it may be of any chivalrous sentiment toward women, are nevertheless unconsciously impressed by such a sentiment in others, and are ofter found, in fact, as decided as their betters in preferring wives for whom they must earn, to wives who will earn for them.

It may be taken for granted, without argument, that the interest of marriage is the fundamental interest of society, to which all individual or exceptional considerations must bow. In considering what shall be done for single women or single men, or any other class of human beings related as a class to the family or marriage state, we must rule out of consideration in advance whatever will discourage or deteriorate matrimony on the general scale, and we must be extremely careful, in choosing modes of amelioration for abnormal conditions, to avoid if possible whatever tends to extend such conditions. We should aim to apply to the celibacy of women a double remedy, ameliorating it by means which will tend at the same time to diminish it, rather than a palliative which will re-invigorate the disorder in its cause. Now that cause is plainly and simply the indisposition of a large proportion of men to fulfill the relation for which Nature designs the nicely balanced numbers of the two sexes. The way to aggravate the evil is accordingly plain: anything that will diminish the charms of women in the eyes of men, and increase the dread or distrust of matrimony which now keeps so many bachelors useless in the world and so many spinsters forlorn. Equally simple, again, in general terms, is the remedy: Whatever exalts women in the estimation and affection of men rather than in their own conceit, whatever increases not their earnings but their charms, whatever gives them power not in markets and caucuses but in hearts, will improve the condition of the majority of single women in just the way they would prefer; will quite as much improve the condition of an equal number of single men; will make it easy for the inevitable remainder to provide for themselves; and will be a twofold benefit to society, by at once multiplying families and increasing their happiness. Since the attraction to marriage is generally dependent on the same qualities which make amiable companions in marriage, and the happy development of the feminine nature is especially dependent on marriage and maternity, the equation may be reduced to simple and correct terms by saying that the grand interest and vocation of women is to persuade men to marry. Society looks to them for this high service, and there is nobody else to perform it, for nature has placed the means entirely in their hands. The means placed in their hands are noble and beneficient also in themselves. Such is their beauty, which in its merely direct action is worth more to man than all the other beauty with which the Creator has adorned the world; and it is in their own hands more than they think, not

indeed to deface with pigments and other artificial contrivances, but to irradiate with health, culture, and grace. Such are their modesty, their purity, their gentleness, their tender ministries. Such, too, are their utilitarian virtues, domestic skill, taste, and economy, without the aid of which neither happiness, prosperity, nor virtue are practicable to the majority of men. These womanly powers control men by their feelings, reason, and interest at once. They not only induce marriage, but make it happy when contracted, give it a good report among them that are without, and certain of them (which is no small matter in these days) render it not impracticable for men to marry and support families. In all this woman is the artist of society, whose works are as far above art as a child is more and more beautiful than a picture of one. The instinctive study of women to attract the preference of men, and to make and keep for themselves a happy settlement in life, is worthy of all honor, so far as it is controlled by modesty and good sense, whether we consider its motive, its means, or its effect; and we are bound to say that the women who take so much pains to pour contempt upon this sort of husbandry, "speak evil of things which they understand not." To reduce the unmarried remnant of both sexes is an end worthy of statesmen and philanthropists, and why is it not worthy of a simple maiden, younger or older, we should like to know?

But while it is undoubtedly the first object set before every woman by nature and reason to achieve a husband, a home and a family for her own, the question still remains, what to do with those who must fail in this object, or who will not attempt it. Must they suffer as victims on the family altar? Or is there no way to better their condition apparently, without making it really worse? We purpose to answer this question both favorably and definitely. But first, there are two minor reasons to be added for rejecting the remedy by confiscation of masculine employments. Women and children are the chief stockholders, so to speak, who are to suffer in property by such confiscation. We cannot make additional places for the women who propose to enter the masculine callings: they must make room for themselves by displacing men. It would not be strange if the successful female physician, broker, or politician (supposing such a thing) were to make an old bachelor of the very man who would have sought her hand most acceptably if she had not thrust herself into his place and character. Undoubtedly, every such instance of success must thwart some woman's chance of domestic happiness or curtail its material resources. The general effect of the transfer of work must be to diminish marriages by diminishing the average of men's resources. Women will do with toil and solitude and sorrow the work that men would have been glad to do for them as wives, and so will have their labor and much worse for their pains.

In the second place, the enlargement of women's employment and remuneration has in very small proportion gone to better the condition of the votaries or victims of celibacy. It is a fact worthy of the most serious attention from such as take an interest in the condition of self-dependent women, that the bulk of all that is earned to-day by female labor in the shops and factories of our cities goes to girls who are not strictly in need of employment. Few, that is, comparatively, are orphans or adult single women, who have no other resource than their labor. A large majority are young girls living with their parents, and required to spend the years which might and should be devoted to education in earning their quota of the family support or savings. The philanthropy expended in devising employment for lone females goes, like alms given to juvenile beggars in the street, mainly to relieve unnatural parents of their natural obligations, and sometimes to support them in idle debauchery.

The true remedy for the destitution of single women should be one which is not to be wasted on a greedy crowd neither in need of it nor really benefited by it; one which will increase instead of further subdividing the total of skilled, honored, and respectably paid labor; one which will not diminish the ability of men to marry and support families in comfort, but will rather diminish the difficulty; one which will render women neither less susceptible nor less attractive to manly affection, but will, on the contrary, qualify them the better to appreciate and to fulfill the offices of domestic love; and finally, one which does not exact of them either arduous training or permanent establishment as a condition of success. It is to be presumed that the system of nature contains provisions or possibilities for each of its members which harmonize thus with the native adaptation, impulse, and peculiar interest of each, and consequently with the paramount interests of the whole. Let us arrange the demands of society in pursuance of this presumed method, leaving on one side whatever employments are unfavorable to the best development, exercise, and

opportunity of woman's peculiar excellences, as the genius and soul of domestic life, and reserving for special consideration and encouragement whatever pursuits promise satisfactory support to women temporarily or permanently single, while educating them, more or less, toward those vital arts which devolve upon them exclusively, and in which, it is certain, every one of them is needed. Whoever goes out of the family, leaves a gap with nobody to fill it.

It will be sufficient to pass very lightly over the negative side of this examination. It would be superfluous to point out the life-long and arduous exactions or the unfeminine tendencies of the profession of law, of a public and comprehensive practice of medicine, of public preaching and lecturing, of politics, legislation, and administration, or of a business career in any department. The natural right of a woman to devote herself to any of these pursuits to which she may feel inclined is not to be resisted. It may be well even to promote a free development of such exceptional vocation, in desperate cases. The question for women as a body is not that of individual liberty in these things. That is settled as soon as raised. The question still remaining, and the one of all importance to women, is whether the preponderance of masculine forces over feminine susceptibilities which determines the choice of a public over a domestic sphere, is the thing they should decide to praise and to foster, and to set before their daughters as the ideal of a useful, happy, and high womanhood. To state this question to women in general is sufficient. They can give it but one answer, so long as they are women.

The pursuits of art and literature are not so unfortunate for women, in that they do not involve any positively unfeminine tendency. At worst, they rob a woman of domestic life, and rob domestic life of a woman—two of the worst robberies, to be sure, that can be effected, either by selfish violence or misdirected views of good. There are cases, undoubtedly, in which the subject-matter of the fraud is too small on either part to be seriously regretted, and exceptional cases in which it is smaller than the compensation which art or literature returns. Leaving such cases, which sometimes will assert themselves, to take their own course, and that not without generous sympathy, it will be the care of women, if we mistake not the bent and force of nature, to make such cases, with all other aberrations from the vital sphere of society, as rare as pure womanly training at home and good advice from womanly public opinion can make them. For it is notorious that the women who return to domestic life after once achieving a subsistence for themselves in any profession, are too few to be worth taking into any statistical account.

Descending to the material avocations, it is worthy of passing note that nothing seems in practice to spoil the womanly with surer effect than commerce. Women ought, naturally, to be more successful sellers than men, especially to male purchasers. But the experience of merchants proves, and their practice testifies, the reverse. Saleswomen, although so much cheaper than salesmen, make little or no encroachment upon the employment of the latter in prosperous cities, and, strange to say, so far as they are employed, it is mostly in stores frequented only by female customers for small purchases. Now the cause of this is as plain as the fact, to any one who observes the prevailing destitution of courtesy in saleswomen. Complaisance and tact are the grand lubricants of trade; and it is very remarkable that these most feminine of traits, by which women in their own sphere rule the world, are the very traits that seem to be annihilated in them by the influence of any kind of sordid commerce. Many employers have renounced saleswomen, and even female waiters, for the avowed reason that they could not make them sufficiently civil to customers. To men they are especially disagreeable, because courtesy is so peculiarly essential to pleasant intercourse between individuals of opposite sex. The least taste of their sharpness is intolerable, as it would not be in a man. It is like taking vinegar in milk. But it is no discredit to the feminine type. Quite the contrary. The highest organic products are most delicate, most corruptible, and most offensive in corruption. So infallible is this law in the moral world also, that we may rest assured women will never be able to carry enough of their fine personal endowment over into the Wall-streets and Broadways of the world to create an alluring example of success.

Among mechanical employments there are many which naturally seek the aid of female fingers, and these, of themselves, generally offer little positive harm to the feminine nature, make no intolerable exactions upon it, and detract little from the ability of men to place it in a better sphere. But even here are sore evils to womanhood. The habit of domesticity is sacrificed, and a distaste for domestic life in any shape is a general trait which strikes all who have opportunity to observe the character of shop and factory girls.

Finally, to all resources for single women which must be abstracted from the resources of husbands and fathers, or of those who should be encouraged to become such—in other words, from the resources of their married state—there remains the universal and conclusive objection, that the number of single women they will provide for must always be less than the number of single women they will make; partly because the larger portion of the abstracted sustenance will go to those who do not naturally need it, having parents or husbands; and partly because self-dependence in women so powerfully tends to dissuade both sexes from marriage.

It remains to notice those more feminine arts which offer an almost unoccupied field for women, in which they can never be rivalled, in which they will displace no men from their posts of duty as supporters of women and children, which will neither predispose women to celibacy, nor petrify men against matrimony, but which will set the individual woman in the way of at once preparing for and attracting to herself the great opportunity of her social existence.

For the few women whom wise Nature spares from the fundamental interest of society for a separate and public life, there is the most ample and honorable scope which any of mankind can find in this world, in almost unoccupied feminine professions which wait for women, and women alone, to fill them. Not to speak of art, literature, and science, already fashionable pursuits for women, there are two of the highest spheres of usefulness open to them, in which further organization is demanded for the purposes of female votaries. We refer to the domestic practice of medicine and hygiene and the domestic ministry of the gospel. For medical instruction there is no provision adapted to women unless it be as yet in embryo. The serious objection to mixed classes will always exclude from existing medical institutions, no matter how liberal, such women as would very much grace the profession. Yet the ideal of the medical profession is too noble and beneficent not to attract a good proportion of those women who are exceptionally biased by nature or circumstances. Their sympathetic and religious nature is wanted here, and will find an ample range of service to which it is specially adapted, even while it disqualifies them to meet the severer exactions of a comprehensive practice. What we need throughout the greater part of our lives, rather than great medical skill in emergencies, is daily advice and supervision, more closely carried out than it can be by male physicians, especially as to children, household management, and the incipient stages of disease. We would bespeak consideration for three modes, in each of which at once an important reform might be set on foot with apparent ease and great promise. Presupposing a competent medical institution which modest women could enter, and from which modest women could graduate—the chief difficulty of the question—in the first place, let the lady practitioner be adopted by mothers as a daily domestic visitor and counselor, perhaps a supervising nurse, in health and sickness alike, without necessarily interfering with the office of the trusted family physician in more serious cases. In wealthy city society domestic female physicians might enjoy a satisfactory practice in this way, and would be exceedingly valued, without violating in any case the peculiar delicacy which ought to be inseparable from the very idea of a woman. Secondly, let physicians in large practice adopt such lady practitioners as professional partners through whom their own perhaps superior experience and abilities might act in multitudes of cases quite as effectively and more acceptably than in a direct manner, and who would take off their hands a large amount of detail, and better it, too, by better attention. Thirdly, let the profession of hygiene for children be united with that of teacher, including the charge not only of lessons, but of regimen, dress, exercise, play, and the premonitions and causes of illness.

The domestic ministry of the gospel, whenever the support of the gospel shall begin to be a prominent object with those who profess to be devoted to it, will open an ample and most appropriate sphere for all the noblest feminine faculties and aspirations that are and are to be. As to public ministrations of any kind, nothing less than high art, which vindicates all its own exceptions, has ever seemed to justify such individual publicity in women. To call the public together to listen to one's talk, is the farthest stretch of self-assertion in an individual of either sex. If not justified by the indisputable necessity and authority of the message delivered, it can only be regarded as the most impudent of the forms of egotism. At the present day, moreover, when the press affords the best of mediums for addressing the intelligent world, a gratuitous appearance upon the rostrum, *i.e.*, one not called for by some kind of customary public appointment, adds the disgrace of a motive of personal vanity to that of presumption. For these reasons, emphasized by the finer modesty of the female sex, we do not believe that

the great conventional power administered by women will ever stamp women's preaching or lecturing to promiscuous audiences with approbation. Women can exercise the office of oral public instructors only by thrusting themselves into it; an insolence which is only worse in a woman than in a man. The thing is essentially different from publishing one's thoughts in print. In the latter there is no personal display, and no demand upon properly public attention, for the very book or newspaper is read, every copy of it, in privacy. If women should come to be appointed, not by small combinations of persons with peculiar views and objects, nor by managers in search of paying "sensations," but by the general consent of mankind, to teach orally and publicly, the stigma of vanity and presumption would no longer attach to the performance. They would then have only to consider whether they had anything to say, and any necessity for saying it *ore rotundo*, sufficient to justify them in overstepping the modesty of nature.

But the work of a domestic religious missionary can be performed incomparably better by women than by men, and myriads of women ought to be sustained in this office in all parts of the world by Christian churches. A woman has suggested that perhaps the reciprocal influence of the opposites in sex, now entirely one-sided in preaching, might, if brought into play from the female side also, prove a remedy for the present disparity of men in churches and worshiping congregations. It is hard to imagine a female preacher who could fascinate men—as preacher, at least. But the private influence of Christian women over the souls of men is peculiar and wonderful, though little exerted. If ever this magic of sex shall be consecrated in its finest forms to the winning of souls, the chief of apostles may be rivaled by a woman.

Whether the grand fields of purely feminine activity above glanced at will ever be made of much importance to women and by women or not, nobody can now safely prognosticate. The immediate interest of our inquiry centers on the proper arts of women in their own exclusive sphere. The domestic arts acquire a more commanding importance, on the whole, than any others, from their ancillary relation to woman's highest office—the highest in the world, both in its exactions and in its fruits. There is much in housekeeping which is as far as possible from sublime; but there is nothing in it which is not closely related and indispensable to the most sublime results of human existence. Its despised elements are the staple of our choicest fabric, the grammar of our highest eloquence, the mechanism of our grandest achievements. They therefore require the attention of the artists of society, precisely as the material, mechanical, or grammatical elements of any other art require to be first thoroughly mastered by its professors. The handling of the elements of any art conduces, by a mysterious effect of affinity, to a certain mastery of the art itself not otherwise attainable. Yet the elemental arts of society are turned over to our helots, and so utterly neglected that it would seem to most persons a misnomer to dignify them with the name of arts. "Women's arts for women" would be the motto of a true woman's labor reform. In them is room for all, whatever their condition or talents, with recompense fit, without prejudice to the prospect of marriage either by unfitting themselves or disabling men, but with precisely the contrary effect in every way. In this direction there is liberty indeed, for we shall not bring up against an impenetrable mass of competition, nor find that we are destroying on one side as much as we are making on the other. The only obstruction is want of education in the domestic arts, and of conventional respect for them. But of this worst injustice to women, strange to say, we hear no complaint. It is intolerable, we are told, for women to have no facilities for professional education, and to be threatened with social ostracism if they contrive to become lawyers or doctors. Yet these are the precise conditions under which women must acquire and practice the rudiments of their own noblest profession, if at all. They should labor for what they and the whole economic world most need and might most easily have: universities of a new type, comprehending, in a scientific and ennobling way, first the domestic arts, which are not above the humblest nor beneath the highest, and afterwards such other arts and professions as best suit the peculiar dignity of the womanly nature. It would be necessary that women of position, leaders of society, should interest themselves, not patronizingly, in such institutions, and give their own daughters the full share in their advantages which they need. There are benevolence, good sense and influence united in women in high places, sufficient, if properly organized, to make housekeeping in all its branches at once a fashionable accomplishment, a science, and a cultured profession, engaging talents and learning in its service, while lifting up millions of women out of want, or homeless and fruitless toil, to aug-

ment and share the happiness of millions of homes, besides making many new homes for themselves and others, that never would have existed but for their domestic accomplishments. Even under the present circumstances, we have known a small number of such women, self-made, and not peculiarly gifted, who, so far from having to dread the position of a menial in domestic service, were able to command at all times not only a choice among scores of applicant employers, but positions of unqualified respect and even friendship, in families of high social standing. There is probably no other service from women for which society would bid so high to-day, in both wages and personal consideration, as for accomplished and lady-like housekeeping, nursing, and sewing. In other words, almost every man in good circumstances would gladly support two ladies for one, if the second were satisfactory to the first (his wife), as assistant and delegate in household affairs; and for assistants of humbler pretensions still ampler room and proportional consideration are waiting, provided they be only qualified to command it by good-breeding and domestic skill.

Dropping here the subject of occupation, we must notice briefly three other questions pertaining to the conventional sphere, before passing on to the civil and political. Of these, the first is the proper ideal of education, and of mental honor and power, for women. The second is their proper position morally (*i.e.*, voluntarily) in marriage. The third is their proper position relative to proposals of marriage. We notice these points particularly, not only because of their actual prominence in the present agitation, but also because they offer lessons of fundamental importance in the new branch of science upon which mankind have entered by instigation to which we referred in an opening paragraph. It was said long ago that the proper study of mankind is man. Just now, there is no doubt, the proper study of womankind is woman. Women have yet to learn to appreciate themselves with discrimination; that is, in a conscious or deliberative way. The intuitive sense answers practical purposes so long as it is pure and unmixed, as in the unthinking animals, or in the unthinking stage of human nature. But the moment we begin to think we begin to blunder, and continue floundering in 'ragged notions and babblements,' until mature discussion brings out into mature consciousness the truth we once had unconsciously in nature. While women loved and served in the simplicity of nature, looking only for the other love and service their nature craved from men; while they gave unreasoning admiration to powers they lacked, enjoying an unreasoned but delightful homage in exchange—they never learned to grudge or to envy, to make comparisons or to raise questionings. When querulous sciolism breaks the spell, impeaching the *rationale* of wifely subjection and marital responsibility, and of reciprocal homage between weakness and strength, it is no wonder if the crude answer be confusion,—perhaps hasty recantation. Vital action is a complex and paradoxical thing everywhere. It works well, let alone, but it often does not read well, superficially. Crude criticism can only make the Creator a fool. Since we will criticise, we must go to the bottom. Having bitten the tree of knowledge, there is nothing for it now but to eat it through.

We anticipate from the accurate analysis of this subject, in the end, a new conception of honor and power, immeasurably higher than has heretofore prevailed in the world. Men and women alike bring to this discussion a brutal criterion pre-imposed upon their minds. We admire the muscularity of intellect with precisely the same ignorant reverence which savages yield to corporeal superiority, and for the same reason—because we can see it work. We are able to smile at the contempt of the rude man for woman's inferior size and strength. She sees that he plumes himself upon a brutal distinction, and she is disposed neither to contest it nor to be mortified by it. But when he boasts vigor to floor her in a wrestle of logic, or to surpass her in grasp of affairs, the force being by one attenuation higher, and only indirectly palpable to the senses, is mistaken for power of a higher origin, and she now feels herself disparaged. Blindly conscious that she cannot be an inferior creature, however, it seems to her that there must be some mistake about this. It is not strange if she concludes that she could become a match for him with like training, and that equity for her sex demands it. It would be substantially as reasonable and as dignified an aspiration for her to insist on training her delicate form to be a match for the male athlete. She cannot see the substantial identity of the two objects—and as little can the conceited Intelligence which looks down upon her—because neither has been taught to recognize the brute community and correlation of all natural forces, from brawn to brain. Neither has learned that the dignity of man resides in a moral nature which is superior both to his logical

and to his physical powers; that in both these classes of faculty alike he shares with the animals, excelling them only as to variety and quantity; and that hence the boast of superior logical force is but another brutal distinction. We need to learn that the moral nature is the only seat of power and worth, and that the mind, like the body, is but its servile instrument, whether for good or evil, having dignity or ability of its own in no other sense than the hulk of an elephant or a case of nitroglycerine. In this way we disparage neither intellectual nor physical instruments. We give them precisely their due appreciation as useful means, useful in proportion to their kind and force, for the ends of the moral nature. Means to be cultivated and employed, but certainly not to the praise of the owner, more than a steam-engine or a good horse.

Where and how does real and originating power show itself? Not in mind or in matter, but in that which moves, sways, impels, and governs both. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said a Vermont lawyer, commenting on the evidence in a certain case, "J. J. was a man who could have kept a whole village of people like this witness revolving around him all their lives, unconscious of the power that moved them." Here was a good illustration of true personal power. That subtle intelligence we call tact (in which the female sex naturally excels), perhaps had not a little part in it, and so far it was not power, but a forcible instrument. But above and beyond all the forces employed was the inscrutable Power that employed them not only, but the employers of them, the moral natures of other men, in orbits controlled by its massive solar attraction. And not the least common illustrations of this solar power to be found in human life are women, often of little logical or forensic ability, and even uneducated, making instruments of men with all their powers, to whom in the entire range of merely natural or visible forces they would seem to be hopelessly inferior. Precisely thus, too, men of ordinary intellectual parts and no culture, men who could not put together a grammatical sentence or the shortest chain of reasoning, are found dominating their superiors in these respects, by a power which no intellect has ever been able to define or to trace. In the passive form of this power, *i.e.*, endurance—which is its highest test, as silent standing under fire is the highest test of the *morale* of the soldier—women have always been unapproachable. It is their peculiar forte; their moral force having been withdrawn by nature mainly from the offensive and concentrated on the defensive line.

Is, then, the native admiration of women for masculine qualities fallacious? Not for its own purpose. It expresses a legitimate satisfaction for them. It proves that relatively to theirs the masculine is a complemental, not in itself a better, nature. It is true for its own purpose and purport, but no farther. The same may perhaps be said of the mutual complacency on both sides. The impartial umpire finds the truth midway in the equation of both.

After all, it will be extremely difficult for women with a little more than feminine intellectual impulse to be persuaded that there is not something better in that direction than can be found in their own peculiar dower. They will still insist that great efforts ought to be made to educate the logical faculty in women to a par with that of men. We could name a woman of so logical mind as to be capable of keeping to the point in an argument, and by virtue of that unfeminine aberration, inconsolably conscious of inability to sustain an argument with men who acknowledged her as an equal. Attributing the defect to her education, she rushed to mathematics to obtain power with men; unconscious that all she really lacked in argument was a disposition to avoid it, and that a simple opinion, enforced only by womanly tact and weight of character, has an unacknowledged power with most men which the reasoning of a Bacon, if she attained it, would displace but never replace. Men are most commonly persuaded without being convinced, and convinced without being persuaded, and nine times in ten it is a woman who does the former thing and a man who does the latter. A little use of this masculine weapon in practical life teaches every man that logic is a morally impotent thing. Its use is not to create convictions, but to define and fortify convictions already embraced. For example, it were no modesty or disparagement to admit that this little argument on the Right Not to Vote is uncalculated to change the persuasion of a single reader. Its only possible mission is to aid in developing and fixing sentiments already in harmony with its general principles. As a positive organ of truth, the intuitions of the moral nature are infinitely more trustworthy, and more potent too, than the manliest powers of argumentation. The latter find their place in the conduct of affairs, which thus falls to men. Women were not made for argument, for hardiment, or for government, for the reason that they are

wanted in a more spiritual sphere, closer to the fountain-head of power, for which the coarse faculties that make the noise of the world would only disqualify.

Of education proper, or the faculty of acquiring knowledge, there is little danger in these days that even men will get an unfeminine depth and severity. Women need masculine studies, masculine teachers, and masculine society, not to make men of them, but women. There is little danger of perverting the type by sterling culture. Spurious culture at the hands of undisciplined writers and lecturers of either sex is more likely to do it. Frivolous vacuity and street life will be favorable to it. But nothing that a woman's mind can healthfully crave and digest will be dangerous to her womanliness. It is the adaptive quality of the nature that determines the product of nourishment. Doves fed upon flesh will not assimilate alarmingly to birds of prey. Mixed colleges would have almost everything to recommend them, if only the difficulty arising from inferior physical stamina in girls could be overcome.

Yet, if we have not misstated the nature of the highest ability, women have it of themselves, without colleges, and the problem of higher education for them is of but illusory importance. Any well-constituted and well-nurtured girl, graduated by a good mother, exhibits in all personal relations a dignity and strength to which the wisest men bow with genuine deference. It is miraculous how much they make of a little education—so much, that a great deal more makes very little difference, nothing of the difference it makes between men. If we look for the indispensable men, we must look mainly among the pre-eminent intellects and the masters in departments of knowledge. Not so among women: "She that gathered much had nothing over, and she that gathered less had no lack." The eminently intellectual and educated among them yield in personal influence and weight of character, as a rule, to the unsophisticated. Ah! how wise they are, these girls, in their simple, unerring instincts: how their perfect presence levels before it the intellectual distinctions which stand so well between men, taking our profoundest homage by the pure majesty of the soul! The wisdom of women is that of a direct insight, which belongs to the moral nature, and is identified with their virtue. It is a significant implication in the very growth of language, that broadest and surest of generalizations, that for a woman to be pure is to be, as in English, discreet, or as in French, *sage*. Discretion, or sound judgment, is an intuitive power, making no use of logic, and therefore acting unconsciously, always undervalued by the young, but discovered in mature life, often with surprise, to be the highest gift of human nature, and the highest power in human affairs. It is common to lament that the best female education seems to sink as it were into the sand, and disappear with the girl from the stage of her last school-examination, leaving little trace in her after-life, or even in her memory. We suspect that this is, after all, nearly as it should be, and that cherished intellectual contents and ascendant intellectual methods in a woman's mind would displace far higher powers, which it is happy that benign and mighty Nature can in most cases successfully assert against even the "best" education.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO MRS. SCUDAMORES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE."

CHAPTER I.

SCUDAMORE PARK is in Berkshire, in the heart of one of the leafiest and greenest of English counties. There is nothing very beautiful in the house itself. It is of the time of Queen Anne, with red birch gables and gleaming lines of windows straight and many. The center of the *corps de logis* is crowned with a pediment, and the house stands upon a broad green terrace broken by flights of white stone steps.

The garden surrounding one wing has been kept up in the old-fashioned trim which belonged to the period in which it was made. There are clipped yews and formal parterres, however, which can scarcely be called more formal than the ribbon beds of the modern pleasure-garden at the other end of the house.

The Park has always been kept up in the very best style, and the newest and most fashionable kind of gardening is to be found there. Whatever the Scudamores may have sacrificed, however they may have wasted

their goods, they have never been indifferent to their "place," and on the summer day when this story begins it was in its full beauty. The lovely green lawn stretched from the foot of the terrace till it disappeared in the woodland scenery of the Park. On the terrace great rustic baskets of flowers were standing all ablaze with red and yellow; the windows were open, the white curtains blowing softly in the breeze. The air was sweet with the delicate perfumes of the limes and with the sound of bees. Except that sound, everything was still in the languid afternoon. The prospect from those open windows was of nothing but greenness and luxuriance. The lines of trees thickened and deepened, from the feathery-footed limes close at hand, to the great oak standing with "knotted knees" "muffled deep in fern," in the distance. Afternoon was in the languid sounds and sights, and it is in such a place that the languor of the afternoon is most sweet.

But the last ornament which had been adopted at Scudamore was one which hung suspended from the front of the house,—a doleful decoration,—the hatchment which announced to all the world that the lord of the place had betaken himself to another; and the family in the great drawing-room were all in deep mourning.

There were but three of them,—the mother, a handsome woman about forty, a son of twenty and a daughter of eighteen,—all in sorrowful black, weighted with the still more sombre darkness of crape. The white cap which marked Mrs. Scudamore's widowhood was the most cheerful article of toilette among them. They were very still, for the man whom they mourned had not been more than a fortnight in his grave, and Mrs. Scudamore, who had been ill of exhaustion after his death, had resumed the old habits of her life only that day. She was seated with a book in her hand in a great chair, but the book was a pretense, and her attention wandered far away from it. With eyes which saw nothing, she gazed into the Park among the great trees. In that stillness she was going over her life.

But there was not much in this widow's look of the prostration and despondency common to most women when they face existence for the first time by themselves, after a long life spent in conjunction with that of another. Mrs. Scudamore had a vague sense of exhaustion about her—the exhaustion of great and long-continued fatigue and endurance. Nobody quite knew how much she had borne during that last illness.

The dead Scudamore had not been a good man, and he was not a good husband. During all the earlier years of her married life he had neglected her; more than this, he had outraged her in the way women feel most deeply. She had acted like a stoic or a heroine throughout, having once made up her mind that it was not for her children's advantage or her own that she should leave him, she had remained at Scudamore, making no complaints, guarding her children from the contamination of his habits, and overawing him into decency. His extravagances and wickedness, after a while, were confined to his expeditions to town, in which she did not accompany him, but remained at home as he grew older and his son approached manhood.

Mr. Scudamore was understood to have sown his wild oats, and to have become a respectable member of society. People even blamed his wife, when a passing rumor of his dissipations in London was brought down to the country, for not going with him and "keeping him straight." And nobody realized that *that* had happened to Mrs. Scudamore which does happen much oftener than the world wots of—she had become disgusted with her husband. Love can support a great deal, but love in the mind of a woman can rarely support that vast contempt of love which lies at the bottom of systematic immorality. In this case the man had disgusted the woman: and he suspected it. This is the last offense of which a woman is capable towards a man—that she should find him otherwise than personally agreeable whenever he chooses to come back from whatsoever scenes he comes, is a sin with which the best-tempered of sinners could scarcely be expected to put up.

And Mr. Scudamore was not good-tempered. His wife did all that a high-spirited woman could do to conceal the impression he had made upon her, but he discerned it, and though not a word was said between them on the subject, it filled him with a sort of frenzy. His temper, everybody said, grew worse and worse before he died, especially to her; yet he would not suffer her to be absent from him, and made incessant demands upon her with the most fretful irritability. He thus deprived her even of the softening impressions which a long illness often brings. He would not allow her to forget the troubles he had brought her by his sick-bed, but carried on the struggle to the very edge of the grave. Her strength had been so strained that when the necessity for exertion was over she had fallen like one dead, and for days after had

lain in a strange dreamy peacefulness, in which something that was not quite sorrow, but sufficiently like it to answer the requirements of her position, mingled.

She was sad, not for his loss, but for him; profoundly sad to think that the man was over and ended for this world, and that nothing better had come of him; and self-reproachful, as every sensitive spirit is, wondering, wistfully, could she have done more for him; had she fulfilled her duty? But underneath this sadness was that sense of relief which breathed like balm over her, which she blamed herself for, and which she tried to ignore, but which was there notwithstanding, dwelling like peace itself. Her struggle was over. She had her life and her children's lives as it were in her hands, to mould to better things. This was what she was thinking, with a faint, exquisite sense of deliverance, as she sat gazing out dreamily over the Park.

Mrs. Scudamore had been an heiress, and all through her married life had felt the additional pang of inability to perform the duties she owed to her own people. Now that was removed, and in some rare fit of better judgment her husband had made her guardian of the children, and left everything under her control. Her only partner in the guardianship of her children was the family lawyer, who had known her all his life, and who had never yet got over his astonishment that the girl whom he recollected so well should have grown so clever, and so able to understand business. In his hands she was very safe. She had now power for the first time in her life. True, as far as the entailed portion of the Scudamore estates went, that could only last till Charles was twenty-one, an event not much more than a year off. But even then more than half the property would still be in her hands. It would be hard to say that it was happiness that was stealing into her heart as she sat there in her crape and widow's cap, and yet it was strangely like happiness, notwithstanding that the gravity of her face and the subdued stillness of her thoughts made it possible for her to receive condolences without any apparent break in the ordinary proprieties.

"Mrs. Scudamore looks exactly as a person in her position ought to look," was what Mr. Pilgrim, her fellow-executor, said. "We cannot expect her to be overwhelmed with grief." And yet in its heart the world objected to her that she was not overwhelmed with grief, and offered her heaps of consolation, such as it offers to the broken-hearted. They said to her:—"It is sad for you, but oh, think what a blessed change for him." They adjured her to remember that such partings were not forever (which made the poor woman shudder), and when they had left her they shook their heads and said:—"She is very composed; I don't think she feels it very much."—"Feels it! She feels nothing; I always said she had not a bit of heart."—"But, then, she was always a quiet sort of woman." This was what the world said, half condemning, and nobody but old Miss Ridley ventured to say:—"What a blessed riddance for her, poor soul!"

While she sat thus dreamily looking out, with her new life floating as it were about her, Charlie and Amy went out without disturbing their mother. There were only these two, and two very small girls in the nursery. The long gap between meant much to Mrs. Scudamore, but to no one else, for the little hillocks in the church-yard bore little meaning to the children. The brother and sister were great companions—more so than brother and sister usually are, and the delight of having Charlie home from Oxford had soon dried up the few fresh youthful tears which Amy wept for her father.

They strolled out arm in arm by the open window upon the green terrace. Charlie had a book in his hand, the last new poem he had fallen into enthusiasm with, and Amy read it over his shoulder with both her arms clasped through his. It would have been difficult to find a prettier picture. The boy was very slight and tall, not athletic as his father wished, but fond of poetry and talk, and full of enthusiasm after a fashion which has almost died out, the fashion of a time before athletics had begun to reign. The girl was slim and straight too, as a girl ought to be, but more developed than her brother, though she was two years younger. Her hair was brighter than his, her complexion sweeter. She was an out-of-door girl and he had been an in-door young man, but yet the likeness was great between them.

Amy leant half across him, hanging with all her weight upon his arm, her bright face bent upon the book which he was reading aloud. "Is not that glorious; is that not fine?" he asked, his cheek flushing and his eye sparkling; while Amy, intent with her eyes upon the book, ran on with it while he stopped and rhapsodized.

They were standing thus when they attracted the notice of some people in a carriage which was driving up the avenue. There was no door in the terrace front of the house, but the avenue ran past it under the lime-trees, giving a passing peep of the house. Two people were in this carriage, one a lady in deep mourn-

ing, the other a man with a keen sharp face. The sound of their passage did not disturb the young people, but the travelers looked out at them with eager interest. The lady was a pale little woman between forty and fifty, wearing a widow's cap like Mrs. Scudamore; she was in a tearful condition, and leant half out of the window. "Oh, Tom! Tom, there are the children, you may be sure, and how can I do it! how can I do it," she said with excitement. "Nobody wants you to do it; you must keep still and keep your papers ready, and I'll look after the rest" said her companion. He was a man of about thirty, rather handsome than otherwise, but for the extreme sharpness of his profile. He too was in mourning, and in his hand he carried a little letter-case which he gave the lady as they alighted at the door. He had to give her his arm at the same time, to keep her from falling, and he pulled down her crape veil almost roughly to conceal her tears, which were falling fast. She was very much frightened and quite dissolved in weeping. Her poor little dim eyes were red, and so was her nose. "Oh, please don't make me! for the last time, Tom dear, don't make me!" she cried as she stumbled out of the carriage. He seemed to give her a little shake as he drew her hand through his arm.

"Now, Auntie," he said in her ear, "if there is any more of this nonsense I shall just go right away and leave you here; how should you like that? You foolish woman, do you care nothing for your rights?"

"Oh, Tom!" was all the answer she made, weeping. This conversation was not audible to the servant, who stood amazed watching their descent, but he could not help seeing the little conflict; it gave him time to recover his wits, which had been confused by the novelty of this unlooked-for arrival. When he had watched the two unknown visitors descend from the green vehicle, which was the only hackney carriage of the neighborhood, he made a step in advance and said calmly: "Missis receives no visitors at present. Not at home, Sir," and held the door as with intention to close it in the new-comers' faces.

"Your mistress will receive this lady," said the stranger, pushing unceremoniously into the hall. "There, there, I understand all about it. Go and tell her that a lady wishes to see her on very particular business—*must* see her, in short—on business connected with the late Mr. ——"

"Oh, Tom, don't say that, please."

"Your late master," said the stranger. "Now come, quick; the lady can't wait, do you understand? and if you keep her waiting it will be the worse for you. Tell your mistress, your present mistress, that we must see her at once."

"Oh, Tom, don't be so—My good man, if you will be so good as to give the message, we can wait here."

"You shall not wait here," said the other. "Show us in somewhere; your late master would never have forgiven you for leaving this lady in the hall, neither would your present mistress, you may be sure. Show us into some room or other; now look sharp. Do you think we can be kept waiting like this?"

Jasper was a young footman not long entered upon his office, and he turned from the strange man to the weeping lady with absolute bewilderment; and probably if the butler had not at this time made his solemn appearance, he would still have been standing between the two in consternation. But Woods, who was the butler, was a very serious and indeed alarming person, and I have always thought that the sharp stranger took him for the moment for a clergyman visiting at the house, which subdued him at once. Woods received their message very gravely, and then without a word, with only a move of his majestic hand, put them into a little room off the hall and shut the door upon them.

His gesture and look were so serious that the lady shook more than ever; she turned about in alarm when Woods shut the door. "Oh," she said with a start, "he has locked us in; what are we to do?"—"Hold your tongue," said Tom, "and take care of your papers and keep up your courage. Well, I must say it's worth a little struggle to have such a place as this. What use you will be able to be of to all your relations—Hallo! there are the pictures of the two we saw on the lawn."

The lady turned with an exclamation of interest to two small photographs which hung over the mantel-piece. As she gazed at them the tears came trooping down her pale cheeks. "Oh Tom! and I never had any children; I never had any children," she said, looking affectingly into his face.

"So much the more reason to be spiteful at this one," said the man roughly. "She has everything she wants, money, comfort, good reputation, and the children besides. By Jove, Auntie, if it was me I'd flash up and pluck a spirit from the sight."

"Oh Tom! how little you understand," said the poor lady; and she was standing thus in spite of all his endeavors to seat her majestically in a chair, gazing at the photographs with the tears upon her cheeks, when the door opened and Mrs. Scudamore, like a white ghost

enveloped in her mournings, came into the room.

CHAPTER II.

"A LADY and gentleman?" Mrs. Scudamore had said, starting from her revery. "Who are they, Woods? Did you say I saw no one?"

"They were positive, ma'am, as you'd see *them*," said Woods, solemnly. "I think I would see them, ma'am, if it wasn't too much trouble. I was to tell you it was something about my master—"

"Mr. Scudamore, Woods?"

"My late master, ma'am. I would see 'em, ma'am, if I might dare to give an advice. Master had to do with a many things that had best be seen to by one of the family, and Master Charlie is so young—not meaning no offense."

A momentary flush of irritation rose to Mrs. Scudamore's face, but it passed away almost as quickly as it came. "I will see them," she said, "in a moment," waving him away with her hand. But when he had gone she sat still in her chair, holding her book with a strange reluctance to move. In a moment a cloud seemed to have sprung up over her firmament, which looked so peaceful just now. What did she fear? She feared nothing—her thoughts took no shape—she only felt that some new and unknown calamity was coming. She had thought her troubles were over, and with a bitterness which she could not have put into words, she felt she had mistaken.

Here was something new—something he had left behind him for her to bear. After a while she gathered herself up painfully out of her chair, she put away the book carefully into the place it belonged to, and then she went to the window, she did not know why, and looked out upon her children.

They were both seated upon the grass, Amy talking eagerly, with her animated face bent forward—her brother putting up his hands laughingly, as if to put her away; they were disarming the poem which he held open in his hand. Never was there a prettier picture of the sweet idleness and peacefulness of youth. Mrs. Scudamore looked at them a full minute, and then she turned slowly and went to her visitors. When she entered the little room she was very dignified, very pale and still. She had not the least idea what she was going to meet there, but she felt that it was certainly pain and trouble. These as a matter of course, but what else she could not tell. She was tall, with a handsome, colorless face; a woman of no small resolution, as it was easy to see; and there was something even about the crispness of the crape, and the spotless purity of the long white pendants of tarlatan from her cap, which imposed upon the little weeping, disheveled woman to whom she addressed herself.

This unhappy stranger turned with a start and a little cry from the contemplation of the photographs, wiped her tears with a crumpled handkerchief, and did her best, though she trembled, to meet the lady of the house with something like composure. But she shook so that her pretense was a very poor one indeed, and at sight of the humble little figure and deprecating looks Mrs. Scudamore recovered her courage—nothing very tragical, she felt, could be involved. A smile even came to her face.

"You wished to see me," she said, with grave politeness; "I do not receive any one at present, except my old friends; but as I hear it is on business—"

"Business of the most important kind," said the man, of whom Mrs. Scudamore had taken no notice. She turned now and looked at him, and somehow her very glance, the quiet grace with which she heard and accepted what he said, irritated him almost beyond bearing. He was the sort of man of whom people of Mrs. Scudamore's breeding say: "He is not a gentleman." He might have been much poorer, less educated, lower in the social scale, and yet not have called forth that verdict; he was himself so conscious of the fact, and so determined to screen it with audacity and pretension, that he saw the words on everybody's lips and resented them to begin with. When the lady turned from him, and with her own hand gave the insignificant little woman a chair before she herself sat down, he felt already that there was some plot against him. "By Jove! she's begun her little game too soon. She thinks she can do anything with Auntie," he said to himself. As for Auntie, she looked more and more ready to drop as she received this simple courtesy. She sat down a very image of guilt and suffering, her eyes red, her nose red, her handkerchief too damp to be graceful, or even useful, in her hand, and from time to time lifted her weeping eyes with a deprecating glance to the stately Mrs. Scudamore's face.

"Might I ask you to tell me what the business is," said that lady politely. "I need not say that in my present circumstances I refer to my lawyer everything that does not require my immediate attention."

"I am quite willing to refer it to your law-

yer," said the man. "Perfectly willing—indeed, he is the proper person. We don't come as beggars, ma'am, I assure you. Our rights are very clear indeed. It was solely, I believe, out of consideration for your feelings—"

"Oh, don't, Tom, don't!"

"I must take my own way, if you please. We thought it best and wisest—and kindest—to come to you first—feeling that there was some hardship in the circumstances, and that something might be done to soften the blow; but if you don't wish to be troubled, of course the simplest course is the solicitor—I am a solicitor myself."

Mrs. Scudamore looked from him to his aunt, and then at him again. The cloud returned to her with a vague gloom, and yet it seemed impossible that any serious evil, any real harm could come to her from the homely little personage sobbing under her breath in the chair beside her, or from this underbred man. The woman even, she felt sure, had no evil intention; and as for the man, what power could he have? It was money, no doubt; some old debt, some liability more or less disgraceful, but which might be disposed of.

She said, "Go on, please, I am ready to hear," with the faintest little tone of weariness in her voice. But the weariness disappeared from her face as he went on. The man with his underbred air, his pretension and audacity, became to her like one of the terrible Fates. After the first flush of instinctive rage and indignation with which she refused to believe, the certainty that, horrible as it was, it was the truth, sunk into her very soul and overpowered her. She preserved her immovable resolute face, and heard him to an end—heard the documents which he read—saw these documents carefully collected and replaced in the case—saw the miserable little woman, the wretched creature who was the cause of it all, weeping over that case which she held in her hand; and then rose majestic to reply. To them she seemed the very personation of indignant unbelief and scorn, but the firmness that inspired her, that gave power to her voice and majesty to her figure as she turned to them, was sheer and conscious despair.

"Is that all?" she said. "Now I have heard you to an end, may I ask what you have come here for, and what you mean to do?"

"What we have come here for?" said the man with an assumption of surprise.

"Yes," Mrs. Scudamore said quickly, feeling that her sight and voice began to fail her. "What have you come here for? You must feel that we cannot remain under one roof if your story is true—not even for an hour. If your story is true—I need not say that I give it no credit, that I—refuse—to believe."

She had got as far as this when the sight and the voice both failed, a sound as of a hundred rushing wheels came over her brain, and everything else died out of her consciousness. She dropped on the floor before the two who had been looking at her almost with awe, so proudly strong had she looked up to the very moment when she fell. The woman gave a great cry and ran to her. The man sprang up with a loud exclamation. "Ring the bell, for God's sake—get water—call some one," said she. He, half frightened, but resolute to do nothing that was suggested to him, stood still and gazed. "She'll come round—never fear, she'll come round," he said. "By Jove, Auntie, that proves she felt it more than she would allow."

"Ring the bell! ring the bell!" said the woman. The servants, however, outside had heard the fall and the cry, and came rushing in without being called—Mrs. Scudamore's maid, hastily called by Jasper, following the butler into the room. They lifted her upon a sofa,—the visitor taking command of the situation, as if it had been natural to her. This little weeping woman, so helpless before, was at once elevated into a rational being by the emergency. "Lay her head down flat; take away the pillow, poor dear, poor dear!" she murmured, keeping her place beside the sufferer. "Give me the water—oh, quickly, quickly—give it to me."

"Aunt, come away, this is not your place—let her come to herself," said the man. She turned round upon him with a certain momentary fury in her poor, red, tear-worn eyes. She stamped her foot at him, as she stood with the *eau de Cologne* in her hand. "Go away, sir; it's all your doings," she said in a sharp, high-pitched voice—"go away."

And he was so completely taken by surprise that he went away. He had not known that it was possible for his poor little aunt, whom everybody snubbed and ordered about as they would, to turn upon any one so. She had been absent from her family most of her life, and now when she came back it had been in all the excitement of a great discovery. The man was so bewildered that he went out and stayed about in the hall, with his hat on, looking curiously at everything.

While he was thus occupied, Charlie and Amy came in, and gazed at him with wondering eyes. He returned their look with a

stare; but either some tradition of good-breeding, or else Amy's fresh young beauty moved him. He took off his hat with a kind of stupid instinct. The two young people, who did not know there was anything amiss, had a momentary consultation with each other. "Nothing of the sort," said the brother, turning his back. "Then I will," said the girl, and before either knew what she was about, she made a sudden step towards the stranger. "Did you want mamma?" she said, with her soft child-like smile, looking fearlessly into his face. "Perhaps my brother or I would do instead; mamma is not well; she has been very much tired and worn out. Is it anything, please, that you could say to me?"

Anything that he could say to her! He was not sensitive, but a thrill went through the man, proving at least that he was human. Say it to her? He shrank back from her with an agitation which he could not account for. Amy's utter ignorance of any reason, however, made her slow to perceive the effect of her words upon him; and before she could repeat her question, Jasper rushed forward with that zeal to communicate evil tidings which belongs to the domestic mind. "If you please, miss, your mamma's took very bad and fainted, in the little library."—"Mamma! fainted?" said Amy, and she rushed into the little room, forgetting all about the stranger, who, however, did not forget her. He stood half bewildered, looking after her. He was a young man, and the sight of the girl, her sweet courtesy to the enemy she did not know, the look she had given him, her innocent question had moved him as he never had been moved before. He was vulgar, pretentious, and mercenary, but still he had blood left in his veins, and something that did duty for a heart. He stood looking after her till Charlie turned round upon him, a very different antagonist.

"May I ask if you are waiting for any one?" he said, with some superciliousness. He had not heard Jasper's message about his mother.

"Yes, sir, I am," said the stranger shortly.

"Oh, you are," said Charlie, somewhat discomfited, and then, not knowing what better to do, angry and suspicious he knew not why, he strolled into the great library, leaving the newcomer master of the field. He smiled as the lad went away. He was neither afraid of, nor affected by Charlie, who was to him simply a representative of the wealth and rank which he envied and which he hoped to grasp; but the other, the girl, to say what he had to say to her,—for the first time Mr. Tom Furness faintly realized what might be the effect upon others of a matter which he had regarded solely from his own side of the question. That girl! and then he drew a long breath, and the color flushed up on his cheek. It was a new thought which had gone through him like an arrow, piercing his sharp commonplace brain and the organ he supposed to be his heart.

Mrs. Scudamore was recovering from her faint when Amy rushed in and ran to the side of the sofa, pushing away, without perceiving her, the little woman with the bottle of *eau de Cologne* in her hand. "Oh, mamma dear! oh, Stevens, what is the matter?" cried Amy, appealing naturally to the maid; but to her astonishment a strange voice answered—"Don't ask any questions, my poor child; oh, my poor, dear child!" said the unknown speaker, and to her wonder Amy saw a pair of eyes gazing at her,—poor dim eyes, with a red margin round them and tears rising, but full of wistful kindness and pity, which she could not understand. She had not recovered from the shock of seeing some one whom she never saw before at her mother's side at such a moment, when Mrs. Scudamore herself, opening her eyes, stretched out a hand towards her. Amy tried to take her mother's hand and kiss it; but to her consternation her intended caress was rejected, the hand clutched at her dress and drew her close, turning her towards the strange woman. Looking at her mother's face, Amy saw with inconceivable surprise that she was not looking at her but at the stranger, and that some dreadful meaning, a meaning which she could not divine, was in her eyes. Mrs. Scudamore held her, presenting her as it were to this strange woman, whose eyes were red with crying. Then she spoke, with a voice which sounded wild to the amazed girl: "Look at this child," she said, dragging Amy into a position to confront the newcomer. The little woman began to cry. Then Mrs. Scudamore rose slowly from the sofa; she was ghastly pale, but had perfect command of herself. She waved them all away except the stranger. "Go! go!" she said imperiously. "Leave me; I have some business. Leave me, Amy, Stevens, go now. I have some business to do."

"Let me stay with you, mamma; oh, let me stay with you," said Amy; but even she was frightened by her mother's look.

"No: go, go all of you!" said Mrs. Scudamore, peremptorily. Then she raised herself with difficulty from the sofa, and tottering across the room, softly locked the door.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT passed within that locked door nobody knew. Amy would have remained in the hall to wait for her mother but for the presence of the stranger, who gazed at her with eager and intent eyes. But for his presence I fear the servants would have listened, though in that latter case the attempt would have been in vain, for the two women within spoke low, and had no intention of betraying themselves. Amy joined her brother in the great library. She did not know what she was afraid of, but she trembled. "Mamma looked so strange," she said; "not like herself; and there was such an odd, funny woman —no, not funny, Charlie; don't laugh; quite the reverse of funny—but so strange, with red eyes as if she had been crying. Oh, I don't know what to think."

"Don't think at all;" said Charlie, "that's the best thing for girls. My mother will tell you, I suppose, or at least she will tell *me*, if it is anything of consequence," said the young man, with a sense of his own importance which was beautiful to see. He was writing a letter, and he had not seen nor heard anything to alarm him, so he pursued his way with much calm. Amy stood by the window, or roamed about the room from bookcase to book-case with an agitation she herself could not understand. Her mother's despair had communicated itself to her in some wonderful, unexplainable way. In the same mesmeric fashion a thrill of wonder and sharp curiosity had run through the entire house. Half the servants in it made furtive expeditions through the hall to see Mr. Tom Furness marching about with his hat on his head and a scowl on his face, looking at the various ornaments, the hunting trophy hung up on one wall, the pictures on another, the bits of old armor which Charlie had furbished up and arranged with his best skill, and of which he was so proud—all these things Mr. Furness scowled at; and then, to the horror and excitement of the household, he strode forward to the door of the little library and knocked loudly. There was no answer. He stood waiting for about five minutes, and then he knocked again. By this time Woods was roused to interfere. He came up with a look of solemnity which again for a moment impressed the stranger with the idea that he must be a dignified clergyman residing in the house, an impression unfortunately put to flight by his words. "Sir," said Woods, "begging pardon for the liberty, but Mrs. Scudamore is in that room, and I can't have my missis disturbed."

"—— your missis," said Mr. Furness. It was perhaps just as well for him that the first word was quite inaudible; and he knocked again. This time there was an immediate reply. The door was opened slowly, and Mrs. Scudamore appeared. She had been pale before this, but her former paleness was rosy in comparison with the ghastly white of her countenance now. The little woman with the red eyes was clinging to her arm.

"We have kept you waiting," she said, with a calmness in which there was something terrible, "which I am sorry for, but I was faint. Woods, send the dog-cart and a man to the Three Miles Station for Mrs. Scudamore's luggage, and tell the housekeeper to get ready the West Room. As we have both been a good deal agitated with this meeting," she went on, turning to her strange companion, "perhaps you would like to rest before dinner. It would do you good to rest."

"Oh, yes, please," faltered the stranger, half hiding behind Mrs. Scudamore's shoulder, and casting glances of terror at her nephew's face.

Mr. Tom Furness looked on confounded—he gazed from one to the other with a face of consternation. "Oh," he said, "so you have made it all up between yourselves."

"Yes," said Mrs. Scudamore; she looked him full in the face, not flinching, and he regarded her with rising wonder and anger. "Sold," he said to himself, and then he laid his hand roughly upon his aunt's arm. "Look here, this won't do," he said; "you can't keep me out of it—I don't go for nothing in this. I can tell you, Auntie, you had best not try to cast me off."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!"

"This lady is under my protection," said Mrs. Scudamore. "Leave her, please. She is a member of this family."

"Under *your* protection," said Furness, with a coarse laugh which brought the blood to the ghastly pale face of the woman he insulted. And then he added, with angry jocularity, "I should like to know since you are so ready to adopt her, what you mean to call her now."

Mrs. Scudamore made a momentary pause. It was so instantaneous that perhaps nobody observed it except Amy, who had come to the door of the great library when she heard her mother's voice. Then she answered firmly, "She is Mrs. Thomas Scudamore, my sister-in-law. I accept her on her own statement, which I have no doubt is true. We shall make all inquiries to substantiate it, of course, in which you, I am sure, can help us—"

"Mrs. Thomas Scudamore, her sister-in-law," said the man, and then he rushed at the unhappy little woman who was his aunt, and shook her violently before any one could interfere. "Do you mean to say it's a conspiracy," he said, "or—you—have you made a mistake?"

"Oh Tom," said the poor woman, "oh Tom, don't murder me! Oh, I beg your pardon! I beg you ten thousand pardons!—I have made——a mistake."

"It's a lie," he said with another oath.

Mrs. Scudamore put out her hand imperiously and pushed him away. "You will touch her again at your peril," she said. "There are men enough in the house to turn you out—"

At this the man grew furious. "To turn *you* out, you mean," he said, "you impostor—you——"

Here Amy appeared, pale and scared, with her hand held up as if to stop the words, whatever they might be. He stopped short, struck silent as by magic. His eyes fell before the bright, innocent, indignant eyes. Say it to her! How could he? for when all was said that could be said against him, he was still a man.—He stopped short, and Mrs. Scudamore took that moment to lead her faltering companion away.

"You have made a mistake," she said as she went, "what might have been a terrible mistake—but, thank Heaven, we have found it out——"

The spectators stood speechless, and watched her as she turned along the long corridor to the great drawing-room. This passage was very long paved with tiles, and had a tall window at the end. The two figures were clearly outlined against the light: the one tall, straight, and full of elastic strength, as upright as an arrow, and as unwavering; the other hanging upon her, a limp heap of drapery. As if they had been under a spell—the man who was left in the lurch, the girl whose heart was beating with a sore sense of mystery, the gaping and wondering servants, stood silent, gazing after them till they disappeared; and then——

What Mr. Tom Furness might have done or said had he been left, it is impossible to say. Mrs. Scudamore, it was clear, had made up her mind to brave him, but chance had provided her with quite an unexpected auxiliary. His eyes, as he withdrew them from following the two, who moved like a procession against the light, encountered those of Amy. Hers turned to him almost appealingly. She seemed to ask—What is it? What do you think of it? She, except in that one moment when she had put up her hand to stop his words, had looked at him in no hostile way. Now there was nothing but wonder and uneasiness in her look. And that look seemed to appeal to him—to him, who knew himself the enemy of the house. He was vanquished; he could not tell how. He took off, with a muttered apology, the hat which all this while had been on his head.

"I suppose there is nothing left for me but to go away," he said bitterly, "and leave them to settle it their own way. By Jove, though ——"

"Mamma can never mean you to—to feel that there has been no courtesy, no—hospitality at Scudamore," said Amy. "I am sure that must be a mistake; she has been ill and something has agitated her. Would you mind staying here one moment till I—till I—call my brother?" said Amy.

To call her brother was the last thing to do, she felt convinced, but it was the first thing that it occurred to her to say. She ran into the great library where Charlie was sitting, rushed past him, paying no attention to his languid "What's the row, Amy?" and went out by the window which opened on the terrace. It took her but a moment to rush round to the drawing-room window, calling softly, Mamma! Mamma!

Amy knew very well that something was wrong, and her heart was aching with curiosity and pain. But she had forgotten that she was rushing into the heart of the mystery by thus following her mother. She was suddenly recalled to herself by hearing Mrs. Scudamore's voice in such a tone as she had never heard before—very low and passionate, almost too low to be audible, and yet with a force in it which could (it seemed to Amy) have extended the sound for miles.

"I put myself out of the question. For myself I can brave anything; but I have four children, and to save them from shame, look you, I will do anything—anything, lose my life, risk my soul—"

"Oh don't say so," said the other voice.

"I could, I will —— and you can save them."

Amy crept away. She could not face her mother after hearing these words. What did they, what could they mean? She stole back again, dispirited, to the hall in which that man still awaited her. He knew all about it; he could clear it up to her, whatever it was, if she dared ask. But Amy felt that the secret which was her mother's, her mother only must reveal. She went up to him timid-

ly, not knowing what excuse to make, and totally unaware that her pretty, embarrassed, troubled look was stealing to his very heart.

"I am so sorry," she said; "they are all so engaged I can't get hold of any of them. You are a friend of—of that lady who is with mamma, are you not?"

"Her nephew," he said.

"And can you tell me?—I have not a chance of speaking to mamma,—is she a relation of ours?"

He gazed at her with a look she did not understand; then catching once more her innocent, wondering gaze, grew confused—and red—and faltered. Say it to her he could not for his life.

"Your mother says so," he answered gloomily.

He was a young man, though Amy did not think so; he was not bad-looking, and his natural air of audacity and assumption had vanished in her presence. He stood softened almost into a gentleman by her side. Amy looked at him doubtfully. She had thought she saw him resisting her mother; the had heard him begin to say words that he ought not to have said. But he had stopped short, and he was injured, or seemed so, had been left here alone and neglected, and looked as if he wanted some notice to be taken of him. All the natural instincts of courtesy were strong in the girl; even if he were wrong he could not be allowed to leave the house with a sense of having been neglected; and then he was quite middle-aged, she was sure, thirty at least, and the nephew of some one who was a relation. When all this train of thought had passed through her mind, she felt that it was time for her to act. She could not help her mother, but she might do the duty she had no doubt her mother would have done, had her mind been sufficiently at leisure to think of it. "Mamma is occupied," she said simply, "and so is my brother—there is only me, but if I could show you the Park? or if you would take some luncheon?—I will do the best I can in mamma's absence—since you are a relation of our relation it does not matter," she said with her fresh sweet smile, "that we never saw each other before."

It would be impossible to describe the effect of this little girlish speech; it went through and through the person to whom it was addressed. The very different passions which had been strong in him were somehow lulled to sleep in a moment; he did not understand himself; the very purpose with which he had come to the house went out of his mind. "I will be proud if you will show me the—the grounds, Miss Scudamore," he said. In his soul he had fallen prostrate at Amy's feet.

And she went with him in her simplicity, leading him about the garden and the conservatories, and out to the Park to see the best views. She took him even to the terrace. Everywhere she led him about, half pleased after a time at the interest he took in all he saw, and which was indeed no simple sentiment, as she thought, but a maze of indescribable feeling which subdued and yet stirred him. The child did not know what she was doing. In her own consciousness she was but occupying a weary hour or two, which otherwise would have hung heavy on this visitor's hands, and making up for the something like rudeness which her mother had shown him. In reality she was winding about the man a whole magic web, the first dream of his life. When they had gone over everything and returned to the house there was still nobody to be seen, and Amy's wits were at full stretch to know what to do further with her strange guest. Should she ask him to stay to dinner?—what should she do? perhaps her mother would not like it—perhaps Charlie——

"Look here, Miss Amy, you have been very kind and nice to me," he said suddenly, "for your sake I'll go away. Tell your mother for me that I've gone away for your sake. I'll wait till I hear from her. If I don't hear from her I shall take my own way; but in the mean time I am not a worse man than other men, and I am going away for your sake."

"Oh that is very kind," Amy said unawares, and then she recollected that what she was saying sounded uncivil. "I mean it is very kind to say you will do anything for me, but I am sure mamma would never wish—"

"Tell her I'll wait to hear from her, or if not I'll take my own way, and warn my old fool of an aunt that she'll be sorry for her humbug—I don't believe a word of it, and I'll prove my position," he said with growing wrath; then added suddenly, dropping his voice, "but at present I'll go away—for your sake."

(To be continued.)

FROM SEA TO SEA.

I.

SHAKE hands! kiss hands in haste to the sea,
Where the sun comes in, and mount with me
The matchless steed of the strong New World,
As he champs and chafes with a strength untold,—
And away, to the West, where the waves are curled,
And kiss white palms to the capes of gold!
A girth of brass and a breast of steel,
A breath of fire and a flaming mane,
An iron hoof and a steel-clad heel,
A Mexican bit and a massive chain
Well tried and wrought in an iron rein;
And away! away! with a shout and yell
That had stricken a legion of old with fear,
That had started the dead in their graves whilere,
And startled the damned in Hades as well.

II.

Stand up! stand out! where the wind comes in,
And the wealth of the seas pours over you,
As its health floods up to the face like wine,
And a breath blows up from the Delaware
And the Susquehanna. We feel the might
Of armies in us, and blood leaps through
The frame with a fresh and a keen delight
As the Alleghanies have kissed the hair,
With a kiss blown far through the rush and din,
By the chestnut burs and through boughs of pine.

III.

O! seas in a land! O! lakes of mine!
By the love I bear and the songs I bring
Be glad with me! lift your waves and sing
A song in the reeds that surround your Isles!—
A song of joy for this sun that smiles,
For this land I love and this age and sign;
For the peace that is and the perils passed;
For the hope that is and the rest at last!

IV.

O heart of the world's heart! West! my West!
Look up! look out! There are fields of kine,
There are clover-fields that are red as wine;
And a world of kine in the fields take rest,
And ruminate in the shade of trees
That are white with blossoms or brown with bees.
There are emerald seas of corn and cane;
There are cotton-fields like a foamy main,
To the far-off South where the sun was born,
Where the fair have birth and the loves knew morn.
There are isles of oak and a harvest plain,
Where brown men bend to the bending grain;
There are temples of God and towns new-born,
And beautiful homes of beautiful brides;

And the hearts of oak and the hands of horn,
Have fashioned them all and a world besides. . . .
. . . . . A yell like the yell of the Iroquois,
And out of Eden,—and Illinois!

V.

A rush of rivers and a brush of trees,
And a breath blown far from Mexican seas,
And over the great heart-vein of earth!
. . . . . By the South-Sun-land of the Cherokee,
By the scalp-lodge of the tall Pawnee,
And up the La Platte. What a weary dearth
Of the homes of men! What a wild delight
Of space! of room! What a sense of seas,
Where the seas are not! What a salt-like breeze!
What dust and taste of quick alkali!
. . . . . Then hills! green, brown, then black like night,
All fierce and defiant against the sky!

VI.

At last! at last! O steed new-born,
Born strong of the will of the strong New World,
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of morn,
Of the mounts of Thunder,* where the clouds are curled
Below in a splendor of the sun-clad seas;
And a kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze
Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,
And a faint, sweet fragrance from the far-off seas
Comes in through the gates of the great South Pass.
The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,
The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,
And the brown deer hies to the tamarack;
And afar to the South with a sound of the main,
Roll buffalo herds from the peaks to the plain.
We are over the summit and on again,
And down like the sea-dove the billow enshrouds,
And down like the swallow that dips to the sea,
We dart and we dash and we quiver and we
Are blowing to heaven white billows of clouds.

VII.

Thou "City of Saints!" O! antique men,
And men of the Desert as the men of old!
Stand up! be glad! When the truths are told,
When time has uttered his truths and when
His hand has lifted the things to fame
From the mass of things to be known no more;
When creeds have perished and have passed away,
Opinions that lorded their little day,—
A monument set in the desert sand,
A pyramid reared on an island shore,
And their architects—shall have place and name.

* The telegraph poles along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, with scarce an exception, are splintered and torn by lightning.

O ! sea, land lost ! O ! desolate land,
Made brown with grain, and made green with bay ;
Let mock who will, gainsay it who may,
No little thing has it been to rear
A resting-place in the desert here,
For Fathers bound to a fatherland ;
No little thing with a foe at hand
That has known no peace, save with these strong men,
And the peace unbroken with the blameless Penn.
Let the wise be just, let the brave forbear,
Forgive their follies, nor forget their care.

VIII.

The Humboldt desert and the Digger land,
And the seas of sage and of arid sand
That stretch away till the strained eye wearies
Are far in the rear, and the grand Sierras
Are under our feet, and the heart beats high,
And the blood comes quick, but the lips are still
With awe and wonder, and all the will
Is bowed with the grandeur that frets the sky.

IX.

A flash of lakes through the fragrant trees,
A song of birds and a sound of bees
Above in the boughs of the sugar-pine ;
The pick-axe stroke in the placer mine,
And the boom of blasts in the gold-ribb'd hills,
The grizzly's growl in the gorge below
Are dying away, and the sound of rills
From the far-off shimmering crest of snow,
A yellow stream and a cabin's smoke,
And brown bent hills and the shepherd's call,
And hills of vine and of fruits, and all
The sweets of Eden are here, and we
Look out and afar to a limitless sea.

X.

We have lived an age in a half-moon-wane !
We have seen a world ! We have chased the sun
From sea to sea, but the task is done,
And we descend to the great white main—
To the King of Seas ; and with temples bare
And a tropic breath on the brow and hair,
All hushed with wonder, and apart : the knees
Go down in worship, on the golden sands ;
With faces seaward, and with folded hands
We gaze on the beautiful Balboa seas.

NOT A PLEASANT STORY:

BEING PASSAGES FROM THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

SINCE you've been so good, sir, thank you. It's not over-often I get the chance. I like the Common too. It isn't so much the grass, nor it isn't the gravel, nor the water-spirts. It's the elbow-room. Why, when you come to see the world, as I did down to Virginny, then plump down in this town, leastways my parts of it, for a lifetime, sir, if there's any one thing more than any other thing a man's conscious of, it's elbows. Though maybe I might be taken a bit sensitive on that point, natural. It's the singular number that's the rough of life, to my thinking.

How did I lose the arm? One question to once, *if* you please, sir. I'm an aging man, and easy put awry in my mind in conversation. You'll remember that you settled for a morning's job,—very generous, sir,—and brought me here in the character of a Public Nuisance. Begging your pardon, maybe you didn't use them language exact: "How now?" says you; "shut up that instrument and come to the Common with me, and tell me, in Heaven's name, what you grind it for." That's all you says; but I see it in your eyes you'd take no grudge to see me shut up in it, and ground out of the way myself. No offense, sir. I'm used to't. Hear it off and on every day: "Public nuisance!" sometimes quite loud and meant for me to hear, and again soft-like and dainty, from gals in white fur wraps, and leaving little puffs of sweet smells along behind 'em. Sometimes from folks that pay me someat too, dropping in occasional a piece of currency, which isn't frequent, with their eyes looking straight ahead, as they didn't mean to see themselves caught in the act, with twitches about the mouth. Soldiers' friends, I take it. There's generally Andersonville or someat like that's to pay, there. Then there's 'tother kind that stops and says, "What's your tax-report?" says they, meaning, I make it, to mock me for a rich beggar, which Heaven knows isn't so agree'ble for an okkypation as to make it likely. I won't say but organ-grinders and easy cash (folks has said, wicked cash) have seen each other's faces, since that's the talk, and I'm not over-much acquainted in the trade myself personal. All is, fur's my experience goes, it's a g-r-i-n-d-i-n-g slow trade.

Blithe thinks so too. Blithe is smart to see pints of a thing. She'll talk betimes of setting me up in the candy line, but molasses is proper dear, and there is the sinking of the instrument, which we've got a mortgage on the cook-stove for, in which case, you see, you'd be under some difficulties in respect to boiling down of your stock in trade.

Blithe is my little gal.

Did you ever go out oyster-dredgin', sir? No? Well, you'd ought to. That's a line of business very well to take in a fancy way, say for an afternoon. I can't say as I'd recommend it from a perpetooal point of view. I owned an oyster-boat once.

That was nine—ten—that was eleven years ago. Now it seems to me every day of twenty-five. I wasn't a young man when I married; and if I was put to't to choose, sir, for aging, between merridge and rheumatism, I'd take my chance on rheumatiz any day. There's that pecoolarity about merridge to my mind.

Yes, sir, it was just eleven years ago this year I left the oyster-boat. This was the way of it.

There's times I think I'd like to go back. I declare I do. There's advantages about an oyster-boat, more especial when you come to live in it, as I did. I lived in my boat three years. She was nothing for craft, you know, a low-necked, clumsy creetur, with her cabin so small you had to go out to turn round in it; and a habit of taking fire in her middle whenever I broiled sarsingers. She did that reg'lar on sarsinger day, from the week I boarded till the week I cleared her. But I never laid it up agin her very much, for she was a water-tight, warm-ribbed, sensible kind of hulk, who understood her business, and held her anchor in a high tide anywheres down the flats you'd a mind to try her.

A lonesome way of life? Maybe. On the whole I don't know but it was. Seems so now. Seemed so then. But bless you! there's been times, a looking back on't, when it was a Paradise to think on. Sir, there was never a Paradise without its swoird o' flames turning which way and what. If so be that the lay of it runs in a dredging-boat, turn your back on Paradise, and you've seen the last on't. You can't crawl in, nor you can't creep under, nor you can't hist over, nor you can't peek round. You've seen the end on't. Make your blunder and stick to't. Go your ways and bide by 'em. Hold your tongue, and heft up your heart, and work in the sweat of your brow, and keep your mind to yourself, sir, but never go sneaking back to beg into a garding as you've trod the flowers on, and

shut the gate on, and shook the dust from your feet upon, of your own free will and pleasure.

Not to say that a dredging-boat is so much like a garding as may be, but a cosy place, more especial in a storm, a oyster-boat is. What with a pipe, and the fleck of fire in the cook-stove, and your dreadnought hanging on the wall, and the cat—I kept a cat. Her name was Venus die Medicine; oncommon name for a cat, I thought; I got her from a house-and-sign painter who drowned himself, with a wife and nine small children, owing, they thought, to a sunstroke of a July day. So what with the cat a cleaning of the spider for you with her clean pink tongue (I washed it arterwards when I wasn't too busy), and the shade and warmness along in the corners of the cabin, and the stoopid, sleepy swashin to the boat. Considerin, too, that you hadn't hasped the cabin door, and that the tide splashed in, dropping down, and that the cat would leave the sarsinger dish to run and lick the drops up. Considerin a lurch to the old hulk now and then, heels over head like a tipsy log, and viewin the wind from a cheerful point.

I think, sir, I must be of a curious turn of mind. It used to trouble me now a great deal, in that boat, about the oysters. Not the dredging, by no means, for what would be the sense in being a oyster, if you *wasn't* dredged? It must be a great satisfaction, it seems to me, *being* a oyster, to live under a dredging-boat. But what, now, *is* the sense of being a oyster? If the Almighty made one set of living creeturs for no purpose nor no reason under the canopy of Heaven but to slip easy down another set of living creeturs' throats—but there, I've lost it; I had it once as slick as a whistle. I most forget the way it went. But it was a curious turn of mind, and made either me or the Almighty a sight of trouble; I don't clearly remember which.

Well, it come one night of a December. It was an ugly night, too; you don't often see an uglier, in a dredging-boat. It sleeted thick, and blew. It was dark as a pocket. My pipe got out and my fire got down, and it got wet and spattery below; and lonesome—well, yes; oncommon so. I'd come upon deck, and stuck myself into the storm for company; I was setting half over the gun'ale, looking down.

I was setting on the gun'ale, looking down, I know; for the tide was at the turn, and I was wondering about the oysters and how they took it in their minds of a stormy night; and considering the look of the town against the sleet. Ever notice it? Off the oyster-beds there, it spattered about, you might say, like the broken pieces of a great gilt chiny cup. Of a clear night, it winked.

How did it happen? The dark, I sup pose, or the blow and noise, or all together; but I never saw nor heard it till it came thud! against the boat's shoulder, me setting over the gun'ale there, and the sleet in my face and ears.

I'd rather the thing would have gone to hell than to have touched it; I jumped and said so, screechin.

Yet there's my arms up to the shoulder-blades in water after it, next minute. Maybe you can explain that, sir. I can't.

It slipped from me like an eel, sir; it squirmed and screwed; it wriggled in under the slimy boat. I never had hands on a uglier thing.

"I hope to God it's a puppy!" says I.

Well, sir, it wasn't; not to say that I haven't wished it had been, since; more than once I've wished it had been a stark dead puppy before ever I went over the gun'ale after it.

"I hope it may be a puppy!" says I. And that living minute there squirms through my fingers a great swash of limpsy, long hair.

With that I has it up on deck before you could say Jack Robinson, head foremost. It lies as stiff as a bowsprit. The cat comes up, fore-paws on the hatchway, and she puts up her back and spits at it.

"Venus," says I, "we've got a dead woman aboard!"

And I went as cold as a frog, sir.

Howsomever, I got the body below, best way I could, by the fire.

It lay very pretty for a dead woman. I really wish you could have seen it. Her hair was down her back, and her clothes—she wore a red calico dress—had frozen to her.

I did the best I could, sir, being as there were no women-folks but Venus aboard. I blowed up the fire, and I blowed out the light, and I got her out of her sloppy clothes and under a blanket, and the dreadnaught, and this and that, as if she'd been my mother; and I rubbed her feet, and Venus she licked her about the face and arms, and between us and a sip of brandy and camphire that I put aboard in cholera times, we did it.

Yes, we brought her round, sir, sure as life.

She set up very pretty for a live woman, too; she was all of a heap in my great-coat; and her hair began to dry; I can remember to this day thinking how exactly it was the color of a good middlin'-sized gold-fish, when

I'd lighted up again, and see her setting there, in my dreadnaught, by the cabin fire.

Sir, she set up very pretty, very pretty. She was a youngish woman. It seemed a curious thing to me to see a woman in the cabin.

I can't say accurate which began it, nor how we got to it, but in fifteen minutes or thereabouts it was as good as done.

"Where did you come from?" said I; I remember saying that. She had just drunk the last of the cholera mixter, and put the bottle down behind the stove.

"From the devil," says she.

"What was you about in the water?" said I.

"Going to the devil," says she.

"You'd pretty nigh got there," said I, "when you hit *this* boat."

With that she sighs and lays her head agin her hand. "I've tried it three times," says she. "Twice it was police, and once it was a ferry-boat, and now it's you," says she. "I'm most discouraged," says she.

"And where be you going *now?*" said I.

"To the devil," says she, just the same, with her head upon her hand. "There's nowhere else to go," says she.

Now, being a lonesome man who hadn't had a woman in his oyster-boat for three years, that made me feel kind of bad. I don't know why, neither.

I remember getting up to walk the cabin, and stepping on the cat, to think how bad I felt.

As I tell you, fifteen minutes, and it was all done. I'd been a rough man, and a restless and a solitary, and I hadn't done a useful thing by my kind before, I couldn't remember when; and so it came over me: Why not? Here was this poor young creetur, and here was me; I could pay the parson, and she could broil the sarsingers; why not?

"Suppose," said I to the young woman, "that you married me, instead?"

"Instead of what?" says she, starting round.

"Instead of going where you was mentioning," said I. The young woman looked at me, I can tell you, pretty sharp. Pretty soon she runs her hands through her long hair, and then she takes a lock of it, and draws it once or twice across her eyes.

"It would be a chance," said she. "I never had much chance," said she. And I tell you, she set up very pretty, drawing her hair across her eyes.

"You'd ought to know," says she.

"No, I'd oughtn't," says I. "I don't want to know nothing about you. If so be that you're my true and honest wife, I don't want to know. You've asked me no questions, and I'll ask you no more. It ain't much I can say for myself," said I, "but I reckon I can do a peg better by you than the other gentleman you was speaking of," said I.

"Well, then," said the young woman.

"Well, then," said I.

And so, in fifteen minutes it was settled between us, and how it happened, or why, or which of us did it, or if it was both, or neither, I never could say. All is, it happened; and I turned up on deck to think it over, and the young woman she went to sleep by the cabin fire.

The storm was blowing off, a fold or two to once, like tissue paper, rolling down the harbor. I always like to watch a storm blow off. I kept the deck till dawn to see it, and not wishful to be a disturbance to the young woman, and for thinking of the young woman, and of what I'd done.

I told you, sir, I was of a curious turn of mind. Now I had some curious thoughts that night, after the blow set in, and the city lights cleared out before me, winking all along the shore.

It was the first useful thing I'd done, you see, sir, for so many years, that I took it strange and anxious; and I wondered what would come of it; and I had a strange and lonesome feeling very suddenly. It was about the oysters, sir. It seemed to me as if the young woman and me was very like the oysters, shut off there all alone. And there was that look about the city like some tremendous dredging-boat at anchor to drawr us in. And so I had it over to myself: What is the sense in being a oyster if you *wasn't* dredged? And what *is* the sense in being a oyster anyhow? And so it went, till morning.

The cat came up on deck, and was a deal of company. I felt bad when that cat died. She Died of Medicine, too, most appropriate, that very day week, the day I quit the dredging-boat, on account of a taste for the cholera mixter. If the bottle hadn't been broken, I don't suppose she'd have swallowed the glass.

Come morning, when the young woman had dried her red calikker dress, and pinned up her curious hair—it looked like a whole shoal of gold fish, a twisted up. She says:

"I'll be honest by you," says she, very soft and very pale—she was very pale; and looked so young! And stood up so pretty, sir!

Well, maybe she was; I never knew to the contrary, in the way she meant; I suppose she was honest by me; but look here!

How was I to know anything about it? She said she took it for neuralgy. First three months after we were married she held off very well; next three, I found out as she'd always took it, since her mother fed her on it, a six-weeks baby, so she said; perhaps she did; *I* don't know, nor care.

Well, sir, you see I'd left the dredging-boat, seeing as I must have a decent house for a decent wife. I hoped to God she'd make me a decent wife, sir!

I'd left the boat and set up in the city; it's small choice you have in the city, sir, if you've not a trade. I never had a trade, and so I picked my way in the odd job line; hired to a head-porter one week; driv an express the next; had a fish-stall; made corn-balls; blacked boots; run a hack; took a contract on dough-nuts; and set up in fancy literatoor at the graveyard corner with a blind beggar who sang a song continual enough to wake the dead; besides a little puppy tied to his boot-leg.

To make a long story short, sir, she led me A LIFE. Yes she did. She led me A LIFE after the first three months was over.

Now that was what I couldn't explain to myself nor to another man. Why, *when* a man had undertook for the first time in his born days to do a useful thing, he should be led A LIFE for it. Not that I meant to put the young woman under obligations in my mind, but I had that feeling as if she'd see the sootability, as you might say, of making a man comfort'ble after it.

Fur's I could see, I done the best deed of my life, and they wasn't so many that I could have much choice, and it was an aw-ful blunder. That's what perplexes me.

I think you'll remember, sir, that I spoke about a sword of Paradise? Fur's the young woman went, I'd a been back to my boat before the year was out, a dozen times.

But then, there come the little gal. *She* was the sword of flames—God bless her!—that turned me and kept me, which way and what, from my old ways, and my lonesome ways, and my reckless.

I don't quite understand, sir, clear, how a man can ever be what he been before, after he's had a little gal.

Now I have that confidence in what you may call, meaning no onrespect, the sense of the Almighty, that I take it how He blessed that little gal of mine from the first on't. And that's more than I did myself.

"It must never be a gal," said I. "She'd be like her mother."

Sir? I don't quite understand ye. Why, yes; I suppose so; kind of a pity—her own mother—yes; but I'd got used to that, you know.

"She'd be like her mother," says I. "It must be a boy. Of course it will be a boy," said I.

You wouldn't believe it, sir, but the night that little gal was born, I took my hat and cleared. I never came nigh her for a week, and when I did, I wouldn't so much as touch her, nor look upon her little face.

"She'll be like her mother," says I. How soon I found it out, I can't say; it couldn't have been three months; long before ever the little creetur spoke a word, I found out as plain as day how she wasn't that. There was that in her eyes when she speared into my face, and that in her little fingers when they twisted into mine. I can't explain it, sir, onless to a man who'd had a little gal of his own that he'd feared would be like her mother.

If I was a younger man, maybe I should know how *to* make a long story short, but fact is, the more I think on't the longer it grows; I'm so easy put awry in my mind since war-times come and gone. And I come to set a sight by that little gal. And all that come and went seems to me to come and go for the little gal. And all was and wasn't, seemed to be and ben't, because of the little gal. And mostly all that I can remember—since war-times and since I took to aging—is the little gal. Somehow, it's a very long thing, sir, to love a little gal.

I used to rock her to sleep o' nights; she'd rather have me nor her mother; and I always brushed her little hair down for her mornin's, better nor her mother; and I used to slick up her little apron-strings, and ontie her little shoes; and I used to heft her softly in my arms, and lay her little arm agin my neck, and thank the Almighty for that she'd turned out onlike ——; but I never told *her* that, sir; no.

"My baby," says I, soon's ever she could talk, "marm's sick."

"Marm's sick," says Blithe, first thing she ever said. That's all I said to my little gal about her mother. "Marm's sick," says Blithe over after me; always said it, sir, innocent and prompt.

My little gal is a gentle little gal, sir, with a pretty way.

I don't know how I ever come to leave her to 'list, I'm sure; but times was hard, and odd jobs slack, and—was I drafted? No, I wasn't drafted; and I don't think I was drunk, and I'm sure I wasn't pat-riotic; nigh as I can remember, I just went; come home one

day to dinner, and I'd done it; to tell the truth, I don't remember much about it but a-standing in the doorway of a rainy day, to bid my little girl good-bye.

Well, I went in early and I come out late; not that I was much of a Hail Columby man; but it's a sight more easy to keep on doing a thing than it is to stop, in general; and I sent the pay home reglar, and marm got the house and sign painter's widow of nine small children to write occasional, as she took in fine folks' washing, for she couldn't write herself; and Blithe, she promised to write me a letter of her own when she'd schooled long enough; but it never come; and so I staid along.

I went in under Little Mac, and I come out under Sherman down to Atlanta, with this here arm,—by which I mean to say the one that ain't here,—in the trenches. Clipped off by a shell. You never see anything slicker in your life.

"What'll Blithe say," thinks I as I goes down, "when she sees it's the right un!"

Nigh as I can recollect, that's pretty much all I thinks till I get back to her.

So one day I come along home, weak for a bit, and faintish. And I sat down on a little step outside the dépôt, on account of being dizzy with the cars. It was sunshiny on the step, and sunshiny everywhere.

There come along a little gal, I remember, with the sun on her, and a two-armed father that lifted her over the mud.

The little gal had a stick of red candy half in her mouth, and she held it out to me, all wet, and it was much as ever I could see it, for the sun. But I eat a piece of it to pacify her (God bless her!) and a piece I kept for Blithe.

I sat for a little upon the step, with the noise of the city kind of whirring about me, and it was kind of queer now, how I sat a thinking it was all made by two-armed men. Maybe it was because the jam in my elbow ached; or maybe because I had to walk such a long piece to get home; or maybe because I wished it was longer.

To tell you the truth, sir, it had been a kind of an awful thing between Blithe and me—leaving her with marm. And it was an awful thing coming back and finding her with marm, and spekkylating, and wondering, and considering if it would be one of marm's days, and if Blithe would be much knocked up,—by which I mean it mental and moral, sir; take marm at her worst she never struck that child—and for wishing in partikkelar that Blithe and I could set down in the Common or somewheres alone, at the first.

It was such a sunshiny sort o' day, as I said; that sort of day when a man with a smashed elbow and a little gal feels as if he'd like a place to set in quiet.

So when I come along home, there come out a man with a little slate in his hand.

"How now?" says I.

"Any orders?" says he; and with that he hangs up his slate agin my door-post; he was a furrin-looking man, with a yeller face. "I have a Venus die Medicine," says he, "which I think would suit ye; likewise a Gen. Grant of a most delicate shade of pink; and a Sister Madonna in gray clay," says he.

"I didn't come after my sister," says I, "and as for Venus die Medicine, I buried her myself under a lumber pile of which the contract was lost, to the wharves. But I'll take my wife and little gal, if it's all the same to you."

"There's nobody's wife and gals here but my own," says the furrin chap, "nor has been this ten month. You're welcome to some o' them," says he; "I've got ten," says he; and with that he hangs up his little slate, and is off.

I set down right there on the side-walk to get my breath and my wits together, for I felt as if I'd been struck in the heart. If I'd been hit by a Minie-ball I couldn't have choked, for a minute, more suffocating.

It was walking so far, I suppose; and so weakly; and for the disappointment and distress.

Well; that was nigh ten o'clock of the morning; and it was seven of the night before I found her; it was owing to the furrin chap, after all; he turned out of a little alley along about seven o'clock, plump agin me. He had a board acrost his head of them little yaller statoos, and he nods as well as he could beneath it, and goes his ways. So I thinks to myself, why not turn down here? for I'd tracked them in so far as that a old woman three blocks back wouldn't take her oath to't, but she thought she'd heern tell once of a woman as took it for neuralgy very bad, answering to my name, go up and down along here somewheres. So I turned down the little alley, and I met a squint-eyed youngster which went along with me, and offered to show me the house for twelve cents to run after the furrin chap and a green plaster puppy who had a yellow tail.

I waited till the squint-eyed youngster was out of sight, hollering at the top of its wind around the corner, before I could make up my mind to go in.

And then I couldn't make up my mind;

and I felt a kind of sickness, suddenly, and a blur about the eyes.

It was a little house the squint-eyed young one had pointed out, a standing by itself, quite along by the water. I left my little gal in a decent place, and I thought, please God, I'd always have a decent place for her, and when I saw that house, as well as I could see it through the dark, for it was a growing dark, I couldn't tell you if I was to try, sir, how it come upon me.

Maybe you don't know, sir, what them living-places are like along the shore. Living-places? dying-places more like! Maybe you wouldn't feel acquainted with the smells and slime, and leavings of the tide? I never meant my little gal should be. She is such a gentle little gal, with such a pretty way.

It was a growing dark, I told you, sir, and my eyes was blurred, and altogether I could hardly see my way. First I knew I was ankle-deep in water.

"It's the tide," says I, "and I've lost my way. It was the tide indeed, sir; but I hadn't lost my way;" the house stood dead ahead.

"The child will drown," says I. Next thing I had the door smashed open, and another door, and another, and I come into a little back room, and I heard a little scream, and I stood stock still, knee-deep in the water, a staring like one dead.

There was my little gal, sir, a setting on the bed. She had a little candle on a table, and she set up close to it, and I see her plain. It was a little room, and the spots of mould stood out all over it. All around the bed's legs, and the table-legs, and the stove, and all the miser'ble little furnitoor, the dirty tide come swashin in.

In a minute I'd splashed across it, two foot deep, and I'd got upon the bed, and I'd got her in my arm, and she had her little hands about my eyes, as if she'd shut the sight of her away from me till I could make my mind up to't. For I shook, sir, and I felt cold, and I'm a heavy man, and I s'pose I scairt her.

"Father!" says she, with her hand across my eyes. "Father! father! father!"

And then says she again, "O father! father! O father! father! father!" till I thought my heart would break, she cried and sobbed so: "Father! father! father!"

"I never thought you'd come!" she says. "O father! father!" till I was sure my heart would break.

"But you'll drown!" said I, a pulling of her little hands down from about my eyes to look around.

"Oh no!" says she, "the tide comes into the house twice a day, you know.* I get upon the bed. It's never soaked the bed but twice. I get upon the bed and stay." With this she dries her eyes and tries to laugh, a looking round. "I am very comf'tble on the bed, I'm sure," says she. "I can stay till it goes down. Now it's so much warmer I don't mind the fire going out. Don't you mind. Why, father, don't!"

For all I could do I just set shaking, and all I could do I couldn't speak, for to think of my little gal—my little—

Well, well, sir, I come round presently, and I says:

"How long have you lived in this hole?" says I.

"Six months," says Blithe. "Now father, *don't* mind!" says Blithe.

"Alone?" says I?

"Mostly alone," says she, "except for the woman up-stairs. She cooks for me sometimes. She's very good. You have to pay a dollar'n a quarter for up-stairs," says she. "Now father *don't!*" says Blithe.

"And what was you doing up to the table?" says I.

"I curl," said Blithe, takin' up a lot of little feathers from the table. "I curl to the shop all day, and so I bring 'em home besides, when I ain't too tired. Now father, don't mind *that!* Why, how should I have had something twice a day to eat if it wasn't for *that?*" said she.

And, sir, when she turned her little face agin the light, I could well believe her. I never see such a little old, old face. I never see such a grave, grown-up, little thin old face. I never see such a planning, thinking, wise, and patient little face. I never see a face on a child's shoulders that would have went to the heart of a quarry o' stone, like the face of that there little gal of mine the night I found her curling of her little feather by her little candle on that bed.

It wasn't till the dirty tide began to fall that I could bring myself to dare to speak it, for there was that passion in me, and that tremble, and them curses, that I darsent try before the little gal. At last I brings it, slow.

"And where," says I, "is *her?*"

"Marm," said Blithe, "was sick."

"*Where*," says I, "is *her?*"

"She took it, father," said my little gal, in her patient little voice, "for neuralgy, father. We come from one house to another, and the more we come the more there

* A fact.

was no money; and so we come to this one. And I curled the feathers; for I couldn't go to school. Marm," said Blithe, "was sick, you remember, father. O father, *don't!* I've always got along. She wasn't very bad. I don't mind it now. One night, you see—"

"Well!" said I, sharp, for I felt I didn't dare say what awful feeling, like the rising of an awful hope within my heart.

"One night," said Blithe, "she fell over."

"Over where?" says I, quick enough.

"Don't hurry me," said Blithe, and she put down her little feathers and drew up her little breath. "She fell—over—the bed, you see. The tide was in. I was to sleep, father, in the night, and come morning I set up, and the tide was out, and there she lay. The floor was all sloppy, and there she lay. I don't like to remember that," said Blithe.

Yes, sir, I went on my knees. Right down in the horrid wet on that horrid floor. I couldn't have helped it, not to save me. Down I went, and I hid my face, and I thanked the Almighty for His onexpected favors to myself and a little gal who wasn't like her mother. It was wuth the parting and the longness. It was wuth the arm and the misery. It was wuth a coming home to find her curling feathers for a livin' in a two-foot tide upon a island—by which I mean a bed—beside a little candle. It was wuth bein' led A LIFE, sir, a hundred times.

There was nobody in the world now but me and the little gal. I'd do it all through agin to have nobody in the world but the little gal and me. It was wuth the blunder and the punishment. It was wuth a being useful and a repenting of it. It was wuth so much, sir, that I declare I didn't feel as if I'd ought to take it onrequited, for a sense of obligation come upon me very sudden. I'd never felt obligated, not even to the Almighty, in my life before. It was a very curious feeling.

But bless you! no; I never told my little gal. "Marm was sick," said I, the same as ever. "Maybe it come too late," said I.

"What come?" asks Blithe.

"The chance," says I. For I remembered being on my knees upon the sloppy floor, how the young woman had drawed her hair across her eyes, and what she said about her chance. So "Marm was sick," said I; and I felt a kind of gentleness in my mind to-wards her, seeing now that she was dead, and from feeling obligated to Almighty God, I suppose, so onexpected.

"But you've lost your arm!" says Blithe.

"But what of that?" says I.

And what of that indeed, sir? Or of this or 'tother? Or of anything gone or to come, or that might be or that mightn't, to the little gal and me?

So I thought that night, sir; and so I've thought a many times. But yet it was curious, now, sir, how it come upon me when the tide was out, and Blithe got down upon the slimy floor to light the fire for tea, how like we was to them oysters that have troubled me so many times—stranded there alone among the weeds and mud.

And then and many times I've thought it over. There's things I'd like to be for the sake of the little gal. And there's things I'd like the little gal to be for the sake of me. And though a man has nothing to complain of, sir, who is obligated to the Almighty for a little gal, yet I wonder sometimes why it is they come so hard and slip so easy; and why it is that, do my best, I can get my little gal just her dinners and her suppers, and just her bonnets and her aprons; and why it is that if *you* was to want the kingdom of heaven come on earth for *your* little gal, you've just to raise your finger for her, and it'll come to time, express. I don't know if I make my meaning clear, and I'm meaning no offense. But that and the oysters have given me a great many curious turns of mind.

And there's the instremunt? Why, yes, and there's the instremunt. A one-armed man can't pick and choose; and what's the pension, come to think on't? A man is often lucky, sir, to get the *chance* to be a public nuisance in this ere world. Never thought o' that, now, did you? I bought out an I-talian just setting up in poetry 'tother end the city; your choice for five cents, and a large blue margin, sir, besides. There's one toon I like. Ever hear it? It goes:

"Bonny Jockey, *Blithe* and gay."

I play that toon a sight. I like to strike it up, as a kind of compliment to her when she crosses over at the crossing there to school. I don't play that toon so much for pay. Yes, she's going to school. When we get into a pinch, she takes her little feathers home o' nights; but I mean she shall go to school. She can cipher now, and write in capitals quite plain.

Did I ondertake to tell a tale about the instremunt? I most forgot. Perhaps I've wore your patience, sir, a talking of the child. It's pretty nigh one thing, you see, sir.

Did you ever hear me play "The girl I left behind me?" Yes? I thought so. I play

that very often. That's beefsteak. I get her a little piece of steak with that. And Champagne Charley? That gets her little shoes. She wears out a sight of little shoes. When she wants a little Reader, or a little pencil, or a little slate to school, I gener'lly depend, sir, on Old Dog Tray. That's a fine toon, I think, don't you? Old Dog Tray? When you come along, and I'm to work on "The pretty girl dressed in *blew*," you'd know if you knew much that her little bunnet was most wore out. But when it comes to quarter-rent, there's nothing for't but John Brown's Body. How I should ever have got along over quarter-day if John Brown's Body *didn't* lay a mouldering in the grave, I don't see.

Sir?

I don't think you understood me, sir. I beg your pardon. Don't I never find her a burden to me, in my crippled state? Do you thing as Hagar found the Angel of the Lord a burden, when she set a chokin' in the wilderness? You don't know my little gal. She is growing up a very pretty little gal, with a pleasant way.

I'd ask you to call and see us if you wasn't quite a stranger. I'm particular about the acquaintances I make for Blithe. Meaning no rudeness, sir, I'm sure you'll see. It's quite a decent tenement, though I'd like it quit of the grog across the way, with a pink curtain to the window. You'd know it from the corner by the curtain. Blithe made that curtain, and hung it up herself. She made a little apron too, out of what was left.

It is high time I was at my stand, sir, for she'll be coming home from school. Perhaps we'd better walk a little faster. I shouldn't like to have her miss me onexpected. She'll come around the corner in a minute, in a kind of quiet way; you'd know her for that sort of quietness there is about her. Come night, I should get kinder bothered out, I own, on a hot day, or a chilly, if it wasn't for that sort of way she has. I'm not so strong as I was once.

What, sir? Bless you, sir! what's a man good for if he isn't worried more nor less? I reckon I can stand it. What would Adam have been wuth, now, if he'd staid to Eden, loafing round among his plants and greens? I've thought, this long while, I wouldn't have owned him for a grandfather.

There, sir! If you turn your head now—a little more. Do you see a little gal with a little book under her arm away around the corner? The one with the pink apun and the little brownish hat? The one that's looking round surprised to listen for her old father striking Bonny Jockey up? The one with such a kind of happiness about her little face? Are you sure you've got the one?

Not a bit like her mother, sir! Not a bit. That's my little gal.

THE CLUBS OF PARIS.

DURING the siege of Paris, the questions of Catholicism and many others emerged from the limits of administrations, to be debated in the turbulent discussions of the clubs. The clubs were the popular expression of that instinct for social intercourse, which is so imperious in the organization of the Parisian. Whatever the circumstances, he must have an opportunity to speak, to expand himself, to communicate his ideas. The desire to listen to his neighbor's ideas is much less developed. It is speech that is necessary to the Parisian, just as pedestrianism is to the Englishman. In the one case as in the other, the exercise rises out of the vulgar domain of utility, to be classed with physiological functions, for which a mediocre philosophy alone would seek a teleological signification.

The bourgeois, more habituated to the exercise of this function, were for that very reason better able to interrupt it for a time, as a man who has taken a long breath is able to remain long under water without breathing. Hence their clubs and conferences did not begin, as I have said, until November. But it was otherwise with the people, whose momentary outburst in 1848 had been followed by twenty years of silence. Immediately after the 4th of September the long pent up torrent gushed forth with impetuosity. Clubs sprang up all over the city, taking possession of ball-rooms, lecture-halls, dancing saloons, and amphitheaters, in the name of the sovereign people, extremely conscious, for the half-minute, of its sovereignty. There was the Club of the College of France, of the École de Médecine, of the Salle Valentino, of the Pré aux Clercs; the Club of the Deliverance, of Vengeance; the Folies Bergère; the Salle Favié at Belleville, destined to be among the most celebrated of all. Blanqui, of course, had his club, but the majority were directed by new men, unknown in 1848. In these clubs were discussed everything, from the government of the National

Defense to that of Divine Providence. Both were treated with equal freedom and severity. Thus, a special reporter sent by the *Journal des Débats* gives a curious account of a meeting held at the Salle Favié, shortly after the surrender of Metz. An orator offered a proposition to pronounce sentence of death upon Bazaine. This proposition had already been voted unanimously by all the clubs of the Fourth Arrondissement, and was enthusiastically ratified by Favié, where the entire audience sprang to their feet to confirm the verdict. Thereupon the orator, abruptly abandoning Bazaine and his "accomplices," entered upon the higher themes of social and religious philosophy. He declared the moment had come to replace theology and metaphysics by geology and sociology, and he embarked on a dissertation whose luminousness at first failed to inundate the intellects of his auditors. Presently, however, he became more intelligible, indeed too much so. "I do not dread the thunder," exclaimed this modern Ajax; "I hate God, the miserable God of the priests, and I would, like the Titans, scale the heavens to assassinate him."

This second condemnation to capital punishment had less success with the audience than the first. A few fanatics applauded; a voice cried, "You should take a balloon!" The *citoyennes* on the benches exchanged terrified glances with one another; but the orator, satisfied with this explosion of Titanic wrath, abandoned God as he had thrown over Bazaine, and, redescending the heavens he had scaled, alighted in the midst of the National Guard, of whose organization he recommenced the criticism.

For the criticism of the clubs extended to more practical themes, and, during the first period of the siege, was especially clamorous for the manufacture of cannon. To compensate the slackness of the Government, the most astounding schemes were proposed night after night in the popular *conciliabules*, and placed at the service of the Defense. Was especially applauded the preparation of all manner of machines, more or less infernal, constructed quite in defiance of the Convention of Geneva, but any one of them warranted capable of annihilating the entire Prussian army. The *Feu Grégeois*, and some unknown potency baptized *Dynamite*, held a conspicuous place among these inventions.

But regular strategy was not disdained by the Scipios and Fabii of the clubs, who, though inglorious, were far from mute. Nature abhors a vacuum, and the seething popular brain hastened to fill the place left vacant, in the absence of any more distinct plan than that which Trochu had deposited with his notary.

"Two points are essential," observed to an admiring audience an orator whose military genius was nothing unless Fabian. "In the first place, we must destroy the Prussians; in the second place, we must prevent them from destroying us. To effect this double object, I propose that our troops emerge from the city in a mass disposed in the shape of a pyramid. The apex of this pyramid should make a furious assault on the Prussian lines, and immediately withdraw into the main body. The sides of the mass, closing together, should form a new apex, destined to repeat the original manœuvre. It should, in fact, be repeated until the entire pyramid of troops should have been advanced like a wedge across the circle of investiture. Hardly any loss of life would occur upon our side, because our men would retreat so soon as attacked."

That the manœuvre of the attack could occasion any loss of life previous to the retreat,—that the Prussians could bring any forces to bear on the flanks of the moving pyramid, or interfere with the reconstruction of its apex,—these considerations were passed over in silence by the orator, either because he considered their discussion superfluous, or because they had never entered his head.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* established a volunteer police to watch over the proceedings of the clubs, and to report their *naïvetés*, crudities, ignorance, and absurdities with malicious exactitude, not unflavored by terror. Denunciations of proprietors, who, notwithstanding the siege, pretended to claim the full payment of rents; of speculators, who attempted to buy up and conceal provisions; of bourgeois, whose lukewarm affection for the Republic threatened to resign France to the manœuvres of the Orleanists,—here was abundant material wherewith to maintain in a state of chronic alarm the ferocious timidity of the "enlightened classes." The *Journal des Débats* sent a special reporter to attend the meetings, and to chronicle the bad grammar and *naïve* vanity in which "the poison of sedition and Socialism was poured out upon the people."

"Paris is to be regenerated by the floods of wisdom that descend nightly from the heights of Belleville and Montmartre." Thus quotes M. Molinari, in the *Revue;* and M. David, of the *Débats*, re-echoes the indignation of his *confrère*. "It is thus that these

insolent spokesmen of the vile multitude dare address *us*,—us, members of the Institute, professors at the Sorbonne,—in a word, the *élite* of Paris! Such language is in extremely bad taste, is expressed in shockingly bad style, is atheistical, and, above all, extremely dangerous to the interests of property and of the family."

M. David's reports of the meetings at the clubs were so amusing that every one read them and laughed, greatly to the astonishment of their writer. "It is no laughing matter," he declared seriously, "but calculated to awaken a far-sighted terror (*terreur prévoyante*). It is necessary to watch over these clubs with the most ceaseless vigilance. These denunciations, *innocent to-day, and only directed against God*, contain the seeds of [social] hatred, which to-morrow, favored by some accident of the siege, may spring up and bear bitter fruit."

Thus, on M. David's own showing, the offended taste and virtuous horror of atheism manifested by the bourgeois were traceable simply to a "far-sighted terror" of the chaotic masses of the people that surged beneath them. Denunciations of religion were only to be denounced because they tended to prepare the way for denunciations of property. The reputation of the Deity was to be defended, on account of the services it was supposed to render to the interests of proprietors. Times had changed since the decadence of the Roman Empire; it was the people who considered all the gods equally false, and the philosophers who joined the magistrates in maintaining them as equally useful. An impartial bystander, who, by dint of listening open-eared in both camps, had learned to hate the bourgeois whenever they mentioned the people, and to detest the people whenever they declaimed, ungrammatically, against the bourgeois, might attend the clubs, like the theaters, with the same impartial interest in the piece that was to be played. Everything was strange and grotesque. The room where the meetings were held was generally small compared with the audience, filled with wooden benches, and dimly lighted with petroleum lamps. On the benches a motley crowd of men, women, and children,—of which each individual was inflated with the consciousness of his newly recognized dignity as a sovereign people. The men were in blouses, or arrayed in various degrees of the uniform of the National Guard,—which was constructed gradually from the union of detached fragments, like bodies coming together in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Here the entire costume was represented by the regulation cap—there by a red stripe on the pantaloons; now a coat with epaulettes of red flannel, now another whence the epaulettes had fallen, or whither they had not yet arrived, but had been preceded by a plentiful efflorescence of silvered buttons. The women were in caps and aprons, a simplicity befitting the "*bougresses patriotes*" eulogized by the Père Duchêne. Their feminine ignorance of technicalities reinforced the technical ignorance which characterized their class, and they added all the voluble excitability of their sex to that which already distinguished their race. Many times a shrill female voice was raised to applaud the somewhat incoherent vociferations of the orator at the tribune, or, still more eagerly, to denounce a neighbor suspected of concealing cheese or potatoes. To their aprons clung the children, alternately wide-eyed or sleepy, but even in their sleep becoming saturated with the principles of the future that thundered about their ears. It was as easy to imbibe the doctrines of Socialism asleep on the benches of the clubs, as to become instructed in the less intelligible doctrines of the catechism while sleeping on the benches of the church.

The singular mixture of sense and nonsense displayed in the irregular eloquence of the orators,—the profound instinct and insane absurdity that equally characterized their speech,—the irresistible need of expression that seemed to agitate the assembly below the consciousness of the speakers, and to bear them to the tribune like straws floated on a current far mightier than they,—from all this the observer derived a peculiarly complex impression, strange, pathetic, absurd, foreboding unknown destinies.

Such an impression is made by a human fœtus scarcely formed,—with its immense head,—its exaggerated nervous system,—its shapeless, powerless limbs,—its huge uncouthness,—in which, like pearls hidden in a mantle of rough skin, lie concealed unlimited possibilities of power, and beauty, and grace.

These possibilities revealed themselves frequently in the midst of the chaos of the clubs, by ideas and propositions far more appropriate and just than those which emanated from the official authorities. Even in regard to the military defense of Paris, the three points upon which public criticism constantly insisted were most eminently reasonable. From the beginning of the siege the clubs demanded—1st. The general levy of the entire adult population of France. 2d. The immediate separation of the National Guard into

its sedentary and active sections, and the energetic preparation of the latter for service. 3d. Activity in the fabrication of cannon, to supply the deficiencies that had been officially recognized.

The persistent refusal of the members of the Provisional Government to act in the sense of these propositions, can, as we have seen, only be explained by their skepticism in regard to the possibility of defense, and their consequent indifference to the means needed to render such defense effectual.

But the clubs, offspring of the social necessities of the situation, occupied themselves much more enthusiastically with social questions, than with those, much more transitory, at issue between Paris and the Prussians. I have said that in almost every circle the war was regarded as a secondary affair, in comparison with the interests for whose development it afforded an opportunity. The clubs represented the classes who were the most eager to profit by this opportunity, and the majority of their resolutions were framed with a just appreciation of the extraordinary possibilities latent in the circumstances of the siege. Thus it was voted: that henceforth no police commissioner should be named without the consent of the municipality, itself elected by the people; that the government should decree the impeachment of the Emperor and of his accomplices, with the confiscation of their shamefully *acquired* property; that another decree should interdict French territory to all the members of the rival dynastic families of Bourbon, Orleans, or Bonaparte; that the negotiations of Thiers with monarchical governments in favor of the Republic should be repudiated, since they could lead to no other result than the humiliation of France and an ignominious peace, itself destined to prepare the way for royal restoration; that public instruction should be rendered gratuitous, and its control withdrawn from all monastic communities; that priests and nuns, having weakened the ties which bound them to their country and repudiated such as should create for them a family, were necessarily unfit for the training of citizens, to whom both these ties should be paramount; that all priests and seminarists, qualified by their age and health for military service, should be enrolled in the army, since their lives, instead of being more precious, were infinitely less valuable than those of men with families to support.

We have said, in speaking of the claims urged upon the Provisional Government at the beginning of its career, that its anxiety to avoid "exciting discontent" was fully equal to the popular impatience to profit by the situation. This solicitude for a negation greatly tended to weaken all attempt at positive action. The leaders of an immense revolution, more intent upon stifling than upon utilizing its forces, conducted their affairs to a most lame and impotent conclusion. Its inanity was only compensated by the eulogies bestowed by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on "the rare mansuetude" with which the dictators had let the people alone, and turned a deaf ear to their protestations.

The people, who really wanted something, were less charmed by this urbanity than the writers of the *Revue*, who asked for nothing except the repression of those who seriously demanded anything. Toward the end of December, the Club of the École de Médecine drew up a formal act of impeachment against the Provisional Government, couched in the following terms:—

"Considering that the men who seized the dictatorship on the 4th of September have been and remain visibly inferior to the exigencies of the task, whose responsibility they assumed with so much presumption;

"Considering that, nevertheless, they insist on preserving a power which they do not know how to employ for the public welfare;

"Considering that, instead of relying upon the revolution at home and abroad, they have only tried to ingratiate themselves with jealous powers, or to flatter the egotistical instincts of a class necessarily hostile to the Republic;

"Considering that, at a moment when public safety demanded the greatest unity of action, they abandoned the provinces to the sterile preoccupations of personal defense, so that they are now unable to march to the deliverance of the capital;

"Considering that they have encouraged Legitimist, Orleanist, and clerical influences, and reserved all their severity and enmity for the stanch friends of the republic;

"Considering that tardy and uncontrolled requisitions have favored the operations of speculators; that after four months the armament remains insufficient, the equipment incomplete, and the military organization vicious;

"Considering that, after the failure of military expeditions, chiefs are promoted instead of being submitted to inquest;

"Considering that these chiefs remain in almost absolute inaction, when 500,000 troops of the line, the Mobile and the National Guard, are clamorous to be led to battle;

"Considering that such inertia is criminal, in view of the daily diminution in the stock of provisions;

"Considering that the resolution 'never to capitulate' is an absurd bravado, unless combined with the measures capable of making it good:

"For all these reasons, the members of the Government of the pretended National Defense are culpable toward France and toward the Republic, and their culpability increases every hour in proportion to the singular tenacity with which they cling to their places."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

IN MEMORIAM.

WE are glad to make room for the following tribute to the late Mr. Scribner, from an author with whom he held business relations through a long period of time, and in whom he found one of his choicest personal friends:—

MR. EDITOR: *My Dear Sir*—I cannot tell you how deeply I am pained to hear of Mr. Scribner's death. I think no man ever lost a truer friend than I have lost in him.

It seems only a little week ago since I met him, travel-stained and weary, upon the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and shared a seat with him from Somerville, or thereabout, on through the growing suburban towns to the Jersey City Ferry. We whiled away the time with talk of old days—when his sign hung out over the Brick Chapel by the Park, and when his home was in one of those modest houses on the southern side of Eleventh street, scarce a stone's throw out from Broadway. And there came up in review in that pleasant chat all the enterprises in which he had been engaged since. We went back over the billowy floors of that swaying building where his books were piled, upon the corner of White street, and to the cosy retreat which he at a later day made for himself in a back corner of the long basement floor under the "Brooks Brothers'" palace (as it seemed in those days), upon the corner of Grand street.

[There it was that his brother, long associated with him as book-keeper, and whose rotund figure and beaming face a great many patrons of the house well remember, dropped away from life.]

Then we talked of the final change to the present locality, "high up Broadway," and of the magazine enterprise just then taking a new form, which was to bear his name, and which—to that extent—with a modesty that was natural to him, he accepted with reluctance. We talked of old writers and of new, and of changes in popular taste; and of what books now current would "hold their own," and of what others would be permanently shelved after five or ten years; and in all his judgments was conspicuous that love he had for what was natural, and true, and pure.

At dusk we parted upon Broadway, and I recall now perfectly his face and his expression as he waved me an adieu and took his place in the Madison avenue stage. He was not strong at that time (a little more than a year since); he had been with the water-cure people, and, I think, had a feeling that he had pushed their regimen a little too far. He rallied, however, and twice again I met him afterward. On each occasion he seemed to have gained in strength and hope. His last letters, as his son, Mr. Blair Scribner, tells me, were full of confidence, and amid the new scenes of travel in Switzerland he had taken on again all his old hopefulness, and was eagerly planning his work for years to come.

But a little of over-fatigue, a little of undue exposures (who can count the causes of our fate!) brought his old weakness back upon him, and with it new and unexpected shapes of ill; and under access of these, there, in the pleasantest region of that ever-pleasant country of Switzerland, with the snowy mountains hemming the horizon, and the Lake of Luzerne shining under them, he died. Tranquilly. No one who knew him could doubt that. Without excess of pain, too; for which God be thanked!

When I think of his serene faith, and of his honest heart, I know he was ready enough for any such change, come where and how it might. But when I think of those—many of them in tender years—whom he was to leave behind, I know he must have yearned for a little lengthening of days.

I knew Mr. Scribner first, somewhere about the year 1847, through the good offices of Geo. H. Colton, the founder and editor of the old *American Review*. I remember that it was upon the steps of the old Brick-church Chapel (where were the offices of Baker & Scribner) that I first met him. His countenance was such a mirror of honesty and frankness and modesty, that he won upon me at once. I could not doubt, and I never doubted, any profession that he made. There was no room for guile in any corner of his soul.

I had published a little time before, with the Messrs. Harper, a small book of travels, which he was pleased to speak very kindly of; and when, on a subsequent venture in book-making, the Messrs. Harper declined the manuscript, I took it unhesitatingly to my friend of the Brick-church Chapel.

He accepted it without any demur, saying to me, that if it was not a success, he had a faith that I might some day write something which the public would welcome.

The non-success of the book confirmed the business

judgment of the Messrs. Harper; but my good friend Mr. Scribner was not disturbed by it, and in the more fortunate ventures that followed, I am sure that he, apart from all business considerations, rejoiced as sincerely as any friend I could claim.

It is with a tender and melancholy interest that I look over his letters of that date. His encouragement, his kindly suggestions, his advices, all seem to me to be colored by such brotherly and tender tone, that they are to me the record of a friend, rather than of an associate in business enterprises.

How much I wish now that I had done things that he urged me to do! How much I wish that I had not done things that he questioned!

Without excess of literary culture, his instincts were all good, and in business matters, his judgment most sound. Then he was so constant, and so faithful, and so true to all the capabilities that lay in him, that he, if any man, deserved success.

There were one or possibly two occasions, in our long intercourse of more than a score of years, in which a little petulance crept into our talk; but I am sure the recollection of it never dwelt with him; and equally sure that I am as free of any galling memory of it, as the winds that swept on that fateful day over the mountains by Luzerne.

He was altogether honest, frank, true, and tender-hearted as a woman. I feel a chill creeping over me, whenever I recall the fact that in all my wanderings henceforth in the great Babylon, I shall nevermore have the friendly grasp of his hand, never look on his kindly face again!

I somehow feel that I would like to make public record of my regard for Mr. Scribner and his memory, yet have a reluctance to press this hastily written letter upon your over-crowded columns.

Pray use your own judgment in the matter, and believe me

Very truly yours,
DONALD G. MITCHELL.

WE present below the resolutions adopted at the meeting of publishers and booksellers, held at the store of Messrs. Sheldon & Co., Sept. 22d, and the remarks of Mr. Putnam on that occasion:—

Whereas, By the death of Mr. Charles Scribner, one for so long a time and so prominently associated with us as a member of the publishing fraternity has been removed from us, as well as from a large circle of literary and personal friends, it seems fit and proper that we especially should express our sense of his loss, and render a suitable tribute to his memory; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Mr. Charles Scribner, by his rare literary judgment, his ripe scholarship, and his generous culture, was eminently well fitted for the high and commanding position which for a quarter of a century he has occupied as a leading American publisher—a position which has reflected honor upon himself and upon the world of letters, and in which, by his cordial relations with other publishers, with his business associates, and with eminent authors at home and abroad, he surrounded himself with a large circle of friends, who regarded him with profound esteem and fraternal affection, and who will ever tenderly cherish his memory.

Resolved, That the business sagacity, the discriminating literary taste, the industry and unsullied integrity which enabled our friend, Mr. Scribner, to build up one of the most useful and important publishing-houses in America, are qualities which, however remarkable in themselves and in so rare a combination, still appear to us not more estimable than those characteristic traits of mind and heart by which, to all who knew him, he stood forth as the signal representative of the noblest manliness, of every gentlemanly attribute, and of the highest Christian virtues.

Resolved, That to the family of the deceased, whom a few months since he left in comparative health and vigor, but to whom, from beyond the sea, only his material form can be returned, we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathies, hoping that the remembrance of the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, may in some degree alleviate the sense of irreparable loss occasioned by his death.

Resolved, That upon the occasion of Mr. Scribner's funeral we will, by our presence at and participation in the ceremonies, render to his memory those tributes of respect and affection which his eminent position and worthiness, as well as our own feelings, must inevitably suggest.

Mr. Geo. P. Putnam moved the adoption of the resolutions, with the following remarks:—

GENTLEMEN:—I am sure that all present, and especially those who were personally acquainted with Mr. Scribner, are united in feeling that the expression of this meeting should not be a cold formality—a routine task, simply decent, and properly in unison with time-honored custom; but that we all feel sincerely in earnest when we thus come together as members of a business fraternity, from various States in the Union, to express our heart-felt sorrow in our common loss,—well knowing that it is a loss of more than ordinary magnitude. Mr. Scribner's very prominent and honorable place in the guild of book-publishers; his well-earned and conspicuous success and eminent position as a business manager; the exceptionally pure tendency and high importance of the numerous publications issued by the prosperous house which he founded; and, above all, his own personal character—so proverbial not merely for sagacity and sound judgment, but for liberal culture, for his kind and courteous disposition, and his sensitive integrity, were all so marked and distinguished, that his departure from us seems to be to each of us a personal affliction. It may be described as, in some sense, even a national calamity. For is not the nation itself influenced for its best welfare by the books which our late friend has been the means of scattering broadcast over the country?

In a brief but judicious notice of our friend, in the printed circular of the house, his business associates speak of him as "a man to whom meanness seemed impossible; he was high-minded, generous, genial; a friend, the very soul of sympathy and tenderness; a Christian, devout, humble, and sincere. But his tenderness never turned to weakness, and he was ever quick to detect shams. Gentle and modest as a woman, there was a manliness and nobility about him that embarrassed subterfuge and commanded the instant respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact." I quote these words because they are peculiarly fitting, and I am sure they will be adopted and indorsed by every one of us who had the best opportunities to test their truth.

Mr. Scribner's singularly modest, quiet, retiring manner did not, perhaps, encourage much personal intimacy, except with a few chosen friends and associates; but, so far as any of us were privileged with his acquaintance, I do not doubt that we can all share heartily in the genial tribute of his friend Dr. Holland—one of many who can speak understandingly about our late friend. "Few publishers," says this very popular author, "have been able to bring to their business the education and culture which enabled Mr. Scribner to achieve his large success. . . . . The relations that existed between him and those authors for whom he published, were the most cordial that can be imagined. Every author who had these personal relations with him must feel personally bereft by his death, for he was social, and brotherly, and considerate almost beyond parallel. . . . His literary judgment was remarkable—probably no other publisher living who has done an equal amount of business has done it with fewer mistakes. . . . . While disliking the details of business, and shunning contact with the asperities of trade, his ideas and plans of business were large, far-sighted, and liberal, in an eminent degree." I am told also by one of his partners, that he almost invariably read the entire MS. of every book published by the firm; and though he always declined everything that he thought might *possibly* do harm, he sometimes accepted others as likely to serve a worthy cause rather than for pecuniary results. The remarkable success of that very serious undertaking, the great Biblical Commentary of Lange, was a source of very great satisfaction to him, which he frequently dwelt upon—more, I do not doubt, because it was a substantial service to Biblical literature than on account of its profits in money, large as they may have been.

In his last letter from Switzerland to his partners he uses these words, which I have been permitted to quote:—

"Having been so long connected with our publishing business—a quarter of a century—and having seen its present magnitude and usefulness, I desire with you to consecrate it to the service of our Saviour."

I have reason to know that Mr. Scribner declined tempting offers of a very profitable connection with another branch of business, because he desired to use this more congenial trade in good books, in conferring a substantial benefit on the community. My friends, is it not worth our while to derive some practical benefit

in this brief contemplation of such an example? Cannot those of us who are engaged in the responsible vocation of publishers learn some useful lessons by looking back upon the business career of Charles Scribner? As one of the least of the fraternity —though one of those longest connected with it—I feel humiliated when I consider how much permanent benefit has been conferred upon his fellow-men by the liberal enterprise and conscientious judgment of our late friend, while so much time and money and influence *may* be wasted in printing books, not including those positively harmful, but those which are simply *indifferent;* which add nothing to the common stock of sound knowledge, which contribute nothing to elevate the intellectual, moral, or religious character of our fellow-men. I do not mean that we must publish only dogmatic theology, or religious homilies; for there may be "religious books," so called, which are as useless in their way as the many inane or "so-so" attempts in other departments. But may not the community as well as our own pockets be benefited, by greater care in avoiding any and every book that is not *both* morally pure and intellectually worthy to *claim* public attention? I hope these remarks are not tainted with Pecksniffian cant: none of us are so innocent as to be worthy to cast the first stone. But for one, I simply suggest, with all deference, the query, whether this occasion may not be practically useful to us all, and whether the character and career of our eminent friend who has gone to a better world may not serve for the encouragement and example of those of us who are left.

It is often evident that we do not sufficiently appreciate the high responsiblity resting upon men who disseminate, if they do not create, the intellectual food of a nation. Let us imitate Charles Scribner; and while we work for honorable independence, let us, at the same time, seek to serve the cause of sound literature, pure religion, and public morals.

THE SINS OF AMERICAN GOOD-NATURE.

An intelligent foreigner, traveling in America, was asked what he regarded as the most prominent characteristic of the people of the country. He replied: "The Americans are the best-natured people on the face of the earth." His judgment was entirely just. There is no other people, of anything like equal intelligence, that so absolutely refuses to be irritated by the impositions and annoyances of life. If an American is cheated in a shop, he simply refrains from entering the shop again. Instead of returning and demanding his rights, he pockets his bad bargain, because he does not like a quarrel, and cannot afford to take the trouble of it. After paying for a seat in a horse-car, the American holds himself ready to yield his right to any lady that enters, and to continue yielding his right until he is packed, standing like a bullock in a cattle-train, with fifty others, one-half of whom, in England or France, never would have been permitted to step foot upon the platform. The American consents that there shall be no such word as "*complet*" attached to any public conveyance. If a railway conductor, or a hotel clerk, or a shopkeeper's clerk, or any other person whose business it is to be courteous to the public, puts on airs and snubs the American customer, it is the ordinary habit of that customer to "stand it" rather than protest and insist on the treatment which he ought to receive. Rogues get into office, and, with big hands in the public purse, help themselves to its contents, and continue to do this year after year, the owners of the purse all the time knowing the fact, yet being too easy and good-natured to make even an outcry. Everybody is busy, nearly everybody is prosperous, and so the evils that would stir the blood of an Englishman to boiling, and arouse all his combativeness, are quietly ignored or carefully shunned.

It is not a pleasant thing to say, or to reflect upon, but the plain truth is that there is something cowardly and unmanly in all this. We have no special admiration of the touchiness of an Englishman regarding the sacred rights of his personality. The hedge-hog is not an agreeable bird, and we have no wish to see it substituted for the American eagle; but a bundle of quills is better calculated to command respect than a ball of putty. The man who stands stiffly in his tracks and says, "Touch me not!" presents a very much more respectable appearance than the man who dodges him and every other obstacle which he encounters in his way. We are all very much afraid of hurting the feelings of somebody, when we know, or ought to know, that somebody's feelings ought to be hurt, and that nothing would do somebody so much good as to have his feelings hurt. We forget that there are things of infinitely greater importance than bad people's feelings —things to which we owe infinitely higher duty. A man has no moral right to permit himself to be robbed or cheated. If he tamely submits to such a crime he becomes accessory to it, and encourages the rascal at whose hand he has suffered to make a victim of the next unsuspecting customer.

The characteristic American good-nature not only encourages and confers impunity upon all sorts of wrong, but it seriously reacts upon American character. It begets a toleration of every kind of moral evil that brings at last insensibility to it. There cannot be a very wide moral difference between the man who commits crime and the man who weakly tolerates it. The active sinner is, if anything, the braver and the nobler of the two. He at least manifests a courage which the other does not. There is nothing that America needs more than the bold and persistent assertion, in every practical way, of its sense of what is fair and honest, and right and proper and courteous, between man and man. If every good man would stand squarely by this, even at the sacrifice of his reputation for good-nature, he would find himself growing better day by day; he would find that the good elements of society were rapidly gaining influence, and that rogues were growing careful and getting scarce.

Corporations like those which manage our railroads will impose upon the public just as long as the popular good-nature will permit them to do so. Their primary object is to make money. They will furnish to the public just such accommodations as the public will be content with, and those accommodations will be insufficient and mean unless the public demand more and better.

There are more evils than we can count that grow directly or indirectly out of our national good-nature. Our hearts need hardening, and our backs need stiffening. We ought to possess more manliness, and we ought to exercise it. To insist upon our rights in a manly and temperate way, is to give a lesson in Christian civilization. It makes us stronger and more self-respectful, and restrains the spirit of lawlessness around us. One prominent reason why crime thrives and the public morals go from bad to worse, is that they meet with no rebuke. The good people bemoan

the facts in a weak way among themselves, but they refuse to meet the evils they bewail, front to front, with open challenge and bold conflict. Crime is a coward in the presence of courageous virtue, and shrinks and crawls whenever it boldly asserts itself. Now, virtue shrinks and crawls, while crime struts the streets and deals out such privileges to retiring decency and cowardly good-nature as it can afford. It even imitates our good-nature, and smiles upon us from the high places of its power and privilege, and laughs over its profits—and its joke.

THE TORTURES OF THE DINNER-TABLE.

In the space of twenty-five years we have heard twenty-five men, more or less, make successful dinner-table speeches. Of these, ten were sensible men who entertained their companions by trying to talk like fools; ten were fools who were equally entertaining in their endeavor to talk like sensible men; and five—the only persons of the number who enjoyed the eminence and the exercise—were drunk, and neither knew nor cared whether they talked sense or nonsense. As a rule, the successful dinner-table orator is a shallow man—one whose thoughts are on the surface, whose vocabulary is small and at quick command, and whose lack of any earnest purpose in life leaves him free to talk upon trifles. We all remember what earnest, strong, logical speeches Abraham Lincoln used to make, when he stood before the people in the advocacy of great principles and a great cause; and we remember, too, with pain, how tame and childish and awkward he was when he appeared before them to acknowledge a compliment, or to say something which should be nothing. Inspired by a great purpose, he could do anything; with nothing to say, he could say nothing. It is thus with the great majority of our best men. There is nothing in which they succeed so poorly as in a dinner-table speech, and there is nothing which they dread so much. The anticipation of it is torture to them; the performance is usually a failure. At last, they learn to shun dinner-tables, and to tell weak lies in apology for their non-attendance.

There is something very absurd in the submission of so many men to this custom of speech-making. There is never a public dinner, or a dinner which may possibly merge into formality of toast and talk, without its overhanging cloud of dread. There is probably not one man present, from him who expects to be called upon for a speech to him who is afraid that the demand will at last reach him, who would not pay a handsome price to be out of the room and its dangers. To multitudes of men, the viands of a feast are gall and bitterness, through this haunting dread of the moment when, with bellies full and brains empty, they shall find themselves on their feet, making a frantic endeavor to say something that shall bring down the fork-handles, and give them leave to subside.

Why a dinner-table should be chosen as an oratorical theater, we cannot imagine. There could not be selected a moment more inauspicious for happy speech than that in which all the nervous energy centers itself upon digestion. A man cannot have even a happy dream under such circumstances. Dancing the sailor's hornpipe with dumb-bells in one's coat pockets is not advisable, and it is possible that it is not advisable under any circumstances. It is very rare that a dinner party prefers to sit and listen to interminable speeches, for it is almost as hard to listen as to talk when the stomach is full of the heavy food of a feast. Nothing but stimulating drink loosens the tongue under such circumstances, or puts a company into that sensitively appreciative mood which responds to buncombe and bathos. The drinking which is resorted to for making these occasions endurable, is often shameful, and always demoralizing. Not a good thing ever comes of it all, nobody enjoys it, speakers and hearers dislike it, and still the custom is continued. It is like the grand dress parties, which nobody likes, yet which all attend and all give, to the infinite boring of themselves and their friends.

The discourtesies often visited upon gentlemen at public dinner-parties, deserve an earnest protest. Men are called to their feet not only against their known wishes, but against pledges, and compelled to speech that is absolute torture to them. The boobies who thus distress modest and sensitive men ought to be kicked out of society. No one has a right to give an innocent man pain by compelling him to make of himself a public spectacle, or summoning him to a task that is unspeakably distasteful to him. No man ought ever to be called upon at such a place, except with his full consent previously obtained, and he who forces a modest man to a task like this in the presence of society, fails in the courtesy of a gentleman. The truth is that no dinner is pleasant unless it be entirely informal. The moment it takes on a formal character its life as a social occasion is departed; and those who foster the custom of speech-making drive from their society multitudes of men who would be glad to meet them—whose presence would give them pleasure and do them good. Let us have done with this foolishness.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS ONCE MORE.

The few words of criticism on "American Sunday-Schools" which were printed in the September *Scribner* seem to have been timely and useful. There is hardly anything which our Sunday-Schools so much need—there is nothing except an increase of devout earnestness and fidelity that they so much need—as wise and honest criticism. Something has been done already to check the flippancy and ostentation which were getting to be too frequent characteristics of the management of them. The songs which are sung in them are, on the whole, more decorous and worshipful, the tunes less jig-gy, and the literature of the libraries has a greater residuum of wheat amid its vast and chaffy emptiness. But there still remains much to be done "to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin" (as some one has felicitously defined the function of criticism), before the excesses, the charlatanry, the

defects and abuses of the Sunday-School work are remedied. How far we are from perfection, in our aims and in our methods, may be seen from the fact that there is even yet dispute, not without acrimony, concerning questions the most fundamental, involving the very existence of the Sunday-School as a permanent institution.

While we repeat, with more confidence than before, the statement made two months ago, and insist upon "Christian nurture as that which is, undeniably, the first object of a Sunday-School," there seems to be occasion for adding a few words which may serve to modify and expand that statement.

There are, perhaps, three distinguishable theories concerning the end to be sought in the operation and management of Sunday-Schools. The first, and worst, and most pernicious is that which makes this end to be the mere *amusement* of the children, or (if amusement be too strong a word to use) their delectation, in a goodish, religious-looking, jovial way. Above all things, the school, according to this theory, must be attractive. What it must attract the children to is with difficulty apparent; but it must attract. The management assures its patrons that it likes to see them happy. It gushes with amiable diffuseness of sentiment, in ditties and ballads which set forth the varying delights of Sunday-Schools; and invites the children to gush also in maudlin ecstasy of admiration, and in vows of undying attachment to the concern. It has its vast array of tickets and of toys, of bribes and of rewards, of banners and of badges. Its feasts and festivals, its exhibitions and its concerts, fostering the small ambitions and the jealousies and vanities of the children, are frequent and famous. The machine-like exactness of its conduct, the flourishing and vulgar ostentation of its management, indicate that it is in the hands of the professional "Sunday-School man,"—a live man, Sir, with snap to him, who does not mean to be behind the times. In a word, the end of the Sunday-School which we are describing is presently seen to be—itself! Not avowedly, of course, but really, its poor, empty, flippant, ostentatious self.

Another theory, every way more worthy of consideration and respect than this which we have noticed, is that which makes the chief end of the Sunday-School to be *instruction*. This view, as we understand it, is maintained with intelligent earnestness and force by the gentleman whose name, in New England at least, stands highest among the names of those who make our Sunday-Schools a matter of especial and even exclusive study. It is affirmed that the pulpit not only does not, but from the nature of the case cannot, instruct the people as they need to be instructed in the knowledge of the Scriptures; that however the voice of the preacher, standing as prophet, speaking in God's name—but speaking with some formal and unbroken current of continuous speech—may arouse, inspire, exhort, impress, it cannot properly, certainly it cannot sufficiently, instruct; that in order to instruction there must be colloquy, question and answer; the truth not only uttered by the teacher, but uttered also by the hearer, and so, by utterance and active process of thinking and speaking, made the hearer's own.

According to this theory, which we have not space to set forth at greater length, it follows, of course, that the Sunday-School is not a place for children only, but for adults as well—that all who are bound to any public religious service whatever are bound to this. Upon this theory it is intelligible why the demand for greater opportunity—more time and better room and costlier apparatus,—a demand which is so clamorous, and sometimes so menacing, is urged upon the churches; requiring that there shall be but one such public service of worship and preaching as our churches are now accustomed to, and that half a day, if not more, shall be given to the Sunday-School. It is easy to understand, also, the symptoms of a willingness to frown upon—and may we say, to bully—those Christian people who prefer, as things now are, to withhold their children from the Sunday-School, and intrust their religious training to the pulpit and the home.

But there are some things which make it impossible to accept this theory just yet, and which show it to be a mere theory, with the double disadvantage that the groundwork of historic fact to which it refers, and on which it would establish itself, is insufficient; and that it is impossible, and seems likely to remain impossible, to put it into practical operation. That there can be teaching without schools; that the pulpit teaches,—not so much as it might, and not so much as it ought, but that it does teach; and that the Christian community of America was tolerably well taught before anything like the present system of Sunday-Schools was in operation,—all this can hardly be denied. Admitting that the learning which is received by listening to continuous discourse, as to a sermon or a lecture, or that which is received through the eye by reading, as from a book or newspaper, is less precise, less certain to endure, less orderly and clear in its arrangement than that which is acquired by colloquy, by methods more Socratic, or by Pestalozzian specimens and blackboards, and object illustrations,—admitting this, it will still be true that the Church has thus far relied for her instruction mainly on the pulpit and the press, and certainly has not relied on these in vain.

Moreover, there is a serious danger, which is not imaginary, but very real and very present, that, by this device of schools with many teachers, the Church will come to know not more, but less. Not the least of the grand memories of the New England fathers is that which tells us how and why, almost before themselves were sheltered from the wilderness, they planned their college for "Christ and his Church," "dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, after our present ministers shall lie in the dust." We should be paying somewhat too dearly for our experiment, if, by means of it, what our fathers "dreaded" and planned against should in any measure come to pass.

It is pretty generally believed that what has given the New England churches their just renown for two hundred years, has been, in a great measure, their educated ministry. It is proposed now that the chief reliance of each church for its instruction shall be, not upon the ministry of one learned man, but upon the ministry of ten, or twenty, or fifty men and women, whose ministry must needs be more or less illiterate. For although it is by no means proposed to exclude the educated minister from the school, yet, if it is to be a school, and the advantage of colloquy and detailed individual interrogation and reply is to be secured, something like the class-system, with its many teachers, seems inevitable. But when it is so difficult to fill the thinning ranks of our learned ministry, and to support them in their labor, even now, will it be at all possible to supply and to sustain ten times the present number, which, according to this theory, is likely to be needed. The average Sunday-School teacher of to-day—we say it with all respect—is not a learned minister. He does not pretend to be. One of his most frequent causes of discouragement is his scholarly unfitness for the work he has in hand. He takes to himself in many an instance (when he understands it) that solemn caution in the Epistle of James: "My brethren, be not many masters (teachers), for in many things we all offend." Skilled instruction, beyond a certain varying point, he cannot be expected to give. And therefore, to make instruction the chief end to be aimed at in the operation and management of the Sunday-School is, certainly for the present, impossible.

Even if it were not impossible, it would not be desirable. For, after all, when the instruction has been given, however skillfully and earnestly, the work is not done. One may have all knowledge and not have charity. One may be made to memorize the Bible, page by page, and to understand the doctrine of it, wisely and well, and yet be most un-Christlike in one's spirit, —dry, dead, and fruitless in one's life.

Therefore we say, with more explicit emphasis than before, that the end to be aimed at in the Sunday-School is *influence*. And upon this theory, the opportunity for usefulness which these schools afford is of very great value. The worship of the children, uttered in simpler forms and easier methods, with a cheerful lightness—not levity—such as befits their age and temper, will be, we may be sure, most welcome to the Lord, who loved to hear them sing "Hosanna" in the temple; and it may become to them, as well, such a religious power as all their maturer years shall feel the impress of. The fellowship of the children, as they sing together, as they pray together, as they read the Bible together, and listen together to the words of teacher and of pastor, will be as great a power upon their lives as is their fellowship in study or in play,—and how great a power that is, many a man, remembering the sins of his youth, can sorrowfully testify. Children need comradeship in things distinctly religious, as much as their seniors do; and it is well if they can find it in the Sunday-School.

But, of course, the strongest and best influence of the school should be that which is exerted on each child by his teacher. It is not necessary that the teacher should be very learned or very skillful, if only the child is sure of having in him a religious friend. How often is it true that a boy, whose tongue will cleave to the roof of his mouth when he tries to talk to his father on some theme of personal religion,—and this not because he loves his father so little, but likely enough because he loves him so much,—will find speech, on such a matter, easy with some one to whom he is bound by friendship rather than by kinship. It is impossible to discuss the reasons of a fact which must have come often under the notice of all careful observers. Many a child makes his first verbal confession of his need of Christ's forgiving and purifying love, to some comrade older than himself, to some friend who has won his confidence and attachment. Now what we are saying is that he ought to be able to find such a friend—in many instances we are glad to know he does find such an one—in his teacher at the Sunday-School. Very likely the teacher has not taught him anything but what he knew before, or might well enough have known before. And as he grows older he will forget even what little of positive instruction he has received; but he will not forget the teacher. And the power of his influence on the child's life will be a lasting power for good. Thus there is added to the influence of home, and to the influence of the church and its ministry, another influence, special, direct, distinct in kind, co-operating with these others in a natural and most important way.

Whatever, now, will tend to make this influence more great and good is welcome in our Sunday-Schools. Let us have the best instruction possible; let us have the wisest methods, and the most attractive that do not in their attractiveness cease to be wise and good; the best books; and the blackboard if we choose, and if we know what to do with it after we have it. But whether we have any of these, or all of them, or none of them, let us have good men and women, honest and earnest in their endeavor to exert upon the little ones committed to their care a wise, efficient, Christian influence,—living before them the lives which will make them better boys and better girls, which will help them to grow up as strong and manly Christian men, as pure and womanly Christian women. Then there will be no need to talk about our Sunday-Schools; their own works shall praise them in the gates!

THE OLD CABINET.

PERHAPS it is right. Or, at least, perhaps it may not be otherwise, while gray hairs are sensitive and old hearts are proud,—while young blood beats loud and pushes hard, and old blood runs slow; while the rising rather than the setting sun is worshiped in high places. And yet to us who are ignorant as to the grave public (or political) exigencies whence arise the individual hardships; who see only the brave hearts bent and crushed; the years of querulous discontent and shame following life-times of heroic devotion and noble service; to us it does seem sadly strange that the best and bravest of our officers, the men who,—relinquishing all possibilities of building up a competence for themselves and their children, submitting to be bereaved of their homes and daring imminent dangers,—give the strength of their youth and the full vigor of their manhood to their country, have nothing to which they can so confidently look forward as an old age of disappointment, neglect, and penury. The land was startled a few weeks ago by the suicide of an eminent officer, who had read the news of his retirement as if it had been the brand of a court-martial. But there is something sadder than this—the hundred broken hearts feebly beating to-day beneath the worn and faded uniforms of a service the proudest upon earth.

THERE is no better fun than that of finding your way to a place when you don't know where it is. If, as in the case of the North Pole, the place or thing sought is itself intangible and airy, the charm of the pursuit is irresistible; among perils imminent and vague,—through terrors of cold, starvation, and loneliness, men push eager faces toward that bodiless and unattainable goal in the death-bound seas. But it was on a Sound steamer, amid the music of Strauss and the songs of "blithe canaries," that we set out on our voyage to Marion. By means of what changes of conveyance, propitiatory purchases of peanuts from uncommunicative refreshment boys, browbeatings by ticket-venders, waitings and adventurous wanderings at way-stations, we came at last thereunto, need not be told. Of this we are quite sure—and the thought has in it we cannot tell what of mystery and romance—we are sure that we could never reach there again without experiencing anew the pleasures of discovery. Yet we know now where and what it is: a straggling village of a thousand inhabitants, at the head of Buzzard's Bay—a boarding-house, a few strangers' cottages, two or three churches, a school-house and town-hall combined, a combination post-office and grocery, a store or two beside, a shoemaker's shop, a liberty-pole, a few snug New England homes, and many huckleberry bushes. Then there are the abandoned salt-works, and there is the Sippican Seminary! Or at least there used to be; now it is the repository of the Natural History Society, where you may find many exquisite varieties of mosses, the jaw-bone of a whale, the *Life, Campaign, and Services of Lieut.-Gen. Grant* (pamphlet edition), Buzzard's Bay shells, store-keeper Hadley's dog Carlo (stuffed), and Nathaniel Ames' *Almanack*, 1744, in the January of which year (O doubly wise Nathaniel!)—

> "If roses should blow
> They'd make a strange show
> As a crown in a poet's pocket."

The public library we must call an institution of the past, for no longer on Saturday afternoons clangs the accustomed bell calling the gentle villagers to the weekly exchange of books. The institution of the present is Pete's confectionery. There, all day long, his poor useless legs curled up under him, sits Pete, behind his row of glass-lidded candy-boxes, dispensing not only divers nondescript sweet lumps and lozenges, but ice-cream, note-paper, knick-knacks, light literature, and—unconsciously—many a blessed lesson of contentment and cheeriness.

And Marion has its millinery,—which must be called an occasional institution, for it moves over from a neighboring town at stated intervals only, and therefore cannot be said to belong exclusively and permanently to Marion. But then the fashions are principally imported by the guests at the Bay View House, where—not without a view to their readier acquisition,—some of the nicest girls of the village "go out to service" during the season. There is no aristocracy—rather, everybody belongs to the aristocracy, for everybody is as good as his or her neighbor, if not a trifle better. The bright girl in blue and white who waits on you at the breakfast-table with such gentle grace and kindly interest, who, a little later, presents herself with broom, bucket, and smiling courtesy at your chamber-door, is certainly a lady, and may be an heiress. Nor would she (the more's the pity!) go one step beyond the Marion town-limits in any menial capacity.

Furthermore, let it be said that Marion has no dram-shop. A drunken man would be as rare a bird in these sedate streets as an emperor or a whale. And as for thieves—folks leave their houses for days without even turning the key in the front door, and come back finding them just as they were left.

As you look over the quiet town, your ears assailed by no busier sound than the thud of the shoemaker's hammer and the lazy drone of a blue-bottle fly, you wonder whether it is perpetual vacation with these good people. Nobody seems to be doing anything; no farms, no factories, no bustle. One old fellow, gone daft with an early disappointment in love, sits out yonder in his boat, waiting patiently for a bite, and he and Beeswax represent the principal industries of Marion. If they neither toil nor steal, what do they live on? Their means, it would appear; and these have generally been made at sea by themselves or their

fathers. That sleepy old chap watching you there over his garden fence has chased many a spouter in the northern seas, and made four times the circuit of the globe. No place this for young blood and muscle,—they must go far from home to make their way and mark,—but a royal good place for old salts who have won fortunes in their wanderings, and are content to settle down to the solid enjoyment of them in a serene old age. A "sailor's snug harbor," indeed.

It was at Pete's ball that we beheld, as in a burst of glory, the youth, beauty, and fashion of Marion. The same was given in the town hall, situate in the second story of the school-house, approached darkling by a steep and uncertain stairway: a large, low-ceiled room, dimly illumined by means of kerosene, and made still more mysterious by relics of a secret lodge—a tattered canopy dangling from the center of the ceiling, and cabalistic symbols plastered upon the grimy walls. On the left, as we entered, sat the seller of tickets,—curious bits of card-board, on which Pete had placed his signature, diagonally, so as to prevent counterfeiting,—Pete's neighbor, the shoemaker, having ingeniously punched them for the same prudential purpose.

The company gossip in groups along the benches ranged around the sides, while perched up on a little platform at the other end of the room sits Pete, with anxious brow and mien portentous. Still they come—young men with freshly dyed moustaches, shiny-greasy hair, light pantaloons, and an embarrassed swagger, as one should say: It's all very fine, no doubt, but I'll show you I'm up to snuff!—now girls who glide in quietly, in couples, leave their hats in the dressing-room, and take seats on the benches.

The hour for the opening is long past. Why begins not the festive dance? The floor-manager moves about uneasily; consults this one and that in solemn murmurs, strains his eyes out into the darkness. A dire whisper reaches us—the music has failed. Here, to be sure, are the bassoon and the cornet in B flat; but what, alas! can these do without the fiddle? and the fiddler lives out at the light-house, and may have upset in making shore. A messenger is sent for Long Bob's instrument, but comes back with the message that it is broken, and there is no other fiddle in Marion. The dancers must needs possess their heels in patience.

At last there is a flutter about the door; the light-house fiddler has come! He hurries to the stand, wipes his brow, draws his bow across the strings; turns a screw—and something goes snap! Another long wait, while the string is adjusted; and finally the good-natured, grumbling crowd about the stand scatters. Pete rises on his knees and clears his throat: "Choose partners; Take places for quadrille." The violin gives a squeal, the cornet a flourish, and the bassoon a growl—then all three start together in a sort of sack-race, now one ahead and then another—the dancers step off—the room is alive with noise and motion—and over all rings Pete's clarion voice—"Right and Left," "Ladies' Chain," "Balance Partners!"—poor Pete, with his limp legs, the center of all this revelry!

It was none of your city dancing—no listless walking through the figures here—no slurring and sliding about. Every dancer took every step, kept time with toes and heels to the music, knew his and her duty well, swung partners with a will. Ah! you should have seen the belle of Mattapoisett, with jimber-jaw and blue dress, whisked through the giddy mazes by the beau of Marion, in broadcloth and cassimere, and shoes turned up at the toes. You should have seen the stately steppings of Miss Jane of our table at the Bay-View House, or of the serene beauty in black silk, white muslin, and eye-glasses. You should have beheld the graceful movements of the Portland Fancy and Money Musk, and the grand array and sweeping flights (as of bomb-shells curving from ship to ship) in Hull's Victory.

O THAT midnight corn-bake on the beach of Buzzard's Bay! The fire glaring between the rocks; the figures, as of bandits and their wives, flitting among the shadows; white arms curved over the flames in blushing service; ears of corn set arow against the blaze;—the hot, sweet-bitter taste of the half-burned grains; the dark smoke floating up against the glittering stars; the chirp of the inland frog; the near swash of the tide among the pebbles; the rote of the distant sea; the rich quartette, with its

> "Row, brothers, row—the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near and the daylight's past—
> The rapids are near and the daylight's past,—"

and, sweeter than all, that girlish voice, making, we thought, a listening hush on sea and shore:—

> "Sleep, baby, sleep!
> The Father watcheth thy sleep,
> The Mother is shaking the Dream-land tree,
> And down falls a little dream on thee.
> Sleep, baby, sleep."

"SHALL not the ladies of the present age have such lovely pictures to gaze upon, that the ladies of the next may be improved by theirs: and even in country towns, that they may shine as the nymphs in days of yore in the valleys—I wish all the ladies in America that have shone might be noticed. They would form, I trust, a beautiful galaxy, which might be viewed by every sensible mind with as much pleasure as we view the milky-way when it shines the brightest. It would dispose the softer sex to labor after every female accomplishment; and incline the males to repair to the springs and the lawns, to seek them in their retreat in the noon-day breezes, that they might be charmed with the melodious sound of their enchanting voices, and with that sterling sense that would flow from their lips when their ideas were formed into words. They would smooth every roughness in the males, and remind them of that sweet harmony which subsists in the angelic spheres, and tune their voices in praise of

their Maker, that he had formed such creatures to dwell upon the globe, to sweeten the drops which distilled from their brows when they were making the necessary preparations for life; yes, they would remind them of their mother Eve in her State of Innocence, and when she shone in the walks of Paradise, before the serpent made his appearance."

Thus quoth the New England chronicler of the eighteenth century, by way of preface to certain words of appreciation and praise anent a superior woman of those days: to wit, the amiable relict of Captain Caleb Page, Dunbarton, State of New Hampshire. Let us read:—

"This lady had weighed about three hundred weight. Her stature was eligible—her visage comely. There was a beautiful symmetry in the features of her face; and her shape was neatly proportioned. Such was the majesty and natural elegance of her appearance, that the eye that saw her gave witness to her. Her eyes beamed such a luster as bespake the greatness of her mind: her outward form was lovely, her inward not less exact. The God of Nature had blessed her with a capacious mind, which she greatly improved by reading (or having read to her by her friends, while she laid her hand to the spindle, and her hand held the distaff) some of the best writers in polemical and practical divinity.

"She was religious without the least tincture of enthusiasm or superstition, and never thought religion consisted in grimace. Her invention was sprightly, her wit ready and of the keenest and most brilliant kind; her temper fine and agreeable; her judgment sound beyond what was common to her sex; she had a mind formed for friendship, and was capable of giving counsel and advice.

"She despised all low cunning. She never said one thing when she meant another, which rendered her a most endearing friend; and would never forsake her friend in the day of adversity; and nothing but the basest ingratitude could wean her affections where she had once placed them, though some beasts in human shape may be so base sometimes as to give occasions for it, especially if they are of the crocodile kind.

"Her liberality if not boundless was most extensive. The poor and needy were her care, and the distressed of every kind. Of this she has left a witness in the breasts of hundreds, if not thousands. She was peculiarly fitted for the social life. When I see some little flirts, how great the contrast! Yet I adore (it is not meant with divine worship) a female mind that is great, though it be contained within a little casket. How uncommon soever the above character may appear in any age, especially in the present one, it is not exaggerated, *verbum sacerdotis*."

The chronicler is right. The world is richer for graces like these, and for the record of them. Well indeed may the males repair to the springs of Saratoga and the lawns of Newport, if by any means such beauty, virtue, and helpfulness may there be found and won in the noon-day breezes. And to this end let all the ladies in America that have shone be noticed. But let it be remembered that this glowing tribute to comeliness and sterling worth, this minute description of charms of mind and person, was not made in the daily paper, while Mistress Sarah Page was a girl in her teens; not, indeed, till she had "departed this life after a short illness of the bilious kind, in the 62d year of her age." If even the marvelous Sarah had been taken from boarding-school to Long Branch, and the chronicler had been, instead of a grave and discreet scholar, a scatter-brain but industrious lady correspondent of a city newspaper; and if all the artless grace and virgin beauty of the child had been paraded before the world by the impertinent pen of the hireling gossip, how long, think you, would the males have been reminded, in their intercourse with the girl, of their mother Eve in her State of Innocence, and when she shone in the walks of Paradise, before the serpent made his appearance?

HOME AND SOCIETY.

"SHE."

It is said that in the rural districts of our beloved land, whenever a woman is heard to use the pronoun "he" without prefix, it may safely be taken to mean her husband; and whenever the pronoun "she," to mean her "Help."

To a degree this holds good of other localities not so strictly rural. With American femaledom in general, wherever housekeepers do congregate and caps and bonnets nod toward each other in eager converse, "she saids," "she dids," "is she's?" "does she's?" rustle each other like leaves in Vallambrosa, pronounced, now sadly, now inquiringly, now in tones of wrath, and again with that little accompanying click which speaks such a volume of sympathy. And no wonder — for upon this all-important "she,"— this pronoun which might be classed as "possessive," so does it hold our thoughts and anxieties,—depend half our usefulness and all the comfort of our daily lives.

It is "she" who peoples hotels, and drives happy families to the shelter of the dingy boarding-house! "She" is a depopulator of neighborhoods. Affix this stigma to any spot,—"you'll never get a girl to stay with you,"—and vain henceforward are the wiles of the house-agent, charm he never so wisely. In the arrangement of a home "she" takes share in the council.

"When would Bridget go to church?"—"Is Ann likely to be satisfied without anybody to drop in of an evening?"—"I don't like to ask Catharine to go so

far away from all her friends." Such are the communings of the would-be householders. And thus, amid the plans and wishes of persons infinitely her superiors in refinement, taste, and breeding, the inevitable "she" plays her part, a weight in the balance, an unknown quantity for whose sake many known advantages are foregone, a mote in that sunbeam which else might freely shine.

No longer do we ask merely, "Has Angelina got a good husband?" No, indeed. The Edwin of to-day is but one feature of the social problem. "And has she got a good cook?" is a question almost as important. Edwin may be an angel—but while the herb and fruit question presses, Angelina cannot but sigh occasionally at the thought of the untrammeled palmer's weed she put off when she consented to share his hermitage. And looking at the ill-supplied scrip and the care-worn Angelina, Edwin may scarcely be blamed if now and then longings for his bachelor cell visit him. It is sorry ending for a poem, but many poems end so, and for the broken rhythm and the jangled measure we must make responsible that worm in our domestic bud—the all impossible "she."

This "little rift within the lute," whom for convenience sake we will call Bridget, has on the other hand a stand-point of her own which it behooves us to consider. True, it is never easy to perceive another's stand-point, but woe to that nation or that individual to whom it is *impossible*.

Let us therefore imagine ourselves for the moment shorn of all bright beams of education, precedent, training, and incorporated with the twenty-year old body and the immature unlettered mind of a Bridget. Senses, selfishness, a tendency to shirk work, a desire to "better ourselves" (natural to all at twenty) contend in us with some shyness, much awkwardness, and a considerable capacity for impulsive affection—principally expended on old things and friends, but in some measure elicited by kindness whenever met with. We are, let it be observed, a newly-landed Bridget. Of the Bridget of ten years later, she of the brazen voice, the artificial flowers, the intelligence-office, there is little to be hoped and less desired. But Bridget indeed is a creature of possibilities; her flowering depends much upon the quality of cultivation in fine, and it is greatly to our advantage that it should be of the best.

How do things go with us after we and our poor little trunk are landed on the star-spangled shore? Well, first we stay with a "friend" for a night or two, and collect many improving facts as to missuses and wages, and then we get a place. As we dive into its basement kitchen, and survey the wondrous apparatus of faucets, ovens, wash-tubs, boilers, no snipe of our native bogs could feel less at home than we. We give furtive stares hither and yon, and gasp inwardly, but far be it from us to confess ignorance of anything that is asked. Our new mistress, longing to get out of the kitchen and be saved trouble, crowds us with rapid orders.

"There will be a pair of ducks for dinner. Do you know how to stuff ducks?"

"Yes m'm."

"Put a great deal of summer-savory in, Mr. Smith is fond of it; and be sure and have the gravy smooth. Potatoes, and tomatoes, and macaroni will be the vegetables. You can cook macaroni?"

"Y—is—plaze m'm."

"Don't forget the cheese for the top. It just spoils macaroni to leave out cheese. And for dessert we'll have some sort of a pudding. What kind can you make?"

"I'd be afther making bread-puddens oncet"—and we grin over the remembered accomplishment.

"Bread-pudding! oh, I don't fancy that. Make a plain rice-pudding—that's easy, I'm sure. And have dinner at five *exactly*, for Mr. Smith is very particular. I think that's all. I shall be out, but Jane will tell you where things are if you don't know."

Whereupon the new Missus sails away, leaving us to blank confusion. We do our best if we are a pretty well-disposed Bridget, but our best is very bad. The summer-savory goes into the pudding and the cheese on the ducks, potatoes are singed, the mysterious tomato drives us wild, the fowls—half raw, half burnt up—are put on the platter in the "now I lay me down to sleep" attitude, and reprobation loud and dire is heard from the upper regions. So it goes on day by day. We blunder, we destroy, we learn a very little and forget a great deal; no one plans clearly, explains fully, or undertakes the educating process in our behalf. Worse—there is an unkind side, which our warm heart feels and resents. "Followers" are forbidden in the kitchen. That seems hard; but, harder yet, our female friends are darkly frowned on when they drop in. "I like a quiet kitchen," the "missus" says,—but above—a great deal of noise goes on in the parlor! There is no provision for our pleasures—no sympathy for our pains; we do not attach ourselves, we strike no roots in the unfriendly soil, and by and by it is easy on some occasion of special discontent to give the usual warning and remove to another place. As time goes on, habits of restlessness and discontent grow chronic; one kitchen after another receives our afflicting ministrations, and we become that public pest, the ill-disposed, shifting, shiftless Irish servant.

Now, suppose instead of this that we are so lucky as to make our *entrée* into American life in the household of a mistress sagacious enough to comprehend us and our ignorance, and unselfish enough to be willing to grapple wisely with both. Perceiving the perplexities of our new surroundings, she gives up some days to careful and patient explanation of the uses and places of things. She does not content herself with general orders, but goes into minute detail, as to a child, illustrating each with practical experiment. She practices us first on simple dishes, being exact as to the manner in which each is to be cooked and served; when we fail she blames gently, and she never forgets

to praise when we succeed. Day by day we feel that we are learning, and that heartens us. There is none of the irritating "let up, let down" system in her house; every rule is strictly enforced, but the rules include provision for our comfort and well-being as well as hers. She explains clearly and kindly why such and such things are prohibited or enforced. We see reason in what she says, and feel that the sway of a friend is over us. By and by sickness comes, or a bad letter from home, and then the mistress proves a real friend. We learn to love her, and our Irish hearts take hold of the new home. Then, and not till then, we become of real use to our employer, and, despite our oft stupidity and occasional tendency to sulk, a comfort and reliance. Other housekeepers marvel and speculate over Mrs. So-and-so's "knack with girls," but we could tell them what it is—simply observance of the old-fashioned golden motto, "Do as you would be done by," or that other, still more golden, "Let every man look not on his own things, but on the things of another."

And this is the moral code for all classes—and all pronouns—not for you and me merely. Not ourselves and yourselves, but likewise for it, for he, and himself, and for herself and—"SHE."

HALLOW-EEN.

HALLOW-EEN, vulgarly known in England as "Nut-crack Night," is the vigil of All Saints' Day, or November 1st, and so falls inevitably on the last evening of October.

Ever since the Holabird girls gave that hallow-een party last year, in Mrs. Whitney's pretty story, certain young friends of ours have been determined to do the same. So, for their benefit and that of other girls who are readers of HOME AND SOCIETY, we append a list of old charms and customs peculiar to this night. We warn them, however, that it is "thought to be a night when devils, witches, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful errands; and particularly those aërial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary." Wherefore, dears, look well to your behavior!

First in order are the dream-producing charms. "She who desires to know to what manner of fortune she will be married, will grate and mix a walnut, a hazel-nut, and a nutmeg. Mix them with butter and sugar into pills, and swallow them before going to bed. If her fortune is to marry a gentleman, her sleep will be full of golden dreams. If a tradesman, odd noises and tumults. If a traveler, then will thunder and lightning disturb her."

Or, there is the lemon-peel charm. Carry two lemon-peels all day in the pocket, and at night rub the four posts of the bed with them. The future spouse appears in sleep and presents the dreaming girl with two lemons. If he does not come, there is "*no hope!*"

Then come the spells for waking hours.

The cabbage-pulling charm:—The maiden walks backward till she gets to the cabbage-bed, and pulls the first she stumbles over. If large, it is a good omen. If much earth clings to it, he will be rich; if it is straight, he will be well-favored; if crooked, he will be ugly or deformed; if the stem tastes sweet, his temper is an easy one; if bitter, it is cross-grained.

The lime-kiln charm:—Steal out all alone to the lime-kiln and throw in a clue of blue yarn. Wind it in a new clue (or ball) off the old one, and toward the latter end *something* will hold the thread. Demand, "Who holds?" and the kiln-pot will reply by naming the Christian and surname of your future husband.

The next is for the use of gentlemen.

The shirt-sleeve charm:—Dip your shirt-sleeve in the water of a spring running south, and go to bed, leaving it hanging before the fire. Some time near midnight the apparition of your future wife will come in and turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side of it.

The glass and candle charm can be practiced by both sexes. Take a candle—go before the looking-glass and eat an apple—*combing your hair all the time.* As you gaze you will perceive the face of your future husband or wife peeping over your shoulder.

Apples play a prominent part on Hallow-een. Apple-parings flung over the shoulder *always* fall into the mystic letter on that night. Apple-seeds may be named and stuck on either cheek, the one which sticks longest indicating the decree of Destiny.

Nuts too. The nuts are named and laid in pairs on the embers of a wood-fire. If one nut snaps and flies away from the other it means separation. If it returns, re-union is indicated. If both burn together, the course of true love will run smooth.

The "Lady-Bird" charm is one of the prettiest, though it could hardly be adapted to an evening party. One of the cunning, winged things is caught and held tenderly, while this rhyme is repeated:—

> "This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
> Whose spotted back might scarlet-red surpass.
> Fly, Lady-bird! North, South, or East, or West—
> Fly where the man is found I love the best."

The insect is then released, and flies at once where it —and Fate—has willed.

Lastly. Three times round the house backward, and you walk into the arms of the man you are to marry. All of us who have read *We Girls* recollect what befell sweet Leslie Goldthwaite when she tried this charm.

And so we end—wishing each maiden who tries the spell this Hallow-een as fair a fate.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE dove with the olive-branch is again hovering over the literary waste of Paris, and the learned world is appearing on the scene of life and action. The publishers' announcements are beginning to assume form and regularity, and we are treated to a very delicate gift from the pen of the son of the whilom famous Madame Desbordes-Valmore. The son has inherited the love of the mother for the heights of Parnassus, and during the clash of arms has been engaged on the translation of the best of the poems of the celebrated Hungarian poet Petöfi. In this work he has been assisted by a Hungarian *littérateur*, Ujfalvy, and the success of the enterprise is largely owing to this fact. The only way to obtain a perfect translation of so lofty a genius as Petöfi is to have the work done by pairs, that there may be one of each nationality. Thus only can the original be comprehended in all its depth, and its counterpart made to convey the peculiar essence of the native poet. Ujfalvy is also said to be engaged on the translation of a Hungarian tragedy, which will be brought out on the Parisian boards the coming winter, if its title, *Danton and Robespierre*, is not a little too revolutionary for Thiers. It is quite a significant circumstance that Hungarian literature should contain anything of sufficient merit to claim a place on the French stage.

THE PARISIANS cannot yet be reconciled to the loss of the composer of "Fra Diavolo" and the "Dumb Girl of Portici." They committed his remains to the Cemetery of Montmartre with great solemnity, and no less than seven addresses were made over the tomb of the pride and glory of France. And still they talk of the witty dinners and cozy suppers of Auber, and the many gatherings of the most sprightly and refined artists of Paris, and affirm that he died during the siege, out of sheer *ennui* at the loss of his accustomed haunts and associates. As the Prussians were approaching Paris, he met one evening a German correspondent and musical critic in the *foyer* of the *Opéra Comique*, and anxiously inquired whether it could be possible that the invaders intended to attack Paris. "Maître," was the reply, "remain quietly in your favorite Paris, and if the Prussians come near you, simply tell them your name; they know you as well as your own countrymen, if not better." The maestro smiled and returned to his now lonely home, for nearly all of his boon companions had fled or were in the service, and it is asserted that he virtually grieved himself to death. He was fond of life, and had always said that he would see his hundredth year. He was ninety years of age, and had already helped to bear to the grave many of his younger colleagues, such as Meyerbeer, Halévy, Rossini, and Berlioz. He was in the habit of consoling himself regarding his few infirmities by saying that 'the only way to become old was to live long.'

THE WHITE BANNER of France has again been brought to the memory of the present race of Frenchmen, by the significant allusion to it in the recent appeal of the Count of Chambord. It is the banner of the Bourbons adorned with the golden lilies. An edict of Louis the Fourteenth made it the banner of the nation, while the company-standard was composed of the three colors of the royal house—red, white, and blue. The first flag of France was blue, and then came the red oriflamme; and when this fell into the hands of the English, white was the color adopted. According to legend, the white flag was first carried at the coronation of Rheims in the hands of the Maid of Orleans. The Tricolor arose in 1789, from the colors of the city of Paris—red and blue; to these Lafayette added the white, because these were the colors of the House of Orleans. This flag led the republic, the empire, the monarchy of July, the second republic, and the second empire, and a return to the white flag would mean the restoration of the Bourbons and a return to the monarchy by divine right; and it was just this feature of the case that made it a very unhappy allusion on the part of the Count of Chambord, and one which has given him a new lease of private life.

THE LITERATURE OF TRAVEL has been in great demand this year, from the fact that the interruption to pleasure travel was so great last season. The watering-places have seldom been more thronged or more gay than during the present season, and in Germany most of the resorts are filled with strange faces. This proceeds from a desire to become better acquainted with the many charming summer retreats of Southern Germany, which new political relations seem to make more congenial and accessible to the Germans of the North. Responsive to this desire, we chronicle the timely appearance of another volume of the famous hand-books of Meyer; it is devoted exclusively to the plains and cities, streams and mountains of South Germany, and bears the name of Berlepsch as author, an authority already most favorably known to travelers in Germany. It is so thorough in all its appointments regarding the needs of the intelligent tourist, with its maps and plans, panoramas and views, that it is a model of its kind, and will exert a wholesome influence in bringing up the standard of travelers' guides to a higher level than the stereotype affairs that have long been the plague and the grief of the critical traveler.

THE SAVANS OF BELGIUM are still in great doubt as to their future development, and hardly know into which side of the balance to cast their influence and attachment. Previous to the war they were wholly French, although in continual antagonism with French interests and influence. During the conflict, both nations complained of her breach of neutrality, although it is clear that her people leaned on the side of the French. Brussels was so filled with French refugees, exiles, and criminals, that the Germans gave it the name of the "Spittoon" of France. But it now seems to be turning towards the German phase of civilization and progress. The Provincial Council of Brabant recently held a session in Brussels, at which

the principal discussion was concerning the necessity of introducing compulsory education. In the course of the debate, Professor Leo declared that the history of the world had taught them that the first rank among nations was no longer to be accorded to levity, ignorance, and immorality. The honor of leadership would belong in future to Germany, for it has earned it by its learning, moral power, and strength. We should never forget, that for a nation moral health is as necessary as physical health, and for these combined the world must look to Germany hereafter. Belgium, according to the orator, has already traveled too far under French guidance, and it is now time to turn to its Germanic mother and receive sounder teachings.

A FAIRY LAND on the roof of a royal palace is the last creation of the young and enterprising King of Bavaria, who, besides being an enthusiastic musician, seems to have a rare taste for the beautiful in Nature. He has recently gratified this desire by the creation of a garden, which is described as a miracle of beauty, on the roof of his palace. In the cold north one wanders among splendid palms; luxurious vines send their tendrils of rich green trailing around the frame-work that supports the immense glass roof and ingeniously conceals it from the eye. Through the rich, green foliage is seen the brilliant surface of a lake, on which float swans and various aquatic birds among the broad-leaved and rankly-growing water-plants. There lies a little boat, into which you may step and rock on the clear, limpid surface of the flood, and see fishes in the depths, and put your hand into it and convince yourself that it is cool, sparkling water, and not a mere illusion. In astonishment you wander farther, and perceive in the distance a broad blue sea, and beyond it mountains whose snowy peaks, of greater heights than the German Alps, rise into the deep blue sky from the base of the waters. All near you is so real that you would not be surprised to see a steamer plowing the waves. This time, however, you are fairly cheated, for the view owes its existence to the ingenuity of the machinist and the magic art of the painter.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS returning to the Fatherland are winning golden opinions on all sides for their excellent behavior. When the war proved so long and bitter, and finally in many instances so cruel, it was feared that the warriors themselves would degenerate, and become coarse and arrogant, so that their habits and manners would illy fit them to again enter and take their old positions in social circles as loving brothers and fathers. These were also our fears regarding our own soldiers; but we know how pleasantly the reality deceived us, and how many returned to assume their places in society, developed and strengthened by their experience. And thus the Germans to their great joy find it. Even the workmen return to their shops and employers better disciplined, and with a keener sense of their responsibilities and the necessity of mutual confidence. Before the war, strikes were the order of the day; now but little is heard of them. The workingmen seem to have sounder views of social questions, and greatly to have extended their field of vision. They appear also to be more contented with their lot, and less inclined to foster strife between capital and labor. The sorrows of war have taught them to appreciate the blessings of peace.

LADIES' HOTELS are the latest demand of the fair sex in Europe. The wish is expressed in the columns of the *New Paths*, the organ of the General Association of German Women, that ladies traveling alone may be able to find ladies' hotels, where they will be free to go without the least danger of being looked at askance. Ladies' coupés are now in vogue on some of the railroads, and are greatly esteemed by quiet ladies whom circumstances force to travel alone, and it would be a great boon if they could find orderly and well-kept hotels for their special accommodation. This is a greater necessity in Europe than here, where ladies seldom step out of the door without attendance. But with the traveling facilities of the period the number of ladies traveling alone is daily increasing, and the reception which they receive in hotels from guests and the *employés* of the establishments is not always very satisfactory or encouraging. For such lady travelers, no matter from what quarter of the world, ladies' hotels would be a blessing, and might be a source of occupation and profit for a goodly number of the women and girls who are eager for opportunities for gaining a livelihood.

WILHELM, the composer of the famous melody of the "Watch on the Rhine," is not likely to live long to enjoy his rare good fortune of having given birth to the successful strains that almost lent wings to the enthusiastic warriors who sang their way into the heart of the enemy's land. He is remaining at a German "cure" with a view to regain his health, though with a very poor prospect of so doing. He kindly receives all who call on him, but his gait is weak and his words are faltering. In speaking of his renowned composition, he frequently sheds tears when told that it aided in effecting German unity. It seems a tragic fate that the days that witness the rising of the German sun should see this thoroughly German man in the fetters of palsy, and at times scarcely able to enjoy the charming scenery of the valley which is now his retreat. He seems at times borne down by melancholy, and even the joyful tidings conveyed in the message of Prince Bismarck, that the government had bestowed on the national composer a pension that would make him comfortable for life, had little effect on him. He left the letter lying beside him twenty-four hours before he showed it to his physician or friends.

A SHOWER of French histories of the war is now overwhelming Paris. Chanzy has given his story of the campaign of the Loire, and Count Latour-Dupin that of the French army in Metz. Bazaine is just out with his defence, as are several other generals. Palikao has announced a report of his twenty-four days' régime in the Ministry of War, and even Benedetti

has come to life again in the threat to publish the history of the later part of his activity as French ambassador at the Court of Berlin, and the true causes that led to the disastrous war. In the flood of treasonable accusations that streams from these pages, we can only advise every Frenchman of the least note to come in out of the rain.

THAT portion of Sir William Thomson's inaugural address before the British Association, in which he suggested that the first germs of life might have been brought to the earth by meteoric stones, which derived them from the globes of which they were fragments, was ingenious, if improbable, and has attracted considerable attention. But this yet leaves unexplained the source of life on those globes, and he would probably refer it to a Divine Cause. Sir William Thomson, himself one of the ablest physicists in Great Britain, quite scouts the idea that it is possible to produce life except from a living germ; but when that germ is given he is willing to accept a process of development. But the Darwinian theory of development, which makes "natural selection" the only origin of species, he utterly repudiates, and quotes Sir John Herschel's remark that it is too much like the Laputan method of making books, and does not take into account a continually guiding and controlling intelligence. He well says: "I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations. Reaction against the frivolities of teleology, such as are to be found, not rarely, in the notes of the learned commentators on Paley's 'Natural Theology,' has, I believe, had a temporary effect in turning attention from the solid and irrefragable argument so well put forward in that excellent old book. But overwhelmingly strong proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie all around us, and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE Fair of the American Institute is hardly up to the mark this year. True, the exhibition has little more than passed the formative stage at this writing; still, it has been running long enough to give a reasonably fair intimation of its scope and character. The spacious Rink is full without crowding, but it contains little that is new or specially interesting, while there is a noticeable lack of many of the later evidences of "Progress at Home," which ought by right to be there. Not that the managers have failed in aught of their duty; they have no doubt made the best disposition possible of the materials provided them. We were only deploring the absence of certain material that we had hoped to find there.

For example, the first thing one sees on the floor of the main hall is a boy cutting glass in the old-fashioned way—with a wheel. It is a good thing to have him there. The operation is new to many, and it attracts attention to the display of crystal in the case close by. Not far off is the ever-present glass-blower twisting his colored rods into impossible birds and such like trumpery for the amusement of the children. But we look in vain for an exhibition of the new mechanical agent, blown sand, so successfully applied to glass-cutting, and really one of the most valuable applications of natural processes to the requirements of art that man has hit upon of late.

It is to be regretted that so many inventors and manufacturers are indifferent to competitions of this sort, not for their own sakes—their indifference is reasonable enough from a business point of view—but for the sake of the masses to whom such exhibitions are a cheap, enjoyable, and effective means of industrial education. The printing-press has well-nigh usurped the office of the public fair. Facilities for making known one's wares, and for bringing their merits directly and cheaply before those most likely to buy, have been so multiplied that it is only in exceptional cases that it pays to make use of public exhibitions. If an inventor has a patent-right to sell, or wishes to dispose of territorial rights, or if he has to compete with many rivals, or has some little thing that everybody needs, then it will be worth his while to present his invention personally to the crowd; but in most cases there are ways of advertising that are much cheaper and more direct. The consequence is the fair is only a partial exposition of the industrial progress of the time, and the part represented is not by any means the most important. We took pains to get a card or an advertising circular from every exhibitor. The greater part of them have reference to old and well-known rival articles — sewing-machines, reapers, mowers, washing-machines, and the like—or trivial objects that are sold on the street, as paper birds, needle-threaders, clothes-line holders, and similar knick-knacks. The proportion of the latter seems to be greater than usual.

HODGE'S "SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY."

THERE are at least two sorts of people to whom the appearance in print of Dr. Hodge's System of Theology will be a matter of uncommon interest. (*Systematic Theology:* By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. Vol. I. C. Scribner & Co.). Those who accept his teachings with the reverence which all Princeton students feel for his high character and great abilities, will be glad to have his works in a convenient and accessible form, and will give them an honored place on the shelves of their libraries and on their study-tables. And, on the other hand, those to whom the Princeton theology is

a name of terror or offense, will be interested to see for themselves, in an authoritative statement, what it is from which they suppose themselves to differ.

Probably both sorts of readers will be conscious of some feeling of disappointment when they come to read for themselves, with studious care, what hitherto they have only heard, or heard of, by the hearing of the ear. The disciples of the Princeton school will recognize more clearly than before, and with something of surprise, how nearly their honored teacher is in accordance with systems of truth popularly considered to be newer and more liberal than his own. And, on the other hand, those who have cried out against this old theology as dry and stereotyped and severe, will notice, with something of admiration, the freshness with which the discussion keeps abreast of modern criticism and controversy, the acuteness with which the argument assails the more subtle forms of modern unbelief, and the liberality with which the intense orthodoxy of this system, cautious and conservative though it is, and narrow though it may seem to some, still makes concessions which strict logic does not require, and which a rigorous dogmatic severity would decline. We trust, for example, that the old slander against orthodoxy, which attributes to it, with varying coarseness of accusation, the damnation of infants, will be completely silenced, now that the oracle of Princeton has spoken with such frankness and Christian tenderness and charity, concerning this matter, in the very first pages of the volume (pp. 26, 27).

Undoubtedly the theology of this volume is of an old-fashioned sort, tenacious not only of the spirit, but of the form of ancient dogma. It is above all things Biblical, scrupulously endeavoring to get from the Bible not only its matter, but even its methods also. It will use the book of Nature also, in its study, but only as subsidiary to the book of Scripture. But it is honest and fearless. Whatever conclusions it finds it does not dodge or twist, whether the natural man will hear or forbear. The revelation contained in the Bible, he declares, is what theology has to deal with. Whatever facts or principles a careful inductive process shall discover in the Bible are to be boldly asserted in the face of whatsoever consequences. No student of physical science, in our day, shows greater recklessness of consequences in the affirmation of his scientific dogma drawn from the facts of Nature, than does this student of theology in the affirmation of his theological dogma founded on the facts and assertions of Scripture. No compromise, and no surrender o truth which he believes the Bible to contain, is for a moment to be thought of.

It is evident, therefore, that as a standard theological work Dr. Hodge's volumes must occupy an important position. If the position shall be thought an extreme one, that fact gives to his work all the more significance and interest. It is certain that he does represent and express—better than they could express it for themselves—the doctrinal opinion of a very large number of ministers and laymen in the Church in which he is an honored teacher. He is, and for years to come will be, an authority, quoted by friends and foes as such. And no theological library will be complete without these representative volumes in it. The first volume only has appeared; the work will run through three volumes only, and there would seem no reason why the second and third should be long delayed.

THE "BIBLE COMMENTARY."

It looks at least as if the coming commentary,—long wished for, but not found,—which should combine in itself the complete results of modern learning, with a spirit of genuine reverence and faith, and which should be, withal, such a miracle of condensation and inexpensiveness that what Mr. Walt Whitman calls "the average man" could afford to own it and could find a place to put it,—had at last arrived. The first volume of what has been for years expected in England as *The Speaker's Commentary*, has made its appearance here under the simpler and better title, *The Bible Commentary* (C. Scribner & Co.). Some impression of the scale on which the work has been planned, and is being executed, may be given by the fact that the entire Pentateuch is contained in a volume of about the size which in Lange, for example, is given to the book of Genesis alone. Making allowance for the difference in type, which in "The Bible Commentary" is admirably large and fair, and for the space occupied by the text, which is most ample, the amount of letter-press in the two volumes is about the same, although the number of pages in Lange is somewhat less. In the quality of paper and press-work the new volume leaves nothing to be desired.

Of course the proof of a commentary is in the using of it. It cannot be tested by the examination of a few hours. But whatever assurance can be given, by the names of men the most eminent in Biblical learning and scientific research, is given here, that the student of the Scriptures, who wishes to turn on any obscure or difficult passage the full light of modern investigation, can do so with the help of these volumes. There is no better scholarship anywhere than the scholarship of the best English scholars. They have German thoroughness without German obscurity. They have German fearlessness without German irreverence.

A spirit tolerant, broad, honest,—an exegesis which interprets (to use the phrase of the Bishop of Ely) "largely and fairly,"—a reverent and devout willingness to receive the teaching of the Bible in its practical bearings upon the life and conduct of men in our own times,—all this is clearly to be recognized, even by the brief examination which only has been possible to us during the few days since the book appeared.

Always in an enterprise so vast as this, where the labor requires much division and subdivision, there is danger that the completed work may lack unity of style or spirit, and may exhibit painful inequalities of merit, and of course it may appear, before this work

is finished, that not all its parts show equal skill and faithfulness. But just as a good Providence watched over the translation of our English Bible, so that, although the translators were many, one style and one spirit governed all its parts and welded them together, so we may hope that in this not dissimilar undertaking a similar success may be achieved.

For this *Commentary* is expressly designed as a popular work. The clergyman, the professional scholar, is not expected to find in it all the apparatus which he requires for critical study. But for English-speaking Protestant Christians, whose privilege and whose duty it is to search the Scriptures for themselves, and who wish to study them with understanding heart, the Commentary will prove, as it was intended, a most useful and a most welcome help. It is only in the expectation of a large and popular sale that the publishers are justified in putting forth the work in a style so costly at a price so reasonable. But probably many professional students will also find in these volumes a welcome and substantial addition to their critical and exegetical apparatus. Especially the distinct essays upon separate themes, too important to be treated fitly in the explanatory comment on the same page with the text, cannot be overlooked by any scholar who would keep abreast of the most advanced Biblical criticism. The note, for example, on the "Route of the Israelites from Rameses to Sinai," gives, with great distinctness and compactness, the results of the latest explorations of that most interesting region, and is so illustrated with maps and engravings, that for freshness and vividness it reads almost like a story of to-day.

It is understood that the other volumes of this great work are well advanced towards completion, and will appear at no distant day. It is supposed that eight volumes will complete the work. Of course, as the work makes progress, we may discover some points at which we should differ from its conclusions,—some details to which we might take exception. But already it is pretty safe to say that whoever owns these eight volumes will have, all things considered, the most satisfactory commentary on the whole Bible which is thus far accessible to the English student.

"ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE."

THE briefest announcement of a class-book of the elements of mental science by the President of Yale is enough to arrest the attention of every laborer in that department of instruction. *The Human Intellect* settled President Porter's rank as one of the foremost students of the mysteries of metaphysics. The severest opponents of his views freely accorded that embodiment of his life of hard labor and close thought a place in the front rank of treatises on Mind; and it stands a solid bulwark to the Christian conception of the soul, and an acknowledged barrier to the soulless philosophy that had well-nigh become a characteristic of modern thought.

The great size of that work, however, due as much to the thoroughness of its critical discussions as to the comprehensiveness of its scope, made it much more fit to serve its secondary purpose as a manual for advanced students of psychology and speculative science, than its primary object as a text-book for schools and colleges. Beginners might well be dismayed by the sheer bulk, let alone the toughness of the new world of thought set before them to conquer. To remove this difficulty, the author has prepared an abridgment of his great work. *The Elements of Intellectual Science*, he calls it—retaining all the leading positions with many of the illustrations, and so much of the historical matter as seemed appropriate to a strictly elementary manual. The language has been condensed occasionally, and the order and method of the argument changed to adapt the work for its intended use. Topics not suited to an elementary work have been omitted, while the controversial and critical observations have been dropped or greatly abridged; but the discussion of the important speculative questions that occupy the concluding chapters of the original work are retained in all their thoroughness. For the convenience of teachers and students who may wish to consult the larger work while using this, the leading divisions and titles in both volumes are the same. (Charles Scribner & Co., publishers.)

BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY.*

THE benediction of the first Psalm appears to have fallen upon Mr. Bryant. No countryman of his, whatever might be his literary school, or his political party, or his religious sect, would deny to the venerable translator of Homer the possession in a good degree of the severe and the benign virtues attributed to the ideal man described in the Psalm. And certainly the blessing pronounced on such a man is Mr. Bryant's in a pre-eminent degree. He is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also doth not wither, and whatsoever he doeth doth prosper.

It is no commonplace felicity merely to choose wisely what one will do. English readers of Homer will never doubt that Mr. Bryant has chosen wisely to use these latter years in translating the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It is, perhaps, almost an equal felicity to abide contentedly in a happy choice once made. This, also, the present volume is fresh proof that Mr. Bryant is harmoniously constituted to do. His fruit drops from him as if it were simply after its kind, and could not be other than it is.

Mr. Bryant's preface is a charming bit of prose writing, full of ripe and easy literary art, and of a noble and gracious personal character. Classic is a word that seems to befit Mr. Bryant in every regard, and classic certainly is everything that comes to the public from his pen. His place is well assured among the fixed stars of the American literary firmament, whatever other lights there may be burning brightly for a moment, destined to be unsphered and to fall by and by. A touch of manly pathos makes his allusion to himself and to his advancing age tender and sweet to us

* James R. Osgood & Co., publishers.

all, with a communicated sense of our imminent loss. But such a living example as his is so inestimably precious and so rare, that we gladly hope to hold him back yet a decade or more from his hastening return to the skies.

Mr. Bryant manifestly finds the *Odyssey*, with its pacific details of travel and romantic adventure, more congenial to his humane genius than the truculent and bloody episodes of fight which make up so much of the story of the *Iliad*. His mellifluous verse flows on in the *Odyssey* like a long bright river drawing slowly its waters from the purple hills—so sweetly, evenly, musically, and liquidly does it move, as if from a fountain that could never fail. His faculty of verse, in truth, is so consummate that, but for a certain indefinable but unmistakable quality of genius in it, one might be tempted to find it mechanical.

It is hard to refrain, as our space importunately admonishes us that we must, from specimen citation, and from comment. It must suffice to pronounce this portion of Mr. Bryant's work almost ideally felicitous alike in its achievement and in the good augury of its achievement. We are now precisely as secure of a complete and satisfactory *Odyssey* in English, as we can be of Mr. Bryant's life and health for just a few more fruitful months to come.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

CENTURIES of critics have not defined what poetry is. In every century critics have quarreled, loudly asserting what it is not. Meantime, men sing who choose; and men listen who choose; and the singers and the listeners are better off than the critics.

Joaquin Miller is a singer. "Poetry is with me a passion which defies reason," he says in the preface to the London edition of his poems; a preface of which W. M. Rossetti says, "it would command sympathetic respect, even if his verses did not." We think his American publishers have made a mistake in not reprinting this preface. Some sentences in it are keys, such as many of Mr. Miller's American readers appear to need.

In this remarkable little volume (*Songs of the Sierras*, Roberts Bros., Boston) there are only seven poems, six of them narratives, but narratives so full of scenic effects, so overlaid by vivid description, that it is only after repeated readings of them that the stories stand out in connection and relief: in fact, in no one of them does the narrative or its telling seem to be the leading or conscious motive of the writer. They are the impulsive reproduction of a series of pictures; vivid, sharply defined, swift, as if stamped by the sun. In every one of them, especially in "Arizonian," and "With Walker in Nicaragua," this panoramic succession is so remarkable, that one feels on laying down the book as if the eye had been looking at pictures painted in colors, rather than in words. This quality, this result, which it is easier to feel than to define or to describe, seems to us the most remarkable point in Mr. Miller's writing. It is also a quality which by its very nature defies analysis, and is independent to a certain extent of law, appealing as it does to an instinctive first-sight sort of recognition, rather than to close observation and study. Close observation and study may even discover that the effects cannot be explained by admitted laws, cannot be reconciled with them; but the effects remain; just as the wonderful Japanese in their interpretative art make triumphant color override distance, shape, perspective, and compel us by a higher law of delight, which measures and weights have little to do with.

"With Walker in Nicaragua" seems to us the best of the poems. In vividness of portraiture, and intensity and genuineness of feeling, few poems have equaled it. That history has stamped Walker as an unprincipled fillibuster, and that we have never thought of him except as a vulgar villain, ought not to affect our judgment of this poem. To the yellow-haired boy who rode by his side Walker was a hero, and it is the passionate boy's tribute to his hero dead, to his friend lost, which we are to read in this poem. We give the account of Walker's death, and of the visit to his grave:—

"To die with hand and brow unbound
He gave his gems and jeweled sword;
Thus at the last the warrior found
Some freedom for his steel's reward.
He walked out from the prison-wall
Dressed like a prince for a parade,
And made no note of man or maid,
But gazed out calmly over all;
Then looked afar, half paused, and then
Above the mottled sea of men
He kissed his thin hand to the sun;
Then smiled so proudly none had known
But he was stepping to a throne,
Yet took no note of any one.
A nude brown beggar Peon child,
Encouraged as the captive smiled,
Looked up, half scared, half pitying;
He stooped, he caught it from the sands,
Put bright coins in its two brown hands,
Then strode on like another king.

"Two deep, a musket's length, they stood,
Afront, in sandals, nude, and dun,
As death and darkness wove in one,
Their thick lips thirsting for his blood.
He took their black hands one by one,
And, smiling with a patient grace,
Forgave them all and took his place.

"He bared his broad brow to the sun,
Gave one long last look to the sky,
The white-wing'd clouds that hurried by
The olive hills in orange hue;
A last list to the cockatoo
That hung by beak from cocoa-bough
Hard by, and hung and sung as though
He never was to sing again,
Hung all red-crown'd and robed in green,
With belts of gold and blue between.—

"A bow, a touch of heart, a pall
Of purple smoke, a crash, a thud,
A warrior's raiment rent, and blood,
A face in dust, and—that was all.

"Success had made him more than king;
Defeat made him the vilest thing

In name, contempt or hate can bring:
So much the leaded dice of war
Do make or mar of character.

"Speak ill who will of him, he died
In all disgrace; say of the dead
His heart was black, his hands were red—
Say this much, and be satisfied;
Gloat over it all undenied.
I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than any one
That I have known beneath the sun.

"Sinner, saint, or Pharisee,
As boy or man, for any cause;
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame:
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
To him, and so shall to the end.

"I lay this crude wreath on his dust,
Inwove with sad sweet memories
Recalled here by these colder seas.
I leave the wild bird with his trust,
To sing and say him nothing wrong;
I wake no rivalry of song.

"He lies low in the level'd sand,
Unsheltered by the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew, not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.
Perhaps 't was this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

"A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low sad song of tempered grief.

"No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen;
It stood in hot red sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crown'd its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as roses' tears.
In my left hand I held a shell
All rosy-lipped and pearly-red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
O, shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee.

"I said some things, with folded hands,
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,
And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees sunken in the sands.
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more:
I turned me down the olive shore
And set a sad face to the sea."

We have preferred to give this one long extract, showing the power of Mr. Miller's simplest and best style, rather than to present a selection of shorter ones, which would perhaps have given wider evidence of his variety of expression and brilliancy of coloring.

We wish we had room for both—for more lines such as these:—

"Birds hung and swung, green-rob'd and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed from tree to tree."

Or,

"Oh, passion-tossed and bleeding past,
Part now, part well, part wide apart,
As ever ships on ocean slid
Down, down the sea, hull, sail, and mast."

Or,

"The hills were brown, the heavens were blue,
A woodpecker pounded a pine-top shell,
While a partridge whistled the whole day through
For a rabbit to dance in the chapparal,
And a gray grouse drummed 'All's well! All's well.'"

Of these last lines it is not too high praise—high praise as it is—to say that Thoreau is the only other American besides Miller who could, or who *would* have written them.

To offset against lines of such freshness and simplicity as these, such intensity and genuineness of feeling as the description of Walker's death, such vividness of local coloring and treatment as are to be found on every page of Mr. Miller's volume—to offset against these the irregularities, the immaturities, the mistakes of an unpracticed hand, an uncultured ear, and an almost wholly uneducated mind, seems as ill-natured as shallow. When a man still young, who has lived all his life on the frontier with Indians, and who has read few books beside Byron's works and the Bible, gives us seven such poems as these *Songs of the Sierras*, we owe him praise rather than censure, acceptance rather than distrust. Most of all, we owe him the fairness of not demanding from him that which it was impossible he should have, *i. e.*, culture, finish, conformity to standards. Many will go farther than this, and say that we may congratulate ourselves on having a poet whose style has been stamped by the faults of only *one* other poet gone before; that we have had enough of men who were ninety-nine parts other men and only one part themselves; that the Addition Table of aggregate result in poetry is about long enough already, and that there is refreshment and a long new breath in the sight of a unit once more!

Our own point of misgiving in regard to Mr. Miller's ultimate and permanent place as a poet is one which seems to us far more radical than any question of culture or finish, of ignorance or defiance of standards. It is a misgiving as to his true recognition of and true sensitiveness to humanity. Warm and vivid as are his mention and suggestion of human relation, it seems thus far mainly the warmth of a passionate sensuousness of nature. Love is hot, and life is intense, but loving is not helping, and living is never the giving up of life, in Mr. Miller's pictures.

The hero of the Arizonian lets his mistress run out, frantic with jealousy, into a fatal tempest. He swings in his hammock all night, does not go to look her up till morning, and then, as might be expected, finds her dead.

Another hero sleeps tranquilly through his first night on board the ship which bears him away from his mistress. She, pursuing, drowns, unobserved by anybody but the mate at the wheel.

A third lover, well mounted, rides alive, though singed, out of fires which devour his bride just behind him; and a fourth does not succeed in preventing his mistress from killing herself with a knife before his very eyes.

Now it is no doubt true in all these cases that it is simply a dramatic narrative which Mr. Miller is giving; and nothing would be more unfair than to infer that either of these four gentlemen was intended as his ideal of a lover. But the uniformity of their conduct is unpleasing, and all through the poems we are conscious of an under-current of dominant materialism, or rather animalism, which jars and chills. This may be simply the misfortune of the type of story, the accidental preponderance of the barbaric and the brutal. When we recall the tenderness shown in the description of Walker's grave, and in the mention of

> "A round, brown, patient hand,
> That small, brown, faithful hand of hers
> That never rests till my return,"

and in the dedication to Maud, we feel almost guilty in our misgiving. But the misgiving is *there;* and it will not disappear until Mr. Miller has given us other gospels of living love and loving life than these.

And the English poets who have stretched out such friendly hands of greeting to him are not the men from whom he will learn—if he needs to learn—this love. They too, great and true poets as they are, are the poets of the body, who turn soul to sense, instead of turning sense to soul; bring heaven to earth, instead of lifting earth to heaven; and not all possible fire and color in the most gifted child of nature, not all possible grace and finish in the most gifted genius of culture, shall endure if it have not love!

We wait with the warmest interest to see if the development of Mr. Miller's genius will prove that he has as much heart as he has fire, and as much patience as he has courage. This strange, sudden flood-wave of admiration upon which he is just now tossed would swamp and drown a feeble or an insincere man. We hope—we believe—that he will ride it triumphantly; will outride it as strong ships outride storms, and prove their real strength, later, in long, rich-freighted voyages in quiet seas.

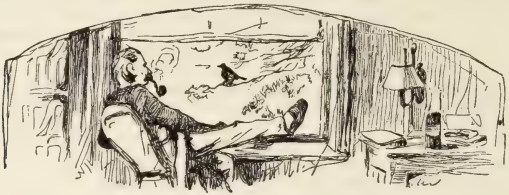
TUCKERMAN'S LIFE OF KENNEDY.

THE *Life of John Pendleton Kennedy*, by H. T. Tuckerman, is an admirable book as a memorial of a highly-gifted and most useful man, who, as author, statesman, and private citizen, was equally entitled to our respect. The name of the biographer is a sufficient guarantee in advance that his task has been faithfully and judiciously performed; but, truth to say, it seems to have been singularly easy of performance. The materials were not only abundant, but in exact shape for use, for a *lucidus ordo* beyond all else marks everything that Mr. Kennedy left behind him. This trait was apparent in his able administration of the Navy Department, where he sketched beforehand, to the minutest details, the Japan Expedition of Commodore Perry, which opened to the world the commerce of that long-isolated empire, and directed the Arctic Expedition of Dr. Kane, which gained that lamented voyager a lasting renown. In this volume Mr. Kennedy appears specially attractive in private, where, as the man of culture, he gave tone to society, and set an example to his contemporaries in a lovely life of leisure devoted to letters and the amenities of the domestic circle. An ardent and successful politician, Mr. Kennedy accepted official station for the good he might do, and would have scorned to make it subservient to sordid ends. His letters, given by Mr. Tuckerman in illustration of his character and pursuits, are charming; and we lay down the volume with a regret that so genial a writer should not have devoted himself wholly to literature. It is published by Messrs. George P. Putnam & Sons.

HONORARY DEGREES.

THE prelates of the Church of England, some two or three years ago, summoned all the bishops of the American Episcopal Church, and of the Anglican Churches of the British Colonies, to meet them in consultation on spiritual affairs. We do not remember any special result of that Lambeth Conference, except that our American Bishops all came home blushingly wearing the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred upon them in a lump by the University of Oxford. A somewhat similar feat has just been accomplished by the University of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association in that classic city. Compelled, from the number of the members present—thirteen hundred in all—besides distinguished visitors from other countries, to decorate less indiscriminately than its sister university could do, it selected a batch of thirteen representative men in all the different "sections" into which the Association is divided, and gave them the coveted degree of LL.D. These precedents we would recommend to American universities. Why should they be satisfied with bestowing, like Princeton, only four doctorates of divinity and as many of law once a year? Let them improve their opportunities, and whenever an ecclesiastical conference, or a scientific association, or a political convention meets in their vicinity, let them swoop down on the assembly and carry off a dozen or two to grace the pages in the triennials which record their *laureati*.

A BIRD IN THE BUSH.



Robin, under my window, just as the morning is breaking,
Singing an autumn song ere you flit to the summer land,
Clear-voiced, sweet-throated songster, me from my slumber awaking,
You, at least, are a bird in the bush worth two in the hand.

Listening thus to your carol could almost set me a-singing.
Ah! if my heart were so light, and my life so free of care!
Could I but join thee in roving, southward our swift flight winging,
To lands where blossoms the orange, and jasmine scents the air!

I can but envy thy freedom, truly as I am a sinner.
You neither sow nor reap, and yet by the Father are fed.
But I—I must toil late and early, if I would be sure of my dinner;
Am I, then, better than you because I must work for my bread?



Your songs are never rejected, you chaffer not over their payment,
Hopping about as you please, through the long, bright, summer day.
You take no thought for the morrow, no care for shelter and raiment,
For ere the chill winds of the winter you hasten unburdened away.

With no relentless conductor, who pants for your life or your ticket,
No implacable landlord to put in his dreadful bill,
You'll travel by private conveyance, will stop in some first-class thicket,
And, dropping down in some corn-field, breakfast and dine at your will.

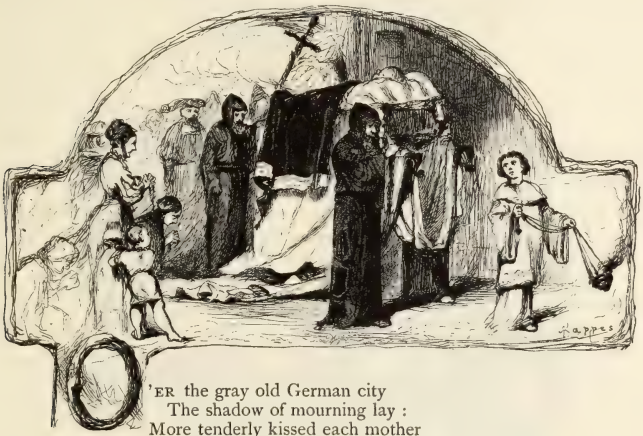
Well, then, go if you must, for the leaves of the maple are burning,
Seek for pleasure and health, but do not tarry too long;
With the first buds of the spring-time, back to my window returning,
Waken me early some morning from dreaming, again with your song.



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1871. NO. 2.

THE COUNT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER: A LEGEND OF NUREMBERG.



'ER the gray old German city
The shadow of mourning lay:
More tenderly kissed each mother
Her little child that day.

With a deeper prayer each father
Laid his hand on his first-born's head,
For in the castle above them
Lay the Count's little daughter, dead.



Slow moved the great procession
Down from the castle gate,
To where the black-draped cathedral
Blazed in funereal state.

And they laid the little child down,
In her robes of satin and gold,
To sleep with her dead forefathers
In their stone crypt, dark and cold.

At midnight the Countess lay weeping
'Neath her gorgeous canopy,
She heard as it were a rustling,
And little feet come nigh.



She started up in the darkness,
And with yearning gesture wild,
She cried, "Has the Father heard me?
Art thou come back, my child?"

Then a child's voice, soft and pleading,
Said, "I've come, O mother dear,
To ask if you will not lay me
Where the little birds I can hear;—

"The little birds in their singing,
And the children in their play,
Where the sun shines bright on the flowers
All the long summer day.

"In the stone crypt I lie weeping,
For I cannot choose but fear,
Such wailings dire and ceaseless
From the dead Counts' coffins I hear.

"And I'm all alone, dear mother,
No other child is there;
Oh, lay me to sleep in the sunshine,
Where all is bright and fair.

"I cannot stay, dear mother,
I must back to the moans and gloom;
I must lie there, fearing and weeping,
Till you take me from my tomb."

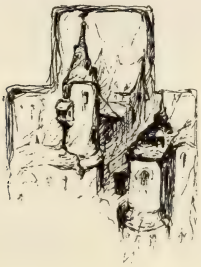


Then the Countess roused her husband,
Saying, "Give to me, I pray,
That spot of green by the deep fosse,
Where the children love to play.

"For our little one lies weeping,
And asks, for Christ's dear sake,
That 'mid song and sunlight and flowers,
Near children her grave we make."

And the green spot was made a garden,
Blessed by priests with book and prayer,
And they laid the Count's little daughter
'Mid flowers and sunlight there.

And to the children forever
The Count and Countess gave
As a play-ground, that smiling garden
By their little daughter's grave.



SIGHTS IN AND AROUND YEDO.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

EIGHTEEN years have not yet elapsed since Commodore Perry signed the treaty of Yokohama; and from that slight concession, so laboriously obtained, so reluctantly given, there has already grown a complete and permanent revolution, not only in the relations of Japan to the world, but also in the organization of the Empire itself. In place of two harbors of refuge, with a consul in each, there is a large foreign settlement in the vicinity of the capital; foreign ministers dwell almost under the shadow of the imperial castle; foreign officers and men of science are employed by the government to develop the neglected resources of the country; hundreds of Japanese youth seek a better education

in the schools of America and Europe; and finally, the line of tycoons, or civil sovereigns, who have reigned for two and a half centuries, has been overthrown, and the sacred Mikado, or pontiff, formerly invisible even to his own people, sanctions the intercourse of Japan with other nations, and admits an American statesman to a personal interview.

So many momentous chapters of history have been written by wars and treaties since 1854, that we are hardly aware how surely the sealed, mysterious empire of Eastern Asia is opening to all the various influences of civilization, or how steadily the process is followed, step by step, by internal changes. The period of serious resistance, during which a return to the ancient exclusive policy was advocated by the *daimios*, or feudal princes, and which was most menacing to the foreign residents in Japan, from 1862 to 1868, seems now to have entirely passed. There is really little else which needs to be achieved by diplomatic negotiations, for the rapid development of the Japanese people through their contact with civilized races, will remove the last lingering obstacles to a complete and unrestricted intercourse.

The works of the old travelers, upon which, only twenty years ago, we were obliged to depend for our chief knowledge of Japan and the Japanese, are therefore already obsolete. The narratives of Montanus, Kämpfer, Thunberg, Titsingh, and more recently of Von Siebold, contain much that is valuable, and also much that is true at the present day; but these authors seem to look upon the people over the shoulders of spies and guards. A sense of restraint and mystery hangs over their pages, and they give us pictures of a race fashioned into strange forms by some rigid mechanism of government. Now-a-days the newspaper correspondent who goes around the world in four months, touching for a few days at Yokohama, stamps at least the impression of life and common human nature on his rapid records. The mystery has blown away like a cloud, and the race, in its intelligence, its refinement, its capacity for development, is seen to be much nearer to us than the old chroniclers imagined.

There have been a few recent English contributions to our knowledge of the Japanese. Very interesting works, of a special scientific character, have been written by Fortune and Adams, and Prof. Pumpelly has added enough to make us desire much more from his pen; but the only careful and complete work, which has wholly superseded all ancient relations, is that of M. Aimé Humbert, who was sent as Minister to Yedo by the Republic of Switzerland. His two splendid folio volumes (published by Hachette, Paris,) contain, besides comprehensive sketches of Japanese history, religion, and political institutions, a gallery of minutely-drawn pictures of the life, habits, character, festivals, and amusements of the people; of the streets, temples, and gardens of Yedo, and the scenery of the adjacent country. Here, for the first time, we are freely introduced to the Japanese, and learn to know



COUNTRYMAN IN WINTER COSTUME.



JAPANESE MOUNTAINEER CROSSING A GORGE.

them without the hindrances of fear or mystery. When the difficulties of the language shall have been overcome by foreign residents, of equal powers of observation and descriptive talent, we shall have revelations of a more intimate character; but we shall hardly gain more vivid and picturesque sketches of external life than are given in these pages.

M. Humbert reached the capital from Nagasaki, by way of the Suonada, or inland sea, a route now frequently taken by the steamers between Japan and China. After a sojourn at Yokohama, he went to Yedo, and took up his residence in the old temple of Tjoodji, which had been appropriated to the diplomatic representative of Holland, by the Japanese Government. While carrying on the negotiations for a treaty, the conclusion of which was greatly delayed by internal political troubles, he employed his time to good purpose in making himself acquainted with the great city and its suburbs, with the different classes of native society, the character and habits of the people, and with every feature of their national life which was then accessible to a foreigner.

The genuine reporter makes use of whatever material comes in his way, and finds opportunities everywhere. M. Humbert, on being installed in the Dutch Consulate, on his arrival at Yokohama, was furnished with a native servant,—a Japanese boy by the name of Tô. He was a fellow of quick intelligence, but with an air of gravity and prudence much beyond his years. "It was from Tô," says the Minister, "that I took my first Japanese lesson. He gave me the key to conversation in three words; and the philosophical character of the method he employed will at once be appreciated. The operations of the mind resolve themselves into three forms—doubt, negation, and affirmation. As soon as one knows how to express these three operations, the rest is only a matter of the vocabulary, a charging of the memory with a certain number of the usual words. Thus, we will commence with doubt, and say in Japanese: *arimaska?* which signifies 'Is there?' Then we pass to negation, *arimasi*, 'there is not,' and finish with *arimas*, 'there is.' After that, the vocabulary will furnish us with the words we most need, as *Nipon*, Japan, Japanese; *chi*, fire; *cha*, tea; *ma*, a horse; *mizu*, water, etc. Add a little mimicry, and we shall be able to comprehend many things without the aid of an interpreter. Thus, coming home after a long ride, I order Tô to bring me tea: *cha arimaska?* He answers *arimas*, and soon the refreshing beverage is on my table."

M. Humbert unites with many American residents of Yokohama in testifying to the kind and friendly character of the common



ENTRANCE TO A JAPANESE TAVERN.

people of Japan. The fishing population of the port invariably accosted him with a pleasant greeting; the children brought him shells, and the women were always ready to show, and explain as best they could, the edible qualities of the various marine monsters which they collected in their baskets. In walking about the country, he was often invited by the peasants to enter their dwellings, and was never allowed to leave without being offered a rice-cake and a cup of tea. They took pleasure in showing their garden-flowers, often plucking a few choice specimens for a bouquet, for which they always refused to accept any money.

Among the country population, settled in the fertile valleys which border on the bay of Yedo, one often meets with men of a more vigorous race, whose appearance, although friendly, seems to denote a certain independence of character or of habits. They are the mountain Japanese,—the inhabitants of the Hakoni range, which runs southward, at right angles to the shore of the bay, or of the sides of the great isolated volcanic peak of Fusi-yama. They come down to the plains, attracted by a variety of interests. Some arrange for the sale and delivery of lumber for ship-building; others for their stores of char

coal; others are concerned in transporting goods on pack-horses to the remoter regions; others again are employed as canal-boatmen, or enlist in a company of hunters. These men are also selected for the new regiments of national infantry, which are armed with European weapons.

Those parts of the mountain regions not traversed by the Tokaido—the great national highway between Yedo and Osacca—have not yet been visited by foreign travelers.



INHABITANT OF YEDO; WINTER COSTUME.

The Japanese of the plains relate wonderful stories of the industry and skill of the mountaineers; of their bridges, aqueducts, and roads; of the daring with which they scale almost inaccessible heights, and transport themselves in swinging baskets over the most frightful depths.

The broad highway of the Tokaido passes near Yokohama, and strikes the coast at Kanagawa, on the opposite side of the harbor. When the traveler takes the land route to Yedo, he is obliged to accept the escort of a troop of mounted *yakounins*, or official guards. M. Humbert, on setting out for the capital, ordered the latter to await him at the river Lokgo, which is the official limit fixed for the excursions of the foreign residents of Yedo in that direction. "We crossed to Kanagawa," he says, "where our horses awaited us, and enjoyed one more hour of liberty in following at our ease the Tokaido. The highway was filled with two interminable files of travelers on foot, on horseback, in palanquins, and cangoes; those going to the capital taking, like us, the right side of the road, and those returning from it taking the left.

"A halt was made at the tea-house of Maneïa, which was all open, both the main building and the wings, to a crowd of comers and goers. The matting was entirely hidden by the groups of picturesque feasters; the rear wall was taken up with furnaces, steaming boilers, shelves of utensils and provisions; rapid waiters circulated on all sides, distributing with grace the lackered plates laden with tea, cups of saki, fried fish, cakes, and the fruits of the season. Before the door, seated on the broad, short benches of the inn, mechanics and coolies fanned themselves for refreshment, and women lighted their pipes at the common brazier. All at once a movement of horror takes place among the guests and the waiters; a detachment of police officers, escorting a criminal, make a halt for refreshment. With all haste the two-sworded gentlemen are supplied with boiling tea or tepid saki, while the coolies, who carry the prisoner in a basket of woven bamboo without any apparent opening, deposit their burden on the ground, and with long pieces of crape begin to dry the sweat which trickles down their shoulder-blades. As to the prisoner, who may be espied doubled up within, with haggard eye and unkempt beard and hair, he will be shut up and tortured in the prisons of Yedo, to answer for the crimes of which he is accused in a placard suspended from the basket."

It is a ride of twelve miles to the river



LITTLE MOUNTEBANKS IN THE STREETS OF YEDO.

Lokgo, which must be crossed in flat-boats. On the opposite bank, the official escort awaits the visitor who approaches Yedo in a diplomatic character. The march is continued through villages included in the suburbs of the great capital, the tea-houses of which are crowded with gay companies of citizens and their families. A little further, and the limits of the municipality are reached. The highway now skirts the shore of the bay, resting on strong foundations of sunken stones, while, on the left, groves of pine and cypress surround, but do not entirely conceal, the place for executing criminals.

After passing this gloomy spot, the stranger enters that suburb of Yedo which has the worst reputation,—Sinagawa, which commences two miles to the southward of the city proper. The Japanese government has

adopted the strict rule that foreigners who come to Yedo, or who reside in that city, shall not pass through Sinagawa except by daylight and accompanied by a strong escort. This is not because the permanent population of the suburb is at all dangerous; for it is chiefly composed of boatmen, fishers, and laborers. But these latter inhabit the cabins along the strand, while both sides of the Tokaido are bordered by the very worst kind of taverns and tea-houses. There the same scum of society may be found as in the great cities of Europe and America, and besides, a very dangerous class of vagabonds, peculiar to Japan. These are the *lonins*, unemployed officers, belonging to the caste of the Samouraïs, who have therefore the privilege of carrying two sabres. They resemble the class of hired bravos which belonged to Venice during the reign of the Doges.

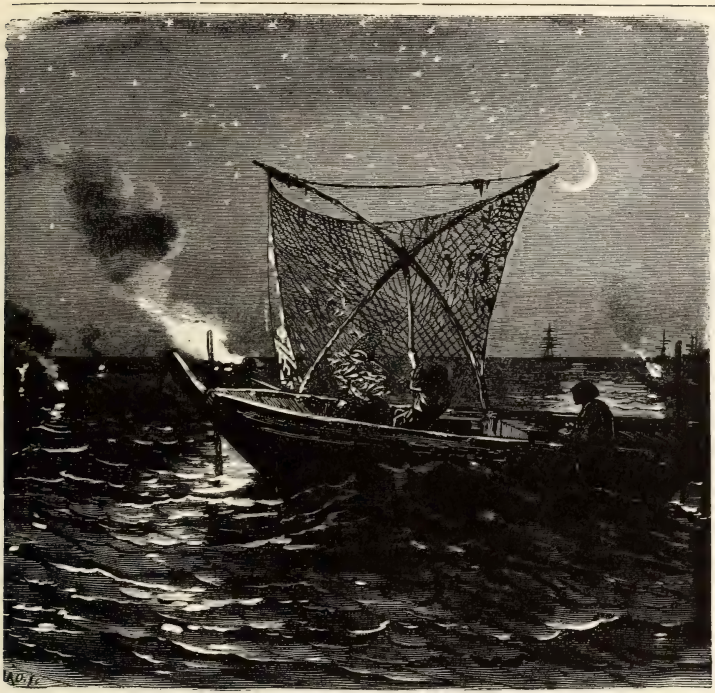


SOLDIER OF THE TYCOON.

The southern part of the city, in which the foreign legations are established, contains eight districts, occupying all the space between the evil suburb of Sinagawa on the south, and the outer moat of the Tycoon's castle on the north, the bay forming the eastern boundary. All these districts are essentially plebeian in their character. They even contain a large agricultural population, occupied with the cultivation of the adjacent kitchen-gardens and rice-fields. A few seignorial residences interrupt, with the monotonous lines of their long white-washed walls, the uniformity of the wooden dwelling-houses. The temples, and the residences of the priests, are scattered everywhere; and certain of them, with their out-buildings and gardens, have been appropriated by the government to the use of the foreign legations.

"According to a Japanese proverb," says M. Humbert, "one must live in Yedo in order to be happy. If this be true, happiness is not easily attained by Europeans living in Japan. At the time of my visit, only the diplomatic agents enjoyed the right of residing in the capital of the Tycoon; and two or three years' experience of the conditions attached to the exercise of this privilege had led all of them to decide to transfer their real domiciles to Yokohama. They gave the impression of having been treated at Yedo very much like prisoners of distinction, free to go and come within a certain radius, and watched by day and by night with the most unwearied solicitude." This was in 1863 and 1864, during the height of the troubles which culminated in the subsequent overthrow of the Tycoons. Since the Mikado has assumed the political power, and the feudal princes have acquiesced in the policy of intercourse with the world, residence in Yedo has become much more unrestrained and agreeable.

M. Humbert, nevertheless, managed to conciliate his guards and evade the restrictions which the government attempted to impose upon him, to such an extent that he succeeded in exploring almost every quarter of the capital, and in observing, much more thoroughly than any previous resident had done, the habits of all classes of the population. Our space will only allow us to give a few passages from his work. "No unwalled city," he says, "presents a more inhospitable



FIRE-FISHING IN THE BAY OF YEDO.

appearance than Yedo, when seen from the bay. It resembles an immense park, the entrance to which is prohibited. The richly wooded hills are dotted with chalets and old temples with enormous wooden roofs; at their feet extend long streets of wooden houses and some buildings with white walls; but along the whole great stretch of the arc of shore, from Sinagawa to the landing-place, nothing can be distinguished which answers to our notions of quays, port, or embarkation. Everywhere there are walls, boarded inclosures, palisades; no jetties, steps, or anything whatever which seems to invite a landing."

He gives the following picture of the streets in the neighborhood of the old temples inhabited by the foreign ministers: "From morning until night, the low streets and quays of Takanawa are crowded with people. The stable population of the quarter seemed to me to have no other industry except to raise, in one manner or another, a light tribute from those arriving and departing. Here, tobacco is cut and sold; there, rice is hulled and made into cakes; everywhere saki is to be had, tea, dried fish, watermelons, an infinite variety of cheap fruits and other comestibles, spread on tables in the open air, or under sheds and on the shelves of innumerable restaurants. In all directions coolies, boatmen, and bearers of cangoes offer their services. In some lateral streets, stalls may be hired for pack-horses and stables for the buffaloes which bring to market the products of the surrounding country. They are harnessed to small rustic carts, the only wheeled vehicles which one sees in Yedo.

"The singers, the dancers, the wandering jugglers who come to try their success in the capital, make their first appearance at the doors of the tea-houses in this quarter. Among the singers there are those who

form a privileged class, but subjected to a certain supervision by the police. They may be known by their large flat hats, thrown back from the temples; they always go in pairs, or in fours when two dancers accompany the two singers.

"The favorite jugglers at the street-corners of Yedo are young boys, who, before commencing their tricks, conceal their heads in large hoods, surmounted by a tuft of cock's feathers and a small scarlet mask, representing the muzzle of a dog. These poor children, in bending and curving themselves, one upon the other, to the monotonous sound of the tambourine of their conductor, present the appearance of a really grotesque and fantastic struggle between two animals, with monstrous heads and human limbs.

"Behind our monastic hills we found a population entirely sedentary, occupied, within their dwellings, in various manual labors. The work-shops were announced, at a distance, by significant signs,—sometimes a board cut in the form of a sandal, sometimes an enormous umbrella of waxed paper, spread open, like an awning, over the shop; or a quantity of straw hats, of all sizes, dangling from the peak of the roof down to the door. We also see, in passing, the armorers and polishers, busy in mounting coats of mail, iron war-fans, and sabers."

As the stranger advances northwards, towards the heart of the city, the streets gradually become deserted. Vast quarters are taken up with the residences of the feudal princes, who are obliged to pass the half of every year at Yedo; and as each residence, with its adjoining barracks and gardens, is inclosed by a massive outer wall, this part of the capital resembles a solitude. But from the hill of Atagosa-Yama, occupied by Buddhist temples and monasteries, there is a view of all the southern part of Yedo, and northward as far as the great walls surrounding the castle of the Tycoon.

"The immensity of the Japanese capital," says M. Humbert, "produces a strange impression. The imagination as well as the vision is fatigued in hovering over that boundless agglomeration of human dwellings, all of which, great or little, are marked by the same stamp of uniformity. Each one of our old European cities has its distinctive physiognomy, strongly indicated by the monuments of different ages, and uniting to grand artistic effects the austere charm of ancient memories. But at Yedo all things are of the same epoch and in the same style: everything rests on a single fact, on a single political circumstance—the foundation of the dynasty of the Tycoons. Yedo is a wholly modern city, which seems to be waiting for its history and its monuments.

"Even the residence of the Tycoon, viewed from a distance, offers nothing remarkable except its dimensions, its vast circuit of terraces supported by enormous walls of granite, its parks of magnificent shade, and its moats resembling quiet lakes, where flocks of aquatic birds freely sport in the water. That which chiefly strikes the mind within the inclosures, is the grand scale to which everything is conformed: walls, avenues of trees, canals, portals, guard-houses, and dwellings of the retainers. The exquisite neatness of the squares and avenues, the profound silence which reigns around the buildings, the noble simplicity of those constructions of cedar-wood upon marble basements,—all combine to produce a solemn effect, and to provoke those impressions of majesty, mystery, and fear, which despotism needs in order to support its prestige.

"The first great line of defense of the castle is surrounded with water, except on the western side, where it communicates with the adjoining quarter of the city by the parade-ground belonging to the Tycoon. Ten arched wooden bridges are thrown across the broad moats. A strong detachment of the Tycoon's troops occupied the guard-house attached to the one which we crossed. The common soldiers are mountaineers of Akoni, who are allowed to return to their homes after a service of two or three years. Their uniform, of blue cotton, consists of close-fitting pantaloons, and a shirt something like that of the Garibaldians. They wear cotton socks and leathern sandals, and a large saber with a lackered scabbard is thrust through the girdle. The cartridge-box and bayonet are worn suspended on the right side. A pointed hat of lackered paper completes their accouterment, but they only put it on when mounting guard or going to drill."

The district of Nipon-bassi, or the bridge of Nipon, which is in the heart of the city, contains seventy-eight large blocks of houses, each of which is almost the exact model of the other. These are the dwellings and shops of the *bourgeoisie*, the untitled middle-class of Yedo. Navigable canals surround this long parallelogram on the four sides, and fifteen bridges give it communication with the other parts of the city. The houses of the citizens, not less than the palaces, do not vary from the same type of architecture. They are simple structures of wood, but two stories

in height, the upper one having a balcony looking upon the street, and a low roof covered with slate-colored tiles.

Here the streets swarm with the liveliest and most varied life. Shops of all kinds succeed each other, and before each there is always a group of chattering customers. Shoes, hats, clothing, furniture, utensils, are offered for sale; barbers ply their trade, and the tea-houses and restaurants are conveniently at hand for those who need refreshments. There is in Yedo an enormous consumption of shell-fish. Oysters are abundant and fleshy, though not very delicate; but the Japanese have no way of opening them except to break the upper shell with a stone. Near the central bridge is the great fish-market. The canals are covered with boats, which bring fresh sea-fish and the product of the rivers, the fish of the polar currents and those of the equatorial stream, turtles of the bay of Nipon, formless polypi and fantastic crustacæa. Siebold counted in this market-place seventy different varieties of fish, crabs, and mollusks, and twenty-six kinds of oysters, clams, and mussels.



TORTOISE-CHARMER.

The stalls near the landing-place are always besieged by purveyors who come to purchase fish at auction. Amid the tumultuous throngs vigorous arms are seen lifting the heavy baskets and emptying them into the lackered boxes of the coolies; from time to time the crowd gives way to let two coolies pass, carrying a porpoise, a dolphin, or a shark suspended by cords to a bamboo across their shoulders. In order to supply the great demand, not only for fish and shell-fish, but also for edible seaweed, the fishermen, who form a low caste of the population, are incessantly employed. The bay of Yedo is almost as lively by night as by day, for the boats then go forth to engage in fire-fishing. Each bark bears at its prow a kind of grating, wherein they burn reeds and tar. Sometimes the boats form an immense semicircle, which produces at a distance the effect of a quay sparkling with thousands of lamps.

Of all the great cities of the world, Yedo is one of the most favored by nature in regard to situation, climate, richness of vegetation and abundance of running water. It is located at the mouths of two rivers, one of which, the Ogawa, has a breadth of about a thousand feet, dividing the main part of the city, including the castle and the aristocratic quarters, from the plebeian portion, called the Hondjo. The former covers the undulating ground between the canals and smaller streams, rising in the manner of an amphitheater towards its encircling suburbs; while the Hondjo is scattered over a low plain which stretches eastward for many miles. Basins with locks, ponds, moats, and a complete network of navigable canals connect the natural courses of the rivers, and carry to the heart of the city proper, as well as to all parts of the Hondjo, the movements of commerce and life throughout the immense capital.

The Japanese are naturally an industrious people; yet their domestic habits are so simple and—except on festive occasions—so inexpensive, that they are able to indulge in regular recreation. Visits to the tea-houses, many of which provide musical entertainments for their guests, to the theaters and circuses, family pic-nics, excursions into the country, are constantly enjoyed by all classes of society. There are also permanent fairs,—great open spaces in the suburbs, filled with booths and gay with banners, which are crowded from one year's end to another. Here venders of toys, books, and patent medicines line the sidewalks; giants, dwarfs, and mountebanks of every variety allure the curious spectator, and the inevita-

ble restaurant supplies its tea, fish, and rice-cakes. "At the fair of Asaksa," says M. Humbert, "in addition to the performances of jugglers of all kinds, there are collections of animals which have been taught to perform tricks—bears of Yeso, spaniels which are valuable in proportion to their ugliness, educated monkeys and goats: live birds and fish are also displayed in great quantities. But the most astonishing patience is manifested by an old Corean boatman who has trained a dozen tortoises, large and small, employing no other means to direct them than his songs and the sound of a small metal drum. They march in line, execute various evolutions, and conclude by climbing upon a low table, the larger ones forming of their own accord a bridge for the smaller, to whom the feat would otherwise be impossible. When they have all mounted they dispose themselves in three or four piles, like so many plates."

All these pictures of life in the Japanese capital are as new as they are curious, and they have the charm, which the older narratives of travel in Japan must always lack, of being sketched freely and fully, with the privilege enjoyed by a foreign visitor under an entirely new state of affairs. Indeed, the more recent descriptions of Yedo have been more or less confused, for a city covering twenty-five square miles and containing nearly two millions of people cannot be seen during a few excursions on horseback. As in the case of Peking, various imaginary splendors have been lost in gaining a more familiar knowledge. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous temples and gilded palaces have shrunk into long, low, fantastic masses of buildings; the pageantry of government and religion has become common-place and grotesque; but on the other hand the industry and art of the people, their character and capacity for progress have been elevated in our eyes, and their domestic and civil life proves to be far more rich, varied, and interesting than we had ever fancied.

It is fortunate that such careful and picturesque relations are given to us at a time when the rapid changes in the structure of Japanese government are initiating corresponding changes in society. Native steamships already navigate the inner sea; railroads and telegraph lines will soon follow, and there is already a proposition for a far more important step,—that of substituting the Roman alphabet for the cumbrous and difficult native characters. We shall soon have a new Japan, wherein the old will speedily pass away

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

WHITHER away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple-leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest:
Whither away?

Whither away, Blue-bird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the Spring?
Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest?
Not one short day?
Wilt thou—as if thou human wert—go forth
And wanton far from them who love thee best?
Whither away?

PICTURES FROM THE PLAINS.



AN INDIAN BOAT-RACE.

THE Indians, the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, are now subjected to so many influences unfavorable for their preservation, that their disappearance will be arithmetically progressive. A very few years indeed will suffice to destroy the integrity of the largest and most powerful tribes, and they will thus melt away, their vices will be forgotten, and their good traits (which, for savages, were superior to those exhibited by any other primitive people) will become the theme of praise through the pen of the historian and poet.

The Sioux and Crow tribes, among the most powerful on the plains, have always considered the beautiful valley of the Yellowstone River their positive property, given to them by the Great Spirit as their hunting-grounds. All the rich prairies which line the tributaries of the Missouri are famous for their vegetable productions; and wherever nature is thus rich, are to be found in the greatest abundance all wild game. The bull-berry, the plum, the surra-berry, the persimmon, and wild cherry, all grow in abundance on these Nature-blessed gardens; and the Indians not only live upon these fruits when they are in season, but dry and preserve them for winter's use.

This domestic work is attended to by the women alone; the warriors, mounted on their wild steeds and fed by the industry of their wives and children, attend only to sports of the chase, or the more fascinating business of war. The Indians admit of no partnerships or compromises in their hostile meetings, and when the Crows and the Sioux do meet, or rather have met in times past, battles have been fought of unparalleled ferocity, and deeds of heroic valor displayed of which there is now no record or tradition.

Without professing to give consecutive incidents of Indian life, we propose to present a few vivid sketches which will give some inkling of scenes on "the frontiers," where nature, unrestricted by civilization, still has almost supreme sway.

Among all the Indians of the plains, horse-racing is a favorite sport. The more intelligent tribes have traditions relating to the circumstance of the "Great Spirit" conferring the horse upon them as a mark of approval for their courage. The time when this happened is not attempted to be definitely stated; but that they did *not always* have their favorite steed, is clearly admitted. It is beyond doubt



HORSE-RACING ON THE PLAINS.

true, that the conquest of Mexico introduced the horse into the American continent. Escaping from his master after the fortune of battle, the horse found a natural home on the great plains which stretch from the base of the heights of Montezuma's palace in an unbroken level to the shores of the Red River, which empties into the Mississippi. They soon became so plentiful that they were eventually possessed by the Indians in droves of hundreds and thousands, and were scarcely of any appreciable value. They were always used, however, by the red man more for ornament and pleasure, and the pomp of war, than for useful purposes. It was, and is still, no uncommon sight in Indian caravans to see dogs harnessed to heavy loads, and women carrying great bundles on their shoulders, while the horses, if not ridden by the warriors, follow in long lines, unemployed, in the rear.

The Indian Apollo and his wild horse make up a splendid sight. The race, in all of its qualities and characteristics, gives the Indian a sense of absolute intoxication, and when he adds to these elements the additional stimulus of being admired by the warriors of his tribe, and possibly winning some great prize, if a conqueror, his aspirations for earthly happiness rise no higher.

California, as it is now known, was, under Spanish rule, a great field for Jesuit missions. Through the training of the priests, the native population possessed a certain degree of civilization. Their passion for war seemed to be entirely destroyed, but they became so abject and seemingly dispirited, that they were at best a most wretched and pitiable race of beings, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for their spiritual guides. When Mexico passed from the iron rule of Spain, the missions of California became disorganized; and when the country came under the authority of the United States, they were found to be in more or less ruin.

Among the priests who deplored this state of things was one Father Gavaza, an Italian by birth, of remarkable personal presence, and a face so peculiar that it inspired a sort of awe from the Christian and savage alike. This man, thirty-five years ago, had just become comfortably situated at San Francisco, and was busily engaged in training up the aboriginal population, when the revolution which made Mexico an independent country interfered with his plans. Disgusted, but not disheartened, he bade adieu to his beloved field of labor, and starting alone into the heart of the great North American continent, resolved never to rest until, in some isolated waste,

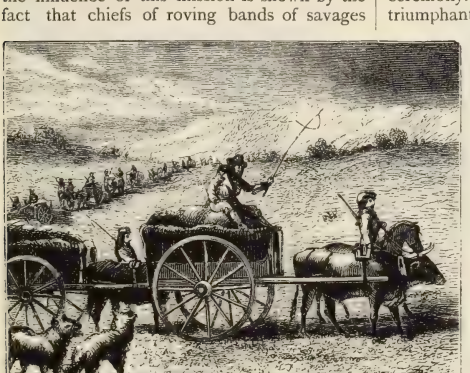
away from all outside influences, he could find a native people whom he could train for heaven in accordance with his views and inspirations.

After long wanderings, he finally reached what is now known as Washington Territory, and here he settled, conciliating the savage bands with which he was surrounded by deeds of charity, sacrifice, and humiliation. Never offending the people with whom he cast his lot, acting the part of a physician, going with the warriors on their hunts, and finally mastering their language, he at last accomplished the ambition of his heart, by establishing what is now becoming known as the "Condelane mission."



CONDELANE MISSION.

The people of this mission were chosen from the least favorable specimens of the aboriginal character—roving bands of Flat-heads. Yet in the course of time he has brought hundreds of these degraded savages into a settled community, the members of which have given up war, and obtain their livelihood by cultivating the field and raising cattle. He has erected a little chapel, which the Indians in the immediate vicinity attend morning and evening, being brought together by the ringing of a bell. The walls of this church, dedicated to religion, and so strangely isolated from the Christian world, are handsomely decorated with pictures of rare value, sent from Rome, as evidences of the Pope's especial approval of Father Gavaza's zeal and success. One of the gratifying evidences of the influence of this mission is shown by the fact that chiefs of roving bands of savages have often sought Father Gavaza's advice with regard to contemplated warlike expeditions, and have been induced to give up their bloody forays through the earnestly expressed desire of this remarkable man. But his greatest triumph is in the effect he has wrought upon the Indian women. They have, through his teachings, learned something of the pale-faces' estimation of the sanctity of the marriage tie; and while they submit patiently to the customs of their own people, they have compelled the white hunter to go with them hundreds of miles to reach the little chapel of Condelane, where Father Gavaza could pronounce his blessing upon the marriage ceremony. The Indian maiden thus blessed triumphantly tells the less fortunate of her sex: "Me no wife now for a few moons; me wife always." In the course of time, when the star of empire shall have shed its refulgent rays into the solitudes where Father Gavaza has labored so earnestly and so long, his fame will shine brightly, and what he has accomplished by love and self-sacrifice will shame the cruel policy which has encouraged the red man in contracting the faults of civilization, and then destroyed him from the face of the earth.



PEOPLE OF PEMBINA AND THEIR OX-CARTS.

Pembina, conventionally located in Dakota Territory, is situated on the line of Canada West and the extremest northern part of Minnesota, on the Red River of the North, which flows into Lake Winnipeg, far above the sources of the great river Mississippi. The inhabitants in the town and im-

mediate vicinity number some eight or ten thousand people, principally half-breeds, a cross of the Chippewa Indians, the white traders, the employés of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the refugees and outcasts of all nations, who, for a century or more, have found an asylum in the great northern wilderness. These people, who are really citizens of the United States, and living on American soil, have been left under the care of the British or Canadian government. They dislike their masters, and are at this very time struggling to free themselves from the yoke that rests so heavily upon their shoulders. Under the Constitutional Amendment, here is an immense voting population, which must sooner or later be added to the permanent residents of Minnesota and Dakota Territory; and it may not be uninteresting to the general reader to know, that, however unpromising the early history and origin of these people have been, they are now peaceable, and industriously disposed.

Their habits of life are nomadic, and the government is patriarchal. Although they cultivate the earth, and have settled villages, still they rely mainly for subsistence upon the great annual hunts, which take place in the early part of July and late in October. On these occasions they spend many weeks on the great plains of Dakota Territory, catching and killing buffalo for their meat and skins. A moving caravan of these people sometimes takes with it two or three thousand small carts—made entirely of wood, without a piece of iron about them—which are drawn by oxen, harnessed in a neat and practical manner. In these foraging expeditions the Pembinas meet the bloody Sioux and the treacherous Crees, with whom they often have long and bloody contests. The Indians vainly struggle to maintain their supremacy on these richly provided hunting-grounds.

These Pembinas, while traveling, carry with them their priests and the discipline of a good government, so that they are never without wholesome laws, and the influence of religious instruction. For the purposes of good order they are divided into bands, which divisions are under specially appointed officers. At night their ox-carts are disposed of in a circle, within which they place their cattle and property, and if attacked when thus arranged, they fight from behind the walls of an extemporized fortification. The future of these people and their final disposition as citizens of the United States will prove an interesting problem, and their characteristics and civilization will afford speculation for the philosopher and philanthropist.

The ancient fort of Walla-Walla is about thirty miles from the mining town of that name, on the Columbia River. It was built and owned for many years by the British Hudson's Bay Company, and was the important deposit for furs, and also for property which was to be eventually distributed to the hunters and friendly Indians attached to the



OLD FORT WALLA-WALLA.

service of the company. When Oregon became "disputed territory," the Hudson's Bay Company sold the establishment to John Jacob Astor, since which time it has gradually become a center of frontier civilization. The gold expresses coming from the Nezperces mines stop at this fort; it is also on the general route from the mines to San Francisco. Here are also a store, a post-office, and a hotel. The boats in the foreground, which are large, serviceable, and handsomely modeled, are cut from the trunks of the enormous trees which distinguish the forests of the Pacific slope. They have reached the landing-place of the fort, from the upper waters of the Columbia, loaded with bales of buffalo robes, which are being borne on the shoulders of the hunters within the protecting walls of this old place of refuge in the far West.



"PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST."

The emigrants frequently indulge in practical jokes. They enliven the monotonous hours of their journeyings with this commonplace wit as a relief probably to the dullness of their every-day life. They are fond of odd and characteristic names and designations, and some of the most fanciful and strange appellations are common to towns and streams that have been christened by these tame-wild people. A few years ago, two men made themselves conspicuous by painting in large letters on the sides of their wagon cover, "Pike's Peak or bust!" In their haste to reach this, their newly discovered "Eldorado," they scorned the safety which was afforded by "the train," and traveled alone and on their "own hook." For days and weeks they escaped the dangers attending their folly, and passed unharmed from St. Paul's to far beyond Minnesota, even until they reached the "bloody ground of the Sioux." Here they were surrounded, and cruelly and wantonly murdered; their bodies, which encased hearts of such foolish recklessness, were pinned by sharp arrows to their mother earth, and left to sunshine and storm.

Among civilized nations, the centers dedicated to the manufacture of warlike weapons are places of profound interest, where the mechanism, genius, and wealth of a nation are concentrated to produce engines of death. With the Indians, this warlike propensity finds employment in less pretentious forms; but still it is with the savage as with his Christian brother—his best efforts at mechanical art are directed to the production of "things which kill." The Indian bow and arrow are the highest developments of their creative skill, and the arrow especially is deserving of consideration.

From the small branches of the dog-wood, or some other hard wood resembling birdseye-maple, simply with their knives and a flame of fire, they work out the shaft, which is smooth and almost as straight as a sunbeam. This done, by the aid of a piece of hoop-iron, sharpened upon a stone, they make a point,



MANUFACTURING ARROWS.



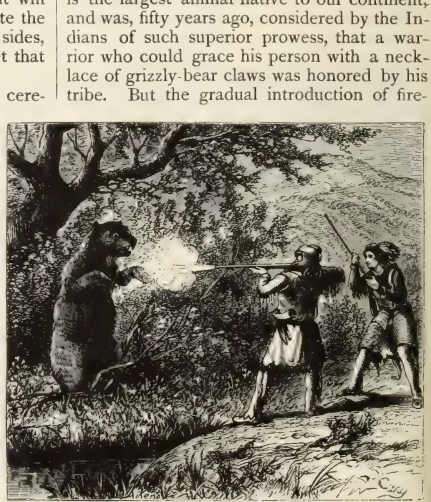
THE SQUAWS' SCALP-DANCE.

which, with the feathers, is bound on the shaft. The next step is to ornament it, by means of pigments, with the national colors of the tribe, and to so mark the polished sides with lines, that the completed arrow, to the Indian's eye, is the very representative of the armorial bearings of his people. Armed with his bow, and a quiver of these arrows, he will mount his favorite horse, and dashing into a drove of buffalo, he will drive these feathered messengers through the hard ribs of a veteran bull with such force that it will pass beyond, and make a second one bite the dust; and do this too against walled sides, which flatten the rifle bullet into a pellet that falls harmless to the ground.

The scalp-dance is one of the national ceremonies of the North American Indians; the symbol is a terrible evidence of the destruction of an enemy. While our correspondent was a guest of a band of the Crows, seven hundred in number, encamped on the banks of the "Quaking Asp," a small tributary of the Missouri, his entertainers were attacked by a band of those American Arabs—"the bloody Sioux"—supposed by their camping fires to be two thousand strong. The Sioux sought plunder rather than war, and taking advantage of their superior strength, they robbed their enemies of twelve hundred head of cattle and took them away without losing a scalp. Inflated with their success, the Sioux reached a convenient place on the plains, where they divided up their plunder; then the different bands, each taking its share, started homeward by separate routes. The Crows had out their spies, and at the proper time they divided into two parties, and sweeping down upon the plunderers, successively attacked the isolated bands of the Sioux, and recaptured all their property, —taking besides, thirty-three scalps, and losing only seven of their own.

The exultation of the victors was extreme, and in the height of their enthusiasm they gave the scalps to the squaws, wives and relatives of the slain Crows. These bloody trophies were suspended on long poles and carried from lodge to lodge, the mourners chanting the virtues of the deceased and expatiating on their own sorrows. At given places they arranged themselves in two rows facing each other, and replied in a sort of response to each other's woes, while the musicians beat their drums with increased vehemence. While this was going on, the women not especially interested in the funeral ceremonies continued their labors with stoical indifference,—those engaged in tanning and preparing buffalo robes for use scraping away at their work, apparently unconscious of the noise and confusion around them. In stoical indifference, or the affectation of it, there are no people superior to our North American Indians.

The grizzly bear, if we except the buffalo, is the largest animal native to our continent, and was, fifty years ago, considered by the Indians of such superior prowess, that a warrior who could grace his person with a necklace of grizzly-bear claws was honored by his tribe. But the gradual introduction of fire-



INTERVIEW WITH A GRIZZLY.



INDIANS GAMBLING.

arms has deprived the grizzly of much of his reputation of being dangerous, and he has finally taken his place as a sort of superior game, "to bag" which affords camp gossip for an hour. One of the queer characters who make an impression on the frontiers was a man who was utterly paralyzed at the sight of a hostile Indian, yet he would seek a contest with a grizzly bear, and fight one almost without weapons. One day, seeing a black speck on the plains, this man borrowed a spy-glass from one of his companions, and, having satisfied himself that a bear was approaching, he started out, rifle in hand, with more than his usual bravado, to have a tilt, which was carried on in sight of a numerous audience.

This hunter's manner of killing his victim was to approach boldly within ten paces, and when the animal, in accordance with his instinctive propensity, rose on his hind legs and assumed an attitude of defense, the hunter would bring his rifle to his shoulder, take quiet and sure aim at the hairless spot under the jaw, and send the ball through the windpipe into the brain.

On this occasion the hunter, either from oversight or other cause, failed to promptly strip his rifle of its covering, and the consequence was, the bear seized the weapon in his mouth; the hunter, now fully roused to his danger, with great presence of mind managed to fire and mortally wound the bear, but in his death struggles he bent the rifle barrel into the form of a horse-shoe, and then caught the hapless hunter in his gigantic arms and attempted to crush his head between his powerful jaws. By this time the traveling party came up, rescued the unhappy victim to sensational sport, and turned him over to the care of the squaws for hospital services.

The lasso is the most effective weapon, if used with skill, to conquer the grizzly. The animal, when on the defense, invariably rises on his hind legs and walks toward you, threatening vengeance with his exposed claws, shining teeth, and enraged eyes. At this moment the lasso is thrown with the precision of a rifle shot; the slip noose-end catches the extended paw or encircles the neck. The equestrian now secures the animal, and at a perfectly safe distance commences irritating the poor beast, jerking him forward and backward and otherwise tormenting him until the infuriated creature rolls on the ground covered with sweat and foaming with rage. The hunter finally manages to drag his victim to a stump of a tree, to which the animal is literally lashed, to be killed at leisure.

A pleasant contrast to this dangerous amusement is the pursuit of the mountain sheep. This animal is one of the most timid on the approach of the hunter, but desperately brave in its efforts to escape. It is more active and daring in springing from precipice to precipice than the gazelle or antelope, and is rarely victimized except by the most cunning strategy.



SHOOTING MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.



GEORGE TICKNOR.

By a happy coincidence, shortly after the close of the last war with Great Britain, among the young Americans who went abroad to partake of the culture of Europe were two who were destined to play leading parts in organizing on a large scale two American libraries of different but necessary types, which, it may be hoped, will in due time approximate to the importance of similar institutions in Europe; and which have already done great service to American education as models and an encouragement for other libraries among us. These young men advanced together in the special culture which has associated their names with what is highest in American literature and bibliography; and in the library of the University of Göttingen they inhaled together the atmosphere of large masses of books.

One of these youths was the organizer of the Astor Library, and so far its founder that his persuasive power diverted him who supplied the money from his original purpose of rearing a costly monument to American civil glory. The venerable Doctor Cogswell still lives in his honored retirement at Cambridge, having left with the Astor Library, when he resigned the duties of the superintendency, a collection in bibliography of his own gathering, which must probably take the leading rank in this department among the similar collections of the country.

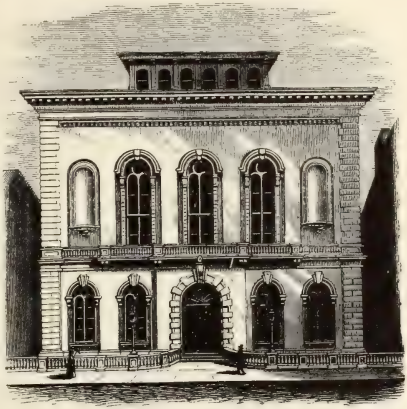
The other of these young men was the late George Ticknor, of Boston, who when he died, in January last, left behind him the highest reputation for pure scholarship that, perhaps, an American ever acquired, and as the historian of Spanish Literature contributed one of the most solidly valuable works to a high department of letters which the present century has produced; and, in the biography of his friend Prescott, the historian, a memoir that may well claim a place among the most engaging of books. Mr. Ticknor lived to see, in the Public Library of the city of Boston, his cherished ideas of library usefulness well assured of permanent success; for the good offices of liberality which he had bestowed upon it have been an incentive to others, till the Library has found its surest safeguard in the favor in which it is held by the citizens for whose behoof it is maintained. Mr. Ticknor's will disclosed his continued interest in the institution. He left by it, and by the consent of his widow there became immediately available for its shelves, his entire collection of Spanish and Portuguese books and manuscripts, with their illustrative commentaries in other languages, which through many years he had been collecting, not merely as a lover of books, but in pursuit of the paramount study of his life; and its four thousand volumes were at the same time hardly a quarter part of his entire private collection. This bequest, with the fund accompanying it, places the Boston Library immeasurably in advance in this department of any other library in America, and perhaps ranks it with such European libraries of this description as the rich collections of Holland House and the British Museum.

And this accumulation of volumes was not larger than the aggregate of Mr. Ticknor's previous benefactions, which had included a valuable series of the Italian classics, and a collection of books illustrative of the career and plays of Molière, which had been originally formed by Prescott, at a time before entering on his Spanish studies, when that historian had contemplated writing a life of the French dramatist.

These two friends, Ticknor and Cogswell, with kindred purposes, had yet differing ideas of the full significance of a public library, based in some degree upon the conditions amid which their respective efforts were to be exerted. The Astor Library preceded by a little the development of the Boston scheme, and it was planned upon a system in no essen-

tial differing from that of the great European libraries. Doctor Cogswell said of the system that was to prevail in Boston, that it might do for that city, but that in New York a library wherein such freedom was permitted would be dissipated by theft in a few years. Although the population of Boston is far less heterogeneous than that of New York, it is unquestionably true that the danger of administering a library with great freedom increases in a larger ratio than pertains to the growth of population or to the diversity of it. It has been proved at Boston, that by the thorough organization of a system of identifying borrowers, and tracing their migrations, even without guarantees of any sort, the losses to which a great public library is subjected can be kept down to an average of one volume in every seven or eight thousand which are delivered into borrowers' hands for use at home. If guaranties were required and bonds filed, judging from the experience of the free public libraries of England, the absolute uncompensated loss might, with a rigid enforcement of rules, be kept as low as one volume in every thirty or forty thousand so delivered. The difference is certainly very great; but the question at Boston has been, whether the immunity from loss is not sufficient, without diminishing the range of circulation, which would follow upon a demand for sureties. Pecuniarily the loss at Boston is so insignificant that in a money point of view the question of further protection will hardly be raised. Twenty-five or fifty dollars will probably cover the yearly loss of this description—a sum little to be thought of beside a total annual outlay of over seventy thousand dollars. It is extremely doubtful whether, with our American people,—and especially since it was not made a part of the plan in the first actual experiment,—the English system of vouchers, repellant as in a certain degree it is to our national instincts, would work as well as it seems to have worked in England, and with little, if any, limitation to the range of usefulness.

The manner in which our libraries do suffer, and against which all cleverly devised checks fail in practice to afford the necessary protection, is in the abuse which the books receive. The habit is both thoughtless and wanton, and all that can be said in its extenuation is, that it is in full accordance with the undeniable recklessness with which our people treat all manner of property, and with the waste, which foreigners are so quick to discover in our habits, and so prone to follow and even outdo in their own, when once they become habituated to it. It is sometimes said that a higher appreciation of literature will, as it comes to our busy people, bring with it a fonder care for the vehicles of it; but this, we suspect, will hardly succeed in prevailing, except as the national characteristics are changed. Culture is, in fact, wider spread with us than in England, and it is this rather than the larger number of individual instances of the highest culture (in which England excels us) that should yield a safeguard, if any is to be had at all.



FRONT ON BOYLSTON STREET.

It is held by Sir Redmond Barry, one of the Trustees of the Public Library of Melbourne, that in that new and flourishing country, whose characteristics are presumably not much unlike our own, they have found the true philosophy of library protection in the rule, that a manifest great respect on the part of the guardians will beget similar care in the users of the library. On this ground they furnished their rooms with sumptuous furniture and dressed their books in elegant bindings, and they claim that the care with which readers use both is commensurate with the condition in which they find them. There is doubtless much truth in all this, but the experiment will not be widely tried, since libraries are rarely possessed of a fuller treasury at their start than suffices for the purchase of the books they need in mere ordinary condition. Their circumstances are quite analogous to those of most tradesmen, who have neither the boldness nor capital to incur the immense outlay of indiscriminate advertising,



JOSHUA BATES.

which a few make the foundation of great success.

A certain confidence in this direction, however, has put this philosophy to the test at the Boston Library. Its main hall is a reading-room, lofty and imposing in its general effect; the floor of marble, the chairs, tables, and desks of black walnut, and the upholstery rich though simple. A careless use of pens, the snapping off of superfluities of ink, would disfigure the furniture and stain the floor; and through fear of such results the use of those ordinary writing materials has been denied till within a few years past. Since, however, they have been furnished, it has been found that the untidy habits prevalent in other places have not been experienced, and the general elegance of the place has seemed to compel a corresponding neatness of habit.

A philosophy somewhat akin governs the dressing of the books in the lower department of the library, which are kept covered with paper; and the covers are so often renewed that some sixty thousand are required a year. Manufacturers have sometimes been surprised when they have offered samples of exceptionally stout paper, and have learned that a paper which will outlast cleanliness is not to be desired.

To return to the safeguards against theft in the borrowers. The true meaning of the Boston policy is, that the Library and not the public guarantees the preservation of its property; and this guarantee is partly made good out of the delinquents themselves. The process is as follows:—the applicant for the right to use the Library gives his name, occupation, and residence, and, if required, the name of some one person who knows him. If the directory confirms his statements, he has his card at once; this failing, and there being no other ready means of verification, his application is sent to the local police of his section of the city, who report upon the case. Such is all the preliminary security, and the erring is on the side of insecurity rather than otherwise. The card-holder who borrows a book may keep it a fortnight, but after that time he is informed, through the mail, that he is incurring a fine of two cents a day; and if the book is not returned in another week, a messenger is sent, who exacts the fine and an additional penalty of twenty cents. This is no hardship to those requiring longer use, since, on due request and for good reasons, an extended detention is allowed. It will be seen, that, if this system is thoroughly carried out, as it is, the property of the library is fully insured against loss, *provided the borrower can be found*, though at considerable expense; for on an annual circulation of 300,000 there will be some 18,000 post-notices and 500 messenger-notices, which cost for time, postage, paper, and printing no inconsiderable amount, and

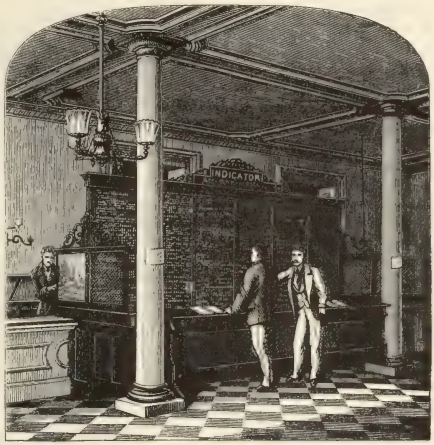


LOWER HALL DELIVERY ROOM.

something in excess of the receipts from the fines.

The chief difficulty, of course, arises from the fact that the preliminary precautions of the registration are not enough to insure that the delinquent shall always be found when wanted; and Doctor Cogswell's reasoning is so far true, that if such cases occur in Boston to a troublesome degree, in a city like New York they must occur to an increased extent greatly disproportionate to the excess of population. Neglect to inform the Library of a change of residence, even without intention to defraud, will work trouble; though the books usually come back. It is where this neglect has been taken advantage of, or was devised for ulterior fraud, that the insurmountable trouble arises, when the delinquent has left behind him at his last abode no trace of his subsequent movement, and his referee, if he can be found, is as ignorant as the Library is. It is some consolation, doubtless, that the delinquent, having once put himself on the black-list, comes to the Library ever after with great chance of detection, unless under an assumed name, which in turn is likely to lead to a discovery in the new preliminary investigation. The chief satisfaction, however, arises from the fact, that, out of a circulation of some 300,000, less than forty cases occurred last year, or not one a week, where the trained messengers of the Library—adept in fathoming all devices of delinquents, for they have a certain likeness—are completely thrown off the scent. It must be borne in mind, however, that one year's results are not altogether the fruit of that year's activity on the part of the officers; for the public, after a series of years, become educated to understand that the obligations between them and the Library are mutual, and they are less prone to commit an error when there is a certainty of discovery and pursuit.

When, in 1852, Mr. Ticknor, as the organ of a provisionary board of Trustees, sketched out a scheme so at variance with what had been the practice in Europe, and thus far in this country, the way was not clear to a full realization of the project, which must be, in fact, the result of experiment. It was thought and said, that, with the exception of such well-known classes as the clergy and teachers, a pecuniary responsibility would have to be imposed; and when, just about the same time, the British Parliament was passing the Free-Libraries Act, and Manchester and Liverpool were leading off in accepting it, this principle of individual guarantee was not only acquiesced in there, but was continued in force with manifest utility, and, as we have before said, with little or no manifest impediment to the libraries' usefulness.



LOWER HALL DELIVERY ROOM.*

In most respects Mr. Ticknor would have been considered among Bostonians as a conspicuous example of conservative aloofness; but from the start his views upon the policy of the Library were liberal even to radicalness, and Mr. Everett, prominent as he was as president of the Trustees, yielded to a faith in his friend's insight rather than to his own convictions, and to the day of his death was not convinced that the scheme had passed the stage of experimental trial, or had any ground for assured permanence, notwithstanding the Library had then had twelve years of unexampled prosperity, and through the devising brain and bibliographical attainments of the late Professor Jewett, its first Superintendent, had

* The Indicator represented in this cut is an instrument for showing the public whether a book is at the moment on its shelf or lent out. Reversible pegs, bearing on each end the shelf-number of a book, when they present the white end, indicate the book to be in, and when the black end, to be out. When this instrument was planned, four years ago, it was thought to be a novel idea, but it was subsequently discovered that at Manchester, in England, the exigencies of administering their public library had led, eight years previously, to the invention of an instrument similar in purpose, but somewhat different in detail. It is now used in several American libraries.

emerged from obscurity and a narrow field of the commonest work into an institution of extended reputation and usefulness.

The preliminary report of 1852 had, however, been taken in full confidence by another;—but before making this point, it were well to say that, like most dominating ideas, this one was the concentration and embodiment of many persons' notions, which for some years previously had been current in the community.

It first began to be felt that the small collection of books which had accumulated from one source and another at the City Hall could be made to assume something like dignified proportions, when Monsieur Vattemare was in this country seeking to effect international exchanges of books. It may not be generally known, that when John Quincy Adams was stricken down in his place in the House of Representatives at Washington, in 1848, he held in his hand and was about presenting a petition for the National Government to lend its countenance to the scheme of Monsieur Vattemare. This gentleman had already secured from the municipality of Paris and elsewhere a small collection of books for the city of Boston. To these had been added a collection of United States Documents, which, under fortuitous circumstances, the ever-vigilant Colonel Force had lent his services in enabling Mr. Everett to gather during his public career at Washington, and which—since increased by the care of Mr. Winthrop and the heirs of Josiah Quincy—now stands on the Library's shelves, and is thought to be the fullest documentary record of our history in existence. A retiring mayor of the city, the Hon. John P. Bigelow, had also paid over to a Library fund the value ($1,000) of a service of plate which his friends had designed giving him; while his predecessor, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, junior, had already made an unaccepted offer of $5,000, contingent upon the city's appropriating a similar amount.

After thus much had been done, the first definite constitution of the scheme came through the plan devised in the report to which we have made reference; and it found, as has already been intimated, a willing friend in an expatriated Boston boy, if his birth in a suburban town and his youth passed in Boston can entitle him to that designation. In his early days in that commercial center he had known what it was not to have easy access to books, and to steal his enjoyment of them on winter evenings in the shops. At this time he was the head of the eminent banking house of Baring Brothers & Co., of London. The City of Boston, seeking to negotiate a loan, had sent to this house sundry documents indicative of its prosperity, and among them this report of 1852. It attracted Mr. Bates's attention; and when he saw at the head of the appended names those of Mr. Everett and Mr. Ticknor, he felt sure that its management was in good hands, and at once proffered it $50,000, which was accepted and funded. The city, thus made confident of a prosperous future for a library, erected a costly building, when Mr. Bates added to his benefactions by an offer to give another like sum for such books as Mr. Ticknor and the experts he employed might select, as the foundation of its upper department. These books and those to be bought with the income of his fund were to be of a "solid and permanent value;" and the same restrictions have usually been imposed by subsequent benefactors, who have now swelled the available invested funds of the Trustees to the even amount of one hundred thousand dollars.



LOWER HALL LIBRARY.

But this had reference to but one



READING-ROOM FOR PERIODICALS.

side of the great problem of a free public library; and that there was another side was where the scheme now contemplated differed from everything before matured, and from the contemporary experiment in New York. This difference was based upon the fact, recognized, we think, by all whose experience has led them to a knowledge of the matter at all—namely, by editors, librarians, lecturers, and other special observers—that the average intellectual taste and capacity of the great masses is very low. Mr. Galton, in his recent work on "Hereditary Genius," speaks of it as "ridiculously small," and further says that nineteen out of every twenty persons are not much removed from this average, either up or down. With this fact then staring them in the face, and with the restrictions upon expending the income of the endowments, it became very clear that, unless some money should be received from other sources, untrammeled by such restrictions, there could be no books for the masses of readers, except in the case of some obvious classics, good for all time and all people. Therefore, as it was to become a library of the people, and for the people, it was fitting that the people's money should pay for this part of the experiment; while for obvious convenience and facility of administration these most popular books should be kept separate; and hence the origin of what is known as the Lower Hall, in contradistinction to the Upper Hall (or Bates Hall, as it has been called since the death of Mr. Bates),—a distinction likewise preserved in the correlatives of the Lower Hall, namely, the Branches in remote sections of the city, a series of which has lately been begun.

The plan of supplying the people out of their own money with books naturally raised the question, whether they should be such as the people would read, or such as it were a thousand pities they would not read. We speak now of the great masses, and not of any exceptional sections, which under one influence or another may be brought to read, with very doubtful advantage, what they do not relish. Such a question as this—as long as people who are accustomed to think for others are so constituted that what is one man's preference is another man's abhorrence—will not be settled to everybody's acceptance. There are obvious arguments, convincing to either extreme, whether the policy be to duplicate profusely the wordiest fiction—to use no harsher term—just in proportion to the demand for it, or to reject all fiction, save, possibly, Scott and Miss Edgeworth, as Mr. Everett was inclined to do.

We must not now stop to discuss the value of fiction as a source of intellectual enjoyment or elevation, but merely to lay down a few fundamental rules, which the experience of public libraries of a *popular* sort affords:—

First. That the extent of circulation will depend, beyond a small margin,—if there be no local or special reasons to the contrary,—entirely upon the supply of fiction, and especially upon the duplicating of books of the hour.

Second. That the popular taste for fiction is low, and that it is third and fourth rate story-tellers, and not first-rate ones, that please the many.

Third. That the masses will only read persistently what they like to read; and that the frequenters of a library will drop off just in proportion to the rigidity of the censorship of their taste, manifest in the selection of new books.

Fourth. That the self-educating power of the mind is more likely to lead readers out of the ruts of common novel-reading than any deprivation of the power to gratify an inherent love of fiction, which deprivation despoils the

habit of reading one of its most potent incentives.

Fifth. That the highest efforts of literature cannot be enjoyed, even by the better class of minds, except in moments when all the influences are favorable; and that it is folly to expect such books to be read by the masses, who never experience such happy inspiration.

Sixth. That intellectual enjoyment and elevation are comparative, and what is exhilarating and even ennobling to a low grade of intellect may be mean to a much higher standard; and, conversely, that what is ennobling to the higher will be arrant nonsense to a very low grade.

Seventh. That a library is well selected if adapted to *all* classes of its natural readers, and will make readers as well as elevate them, while the demand for the lighter books is met to such an extent as is possible without abridging the rights of those who may desire a more solid literature, or who may grow to desire such.

The spirit of this final section may be said to be that which has governed the administration of the Boston Public Library, particularly in its popular department. It has never been lost sight of that, through a library, the people are reached both directly and indirectly,—directly by their own reading, and indirectly by the reading and study of those who are the purveyors of the ideas on which the people live, —the clergy, teachers, and authors of every kind. Hence, it has been a great point that a system of purchasing such books as were actually inquired for should be conducted in a more liberal manner than is done elsewhere. The Bates Hall collection had originally been formed with great care, for, while at the Astor Library, Doctor Cogswell rarely went outside his own excellent judgment in the selection of books, at Boston a variety of proficients and experts in all departments of learning were called upon to give their assistance; and accordingly it is doubtful if ever 50,000 volumes (which, including Mr. Bates's 25,000, constituted the basis of the Bates Hall collection) were selected with more discrimination, or combined more of what is desirable in a general collection. Thus far expert testimony ruled supreme; but thereafter the absolute wants of the users were to supplement, to any extent which such users might compel, the choice of its officers in the purchase of books; and this was in good measure on the ground that even a second-rate book read would do more service than a first-rate one not read. The officers were not, indeed, to remit their judgment, but if the funds did not admit the purchase of both theirs and the users' choice, the one actually asked for should be furnished first. As, in the administration of a library, the difficulty is usually not so much to amass books as to get them read when amassed, so it was proved that the public must be educated not only to read but to make their wants known. For nearly twenty years this liberal policy has been pursued, with almost no check put upon the buying of every book recommended, save in a very few instances of viciousness, and an occasional exception because of the great cost; and yet it was twelve years before the average number of titles recommended yearly rose much above 200, and this was the case notwithstanding persistent efforts and many devices to get the frequenters of the Library to express their wants more freely. But the desired alacrity came at last. Four years ago, the number of titles rose to 546, and for the last three years there has been an average of over 1,200 titles; and these do not include the requests for duplicates in the popular department, which are met independently. It is not easy to see how the facilities of a growing library can be more satisfactorily adjusted to the wants of a community. There are many books asked for which it is of course difficult to get, and some unattainable except at long intervals; and it is not reasonably to be expected that the student can derive from so recent a gathering anything like the satisfaction which awaits him in the reading-room of the British Museum, or in others of the great European libraries. But here is the next best thing—a willingness and promptness to do all that the circumstances warrant, with agents in all the principal book-marts of the world ready, without pay, to do his bidding.

The Public Library of the city of Boston, then, seems to be administered on the broad plan of meeting every expectation of the community, with no denial of individual desires that is not demanded for the good of the whole; and, fortunate in having the confidence of the citizens and the favor of the guardians of the municipal treasury, it is in receipt of such an annual income that there is practically little abridgment to be imposed in meeting the wants of any person.

MISS MARIGOLD'S THANKSGIVING.

M. MARIGOLD.—That was all the sign said, but in the window there were a box of plumes, half a dozen rolls of ribbon, and two standard frames, upholding, in modest display, the one a satin, the other a velvet bonnet.

It is true the window was small, and the light a good deal cut off by the shop of Pinkham Sisters, adjoining Miss Marigold's, and built further out into the street; the plumes were a little thin and faded, the colors of the ribbons were not arranged so as to harmonize into any very happy effect, and the bonnets could not be said to have much of an "air," but, such as they were, they told the story and invited customers in. And when once in, there was something about Miss Mary Marigold that made them pretty sure to buy, if the stock at all approached what they wanted.

But the stock was so small that it often failed to do so; that was the very trouble in Miss Marigold's business, and one that was constantly reflecting its difficulty back upon itself, so that the occasions when she heard the tinkle of the little bell at the door, and put down her work to come in from the back room only to say that she hadn't what was wanted, or that she hadn't it in just that shade, or precisely the width, outnumbered her sales a good many times, and were rather discouraging to the customers. But not in the least so to Miss Mary Marigold. She said good afternoon, and what an unusually pleasant day it was, and went back to her little room with just as bright a smile, and began humming just as serene a little tune as when she had made an extraordinary sale, or as if the trip hadn't given her lame knee a good deal of pain. And the customers went on to the larger shop that cut off Miss Marigold's light, really regretting that they could not have bought of her. The old patrons knew very well what it was they preferred in Miss Marigold, but, further than her smile, the new ones would have found it difficult to tell, for she hardly talked at all; while at the next door one of the Pinkham Sisters not only talked a great deal, but the other maintained a position she was known to have held for years,—just one pace and a half behind her sister's right elbow, on the next breadth in the carpet,—and repeated every word she said in a voice pitched just one key higher.

But this morning Miss Marigold was neither making sales in the front shop nor repairing bonnets in the little sitting-room behind; she had been having a wonderful time brushing up the rather ancient carpet of the smaller room, and watering her clove pink, and just now she seemed to be giving her whole attention to something at the little table that stood on a certain seam in the carpet where was drawn, in Miss Marigold's imagination, the dividing line between kitchen and sitting-room.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and as it is quite a matter to get dinner properly even for one, Miss Marigold wished to have it well under way before she dressed for church, so that she might neither be late nor disturbed in her mind during the services.

The poet says:

"The mind of man doth move amazing quick;"



WHAT MISS MARIGOLD REMEMBERED.



"SUCH CHANGES!" SHE SAID AT LAST.

and though like most poets he made no allowance in his rhythm for that of woman, Miss Marigold's, the instant she placed the little saucepan on the table, repassed the space of all the years since her girlhood: those days so long gone by were like the very touch of things around her, and only the present seemed far away and dim. Such a stretching of the table to make room for the scattered ones come home; such handsome, hilarious brothers, grown so manly since the year before; such odors from the kitchen, and ranges of everything in the pantries, and such wandering of thoughts toward them before the seventy-five minute sermon in the church was done! Then there were the endless tricks and mischief of the brothers, and the sleigh-ride in the afternoon, and such doings in the evening as no pen could describe, and somebody else beside the brothers who was sure to come, and a sweet placid face, with folds of whiter muslin fastened underneath the chin, that smiled peace and benediction over all. The little saucepan was the talisman that had brought them back, and set Miss Marigold in their very midst again.

"*Such* changes!" she said at last, and wiped her eyes with a napkin scarcely whiter than the snowy table where it lay.

But it wasn't at all about the changes that Miss Marigold wanted the napkin; it was only on account of the onion she was peeling. Perhaps another person would not have chosen that vegetable for their special treat; but Miss Marigold had naturally quite a weakness that way, and the one reasonable objection to them she considered quite removed by her solitary life. "*So* wonderful," she used to say to herself, "how one *can* find a bright side to everything in this world. Now if one *must* live quite alone, that to be sure gives a shadowy feeling now and then, but how perfectly one *can* enjoy an onion!" So she was smiling behind the napkin at the very moment she was wiping her eyes; and Miss Marigold had a superb set of teeth, though everything else about her had been growing very thin for a good many years.

"*Such* changes!" she went on, "and *so* wonderful, the way I have been carried through them all! So *many* mercies! *Do* be sure, Miss Marigold, that you get to church in good season, for certainly there is no one who has more to reflect upon to-day than you. And as you haven't much but your feelings to make thank-offerings with, you want to be sure to get the stew well off your mind before you start. There, if you leave that just simmering, it will be done to a bubble when you get back; unless, indeed, the minister should be *more* than usually carried away by the occasion."

At this suggestion Miss Marigold looked thoughtfully into the saucepan a moment and shook her head.

"Well, you'll have to risk that," she said at last; "some things must be risked in this life. Now I do hope you are nearly ready. It would never do for a person like you to be late. So *many* mercies!"

In a few minutes more Miss Marigold set off, with her heart all in a glow, and her head in a rather unbecoming second-hand bonnet, which she had taken from a customer in payment for the work on a new one.

"Wonderful," she said to herself, every time she put it on, "how my wants *are* always met."

And in just one hour and a half she came back, limping a good deal, to be sure, but smiling radiantly, and finding that the stew was at the very point to put in the onion. That would need at least twenty minutes, so Miss Marigold sat down on the other side of the seam in the carpet, to enjoy a little season with a copy of *Selections from Sacred Poets*, bound in red morocco, one of the few tangible relics of the days her little hardware

talisman had just now conjured from the past. The fragrance of the saucepan had hardly been pushed aside by the sweet savor she found in its pages when a knock was heard at the shop door. Miss Marigold was really startled. "*So* unusual on a legal holiday," she said. But when she opened it she found a no more terrifying object than the little servant girl of Pinkham Sisters, in a green calico dress with yellow spots, and very tight in the waist, to say that "the ladies sent their best compliments, and would Miss Marigold favor them by coming right away to take a very simple dinner?"



"PINKHAM SISTERS."

"Dear me!" said Miss Marigold, "*such* kindness! Of course I will, and be only too happy. Right way, yes indeed, and my best thanks to the ladies. *So* unexpected!"

"Wonderful," said Miss Marigold again, as she closed the door behind the messenger; for if the truth were to be told, at the very moment she opened the "Selections," a question altogether mundane was pressing upon her mind. Could she, by adding a little water to the stew, make it appear quite enough for two days? Otherwise, unless some customer should drop in in the morning, she did not quite see how she was to manage about the next day's marketing. The quarter's rent, always a rather heavy drain, had been paid the day before, and the one little piece of currency left from that had been dropped in the poor-box at the church. For certainly there was no one there more distinctly called upon; so wonderfully as she had always been carried through.

So she smiled more radiantly than before as she lifted the saucepan over to the stone shelf in the pantry to cool, and, withdrawing the onion, laid it on a plate by its side. Then one moment at the looking-glass on the other side of the seam, and she was ready. Not the bonnet this time; that had done very well for once, but a second time might disarrange her hair. So it was another relic. A hood, of a silk that had once been apple green, close fitting on the inside, but puffed out with eider-down until it would, at first sight, give the impression that Miss Marigold's brain had become suddenly inflated by some tremendous enthusiasm, and that the first breath of encouragement from outside might carry her entirely away.

"I *hope* I have not come too soon," she said, as she stepped into the sitting-room of Pinkham Sisters, and was met by her hostesses standing in their usual relative positions, and arrayed in ancient brocades, with very full skirts and skimping sleeves, and wearing, the one a yellow, and the other a plum-colored bow of broad ribbon just over the thin spot on the top of the head. Pinkham and Pinkie, the customers called them if they wished to speak of them separately, for the sign said only "Pinkham Sisters;" and they never were known to use any more individual term in addressing each other.

"Not a minute," said Pinkham; "on the other hand, we really feel that we must apologize."

"Oh, not a minute," said Pinkie in the super-soprano; "yes, we really should apologize."

"The truth is, we felt such an anxiety about the chicken, whether it was going to take a handsome brown."

"Such an anxiety," said Pinkie; "we were afraid it wasn't going to take a handsome brown."

"And then again, sister wasn't at all well yesterday; she could hardly raise her head from the pillow."

"Oh! no, could hardly raise my head from the pillow."

"But she's been brightening up every minute to-day, so we felt we must have the pleasure of sending for you."

"Oh, yes, brightening every minute to-day; we felt we must have the pleasure."

"Well, I'm sure," said Miss Marigold, as her little head slipped out of the inflated hood, not a hair disturbed, "I'm so gratified—so *entirely* unexpected."

"Oh, don't speak of it," said Pinkham, while she waved the tight-waisted calico a majestic sign to place the chicken on the table; "the favor is altogether on one side. But still, don't you find it a *little* solitary on such occasions, Miss Marigold?"

"Altogether on one side," said Pinkie. "A *little* solitary?"

"Why, bless you, no," said Miss Marigold; "how could I? I'm *so* surrounded; so *many* mercies!"

"Well, it's a beautiful thing if you can say so, Miss Marigold. I only wish we all had the same spirit."

"Oh, a beautiful thing," said Pinkie; "I only wish we could all say so."

The tight-waisted calico made Miss Pinkham a return signal from the corner of her eye, to the effect that the central orb of the occasion was successfully placed in its sphere; which was equivalent to saying that the whole prandial system was adjusted, for Miss Pinkham had with her own hands completed the arrangement of every minor satellite, moon, and ring, in its own mathematical relations, and on its own particular figure of the tablecloth, at the very instant Miss Marigold's knock was heard.

"Did you say dinner was ready? Ah, then, Miss Marigold, if you please, we will sit right down. I *hope* you find yourself with an appetite after your walk to church."

"Yes, we'll sit right down," said Pinkie; "I *hope* you find yourself with an appetite."

"Dear me, yes," said Miss Marigold, and if her humility had not been so genuine, she would have felt almost embarrassed at the



MISS MARIGOLD'S STRANGE CUSTOMER.

contrast with her own little preparations left at home. The apartment also seemed so crowded with furniture, and there was no dividing seam in the carpet here; it was all sitting-room, and there were peacock's feathers over the looking-glass. And she saw under the corner of the cloth that the table was of shining mahogany. Then there were not only three kinds of pickles, but—six stalks of celery in a very tall tumbler; no onions, but the tight-waisted calico standing behind Miss Pinkham's chair, with a peacock-feather flybrush in one hand, and the other at liberty to remove the covers.

But Pinkham Sisters were so affable that there seemed very little restraint after all, and Pinkham, when she had carved with dexterity, begged to know Miss Marigold's favorite part. Miss Marigold declared she had no favorite part; but after Pinkie had said with great freedom that she was never satisfied if she couldn't have a walker, and Pinkham had said *she* considered there was no portion equal for delicacy to the left wing, Miss Marigold got up courage to say that she *had* rather a weakness for the part that went over the fence last, although she always had some scruples about mentioning it. Then she ventured to speak of the table, and Pinkham said it was her mother's, and had eight

claw feet, and Miss Marigold said her mother had one with six claw feet, and after that she felt perfectly at her ease. So much so indeed that she began to tell them about the sermon, and its wonderful appropriateness to the day, though she lamented that her mind did not succeed in tracing it as accurately as she could have wished, and that she had found her thoughts sometimes wandering towards common mercies. But she knew the fault was her own; it could never have been with the subject; that was—The future glory of our country as contrasted with the present condition of the island of Zanzibar.

Meantime the tight-waisted calico, in obedience to various stately signals from Miss Pinkham, had passed one dish after another, but being a good deal crippled by the fly-brush, accomplished it slowly, so that just as Miss Marigold pronounced the word "Zanzibar," she raised something to her mouth that she had not tasted before, and the tears rushed violently to her eyes.

"A very affecting subject," said Pinkham, as Miss Marigold was forced to take out her handkerchief quite suddenly.

"Oh, a very affecting subject," said Pinkie.

"Yes," said Miss Marigold, but her conscience would not allow any such little subterfuge, though innocently provided by another.

"Yes," she repeated, "but it wasn't *altogether* the sermon; I'm *afraid* it was the pickle. *So* precisely like one my mother used to make, I have never met with it since. *Such* a reminiscence!"

"Ah!" said Miss Pinkham, "I consider there is nothing like a pickle for bringing up old associations. So pungent."

"Nothing like a pickle," said Pinkie; "so very pungent."

"I really must beg your pardon," said Miss Marigold, putting up her handkerchief and smiling, quite herself again, "but it was *so* sudden; I was so *entirely* unprepared. Why, only this very morning I was thinking over all those things, and the changes that have come, and the more I thought, the more my heart seemed to sing. *So* wonderful the way I have always been carried through! So *many* mercies!"

The tight-waisted calico at another mysterious signal from Miss Pinkham now disappeared, and after an absence of at least five minutes, during which the Pinkham Sisters were evidently suffering from extreme nervous uneasiness, reappeared with a pudding much the size and shape of a very small cannon-ball, and of such evident importance that the fly-brush had been laid aside, and both hands lent to its triumphal entry. After this crisis was passed, an air of repose, which Miss Marigold wouldn't have quite liked to say she had missed before, stole over Pinkham Sisters, and everything went on more delightfully than ever; and when Miss Marigold had declared it wouldn't be physically possible for her to eat another piece of the pudding as large as a pea, Miss Pinkham proposed they should take their nuts and raisins over to the window, and hold their plates in their laps.

"I consider there is nothing," she said, "that finishes a dinner with an air of more ease and elegance, than taking your nut-plates in your lap. It places one so entirely at leisure, and at the same time allows one to see all the passing."

"Oh, nothing!" said Pinkie; "so entirely at leisure. and one can see all the passing."

Miss Marigold said she should be delighted with any way that would allow her to eat them slowly, for she had really taken so much more than usual, and then she fell into great admiration of the three nut-plates, which Pinkham said were all that was left of her mother's wedding dinner-set, that had been ordered for her in China, one hundred and thirty pieces, and a different design on each. On Miss Marigold's crawled three large beetles with sharp cornered legs; Chinese architecture was illustrated on the next, and Miss Pinkham reserved for herself a club-footed mandarin prostrate before a lady of whom little could be seen but her fan. Then they all spread fringed napkins in their laps, and the tight-waisted calico brought a box of stilettos from the shop, of which they each took one, and after that Miss Marigold seemed irresistibly led to refer to the pickle again.

"I'm sure," she said, "I can't think how I *should* have been so overtaken. Of all days in the year to appear like an ungrateful, discontented person! Why, I was thinking this very morning, as I sat in church, I did not believe there was a soul there so called upon to give thanks. So *many* mercies!"

"And yet," said Pinkham, "you have seen a great many changes."

"Oh, a great many changes," said Pinkie.

"Yes," said Miss Marigold, "but it is *so* wonderful the way I have always been carried through! Why, I can remember when there were so *many* of us, and not one of them would have believed I could ever take care of myself, and here I have never wanted for anything, and it's only my left knee that is lame, and this very morning I counted five buds on my clove pink!" And a smile of

ineffable sweetness gave the Miss Pinkhams a glimpse of the superb teeth.

"Well," said Miss Pinkham, "that is a great deal to say, especially the five buds at this season. Still, Miss Marigold, if that were *all*, I'm *afraid* I shouldn't feel as thankful as you do."

"Oh, a great deal to say," said Pinkie, "but I'm afraid I shouldn't."

"But it isn't all," said Miss Marigold, "not nearly; but I always feel such a delicacy in speaking of myself. So uninteresting to a stranger. But you know, dear friends," and her voice grew low, and a soft light shone in her eyes, "I am always looking for an inheritance, where we shall all be gathered home once more. All these mercies that I speak of are only a sprinkling by the way! And the way is *so* short, and it is *so* wonderful the way I am always carried along!"

"Well, it's a beautiful thing if you can feel so," said Miss Pinkham, "but it seems to me a very solitary way. I think of you a great deal, Miss Marigold, and I cannot feel that it is good for you. Now I consider that it is a terrible thing to be married, but if one had not one's sister to live with, I don't know but I should even—"

"Oh, a terrible thing," said Pinkie, "but I don't know but I should even—"

The light in Miss Marigold's eyes grew still softer, as, with a little knob of English walnut on the end of her stiletto, she gazed absently down at the beetles on the plate. "Some day," she said, "some day—but not here. It's so *many* years since he was lost."

"Now, you don't mean to say!" said Pinkham.

"No, you can never mean to say!" said Pinkie.

"No," said Miss Marigold, "because I don't really know. *Such* uncertainty at sea, you know. I heard that he was, and I suppose it was true, though of course I would not believe it until I was forced. But it is wonderful how one *can* become reconciled. I felt *so* divided for a number of years; but you've no idea how natural it has seemed now for a good long while to be just myself and live by myself."

They all fell into silence for a few moments —there was something so awe-inspiring in having a real love affair to speak of.

"What should you say if he were to come back?—such things have happened," said Pinkham, suddenly, piercing a pecan-nut and Miss Marigold's composure at the same moment.

"Yes, what should you say if he were to come back?" said Pinkie.

"*Oh!* dear me," cried poor little Miss Marigold, throwing up her hands with such a start as to shake several of her nut-shells down upon the carpet. "I *should* be *so* embarrassed I shouldn't know *what* to do. The i-*dea* of having a *man* about! Oh, *dear* me!"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Pinkham, "if you had not any one else. To be sure, I should not think of such a thing myself; but then if you had no one to speak to, week in and week out—"

"Oh, I shouldn't think of such a thing myself," said Pinkie; "but then if you had no one to speak to."

"*Oh*, dear me," said Miss Marigold again, "I *should* be *so* embarrassed!" But then, as old memories began to steal back, the tender light came into her eyes again, and she held her stiletto thoughtfully pointed into vacancy.

"He used to call me 'Marigold—Goldi-Mary,'" she said softly, "and I"—with a little laugh—"used to call him 'Jack-at-a-pinch,' because his name was Jack Pynchon, and because it teased him. I am sorry now that I ever did, but it was *so* amusing!"

And then, as it flashed upon her that she was talking a great deal about herself, she changed the subject, with an air that did not admit of recurring to it; the tight-waisted calico took away their plates; they all took their knitting-work, and another hour passed very happily, until Miss Marigold declared she positively must go home. She was ashamed of herself that she had stayed so long.

"Dear friends," she said, as by a return to the inflated hood she became once more suddenly deformed, "you *can't* imagine what a pleasure this has been to me. *So* unexpected, and *such* social entertainment! And besides, I have really had *such* an appetite! Everything so delicious! Why, what do you think I was going to have at home? A poor little stew, with an onion! And now that will all be ready for to-morrow! But it is only a specimen of the way my wants are always met, *so* wonderful!" and a radiant smile, that irradiated itself again by bringing the superb teeth into view, made the little bit of face that could be seen out from the hood very beautiful.

But when she had slipped round the projecting corner of the shop, and into her own little back-room again, she could not tell why the words of Pinkham Sisters would press in upon her mind so persistently.

"A little solitary?"

Almost an echo about the room. What did make it seem so? And there seemed so

little furniture, and the color of the carpet seemed very dim, and the top of the looking-glass had a sharp look for want of peacock feathers.

"It's only the sudden change," said Miss Marigold cheerily, "it will all come right in a few minutes; and I do believe that second bud has tipped out a little since morning."

She sat down in a low red-cushioned rocking-chair, on the sitting-room side of the seam. The twilight was falling, and she felt quiet after the unusual excitement of the day. More words of Pinkham Sisters began to press back, and the soft look began to gather in Miss Marigold's eyes once more. How close they were drawing again, those days so long gone by! Just as they had done in the morning, only with such a strange tenderness added in their touch. Miss Marigold closed her eyes and leaned her head upon her chair, as if she felt a caress. And so, as the twilight deepened, the present hour still more grew dim, and, as if the years between now and then were blotted out, Miss Marigold seemed to herself a girl again. How soft and delicate her cheek was; how rounded every outline of her form; how long, and soft, and golden her hair, and how lightly she breathed as some one bent over her and whispered many things.

"Jack! Jack-at-a-Pinch!" she said, and stretched out her hands into the dim light. Then starting up, she shook the red cushion into shape again with a little spat.

"Why, this will never do!" she exclaimed; "*do* get a light, Miss Marigold, and find out the longitude of Zanzibar! *So* unintelligent!"

But just as she was taking the match in her hand, there came another knock at the shop door, and Miss Marigold was startled again.

"A second time!" she said. "*So* unusual on such a day."

Nevertheless, seeing there was still a little glow of sunset on that side of the way, she ventured to step to the door and open it.

Not the tight-waisted calico this time, but a tall stranger, his face much concealed between his hat and a handsome curling beard of iron gray.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised the hat slightly. "I don't know that you attend to sales to-day; I don't know that I ought to ask you."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Miss Marigold, with her own smile, "if there is anything really required;" and between that moment and taking her place behind the counter, she had arranged in her own mind the whole account of how he had come in town with his wife for Thanksgiving, and how they either lived where they could not make purchases, or how some accident had befallen her hat since she came in.

The stranger hesitated a moment; but Miss Marigold was accustomed to see men do that, when they forgot the name of the article they were sent for.

"Handsome eyes," thought Miss Marigold, "very;" but what a strange thrill they gave her, and how steadily they gazed into her own!

"What is that in the window?" he said. "Ribbon? That is what I want."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Marigold; "did she send a sample?" and she reached her hand half over the counter to receive it.

"No," said the stranger; "I'll take it all."

Then, seeing a startled look on her face, and reflecting that she might not like so sudden a diminution of her stock, he added, "Never mind. Give me any one of the pieces. And what are these? Feathers?"

Miss Marigold silently placed the box on the counter. Her little vision of the happy Thanksgiving party had vanished.

"*Oh* dear!" she said to herself, "I'm afraid he is going to a masquerade!"

"I'll take these," said the stranger, "and ——." He looked about for some further purchases, and seeing nothing but rows of boxes, whose contents were past his divining, he turned his eyes towards the bonnets upon the frames, and added quietly, "One of these."

The masquerade became a nullity in Miss Marigold's mind, and the fearful thought of escape from the lunatic asylum was just ready to take its place, when the hat was suddenly lifted from over the eyes, the hands stretched toward her, and the very tones she had just been listening to in the red-cushioned chair cried, gently and lowly, "Marigold? Goldi-Mary!"

What Miss Marigold felt or did then, she never knew; only in an instant he had pushed away the boxes, sprang across the counter, and lifted her over to the little chintz-covered sofa in the back room. Then she did not know anything for a little while, and when she opened her eyes the handsome face was bending over her. She reached out a hand and touched it. "Jack? Jack-at-a-Pinch!" and a smile such as Pinkham Sisters had never seen spread over her own.

That evening they were astonished in their turn by a knock at their door, and when they saw Miss Marigold come in, leaning on

a tall, strong arm, they experienced a shock that displaced Miss Pinkham's plum-colored bow so far as to reveal an edge of the thin spot, and Pinkie, for the first time in her life, was startled off her relative breadth in the carpet.

"Dear friends," said Miss Marigold, "I could not help coming to tell you. I *knew* you would like to hear that Jack was not lost, after all; it was only I; and how he has found me again, and my cup runneth over, as it always has. *So* wonderful the way I am always led! So *many* mercies! And was ever anything so fortunate," she whispered in Pinkham's ear, "as the way I was preserved from eating that onion to-day!"

ESTHER WYNN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

My uncle, Joseph Norton, lived in a very old house. It was one of those many mansions in which that Father of all sleepers, George Washington, slept once for two nights. This, however, was before the house came into the possession of our family, and we seldom mentioned the fact.

The rooms were all square, and high; many of the walls were of solid wood, paneled from the floor to the ceiling, and with curious china tiles set in around the fire-places. In the room in which I always slept when I visited there, these wooden walls were of pale green; the tiles were of blue and white, and afforded me endless study and perplexity, being painted with a series of half-allegorical, half-historical, half-Scriptural representations which might well have puzzled an older head than mine. The parlors were white, with gold ornaments; the library was of solid oak, with mahogany wainscoting, and so were the two great central halls, upper and lower. The balustrade of the staircase was of apple-tree wood, more beautiful than all the rest, having fine red veins on its dark polished surface. These halls were lined with portraits of dead Nortons, men and women, who looked as much at home as if the grand old house had always borne their name. And well they might, for none of the owners who had gone before had been of so gentle blood as they; and now they would probably never be taken down from the walls, for my uncle had bought the house, and my uncle's son would inherit it; and it had never yet been known that a Norton of our branch of Nortons had lived wastefully or come to want.

My uncle had married very late in life: he was now a gray-haired man, with little children around his knee. It was said once in my presence, by some one who did not know I listened, that his heart had been broken when he was little more than a boy, by the faithlessness of a woman older than himself, and that he would never have married if he had not seen that another heart would be broken if he did not. Be that as it may, his bearing towards his wife was always of the most chivalrous and courteous devotion, so courteous as to perhaps confirm this interpretation of his marriage.

My aunt was an uninteresting woman, of whom one never thought if she were not in sight; but she had great strength of affection and much good sense in affairs. Her children loved her; her husband enjoyed the admirably ordered system of her management, and her house was a delightful one in which to visit. Although she did not contribute to the flavor of living, she never hindered or thwarted those who could. There was freedom in her presence, from the very fact that you forgot her, and she did not in the least object to being forgotten. Such people are of great use in the world, and create much comfort.

At the time when the strange incidents which I am about to tell occurred, she had been married twelve years, and had four children; three girls, Sarah, Hilda, and Agnes, and a baby boy, who had as yet no name. Sarah was called "Princess," and her real name was never heard. She was the oldest, and was my uncle's inseparable companion. She was a child of uncommon thoughtfulness and tenderness. The other two were simply healthy, happy little creatures, who gave no promise of being any more individual than their serene, quiet mother.

I was spending the winter in the family, and attending school, and between my uncle and me there had grown up an intimate and confidential friendship such as is very rarely seen between a man of fifty and a girl of fifteen. I understood him far better than his wife did; and his affection for me was so great and so caressing that he used often to say, laughingly, "Nell, my girl, you'll never have another lover like me!"

We were sitting at breakfast one morning when Princess came in, holding a small letter in her hand.

"Look, papa mia!" she said; "see this queer old letter I found on the cellar stairs. It looks as if it were a hundred years old."

My uncle glanced up, carelessly at first, but as soon as he saw the paper he stretched out his hand for it, and looked anxious and eager. It did indeed seem as if it were a hundred years old; yellow, crumpled, torn. It had been folded in the clumsy old way which was customary before the invention of envelopes; but the part of the page containing the address had been torn out. He read a few words, and the color mounted in his cheek.

"Where did you say you found it, Princess?" he said.

"On the cellar stairs, papa; I went down to find Fido, and he was playing with it."

"What is it, Joseph?" said Aunt Sarah, in tones a shade more eager than their wont.

"I do not know, my dear," replied my uncle; "it is very old," and he went on reading with a more and more sobered face.

"Robert," said he, turning to the waiter, "do you know where this paper could have come from? Have any old papers been carried down from the garret, to light the fire in the furnace?"

"No, sir," said Robert, "not that I know, sir."

"There are whole barrels of old papers under the eaves in the garret," said Aunt Sarah; "I have always meant to have them burned up; I dare say this came out of one of them, in some way;" and she resumed her habitual expression of nonchalance.

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jo, folding up the paper and putting it in his vest pocket. "I will look, after breakfast."

She glanced up, again surprised, and said, "Why? is it of any importance?"

"Oh, no, no," said he hastily, with a shade of embarrassment in his voice, "it is only an old letter, but I thought there might be more from the same person."

"Who was it?" said Aunt Sarah, languidly.

"I don't know; only the first name is signed," said he evasively; and the placid lady asked no more. The children were busy with Fido, and breakfast went on, but I watched my uncle's face. I had never seen it look just as it looked then. What could that old yellow letter have been? My magnetic sympathy with my uncle told me that he was deeply moved.

At dinner-time my uncle was late, and Aunt Sarah said, with a little less than her usual dignity, "I never did see such a man as Mr. Norton, when he takes a notion in his head. He's been all the morning rummaging in clouds of dust in the garret, to find more of those old letters."

"Who wrote it, Auntie?" said I.

"Heaven knows," said she; "some woman or other, fifty years ago. He says her name was Esther."

"Did you read it?" I asked tremblingly. Already I felt a shrinking sense of regard for the unknown Esther.

Aunt Sarah looked at me with almost amused surprise. "Read it, child? no, indeed! What do I care what that poor soul wrote half a century ago. But your uncle's half out of his head about her, and he's had all the servants up questioning them back and forth till they are nearly as mad as he is. Cook says she has found several of them on the cellar stairs in the last few weeks; but she saw they were so old she threw them into the fire, and never once looked at them; and when she said that, your uncle just groaned. I never did see such a man as he is when he gets a notion in his head,"—she repeated, hopelessly.

My uncle came in flushed and tired. Nothing was said about the letters till, just as dinner was over, he said suddenly:—

"Robert, if you find any more of these old papers anywhere, bring them to me at once. And give orders to all the servants that no piece of old paper with writing on it is to be destroyed without my seeing it."

"Yes, sir," said Robert, without changing a muscle; but I saw that he too was of Mrs. Norton's opinion as to his master's oddity when he once got a notion in his head.

"Who was the lady, papa," said little Agnes. "Did you know her?"

"My dear, the letter is as old as papa is himself," said he. "I think the lady died when papa was a little baby."

"Then what makes you care so much, papa," persisted Agnes.

"I can't tell you, little one," said he, kissing her, and tossing her up in the air; but he looked at me.

In the early twilight that afternoon I found my uncle lying with closed eyes on the lounge in the library. He was very tired by his long forenoon's work in the garret. I sat down on the floor and stroked his dear old white hair.

"Pet," he said, without opening his eyes, "that letter had the whole soul of a woman in it."

"I thought so, dear," said I, "by your face."

After a long interval he said: "I could not find a word more of her writing; I might have known I should not;" and again, after a still longer silence, "Would you like to read it, Nell?"

"I am not sure, Uncle Jo," I said. "It seems hardly right. I think she would not so much mind your having it, because you are a man; but another woman! no, uncle dear, I think the letter belongs to you."

"Oh, you true woman-hearted darling," he said, kissing me; "but some day I think I shall want you to read it with me. She would not mind your reading it if she knew you as I do."

Just then Aunt Sarah came into the room, and we said no more.

Several days passed by, and the mysterious letter was forgotten by everybody except my uncle and me.

One bitterly cold night we were sitting around a blazing coal fire in the library. It was very late. Aunt Sarah was asleep in her chair; my uncle was reading. Suddenly the door opened and Robert came in, bringing a letter on his little silver tray: it was past eleven o'clock; the evening mail had been brought in long before.

"Why, what is that, Robert?" said Uncle Jo, starting up a little alarmed.

"One of them old letters, sir," replied Robert; "I just got it on the cellar stairs, sir."

My uncle took the letter hastily. Robert still stood as if he had more to say; and his honest, blank face looked stupefied with perplexity.

"If you please, sir," he began, "it's the queerest thing ever I saw. That letter's been put on them stairs, sir, within the last five minutes."

"Why, Robert, what do you mean?" said my uncle, thoroughly excited.

"Oh dear," groaned Aunt Sarah, creeping out of her nap and chair, "if you are going into another catechism about those old letters, I am going to bed;" and she left the room, not staying long enough to understand that this was a new mystery, and not a vain rediscussing of the old one.

It seems that Robert had been down cellar to see that the furnace fire was in order for the night. As soon as he reached the top of the stairs, in coming up, he remembered that he had not turned the outside damper properly, and went back to do it.

"I wasn't gone three minutes, sir, and when I came back there lay the letter, a right side up, square in the middle of the stairs; and I'd take my Bible oath, sir, as twan't there when I went down."

"Who was in the hall when you went down, Robert?" said my uncle sternly.

"Nobody, sir. Every servant in the house had gone to bed, except Jane" (my aunt's maid), "and she was going up the stairs over my head, sir, when I first went down into the cellar. I know she was, sir, for she called through the stairs to me, and she says, 'Master'll hear you, Robert.' You see, sir, Jane and me didn't know as it was so late, and we was frightened when we heard the clock strike half-past eleven."

"That will do, Robert," said Uncle Jo. "You can go," and Robert disappeared, relieved but puzzled. There seemed no possible explanation of the appearance of the letter there and then, except that hands had placed it there during the brief interval of Robert's being in the cellar. There were no human hands in the house which could have done it. Was a restless ghost wandering there, bent on betraying poor Esther's secrets to strangers? What did it, what could it mean?

"Will you read this one with me, Nell?" said my uncle, turning it over reverently and opening it.

"No," I said, "but I will watch you read it;" and I sat down on the floor at his feet.

The letter was very short; he read it twice without speaking; and then said, in an unsteady voice: "This is an earlier letter than the other, I think. This is a joyous one; poor Esther! I believe I know her whole story. But the mystery is inexplicable! I would take down these walls if I thought I could get at the secret."

Long past midnight we sat and talked it all over; and racked our brains in vain to invent any theory to account for the appearance of the letters on that cellar stairway. My uncle's tender interest in the poor dead Esther was fast being overshadowed by the perplexing mystery.

A few days after this, Mary the cook found another of the letters when she first went down-stairs in the morning, and Robert placed it by my uncle's plate, with the rest of his mail. It was the most singular one of all, for there was not a word of writing in it that could be read. It was a foreign letter; some fragments of the faded old stamps were still hanging where the address had been cut out, on the back. The first page looked as if it had been written over with some sort of sympathetic ink; but not a word could be deciphered. Folded in a small piece of the thinnest of paper was a mouldy and crumbling flower, of a dull-brown color; on the paper was written:—

"Pomegranate blossom, from Jaffa," and a few lines of poetry, of which we could make out only here and there a word.

Even Aunt Sarah was thoroughly aroused and excited now. Robert had been into the cellar very late on the previous night, and was sure that at that time no papers were on the stairs.

"I never go down them stairs, sir," said Robert, "without looking—and listening too," he added under his breath, with a furtive look back at the cook, who was standing in the second doorway of the butler's pantry. The truth was, Robert had been afraid of the cellar ever since the finding of the second letter. And all the servants shared his uneasiness.

Between eleven at night and seven the next morning, this mute ghostly waif from Palestine, with the half-century old dust of a pomegranate flower in its keeping, had come up that dark stairway. It appeared now that the letters were always found on the fourth stair from the top. This fact had not before been elicited, but there seemed little doubt about it. Even little Princess said—

"Yes, papa, I am sure that the one I found was on that stair; for I now remember Fido came up with only just one or two bounds to the top, as soon as he saw me."

We were very sober. The little children chattered on; it meant nothing to them, this breath from such a far past. But to hearts old enough to comprehend, there was something infinitely sad and suggestive in it. I already felt, though I had not read one word of her writing, that I loved the woman called Esther; as for my uncle, his very face was becoming changed by the thought of her, and the mystery of the appearance of the letters. He began to be annoyed also; for the servants were growing suspicious, and unwilling to go into the cellar. Mary the cook declared that on the morning when she found this last letter, something white brushed by her at the foot of the stairs; and Robert said that he had for a long time heard strange sounds from that staircase late at night.

Just after this, my aunt went away for a visit; and several days passed without any further discoveries on the stairs. My uncle and I spent long hours in talking over the mystery, and he urged me to read, or to let him read to me, the two letters he had.

"Pet," he said, "I will tell you something. One reason they move me so is, that they are strangely like words written by a woman whom I knew thirty years ago. I did not believe two such women had been on the earth."

I kissed his hand when he said this; yet a strange unwillingness to read Esther's letters withheld me. I felt that he had right, and I had not.

But the end of the mystery was near. And it was revealed, as it ought to have been, to my uncle himself.

One night I was awaked out of my first sleep by a very cautious tap at my door, and my uncle's voice, saying—

"Nell—Nell, are you awake?"

I sprang to the door instantly.

"O uncle, are you ill?" (My aunt had not yet returned.)

"No, pet. But I want you down stairs. Dress yourself and come down into the library."

My hands trembled with excitement as I dressed. Yet I was not afraid; I knew that it was in some way connected with "Esther," though my uncle had not mentioned her name.

I found him sitting before the library table, which was literally covered with old letters, such as we had before seen.

"O uncle!" I gasped as soon as I saw them.

"Yes, dear! I have got them all. There was no ghost!"

Then he told me in few words what had happened. It seemed that he had gone down himself into the cellar, partly to satisfy himself that all was right with the furnace, partly with a vague hope of finding another of the letters. He had found nothing, had examined the furnace, locked the door at the head of the cellar stairs, and gone up to his bed-room. While he was undressing, a strange impulse seized him to go back once more, and see whether it might not happen to him as it had to Robert, to find a letter on returning after a few moments interval.

He threw on his wrapper, took a candle, and went down. The first thing he saw, on opening the door, which he had himself locked only five minutes before, was a letter lying on the same fourth stair!

"I confess, Nell," said he, "for a minute I felt as frightened as black Bob. But I sat down on the upper step, and resolved not to go away till I had discovered how that letter came there, if I stayed till daylight!"

Nearly an hour passed, he said; the cold wind from the cellar blew up and swayed the candle-flame to and fro. All sorts of strange sounds seemed to grow louder and louder, and still he sat, gazing helplessly in a sort of despair at that motionless letter, which he had not lifted from the stair. At last, purely by accident, he looked up to the staircase over head—the front stairs, down which he had just come from his room. He jumped to his feet! There, way up among the

dark cobwebbed shadows, he thought he saw something white. He held up the candle. It was, yes, it was a tiny corner of white paper wedged in a crack; by standing on the beam at the side he could just reach it. He touched it,—pulled it;—it came out slowly,—another of Esther's letters. They were hid in the upper staircase! The boards had been worn and jarred a little away from each other, and the letters were gradually shaken through the opening; some heavier or quicker step than usual giving always the final impetus to a letter which had been for days slowly working down towards the fated outlet.

Stealthily as any burglar he had crept about his own house, had taken up the whole of the front staircase carpet, and had with trouble pried off one board of the stair in which the letters were hid. There had been a spring, he found, but it was rusted and would not slide. He had carefully replaced the carpet, carried the letters into the library, and come for me; it was now half-past one o'clock at night.

Dear, blessed Uncle Jo! I am an old woman now. Good men and strong men have given me love, and have shown me of their love for others; but never, no, never did I feel myself so in the living presence of incarnate love as I did that night, sitting with my white-haired uncle, face to face with the faded records of the love of Esther Wynn.

It was only from one note that we discovered her last name. This was written in the early days of her acquaintance with her lover, and while she was apparently little more than a child. It was evident that at first the relation was more like one of pupil and master. For some time the letters all commenced scrupulously "my dear friend," or "my most beloved friend." It was not until years had passed that the master became the lover; we fancied, Uncle Jo and I, as we went reverently over the beautiful pages, that Esther had grown and developed more and more, until she was the teacher, the helper, the inspirer. We felt sure, though we could not tell how, that she was the stronger of the two; that she moved and lived habitually on a higher plane; that she yearned often to lift up the man she loved to the freer heights on which her soul led its glorified existence.

It was strange how little we gathered which could give clue to her actual history or to his. The letters were almost never dated with the name of the place, only with the day and year, many of them with only the day. There was an absolute dearth of allusions to persons; it was as if these two had lived in a separate world of their own. When persons were mentioned at all, it was only by initial. It was plain that some cruel, inexorable bar separated her from the man she loved; a bar never alluded to,—whose nature we could only guess,—but one which her strong and pure nature felt itself free to triumph over in spirit, however submissive the external life might seem.

Their relation had lasted for many years; so many, that that fact alone seemed a holy seal and testimony to the purity and immortality of the bond which united them. Esther must have been a middle-aged woman when, as the saddened letters sadly revealed, her health failed and she was ordered by the physicians to go to Europe. The first letter which my uncle had read, the one which Princess found, was the letter in which she bade farewell to her lover. There was no record after that; only two letters which had come from abroad; one was the one that I have mentioned, which contained the pomegranate blossom from Jaffa, and a little poem which, after long hours of labor, Uncle Jo and I succeeded in deciphering. The other had two flowers in it—an Edelweiss which looked as white and pure and immortal as if it had come from Alpine snows only the day before; and a little crimson flower of the amaranth species, which was wrapped by itself, and marked "From Bethlehem of Judea." The only other words in this letter were, "I am better, darling, but I cannot write yet."

It was evident that there had been the deepest intellectual sympathy between them. Closely and fervently and passionately as their hearts must have loved, the letters were never, from first to last, simply lovers' letters. Keen interchange of comment and analysis, full revelation of strongly marked individual life, constant mutual stimulus to mental growth there must have been between these two. We were inclined to think, from the exquisitely phrased sentences and rare fancies in the letters, and from the graceful movement of some of the little poems, that Esther must have had ambition as a writer. And then, again, she seemed so wholly, simply, passionately a woman, to love and be loved, that all thought of anything else in her nature or life seemed incongruous.

"Oh," groaned Uncle Jo, after reading one of the most glowing letters, "oh, was there really ever in any other man's arms but mine a woman who could say such things as these between kisses? O Nell, Nell, thank God that you haven't the dower of

such a double fire in your veins as Esther had!"

All night we sat reading, and reading, and reading. When the great clock in the hall struck six, we started like guilty persons.

"Oh, my childie," said Uncle Jo, "how wrong this has been in me! Poor little pale face, go to bed now, and remember, I forbid you to go to school to-day; and I forbid your getting up until noon. I promise you I will not look at another letter. I will lock them all up till to-morrow evening, and then we will finish them."

I obeyed him silently. I was too exhausted to speak; but I was also too excited to sleep. Until noon I lay wide awake on the bed, in my darkened room, living over Esther Wynn's life, marveling at the inexplicable revelation of it which had been put into our hands, and wondering, until the uncertainty seemed almost anguish, what was that end which we could never know. Did she die in the Holy Land? or did she come home well and strong? and did her lover die some day, leaving his secret treasure of letters behind him, and poor stricken Esther to go to her grave in fear lest unfriendly hands might have gained possession of her heart's records? Was he a married man, and had the wife whom he did not love paced up and down and up and down for years over these dumb witnesses to that of which she had never dreamed? The man himself, when he came to die, did he writhe, thinking of those silent, eloquent, precious letters which he must leave to time and chance to destroy or protect? Did they carry him, dead, down the very stairs on which he had so often knelt unseen and wafted kisses towards the hidden Esther?

All these conjectures and questions, and thousands more, hurried in wild confusion through my brain. In vain I closed my eyes, in vain I pressed my hands on their lids; countless faces, dark, light, beautiful, plain, happy, sad, threatening, imploring, seemed dancing in the air around my bed, and saying, "Esther, Esther!"

We knew she was fair; for there was in one of the letters a tiny curl of pale brown hair; but we believed from many expressions of hers that she had no beauty. Oh, if I could but have known how she looked!

At last I fell asleep, and slept heavily until after dark. This refreshed my overwrought nerves, and when at nine o'clock in the evening I joined my uncle in the library, I was calmer than he.

We said very few words. I sat on his knee, with one arm around his neck, and hand in hand we reverently lifted the frail, trembling sheets.

We learned nothing new; in fact, almost any one of the letters was a rounded revelation of Esther's nature, and of the great love she bore—and there was little more to learn. There were more than a hundred of the letters, and they embraced a period of fifteen years. We arranged them in piles, each year by itself; for some years there were only two or three; we wondered whether during those years they had lived near each other, and so had not written, or whether the letters had been destroyed. When the last letter was laid where it belonged, we looked at each other in silence, and we both sighed.

Uncle Jo spoke first.

"Childie, what shall we do with them?"

"I do not know, uncle," I said. "I should feel very guilty if we did not make sure that no one else read them. I should feel very guilty myself, except that I have read them with you. They seem to me to belong to you, somehow."

Uncle Jo kissed me, and we were silent again. Then he said, "There is but one way to make sure that no human being will ever read them—that is, to burn them; but it is as hard for me to do it as if they had been written to me."

"Could you not put them back in the stair, and nail it up firmly?" said I.

It was a stormy night. The wind was blowing hard, and sleet and snow driving against the windows. At this instant a terrible gust rattled the icy branches of the syringa-bushes against the window, with a noise like the click of musketry, and above the howling of the wind there came a strange sound which sounded like a voice crying, "Burn, burn!"

Uncle Jo and I both heard it, and both sprang to our feet, white with a nervous terror. In a second he recovered himself, and said, laughing, "Pet, we are both a good deal shaken by this business. But I do think it will be safer to burn the letters. Poor, poor Esther. I hope she is safe with her lover now."

"Oh, do you doubt it?" said I; "I do not."

"No," said he, "I do not, either. Thank God!"

"Uncle Jo," said I, "do you think Esther would mind if I copied a few of these letters, and two or three of the poems? I so want to have them that it seems to me I cannot give them up; I love her so, I think she would be willing."

The storm suddenly died away, and the

painful silence around us was almost as startling as the fierce gust had been before. I took it as an omen that Esther did not refuse my wish, and I selected the four letters which I most desired to keep. I took also the pomegranate blossom, and the Edelweiss, and the crimson Amaranth from Bethlehem.

"I think Esther would rather that these should not be burned," I said.

"Yes; I think so too," replied Uncle Jo.

Then we laid the rest upon the fire. The generous hickory logs seemed to open their arms to them. In a few seconds great panting streams of fire leaped up and rushed out of our sight, bearing with them all that was perishable of Esther Wynn's letters. Just as the crackling shadowy shapes were falling apart and turning black, my uncle sprang to an Indian cabinet which stood near, and seizing a little box of incense-powder which had been brought from China by his brother, he shook a few grains of it into the fire. A pale, fragrant film rose slowly in coiling wreaths and clouds and hid the last moments of the burning of the letters. When the incense smoke cleared away, nothing could be seen on the hearth but the bright hickory coals in their bed of white ashes.

"I shall make every effort," said Uncle Jo, "to find out who lived in this house during those years. I presume I can, by old records somewhere."

"Oh, uncle," I said, "don't. I think they would rather we did not know any more."

"You sweet woman child!" he exclaimed. "You are right. Your instinct is truer than mine. I am only a man, after all! I will never try to learn who it was that Esther loved."

"I am very glad," he added, "that this happened when your Aunt Sarah was away. It would have been a great weariness and annoyance to her to have read these letters."

Dear, courteous Uncle Jo! I respected his chivalrous little artifice of speech, and tried to look as if I believed he would have carried the letters to his wife if she had been there.

"And I think, dear," he hesitatingly proceeded, "we would better not speak of this. It will be one sacred little secret that you and your old uncle will keep. As no more letters will be found on the stairs, the whole thing will be soon forgotten."

"Oh yes, uncle," replied I; "of course it would be terrible to tell. It isn't our secret, you know; it is dear Esther Wynn's."

I do not know why it was that I locked up those four letters of Esther Wynn's, and did not look at them for many months. I felt very guilty in keeping them; but a power I could not resist seemed to paralyze my very hand when I thought of opening the box in which they were. At last, long after I had left Uncle Jo's house, I took them out one day, and in the quiet and warmth of a summer noon I copied them slowly, carefully, word for word. Then I hid the originals in my bosom, and walked alone, without telling any one whither I was going, to a wild spot I knew several miles away, where a little mountain stream came foaming and dashing down through a narrow gorge to empty into our broad and placid river. I sat down on a mossy granite boulder, and slowly tore the letters into minutest fragments. One by one I tossed the white and tiny shreds into the swift water, and watched them as far as I could see them. The brook lifted them and tossed them over and over, lodged them in mossy crevices, or on tree roots, then swept them all up and whirled them away in dark depths of the current from which they would never more come to the surface. It was a place which Esther would have loved, and I wondered, as I sat there hour after hour, whether it were really improbable—of course it was not impossible—that she knew just then what I was doing for her. I wondered, also, as I had often wondered before, if it might not have been by Esther's will that the sacred hoard of letters, which had lain undiscovered for so many years, should fall at last into the tender, chivalrous hands of my Uncle Jo. It was certainly a strange thing that on the stormy night which I have described, when we were discussing what should be done with the letters, both Uncle Jo and I should have at the same instant fancied we heard the words "Burn, burn!"

The following letter is the earliest one which I copied. It is the one which Robert found so late at night and brought to us in the library:—

"FRIDAY EVE.

"SWEETEST—It is very light in my room to-night. The full moon and the thought of you! I see to write, but you would forbid me—you who would see only the moonlight, and not the other. Oh, my darling! my darling!

"I have been all day in fields and on edges of woods. I have never seen just such a day: a June sun, and a September wind; clover and butter-cups under foot, and a sparkling October sky over head. I think the earth enjoyed it as a sort of masquerading frolic. The breeze was so strong that it took the

butterflies half off their air-legs, and they fairly reeled about in the sun. As for me, I sat here and there, on hillocks and stones, among ferns, and white cornels, and honey-bees, and bobolinks. I was the only still thing in the fields. I waited so long in each spot, that it was like being transplanted when I moved myself to the north or the south. And I discovered a few things in each country in which I lived. For one thing, I observed that the little busy bee is not busy all the while; that he does a great amount of aimless, idle snuffing and tasting of all sorts of things besides flowers; especially he indulges in a running accompaniment of gymnastics among the grass-stalks, which cannot possibly have anything to do with honey. I watched one fellow to-day through a series of positive trapèze movements from top to bottom and bottom to top of a grass-tangle. When he got through he shook himself, and smoothed off his legs exactly as the circus-men do. Then he took a long pull at a clover well.

"Ah, the clover! Dearest! you should have seen how it swung to-day. The stupidest person in the world could not have helped thinking that it kept time to invisible band-playing, and was trying to catch hold of the buttercups. I lay down at full length and looked off through the stems, and then I saw for the first time how close they were, and that they constantly swayed and touched, and sometimes locked fast together for a second. Stately as a minuet it looked, but joyous and loving and passionate as the wildest waltz I ever danced in your arms, my darling. Oh, how dare we presume to be so sure that the flowers are not glad as we are glad! On such a day as to-day I never doubt it; and I pick one as reverently and hesitatingly as I would ask the Queen of the Fairies home to tea if I met her in a wood.

"Laughing, are you, darling? Yes, I know it. Poor soul! You cannot help being a man, I suppose. Nor would I have you help it, my great, strong, glorious one! How I adore the things which you do, which I could not do. Oh, my sweet master! Never fear that I do you less reverence than I should. All the same, I lie back on my ferny hillock, and look you in the eye, and ask you what you think would become of you if you had no little one of my kind to bring you honey! And when I say this—you—ah, my darling, now there are tears in my eyes, and the moonlight grows dim. I cannot bear the thinking what you would do when I said those words! Good night! Perhaps in my sleep I will say them again, and you will be there to answer. In the morning I shall write out for you to-day's clover song.

"YOUR OWN."

The clover song was not in the letter. We found it afterward on a small piece of paper, so worn and broken in the folds that we knew it must have been carried for months in a pocket-book.

A SONG OF CLOVER.

I wonder what the clover thinks?—
Intimate friend of Bob-o-links,
Lover of Daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with butter-cups at night;
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,
Serving to them wine dregs and lees,
Left by the Royal Humming-Birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;
Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the Dew-Drops, one by one;
Prophet of Good Luck mystery
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of Nature's magic zone,
One out of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by sills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweet cannot be said;
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death!
Oh, who knows what the Clover thinks?
No one! unless the Bob-o-links!

The lines which were written on the paper enclosing the pomegranate flower from Jaffa we deciphered with great trouble. The last verse we were not quite sure about, for there had been erasures. But I think we were right finally.

"Pomegranate blossom!" Heart of fire!
I dare to be thy death,
To slay thee while the summer sun
Is quickening thy breath;
To rob the autumn of thy wine;—
Next year of all ripe seeds of thine,
That thou mayest bear one kiss of mine
To my dear love before my death.

For, Heart of fire, I too am robbed
Like thee! Like thee, I die,
While yet my summer sun of love
Is near, and warm, and high;
The autumn will run red with wine;
The autumn fruits will swing and shine;
But in that little grave of mine
I shall not see them where I lie.

Pomegranate blossom! Heart of fire!
This kiss, so slow, so sweet,
Thou bearest hence, can never lose
Even in death its heat.
Redder than autumns can run with wine,
Warmer than summer suns can shine,
Forever that dear love of mine
Shall find thy sacred hidden sweet!

The next letter which I copied was one written five years after the first; it is not so much a letter as an allegory, and so beautiful, so weird, that we wondered Esther did not set it to tune as a poem.

"SUNDAY MORNING.

"MY DARLING—Even this blazing September sun looks dull to me this morning. I have come from such a riotous dream. All last night I walked in a realm of such golden splendor, that I think even in our fullest noon I shall only see enough light to grope by for days and days.

"I do not know how to tell you my dream. I think I must put it in shape of a story of two people; but you will know, darling, that in my dream it was you and I. And I honestly did dream it, sweet, every word just as I shall write it for you; only there are no words which so glow and light and blaze as did the chambers through which we walked. I had been reading about the wonderful gold mines of which every one is talking now, and this led to my dream.

"You can laugh if you like, sweet master mine, but I think it is all true, and I call it

"THE MINE OF GOLD.

"There is but one true mine of gold; and of it no man knows, and no woman, save those who go into it. Neither can they who go tell whether they sink into the earth's heart or are caught up into the chambers of the air, or led to the outer pavilions of the sea. Suddenly they perceive that all around, above, below them is gold: rocks of gold higher than they can see; caves whose depths are bright with gold; lakes of gold which is molten and leaps like fire, but in which flowers can be dipped and not wither; sands of gold, soft and pleasant to touch; innumerable shapes of all things beautiful, which wave and change, but only from gold to gold; air which shines and shimmers like refiner's gold; warmth which is like the glow of the red gold of Ophir; and everywhere golden silence!

"Hand in hand walk the two to whom it is given to enter here: of the gold, they may carry away only so much as can be hid in their bosoms; grains which are spilled, or are left on their garments, turn to ashes; only to each other may they speak of these mysteries; but all men perceive that they have riches, and that their faces shine as the faces of angels.

"Suddenly it comes to pass that one day a golden path leads them farther than they have ever gone before, and into a vast chamber, too vast to be measured. Its walls, although they are of gold, are also like crystal. This is a mystery. Only three sides are walled. The fourth side is the opening of a gallery which stretches away and away, golden like a broad sunbeam: from out the distance comes the sound of rushing waters; however far they walk in that gallery, still the golden sunbeam stretches before them; still the sound of the waters is no nearer: and so would the sunbeam and the sound of the waters be forever, for they are Eternity.

"But there is a fourth mystery. On the walls of crystal gold, on all sides, shine faces; not dead faces, not pictured faces; living faces—warm, smiling, reflected faces.

"Then it is revealed to the two who walk hand in hand that these are the faces of all who have ever entered in, as they, between the walls of crystal gold; flashing faces of the sons of God looking into eyes of earthly women;—these were the first; and after them, all in their generations, until to-day, the sons of men with the women they have loved. The men's faces smile; but the faces of the women have in them a joy greater than a smile.

"Presently the two who walk hand in hand see their own faces added to the others, with the same smile, the same joy; and it is revealed to them that these faces are immortal. Through all eternity they will beam on the walls of crystal gold; and those who have once looked on them can never more see in each other change or loss of beauty.

"If as they walk there, in the broad sunbeam, an angel meets them, bearing the tokens of a golden bowl that is broken and a silver cord that is unloosed, they follow him without grief or fear, thinking on that chamber of crystal gold!

"Good-bye, darling!

"ESTHER."

The third letter was written three years after this one. Sadness was beginning to cloud the free, joyous outpourings of Esther's heart. Probably this sadness was one of the first symptoms of the failure of her health. It was from this letter chiefly—although there were expressions in others which corroborated the impression—that we inferred that her lover had endeavored to stimulate in her an intellectual ambition.

"WEDNESDAY EVENING.

"DEAR ONE—Your last letter gave me great pain. It breaks my heart to see you looking so earnestly and expectantly into my future. Beloved, because I have grown and developed so much in the last eight years is no proof that

I can still keep on growing. If you understood, darling, you would see that it is just the other way. I have grown year by year, hour by hour, because hour by hour I have loved you more. That is all! I have felt the growth. I know it, as clearly as you do. But I know the secret of it as you do not; and I know the limit of it, as you cannot. I *cannot* love you more, precious one! Neither would I if I could! One heart-beat more in a minute, and I should die! But all that you have so much loved and cared for, dear, calling it intellectual growth and expansion in me, has been only the clearing of atmosphere, the refining and stimulating of every faculty, every sense, by my love for you. When I have said or written a word which has pleased you thus, if there were any special fitness or eloquence in the word, it was only because I sought after what would best carry my thought to *you*, darling! What would be best frame, best setting, to keep the flowers or the sky which I had to see alone,—to keep them till you could see them too! Oh, dear one, do understand that there is nothing of me except my heart and my love! While they were wonderingly, tremblingly, rapturously growing within me, under the sweet warmth of your love, no wonder I changed day by day. But, precious one, it is at end. The whole solemn, steadfast womanhood within me recognizes it. Beloved master, in one sense you can teach me no more! I am content. I desire nothing. One moment of full consciousness of you, of life, of love, is more than all centuries of learning, all eternities of inspiration. I would rather at this moment, dear, lay my cheek on your hand, and sit in my old place by your knee, and feel myself the woman you have made me, than know all that God knows, and make a universe!

"Beloved, do not say such things to me any more; and whenever you feel such ambition and hope stirring in your heart, read over this little verse, and be sure that your child knew what she said when she wrote it:—

THE END OF HARVEST.

Oh, Love, who walkest slow among my sheaves,
Smiling at tint and shape, thy smile of peace,
But whispering of the next sweet year's increase,—
Oh, tender Love, thy loving hope but grieves
My heart! I rue my harvest, if it leaves
Thee vainly waiting after harvests cease,
Like one who has been mocked by titled lease
To barren fields.

Dear one, my word deceives
Thee never. Hearts one summer have. Their grain
"Is sown not that which shall be!"
Can new pain
Teach me of pain? Or any ecstasy
Be new, that I should speak its name again?
My darling, all there was or is of me
Is harvested for thine Eternity!

ESTHER."

The fourth letter was the one which Princess had found, the first which my uncle had read—Esther's farewell to her lover before going abroad. No wonder that it so moved him!

"SUNDAY NIGHT.

"MY DARLING—I implore you not to come. Have I not loved you enough, all these years long, for you to trust me, and believe that it is only because I love you so much that I cannot, cannot see you now? Dear, did I ever before ask you to forego your wish for mine? Even in hours crowded with all love's sweetness, did I ever stay your hand, my darling? Ah, love, you know—oh, how well you know, that always, in every blissful moment we have spent together, my bliss has been shadowed by a little, interrupted by a little, because my soul was forever restlessly asking, seeking, longing, for *one* more joy, delight, rapture, to give to you!

"Now listen, darling. You say it is almost a year since we met; true, but if it were yesterday, would you remember it any more clearly? Why, my precious one, I can see over again at this moment each little movement which you made, each look your face wore; I can hear every word; I can feel every kiss; very solemn kisses they were too, love, as if we had known.

"You say we may never meet again. True. But if that is to be so, all the more I choose to leave with you the memory of the face you saw then, rather than of the one you would see to-day. Be compassionate, darling, and spare me the pain of seeing your pain at sight of my poor changed face. I hope it is not a weak vanity, love, which makes me feel this so strongly. Being so clearly and calmly conscious as I am that very possibly my earthly days are near their end, it does not seem as if mere vanity could linger in my soul. And you know you have always said, dearest, that I had none. I know I have always wondered unspeakably that you could find pleasure in my face, except occasionally, when I have felt, as it were, a great sudden glow and throb of love quicken and heat it under your gaze; then, as I have looked up in your eyes, I have sometimes had a flash of consciousness of a transfiguration in the very flesh of my face, just as I have a sense of rapturous strength sometimes in the very flesh and bone of my right hand, when I

strike on the piano some of Beethoven's chords. But I know that, except in the light of your presence, I have no beauty. I had not so much to lose by illness as other women. But, dear one, that little is gone. I can read in the pitying looks of all my friends how altered I am. Even if I did not see it with my own eyes, I should read it in theirs. And I cannot—Oh, I cannot read it in yours!

"If I knew any spell which could make you forget all except some one rare moment in which you said in your heart, 'Oh, she never looked so lovely before!' Oh, how firmly I would bind you by it! All the weary, indifferent, or unhappy looks, sweet, I would blot out from your memory, and have the thought of me raise but one picture in your mind. I would have it as if I had died, and left of my face no record on earth except one wonderful picture by some great master, who had caught the whole beauty of the one rarest moment of my life. Sweet, if you look back, you will find that moment; for it must have been in your arms; and let Love be the master who will paint the immortal picture!

"As for this thin, pale, listless body, which just now answers to name of me, there is nothing in or about it which you know. Presently it will be carried like a half-lifeless thing on board a ship; the winds will blow roughly on it, and it will not care. If God wills, darling, I will come back to you well and strong. If I cannot come well and strong, I hope never to come at all.

"Don't call me cruel. You would feel the same. I also should combat the resolve in you, as you do in me. But in my heart I should understand. I should sympathize, and I should yield.

"God bless you, darling. I believe He will, for the infinite goodness of your life. I thank Him daily that He has given it to me to bless you a little. If I had seen you to say farewell, my beloved, I should not have kissed you many times, as has been our wont. That is for hours of joy. I should have kissed you three times—only three times—on your beautiful, strong, gentle lips, and each kiss would have been a separate sacrament, with a bond of its own. I send them to you here, love, and this is what they mean!

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
  Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
  We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
  Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
  Lavishes heat,—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
  When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
  A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
  Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
  We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
  And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
  Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
  Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
  For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
  Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
  We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
  Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
  In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
  Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
  Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
  My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
  What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
  Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
  To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
  Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
  The seal of death!"

It was on my sixteenth birthday that I copied these letters and poems of Esther Wynn's. I kept them, with a few other very precious things, in a curious little inlaid box, which came from Venice, and was so old that its sides were worm-eaten in many places. It was one of my choicest treasures, and I was never separated from it.

When I was twenty years old I had been for two years a happy wife, for one year a glad mother, and had for some time remembered Esther only in the vague, passing way in which happy souls recall old shadows of other hearts' griefs. As my boy entered on his second summer he began to droop a little, and the physician had recommended that we should take him to the sea-shore; so it came to pass that on the morning of my twentieth birthday I was sitting, with my baby in my arms, on a rocky sea-shore, in one of the well-known summer resorts of the New Hampshire coast. Near me sat a woman whose face had

interested me strangely ever since my arrival. She seemed an invalid; but there was an atmosphere of overflowing vitality about her, in spite of her feebleness, which made her very presence stimulating and cheering to every one. I had longed to speak with her, but as yet had not done so. While I sat watching her face, and my baby's, and the face of the sea, she was joined by her husband, who had just come from a walk in the fields, and had brought her a large bouquet of red clover and feathery grasses. She took it eagerly with great delight, and exclaimed:

"I wonder what the clover thinks?
Intimate friend of Bob-o-links!"

I could not control the sudden start with which I heard these words. Who was this that knew Esther Wynn's verses by heart? I could hardly refrain from speaking to her at once, and betraying all. But I reflected instantly that I must be very cautious; it would be almost impossible to find out what I longed to know without revealing how my own acquaintance with the verses had come about. Days passed before I ventured to allude to the subject; but one evening, as we were walking together, she stooped and picked a clover-blossom, and said:

"I really think I love red clover better than any wild flower we have."

"I thought so," said I, "when I saw you take that big bunch your husband brought you the other morning. That was before I knew you: I felt almost rude, I watched you so, in spite of myself."

"But I had watched you quite as much," said she, smiling; "I thought then of giving you a part of the clover. Edward always brings me huge bouquets of it every day; he knows so well how I love it."

"I heard you quote a charming little couplet of verse about it then," said I, looking away from her, that she might not see my face: "I was so near you I could not help hearing what you said."

"Oh, yes," said she,

"'I wonder what the clover thinks?
Intimate friend of Bob-o-links—'

"I do not know but that old clover-song is the real reason I love clover so. My mother taught it to me when I was a little child. It is all very quaint and sweet. Would you like to hear it?"

I felt myself color scarlet as a thief, but I replied:—

"O yes, pray repeat it."

When she had repeated the verses she went on speaking, to my great relief, saving me from the necessity of saying anything.

"That was written a great many years ago, by an aunt of my mother's. My mother has a little manuscript book bound in red morocco, very faded and worn, which my grandmother kept on her bureau till she died, last year; and it has in it this little clover-song and several others, with Aunt Esther's diary while she was abroad. She died abroad; died in Jerusalem, and was buried there. There was something mysteriously sad in her life, I think: grandmother always sighed when she spoke of her, and used to read in the little red book every day. She was only her half-sister, but she said she loved her better than she did any sister of her own. Once I asked grandmamma to tell me about her, but she said, 'There is nothing to tell, child. She was never married: she died the autumn before your mother was born, and your mother looked very much like her when she was young. She is like her, too, in many ways,' and that was all grandmamma would ever say. But we always called her Aunt Esther, and know all her verses by heart, and the diary was fascinating. It seems strange to read such vivid written records of people you never saw; don't you think so?"

"Yes, it must, very," said I.

She went on: "I always had a very special love for this old Aunt Esther, which I could hardly account for. I am to have the little red book when my mother dies; and"—she hesitated a moment—"and I named my first baby for her, Esther Wynn. The baby only lived to be a few weeks old, and I often think, as I look at her little gravestone, of the other one, so many thousand miles away, alone in a strange land, bearing the same name."

On my way home I stopped for a few days' visit at Uncle Jo's. Late one night, sitting in my old place at his feet in the library, I told him this sequel to the romance of the letters.

"Oh, childie, how could you help showing that you knew about her?" said he. "You must have betrayed it."

"No, I am sure I did not," I said. "I never spoke about it after that day, and she was too absorbed herself in the reminiscences to observe my excitement."

"What was your friend's name?" said Uncle Jo.

I told him. He sprang from his chair, and walked rapidly away to the end of the library; presently he came back, and standing before me, said:

"Nell! Nell! your friend's mother is the

woman of whom I once spoke to you! I might have known that the subtle kinship I felt between Esther Wynn and her was no chance resemblance. I never heard of the name 'Wynn,' however. But you said she was only a half-sister; that accounts for it. I might have known! I might have known!" he exclaimed, more to himself than to me, and buried his face in his hands. I stole away quietly and left him; but I heard him saying under his breath, "Her aunt! I might have known!"

MARE IGNOTUM.

Dost thou behold that sea?
It stretches out before thee calm and still;
No sound of tumult does the soft air fill;
All speaks serenity.

The path along the shore
Is bright with flowers that bloom and fade by turns,
And high above the grasses and green ferns
Waves the tall sycamore.

That road thou still must tread;
And though the woods grow wilder by the walk,
And Summer blossoms wither on the stalk,
By blessèd showers unfed—

Still shalt thou track that strand,
And gaze on the horizon roll'd in mist.
'Tis useless to complain or to resist,
Fate holds thee by the hand!

Thou too the flood must cross—
At some strange moment shall thy pathway bend,
Ere yet perchance its beauty is at end,
Or thou hast felt its loss.

Then happy shalt thou be
If the dull vapor on the waters' rim
Shall rise and show, however faint and dim,
Some blest reality:—

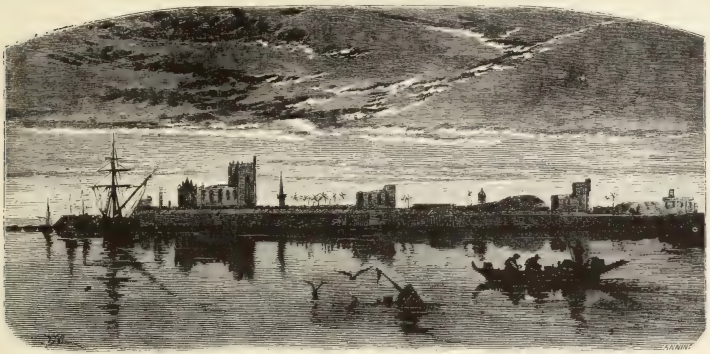
Some Eden ever bright,
That crowns the further shore in emerald sheen,
Entrancing with its fresh and fadeless green
The watcher's feeble sight.

Or if a city fair
Should ope its golden gates to thy repose—
Oh! happy he who enters gates like those,
That shut out all despair!

But if the clouds be black,
Or open but to caverns vast and cold,
Though the fierce spirit be untamed and bold,
Nor heeds the body's rack,

Think not to brave it through,
Nor look for happiness thou hast not won.
Remember! For thy soul what life has done,
Death never can undo.

CYPRUS—AFLOAT AND ASHORE.



FAMAGUSTA, ONCE THE VENETIAN CAPITAL OF CYPRUS.

WEARY with the slow progress of acclimation under a Syrian sun, and suffering all the tortures of bile,—that enemy which no man can shake off, at home or abroad,—I was advised to take a sail across the Cilician Sea to the Island of Cyprus.

"You can make the run in a single night, and you will be all the better for it; besides seeing something of an island not generally visited, and one for which there is no guide-book."

The excursion was arranged, and the cabin of a Greek schooner, waiting for a favorable wind, was placed at my disposal. It was expected that the land-breeze would waft us beyond the capes, and I went submissively on board on the last evening in June, without the slightest doubt that I should be able to land next morning at Larnaca. Having the entire cabin, I was able to stow myself away with some degree of comfort, and after watching the half-dozen deck-passengers fold up their duds like the Arabs, "and as silently steal away," I counted the lights in the harbor, and then attempted the stars in the sky, by way of wooing sleep, which in this country seems unusually coy and hard to win.

The night was spent—no matter how. We were in pursuit of health and recreation, and we were to land in the morning, so we must have patience. But alas! the morning found us becalmed off Dog River, about six miles from our Beirût anchorage, and—will you believe it?—there we remained, rising and falling with the swell of the sea, till the evening of the third day.

Miserably sea-sick, the solitary cabin passenger was miserably wretched. Without books—for none were needed for one night's sail—and without writing materials, I had no means for alleviating my own sufferings by inflicting my distress upon others. That the Dog River was the "Lycus" of the Romans was no relief; for although that classic stream reminded me of the armies of antiquity that passed over its bed, it suggested at the same time that these armies had the satisfaction at least of reaching it by land. The occupations of the Greek sailors constituted my only entertainment; but the deck passengers increased my torments by the periodical display of the contents of their larder, and the exhibition of the most unaccountable appetites. Their principal dish was kamandeen, or dried apricots rolled out into thin layers of sweet paste which resembled so many sheets of brown paper soaked in molasses.

I would willingly have gone ashore and walked back to the town, but for a constitutional unwillingness to abandon any enterprise when once undertaken. But I was ready to believe with the Moslems that in the center of every man's heart there is a black drop, which drop is the black drop of original sin—only I would locate the drop in another organ, and label it by the synonymous name of *bile*, which I sincerely believe to be the parent of a large proportion of crime, and certainly of the ill-humors that plague society and harass the domestic circle.

The captain pitied me, and administered consolation in his best modern Greek; and his sympathy was indicated even more in his

eyes and by his gestures than by his words. I think he was trying to convince me that the island was not loose at the bottom and had not floated away. The third night, the land-breeze fortunately came to our relief, and took us outside of the headlands, so that in twenty-four hours, on the morning of Independence Day, we dropped anchor in the Bay of Larnaca.

When the usual port formalities were complied with, the captain's boat put me ashore; and I found my way to the house of my old friend, the American consul, who was engaged in doing the honors of the day by entertaining the governor of the town, under the stars and stripes at the consulate, at nine o'clock in the morning. Although somewhat reduced by my four days and nights of sea-sickness, my patriotism was aroused, and induced me to join in the celebration of the day, and to converse with the Pasha, who, to my surprise, talked with me in the English language. Then, the consuls of the European powers, great and small, called to make their visits of ceremony in honor of the day; and these notables were followed by the officials of the custom-house and the quarantine, and by the principal residents of the town, who came in squads and platoons, all of whom offered their congratulations. The Ottoman flag was floating from the fortress and the consular flags from the respective consulates, so that nothing was left undone that could be done to make an American feel proud of his birthright. Besides the consul, I was the only American on the island, and may therefore be excused for throwing back my shoulders with something of complacency when, at noon, twenty-one guns were fired by the local authorities in honor of our national flag. If there had been any fire-crackers on the island, I should have made an immediate investment in behalf of the large crowd of boys who stood gaping at the loud-mouthed cannon, and thus imagined myself on American soil.

My host was a bachelor, and his house was as large as his heart; but it was made of different material, for while the house was constructed of mud and stone, his heart was a heart of oak. Two stories high, and with fifteen rooms and two flat terraces, the house stood upon the beach, so that the spray of the sea kept the threshold wet when the wind blew inshore. In a line with this house, and on both sides of it, ran a score or more of similar houses, all cool and well ventilated, with stone floors, and balconies looking out upon the harbor. Several other streets ran back of this, with bazaars for the sale of vegetables and fruit, and shops containing the assortment of merchandise usual in small towns.

The powers of Europe are represented here by consuls of various grades, rank, and respectability; and French, English, and other foreign merchants have established themselves for the purposes of trade. In addition to these elements of society are the old native families, mostly of Greek, but some of Venetian descent, who are proud of their birth, proud of their money, and still more proud of their connection with some of the consulates, which afford them "protection."

The language of society here is the French, while that of the people is Greek or Turkish, but all speak a dialect of modern Greek. The houses are built of large bricks made of dried mud and straw; the rooms are well ventilated, and some are of vast dimensions. Many residences have airy corridors, large courts and pleasant gardens, adorned with shrubbery, statues, and pleasant promenades. My attention was attracted to the ceiling of the consul's house, which, he said, was a very good specimen of the native style. Stout beams of dark-colored wood, with ornamental carvings, are extended across from wall to wall, and covered with coarse matting. The flat roof is made of thick layers of dried mud, mortar, and pebbles, which keep out the heat and rain, and upon all this dust collects, so that upon many terraces grass was growing in profusion.

The inhabitants were showing some public spirit in draining the marshes to improve the climate and the land, and in collecting the eggs of the locusts which, almost every year, greatly devastate the island.

As there was no steamer for Beirût within ten days, and as I was not disposed to tempt the treacherous sea, for whose calms I had as great a dread as for its storms, I gladly accepted the consul's invitation to stay and see something of the Island, its ruins and its people. We were to return the calls already made, and then make excursions into the interior.

The town of Larnaca is situated upon a plain about a mile distant from the shore, and is surrounded by a mud wall about six feet high, while at the port, or *Scala*, as it is called, a village almost as large has grown gradually into importance, since danger from the pirates that infested these waters has ceased to terrify the people; and here, ranged along the beach, are the consulates and mercantile houses. One or two little wharves run out a short distance into the water, but they serve only for the embarkation of passengers. The imports and the exports are carried in bales

and boxes on the backs of porters, who wade up and down the shelving beach between the boats and the shore.

And now while we are talking about Larnaca, let us see what it amounts to in the commercial world, for Cyprus was once an important cotton-producing country. While under Venetian rule, thirty thousand bales were annually exported; but at the present time not more than five thousand bales are produced, the principal part of which is shipped to France and Austria. The principal articles of import are sugar, coffee, leather, silk, woolen and cotton goods, lead, iron, and copper, principally from France, England, Austria, and Turkey. The exports are cotton, wool, linseed, sesame seed, wheat, barley, madder, karoub beans or locusts, and wine, together with the native manufactured silk and cotton goods.



RUINED CHURCH AT FAMAGUSTA.

Seven hundred and forty-nine vessels were freighted and discharged at Larnaca last year, and the produce of the Island which was shipped to Europe during that period was estimated at £140,000. The growing importance of the place is seen in the arrival here of two Austrian Lloyd's steamers every alternate week: one from Trieste viâ Smyrna for Beirût and Alexandria, and the other from Egypt viâ Syria for Smyrna and Trieste. In addition to these, French and English merchant steamers run irregularly between Larnaca, Marseilles, and Liverpool.

Among the late improvements introduced are steam flour-mills and agricultural implements, which, with the cotton-gins and other inventions, are working with approved success.

The Imperial Ottoman bank has an agency at Larnaca which seems to be doing a good business.

The Island is said to be rich in mines of copper, silver, lead, coal, and iron; and the soil is of the most productive character. But the mines have not been worked to any extent by the government, and, as yet, foreign private capital and enterprise have not been freely admitted for that purpose. This is to be regretted, as the expense of working the mines would be small and the returns large. Labor, food, and house-rent are very cheap, and it is to be hoped that the reforms proposed by the Sultan's government will soon result in the restoration of this fair province to its former productiveness and prosperity.

The government of the Island is confided by the Sublime Porte to a civil and a military Pasha, the former residing at Nicosia, a well-fortified town of 15,000 inhabitants, which is centrally situated between the northern and southern coasts. The population of the Island is about 200,000—of which three-fourths are Christians. The Christian community is composed of Greeks and Latins, the latter numbering about 1,500. At Larnaca, the principal seaport, reside the military Pasha, the Mudir, and the Consular corps.

Among the various plans proposed for seeing the interior were these: to take tents and go around the northeast coast to Famagusta, the Venetian capital of the Island, where the ruins are in a fine state of preservation; to ride to Nicosia, the seat of government, about seven hours from the Scala, and from thence to Bela Païs; or to take the Greek schooner that brought me from Syria for an excursion to the port of Limasol, from which we might visit Paphos, the reputed birthplace of Venus, and the Crusaders' Castle, a few hours beyond. Strange as it may seem, after my seafaring life, we chose the latter programme, for while it included a greater variety of entertainment, it involved less fatigue.

Fortunately the moon favored our projected sail, and going on board with the consul, and his secretary, Zeno, a native Greek, we took possession of the cabin, which on the previous voyage had been my prison. A little six-pounder on the forecastle sounded the parting salute, and the smoke cleared away, the anchor was lifted, and the sails unfurled just as the sun was setting behind Mount St. Croix in the distance. The evening was delicious in all its bearings upon our present position, and as we rounded the cape which shut out the town of Larnaca, and the site of the ancient Citium, or Chittim, from our view, we concluded that the night was too beautiful for

sleep. There was much to be said about our own past, present, and future, and when personal topics were disposed of, there was the Island to talk about—its history, traditions, ruins, and people; and we found that the hours had sails, and sped as lightly and as quickly as the vessel that bore us over the sea—that tranquil sea, which now glistened in the moonlight, but without a trace of foam, as if that element had been exhausted in the creation of Venus when she rose from these waters so many years ago. Our imaginations were not idle during the moments of silence, as our eyes traced the rippling wake into the dim background of this wondrous picture of illuminated marine beauty at midnight; and it was not strange that, in such hours as these, chambers in the heart never before opened to the light should resound with voices till then unheard.

Zeno, who had been talking Greek and Italian and Arabic with the captain and sailors, now joined us and talked French with equal volubility. Still, with all his linguistic merits, Zeno resembled but little the famous Greek of that name, except in having been born in the same town, and in his stoical abstinence from the use of wine and tobacco. Our Zeno was no philosopher, and he had never traveled beyond the limits of the island on which he was born. He wrote verses, however, and was immoderately fond of the society of ladies; but, for all this, he was a useful member of the consular staff.

"Well, Zeno, bring the Captain's lantern and read us your last original sonnet dedicated to Venus, the Island Queen, or to some one of her daughters of the present generation. Don't blush; I know you have your pockets full of verses. Well, well, never mind, you can compose a few stanzas while the consul tells all he knows about the Island."

I will not attempt to reproduce the conversation as it occurred while we skirted the Cyprian shore on that bright night,—the best imitation of etherealized daylight I ever saw,—but will limit myself to giving as much of its substance as my memory retains.

"Of the several islands which are scattered along the Asiatic coast, Cyprus is the largest, and lies opposite Syria, from which it is separated by what was once known as the Sea of Cilicia. It is one hundred and sixty-four miles in length and sixty-three in breadth. A range of mountains, called Olympus by the ancients, runs through it from east to west, the highest summits of which are about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. On account of its copper mines, Cyprus is called by the Turks, Kibris; by the Arabs, Kupros; by the Greeks it was known by various names, such as Paphos, Amathusia, Acamatis, Asphelia, Cythena, etc. Its ancient cities were Limeria, Agidus, Carpathia, Soli, Arsinoë, Salamis, Paphos, Citium, Sencolia, Cunium, Anathus, Bousoura, Tretà, and Palea, most of which have entirely disappeared, and others are in ruins. Recent explorers have also discovered interesting ruins at Colossi, St. Georgio, Achaima, and Dali, the ancient Idalium, where gold, silver, and copper coins and marble statues, bearing marks of Phœnician origin, have been found. History accords to the Phœnicians the first occupancy of this island, they having been found here in colonies 2,000 years before the Christian era. Among them, also, were some Ethiopians and Egyptians, who were probably slaves. Beyond these facts very little is known of Cyprus until it was colonized by the Greeks. It was subsequently conquered by the Egyptians in the sixth century before Christ, and at this period is described by Strabo as being divided among several petty tyrants and chiefs, who were at times in alliance with the neighboring powers of Asia Minor, and sometimes at war with them. It soon passed into the hands of the Persians, from whom it was wrested by Alexander of Macedon; passing then to the Ptolemies, it was sometimes united to the kingdom of Egypt, and at other times governed as a separate principality by one of the royal family. The last of these princes, who was the uncle of that famous and beautiful queen, Cleopatra, incurred the enmity of the Romans by his niggardly conduct. The pirates of Cilicia having captured a Roman named Publius Clodius Pulcher, he earnestly besought the king of Cyprus, through a messenger, to provide his ransom; but the king, unwilling to draw largely on his treasury, sent too small a sum to induce the pirates to release their captive. Clodius, however, being fortunate enough to gain his liberty through other means, returned to Rome, and in the course of time became tribune of the people, which enabled him to avenge himself upon the king of Cyprus. Having caused a decree to be passed for reducing the island to a Roman province, he sent a strong force to take possession. Soon the report of his approach reached the king, who was so terrified at the fearful intelligence that he committed suicide, and thus robbed himself, by his own conduct and his own hands, of his crown and life.

"So abundant was the population of the

island in those days, that the number of its inhabitants was estimated at more than a million; the women are said to have been famed for their beauty, and gayety and pleasure reigned everywhere. A division having been made of the Roman empire, Cyprus fell into the hands of the Byzantine emperor, and, after undergoing several other changes, became a distinct principality, and was assigned to a branch of the royal family of Comneni. Afterwards Richard I. of England became ruler of the island; from whose hands it passed into those of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, whose rule was so much despised on account of its tyranny, that the inhabitants refused to submit to their sway, and the island was again consigned to Richard. Guy of Lusignan next became its ruler—he who had at one time been king of Jerusalem; and the island remained under the Lusignan sway three hundred years. This contested island, then in a most prosperous condition, was seized upon by Charlotte of Lusignan, whose father's death gave her rightful possession of the crown; but she was soon dethroned by her illegitimate brother James, whose forces, strengthened by the of assistance he obtained from the Mamelukes Egypt, she was unable to resist. After a reign of a few years, the death of James in 1473 caused the island to pass into the possession of his widow, and then into that of his son, whose birth occurred some little time after the death of James. Catharine Cornaro, the widow of James, being a Venetian lady, placed the young prince under the guardianship of the republic of Venice; but on his death his mother was persuaded to abdicate the crown in favor of the republic, and Cyprus was thus transferred to the dominion of Venice.

"Under no rule has the island so highly prospered as under that of the Venetians, and the population at that time, consisting of more than two million inhabitants, was certainly enormous. The palmy days of the Venetians continued for a century, but they were doomed to end most unfortunately, for in 1570 the Turks invaded the island, took Nicosia by storm, massacred twenty thousand of the inhabitants, and laid siege to Famagusta, which, though long and gallantly defended, was at last forced to surrender.

"In 1837 a most fearful massacre occurred, and a large number of the rich and influential Greeks on the island were beheaded. Its beautiful chateaux and gardens were destroyed, and the fair island of Cyprus, famous in mythology and song, the home of a once happy and contented people, became a scene of desolation.

"With almost all parts of the island are connected mythological fables of olden times. Being represented as the birthplace of Venus, it was long since consecrated to her, and is also represented by the Greek and Latin poets as the abode of the Graces. Hence Venus obtained the name of Cypria, and was sometimes called the Cyprian goddess. A magnificent temple was erected to her at Paphos, and travelers visiting the island seldom fail to explore its ruins. On each of the hundred altars erected in this splendid temple, a quantity of frankincense was daily burned in honor of the goddess of love, who is thought to have arisen from the foam of the sea in the immediate vicinity of Paphos, and consequently to have first touched the earth on that spot, in memory of which Paphos was founded.

"The tradition that Venus was created from the froth of the sea is still preserved among the people, her Greek name, 'Aphrodite,' being given by them in proof of the verity of this tradition; and it is believed that she was here married to King Adonis, and crowned Queen of Cyprus. Among other curious traditions of this kind is one in connection with her worship. It is said that the altars erected in her honor were exposed to the open heavens, yet they were never wet with rain, although the clouds might pour down torrents of the watery element.

"But however improbable these traditions may be, it is a well-known fact that Zeno the philosopher was a native of Cyprus."

"What of this Stoic Zeno? Tell us something about him."

"The first years of his life were spent in merchandising, and on one of his trading voyages, by the wreck of his vessel he lost his ship and all that it contained. Wretched and penniless he wandered to Athens; being naturally fond of books, he stepped into the shop of a bookseller, and by chance picked up a work of Xenophon, which so much interested him that he inquired where he might find its author. While seeking he met Orates the Cynic, and, pleased with his companionship, remained with him ten years. After passing ten years more with Stilpen of Megara, Zenocrates, and Polemon, he promulgated new doctrines, and selected as a place for delivering his lectures a porch, called in Greek 'Stoa,' from which we have the word *Stoic*, a name not only adopted by his followers in that day, but used at the present time to designate that peculiarly austere manner of con-



GREEK GIRL OF CYPRUS.

duct and feeling for which he was distinguished. He preached his doctrines for forty-eight years and died at the age of ninety-eight, and the Athenians erected a tomb to his memory and adorned it with a crown of go d. He was distinguished not only for his mental powers, but for a wonderful degree of physical strength, never having suffered from the slightest bodily disease, and dying, it is said, by his own hands; which is not improbable, inasmuch as suicide was defended during his life both by himself and his followers. He differed from the Cynics in wholly discarding speculative studies, but resembled them in his austere habits. Had the question been put to them, 'How shall I be happiest?' the reply would have been 'Train your mind to a perfect indifference to all the ills and pleasures that man is heir to, and your aspirations will be met.' The destruction of the world, said the Stoics, would be accomplished by a most terrific conflagration, but after this wreck of matter a new and purer world would burst upon the delighted gaze of mankind."

I did not interrupt the steady flow of words to ask where mankind was supposed to be while the conflagration is going on, for I have noticed that many good talkers are confused by interruptions of this kind. But when the consul's oil of spontaneous information began to run low, it was only necessary to put a well-turned question in order to trim his lamp afresh.

"Tell me something about the people and their customs. Have they any traditions of the Phœnician and Roman occupation?"

"Yes. Among the chief of their festivals—in all of which the Cypriotes show great love of dress and trade—is the feast of the *Cataclismos*. It is held on the seashore at Larnaca, the day after the Greek Pentecost; but, although a relic of heathenism, it is not a religious festival, for no sacrifice or offerings are made. The day is given up to pleasure and amusements, which, however simple, are anticipated by the pretty *Coconas* (young ladies) with great excitement. It occurs in the latter part of May, and is doubtless derived from some pagan festival. As the ceremonies are observed on the beach, it is probably in honor of Venus. Every boat that can be obtained is filled with gay young people, and these go sailing over the waters, with flags floating, while they give back to the shore merry strains of music and ringing peals of laughter. Dancing is one of the amusements of the day, and in this the young Greeks are particularly graceful. On the same day a fair is held for the sale of trinkets, clothes, horses, mules, and donkeys, wines, liquors, and fruits, and two or three thousand people come together on these occasions.

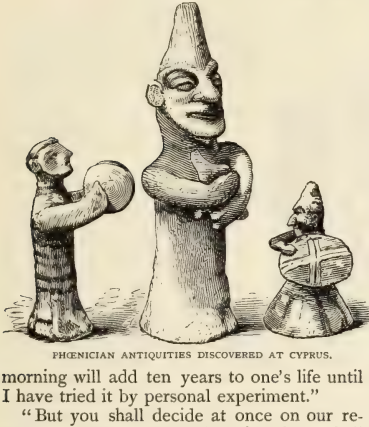
"The Babylonians and Assyrians also had their mythology connected with the nativity of Venus. They believed that an egg of prodigious size fell from the heavens into the Euphrates, and that a dove settled on it after the fish had rolled it on the bank. In a short time Venus sprang from this egg, and was afterwards called the Syrian Goddess. Lucian informs us that at Hierapolis, in Syria, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to this goddess, and in accordance with some law, instituted by Deucalion in commemoration of the Deluge, people from all parts carried water to this temple twice a year and poured it into an aperture which was believed to communicate with the sea. A similar festival was also observed at Athens in the temple of Olympus."

Zeno, not the philosopher, now interrupts to say that in his opinion the ladies in Cyprus are the most beautiful in the world.

"But how do you know that, Zeno? Have you ever been beyond the limits of the Island?"

"No, never farther than I am at present. But what proves that I am right is the fact that most all foreigners who visit Cyprus for any considerable period, if they are not already married, become fascinated with some of our pretty Coconas and linger till a wife is secured; which is no sooner done than they establish themselves permanently."

"Come, come, Zeno! don't talk about the world till you have traveled at least as far as Syria and Egypt, to say nothing of Greece, where some 'Maid of Athens' may enchain your heart. I admit that your mules and donkeys are unsurpassed, but I cannot admit that a glass of your Comandaria wine every



PHŒNICIAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT CYPRUS.

morning will add ten years to one's life until I have tried it by personal experiment."

"But you shall decide at once on our return to Larnaca about the wine, for I shall give you a glass of wine that was made in my grandfather's time, and which is at least a hundred years old. It is as thick as honey, and as smooth as oil."

Zeno did give me some very old Cyprus wine, which was thick, sweet, and smooth, and so very strong that a spoonful sufficed. It was from one of the old casks of immense size which, according to the custom of the Island, are put away by the old aristocratic families on the birth of each male child, not to be opened until his nuptials are celebrated. And now, whatever may be said of the tarry taste of exported Cyprus wine, which arises from the tarred skins in which the wine is carried to the place of exportation, it is still claimed by the Venetians that there is no wine like that of Cyprus. Its tonic and astringent qualities make it useful medicinally, while its sweetness and strength are opposed to its use as a beverage. But the consul had not yet finished his allusions to ancient history.

"The Phœnicians, the sole inhabitants until the close of the Trojan war, were joined by Teucer, the brother of Ajax, who built the city of Salamine; and Agapenor, who, with a colony of Arcadians, built Paphos.



FROM GENERAL CESNOLA'S COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES.

After this came many other colonies, and it is not uncommon in these days to find on the same spot, among the ruins of the ancient cities, objects of art belonging to the Phœnicians, Greeks, Egyptians, and Romans.

"It is said that Marcus Cato, the first Roman tribune of Cyprus, when recalled to Rome, loaded three ships with gold and silver statues, and other works of art; and although two of the vessels were lost, the contents of the third were sufficient to enrich all the Roman senators."

"Has Cyprus any connection with Scriptural times and events?"

"It is said that Lazarus, after being raised from the dead, escaped from the Jews, who persecuted him, and found an abode at Citium or Larnaca. He was made bishop of this town, where he died; and here his tomb, over which the Greek church bearing his name has been erected, is to-day shown to travelers. St. Barnabas, a co-worker with Paul, came also to Cyprus, where he made many converts and died an archbishop."



FROM CESNOLA'S COLLECTION.

Zeno, improving a flash of silence on the part of the consul, now referred with animation to the fact that Ciniras — a criminal act in whose life gave material to Alfieri for his tragedy of Myrra—was king and high-priest of Paphos, and that the island was also the scene of the dusky Othello's jealous frenzy, which resulted in the death of the too confiding Desdemona, when the Venetians were in power. And Zeno, finding that his superior officer was becoming a little drowsy, was just entering upon a description of the landing of Richard of England at Amathus, and the capture of the island from Isaac Comnenus, the Byzantine ruler, when our vessel rounded a point and entered the port of Limasol, a little after daybreak.

The captain now cleared the decks of idlers, and all hands were called up to bring the schooner to anchor.

After a good morning nap we had an opportunity to survey the little town, in which the different consular agents, having recognized the American flag, carried in honor of the consul, had floated more than a dozen national standards upon the morning breeze.



IMAGES FOUND AT IDALIUM.

The consular agent of the United States, being a venerable and portly gentleman of one of the aristocratic families, sent his brother-in-law off in a comfortable boat, with an urgent invitation for us to go to his house. These islanders are all exceedingly hospitable, and seem to vie with each other in extending courtesies to foreigners who visit their shores. Finding that there was no hotel in the town, and that our agent would not only feel hurt, but disgraced, if we did not honor his residence, we went forthwith, and during the few days we remained we had no reason to regret it, barring the little item of no breakfast till midday, according to the custom of the country, which was a little severe on full-blooded Americans, accustomed to three meals a day.

Our excursion to the Crusaders' Castle was a success : a ride of three hours across a level country brought us to a little stream, on the other side of which stood a grand chateau, three stories high, with casemates in its enormously thick walls for the use of cannon, and a glorious view from its turreted terrace.*



MARBLE HEADS FOUND AT PAPHOS.

* I regret to say that the notes taken on the spot descriptive of this castle have been mislaid; but it probably belonged to the age of Guy of Lusignan, and was retained by the Crusaders long after they lost their hold upon Palestine.

An excellent dinner of game and vegetables, fresh from the gardens, was served for us, and conspicuous among the courses was a roast pig, a dish unknown in Syria.

The place is now uninhabited except by the farmer of the estate on which it stands, and he occupies only a few of the outhouses. The winding staircases and the massive walls and the immense chambers suggested the days of Cœur-de-Lion, and the Tales of the Crusaders ; but we had not time to dwell upon the past, or talk about Ivanhoe, the Knights of St. John, or the dethroned kings ; we had a three hours' ride before us, and a party to attend in the evening, where we were to see something of native society. So, leaving the castle to antiquarians who might come after us, we cantered across the plain to a village not far from our road, where we hoped to find some sour milk or good water to quench the thirst engendered by the scorching heat and dust of the day. But here the horse of our cicerone, esteemed for all good qualities, unless we may except his horsemanship, took French leave, and wildly careered over the flat fields, leaving his rider to walk home as best he might. His helplessness was an appeal to the chivalry of the rest of the party, two of whom were well mounted, and galloped after the wayward steed. Fortunately for our friend, his horse was headed off and captured before his second mile, and he was soon put into his saddle, where he appeared to much better advantage than on foot in the dusty road.

The gentleman at whose house we spent the evening was a Cypriote who had amassed a fortune in the service of the generous and over-indulgent Said Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. His rooms were fitted up in the most gorgeous manner with immense gilt mirrors and sofas, and other palace furniture. His sister was pretty, but spoke nothing but Greek. Zeno was in his element here, and wrote more verses while in Limasol than the rest of the party ever wrote in their lives. The graceful head-dresses of the Coconas attracted my attention. Nowhere have I seen more beautiful coiffures than upon the Greek girls of Cyprus. Half the merit is, I



OLD AND UGLY.

am confident, to be attributed to their luxuriant hair, all their own, which is braided and wound round a small crimson cap worn on the back top of the head. Hanging from the cap is a long black tassel, flat, and spread over one side with a rosette; and the folds of a delicate gauze handkerchief are so brought into requisition that the whole is arranged with exquisite taste, and is so coquettishly poised on the head that all foreigners admit its peculiar beauty. Their features are in general purely Grecian, with a countenance at once sweet and expressive, while their costume is a pretty mingling of the Greek and Italian; and, strange to say, crinoline and Greek jackets seemed not inappropriately worn together when sported by these graceful Coconas. Balls and soirées were of frequent occurrence at Larnaca, and several assemblages of this kind occurred during my visit, at the residences of the consuls. In the evening dress I remarked a very pretty feature, consisting of minute pearls made into bouquets and worn upon the side of the ladies' heads. They are immoderately fond of dancing, especially on board the European ships-of-war. One lady is said to have fallen down the hatchway of an English gunboat while waltzing with a middy, and to have been quite ready for the next ball, hatchway or no hatchway.

Our time had expired, and the return to Larnaca was sounded. We were accompanied on board by many newly made acquaintances, and we sailed out of port amid the waving of friendly handkerchiefs, the unfurling of consular flags, and the slowly given reports of our little six-pounder, whose salute was all we could render in the way of a return for the courtesies of the good people of Limasol. Zeno was silent during the return voyage; his heart was sorely wounded, and his thoughts all ran to verse. Consoling him with the thought that

> "'Twas better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all,"

we left him to his meditations, and talked of Cyprus as it is.

It appears that there is no Protestant mission work in operation here. Some years ago the A. B. C. F. M., which has so successfully extended its missions in other parts of the East, attempted to establish one here, and Rev. Messrs. Pease, Shedd, and Thompson began their labor of love. But it was soon discontinued for want of encouragement, the elements of the Greek character affording no grounds for hope. The graves of Mr. Pease



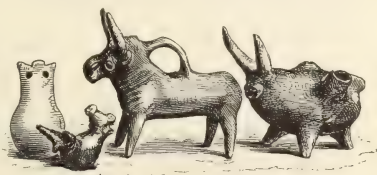
VASE PURCHASED OF GEN. CESNOLA FOR $400 IN GOLD.

and his child may now be seen in the Greek cemetery; and the memory of this pious man is still cherished by the members of the Greek church, who held him, when living, in great esteem, and offered his body a burial-place when the Latins refused to allow its interment in their consecrated ground.

And there are no Jews in Cyprus—not a Jew in all the Island. The only light thrown by history on this point, that I can find, is the fact that Hadrian drove every Jew from the Island.*

On our return to Larnaca after another pleasant sail we had many pleasant walks and rides, so that the place, with all its attractions, is distinctly photographed upon my memory. The country immediately around Larnaca and the Scala, or port, is wanting in two important respects. The only mountains are in the hazy distance, and the trees are too few in number to break the monotony of the dead level of the plain.

Our walks were frequently directed to the



ANCIENT POTTERY FOUND AT PAPHOS.

* The Jews once formed quite a large proportion of the population, but they rebelled in the reign of Trajan and massacred 240,000 of their fellow-citizens. Hadrian was sent from Rome to quell the insurrection, and only succeeded in restoring peace by banishing every Jew from Cyprus.



ANCIENT JAR.

Latin convent, midway between the Scala and the town, from whose gray walls sweet strains of music issued in the soft twilight. We entered the little chapel once during vespers, and were fully repaid for the fatigue of standing, by the melody of the evening chants, accompanied by a rich, full-toned organ.

The Latins pay especial regard to the Virgin Mary during the month of May, when daily service is performed and hymns are sung in her praise. The chapel is decorated with flowers throughout the month, and the pretty Coconas occupy themselves assiduously in forming and hanging garlands upon the necks and heads of statues of the Virgin, before which they may be seen kneeling for hours together in adoration.

An expedition to Famagusta and to the other ruins, although skillfully planned, was not put into execution, for the breaking out of the Syrian massacres made it necessary to return to Beirût with all speed, and a chance English steamer afforded the desired opportunity.

I have made subsequent visits to Cyprus, but none had for me the charm of my first impressions, which half convinced me that the pagan idea of "the isles of the blessed" was not altogether an erroneous one. The bachelor consul, who was then my host, is now the head of a family, and a rising man in his own country. It has been said that few office-holders die and none resign; but he resigned his consulship, preferring the duties of citizenship at home to the precarious enjoyment of $1,000 while representing his country abroad. Zeno writes no more verses, for he too is a married man, and his three children have given his thoughts a more practical turn. The truth of history also compels me to relate that Zeno has traveled along the Syrian and Egyptian coast, and has consequently become quite a man of the world.

The present consul, General Cesnola, has been successful in keeping up the prestige of the American flag, and in finding treasures of antiquity among the tombs and ruins of the ancient Idalium, and at Baffo the ancient Paphos, where he stumbled upon a temple of Venus. These consist of works of art, and crusaders' and Oriental arms, bronzes, marbles, antique Greek glass, statues in limestone and terra cotta, gold and silver, and engraved stones, Greco-Phœnician and red glazed pottery.

This is an interesting discovery to all Oriental scholars and antiquarians. The British, Russian, and Berlin Museums have sent out commissioners to examine the collection and to purchase specimens. The consul hoped to sell the entire museum, consisting of about 6,000 pieces, to some American society, but, despairing of success, he has decided to sell by parcels, and has already received a good return upon his investment from lots sold at auction in Paris.

Many American travelers have inspected his series of duplicates, and many have expressed the hope that a full set may yet find its way to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or to the rooms of the New York Historical Society, where it would prove worthy of a place by the side of Abbot's collection of Egyptian antiquities.

A VISIT TO CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S SCHOOL AT BRUSSELS.

We were a party of twelve—a couple of complete family circles, and a segment or two from others over the sea, but all linked into a chain unbroken for many weeks; and we stayed our feet one June day in the old city of Brussels.

Table d'hôte over, "Where shall we go? What can we do?" queried one of the four girls in our party, two of whom had but just now escaped from the thraldom of a French *pensionnat.*

"It would be so delightful if we could walk out for once by ourselves. If there were only something to see, somewhere to go."

"Girls!" exclaimed Axelle suddenly, "was not the scene of *Villette* laid in Brussels? Is not Charlotte Brontë's boarding-school here? I am sure it is. Suppose we seek it out—we four girls alone."

"But how and where?" and "Wouldn't that be fine?" chorused the others. There was a hasty search through guide-books, but,

alas! not a clue could we find, not a peg upon which to hang the suspicions that were almost certainties.

"I am sure it was here," persisted Axelle. "I wish we had a *Villette*."

"We could get one at an English library," suggested another.

"If there is any English library here," added a third, doubtfully.

Evidently that must be our first point of departure. We could ask for information there. Accordingly we planned our crusade, as girls do,—the elders smiling unbelief, as elders will,—and sallied out at last into the summer sunshine, very brave in our hopes, very glad in our unwonted liberty. A *commissionnaire* gave us the address of the book-store we sought as we were leaving the hotel. "There are no obstacles in the path of the determined," we said, stepping out upon the Rue Royale. Across the way was the grand park, a maze of winding avenues, shaded by lofty trees, with nymphs and fauns and satyrs hiding among the shrubbery, and with all the tortuous paths made into mosaic pavement by the shimmering sunlight. But to Axelle, *Villette* was more real than that June day. "Do you remember," she said, "how Lucy Snow reached the city alone and at night?—how a young English stranger conducted her across the park, she following in his footsteps through the darkness, and hearing only the tramp, tramp before her, and the drip of the rain as it fell from the soaked leaves? This must be the park."

When we had passed beyond its limits we espied a little square, only a kind of alcove in the street, in the center of which was the statue of some military hero. Behind it a quadruple flight of broad stone steps led down into a lower and more quiet street. Facing us, as we looked down, was a white stuccoed house, with a glimpse of a garden at one side. "See!" exclaimed Axelle joyfully, "I believe this is the very place. Don't you remember when they had come out from the park, and Lucy's guide had left her to find an inn near by, she ran, being frightened, and losing her way, came at last to a flight of steps like these, which she descended, and found instead of the inn, the pensionnat of Madame Beck?" Only the superior discretion and worldly wisdom of the others prevented Axelle from following in Lucy Snow's footsteps, and settling the question of identity then and there. As it was, we went on to the library, a stuffy little place with a withered old man for sole attendant, who, seated before a table in the back shop, was poring over an old book. We darted in, making a bewildering flutter of wings, and pecked him with a dozen questions at once, oddly inflected:—"*Was* the scene of *Villette* laid in Brussels?" and "*Is* the school really here?" and "You *don't* say so!" though we had insisted upon it from the first and he had just replied in the affirmative; lastly, "Oh, *do* tell us how we may find it."

"You must go so-and-so," he said at length, when we paused.

"Yes," we replied in chorus; "we have just come from there."

"And—" he went on, "you will see the statue of Gen. Beliard."

We nudged each other significantly.

"Go down the steps in the rear, and the house facing you ——"

"We knew it. We felt it," we cried triumphantly, and his directions ended there. We neither heeded nor interpreted the expression of expectation that stole over his face. We poured out only a stream of thanks which should have moistened the parched sands of his soul, and then hastened to retrace our steps. We found the statue again. We descended into the narrow, noiseless street and stood—an awe-struck group—before the great square house, upon the door-plate of which we read—

PENSIONNAT DE DEMOISELLES.

HÉGER—PARENT.

"Now," said Axelle, when we had drawn in, with a deep breath, the satisfaction and content which shone out again from our glad eyes. "We will ring the bell."

"You will not think of it," gasped the choir of startled girls.

"To be sure; what have we come for?" was her reply. "We will only ask permission to see the garden, and as the portress will doubtless speak nothing but French, some one of you fresh from school must act as mouth-piece." They stared at Axelle, at each other, and at the steps leading into the upper town, as though they meditated flight. "I cannot," and "*I* cannot," said each one of the shrinking group.

Axelle laid her hand upon the bell and gave one long, strong pull. "Now," she said quietly, "some one of you must speak. You are ladies: you will not run away."

And they accepted the situation.

We were shown into a small salon, where presently there entered to us a brisk, sharp-featured little French woman—a teacher in the establishment—who smi ed a courteous welcome from out her black eyes as we apol-

ogized for the intrusion and made known our wishes.

"We are a party of American girls," we said, "who, having learned to know and love Charlotte Brontë through her books, desire to see the garden of which she wrote in *Villette*."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," was the gracious response. "Americans often come to visit the school and the garden."

"Then this *is* the school where she was for so long a time?" we burst out simultaneously, forgetting our little prepared speeches.

"Yes, mesdemoiselles; I also was a pupil at that time," was the reply. We viewed the dark little woman with sudden awe.

"But tell us," we said, crowding around her, "was she like—like—" we could think of no comparison that would do justice to the subject.

The reply was a shrug of the shoulders and "she was just a quiet little thing in no way remarkable. I am sure," she added, "we did not think her a genius; and indeed, though I have read her books, I can see nothing in them to admire or praise so highly!"

"But they are *so* wonderful!" ventured one of our number gushingly.

"They are very untrue," she replied, while something like a spark shot from the dark eyes.

O shade of departed story-tellers! is it thus ye are to be judged!

"Madame Héger," she went on, "who still has charge of the school, is a most excellent lady, and not at all the person described as 'Madam Beck.'"

"And M. Paul Emmanuel—Lucy Snow's teacher-lover,"—we ventured to suggest with some timidity.

"Is Madam Héger's husband, and was at that time," she replied with a little angry toss of the head. After this terrible revelation there was nothing more to be said.

She led the way through a narrow passage, and opening a door at the end we stepped into the garden. We had passed the class-rooms on our right—where "on the last row, in the quietest corner," Charlotte and Emily used to sit. We could almost see the pale faces, the shy figures bending over the desk in the gathering dusk.

The garden is less spacious than it was in Charlotte's time, new class-rooms having been added, which cut off something from its length. But the whole place was strangely familiar and pleasant to our eyes. Shut in by surrounding houses, more than one window overlooks its narrow space. Down its length upon one side extends the shaded walk, the "allée défendue," which Charlotte paced alone so many weary hours, when Emily had returned to England. Parallel to this is the row of giant pear-trees—huge, misshapen, gnarled—that bore no fruit to us but associations vivid as memories. From behind these in the summer twilight the ghost of *Villette* was wont to steal, and buried at the foot of "Methuselah," the oldest, we knew poor Lucy's love-letters were hidden to-day. A seat here and there, a few scattered shrubs, evergreen, laurel, and yew, scant blossoms, paths damp, green-crusted—that was all. Not a cheerful place at its brightest; not a sunny spot associated in one's mind with summer and girlish voices. It was very still that day; the pupils were off for the long vacation, and yet how full the place was to us. The very leaves overhead, the stones in the walls around us whispered a story as we walked to and fro where little feet, that tired even then of life's rough way, had gone long years before.

"May we take one leaf—only one?" we asked as we turned away.

"As many as you please," and the little Frenchwoman grasped at the leaves growing thick and dark above her head. We plucked them with our own hands, tenderly, almost reverently; then with many thanks and our adieus we came away.

"We have found it," we exclaimed, when we had returned to the hotel and our friends. They only smiled their unbelief.

"Do you not know?—can you not see?—oh, do you not feel?—" we cried, displaying our glistening trophies, "that these could have grown nowhere but upon the pear-trees in the old garden where Charlotte Brontë used to walk and dream?"

And our words carried conviction to their hearts.

THE BLIND BOY—A PARABLE.



THE valley smiled; not so the hills
  Where rock and somber pine arose:
But constant were the silver rills
  That sought the valley for repose.
They chafed if but a passing gust
Into mid-air their current thrust.

So lofty were the topmost peaks
  That where they stopped the clouds began;
And not till noon the early streaks
  Of sunshine through the valley ran:
So all the night and half the day
Blind was that valley to the ray.

The peaks in snow, the clouds in gold,
  The fields in verdure scattered round,
Wild shadows gamboled towards the wold;
  Tame shadows stretched along the ground.
At noon the mountain-shadow moved
And took slow leave of all it loved.

Then were the clouds consumed apace;
  Then were the shadows, like a scroll,
Drawn nearer to the mountain's base,
  Beneath it suddenly to roll.
Nor wondering eyes asked how it went,
The sun once in the firmament.

There live two orphans: one in shade
  Finds all his joy, and one in light.
These, of a pair by nature made,
  Are perfect in each other's sight.
Sister and brother, side by side
They wander, and their joys divide.

When through the woods, the lanes, the fields,
  The brother has a wish to stray,
The sister takes the hand he yields,
  For she by habit leads the way.
Her skipping feet direct his pace,
And so they run from place to place.

O'er plains that strike the gray-white line
  Where earth's mild curve in distance ends,
O'er streams that on the dwelling shine,
  O'er quiet mead that homeward tends,
O'er sand-dunes waiting on the shore,
The sister's eyes his wealth explore.

Despite these gifts, his sister's hand,
  Her gentle voice, her sayings dear,
He cares for more than all his land,
  That stretches far or gathers near.
The path he loses she can find,
For all his sight is in her mind.

At early morn, embraced by her,
  He sits within the shadow's dip
To list to his sweet minister,
  And paint his visions from her lip.
She tells him all that earth and skies
Reveal to her enchanted eyes.

Sister and brother, side by side,
  Her eyes are bright and his are blind.
These are the gifts which they divide:
  They halve their thoughts and share their mind.
Darkness he gives and she gives light,
She finds the day and he the night.

She tells him how the mountains swell
  Till rocks and forests touch the skies;
He tells her how the shadows dwell
  In purple dimness on his eyes.
His wandering orbs the while he lifts,
As round his smile their spirit drifts.

Content beneath the shadow-tree,
  Her heart round his to closer wind,
At his sweet smile her eyes, in glee,
  She shuts to share his peace of mind.
So half in play the sister tries
To find his soul within her eyes.

She takes his hand and walks along
To lead him to the river's brink.
She stays to hear the water's song,
And closes still her eyes to think,
To tell him, now, the murmurs strike
On ear and heart of both alike.

"The river's flow is bright and clear,"
The blind boy said, "but were it dark,
How should we then its music hear?
And yet at eve-tide sings the lark.
Still if the stream no murmur made,
Methinks it then were like a shade."

"And yet, dear brother, when it stops,
And in the quiet lake is hushed,
Although its gentle murmur drops
'Tis bright as when past us it rushed.
It is not like a shade the more,
Except beneath the wooded shore."

They ramble slowly to the beach;
They sit before the splashing deep.
Their ear the louder voices reach,
And long their soul in silence keep.
"Now, sister, tell me once again
The wonders of the sea's domain."

"I see the waters like a bow
That bends into the dappled sky.
I see the breakers now in row
Without a motion distant lie:
Or if one vanish from the rest,
It shows again its foamy crest.

"But nearer, midway toward the sands,
I see each crooked billow creep:
It stops and into froth expands
To disappear upon the deep.
But nearer still huge billows strive
To reach the shore and first arrive."

"What color is the sky to-day?"
The blind boy asked. "It still is blue:
But racing clouds about it play,
Some white, and some of inky hue.
When sailors see its dappled form
They always say it bodes a storm."

"What color is the sea? no sun
Is shining now; it must be green."
"It is, but high the breakers run
And white the surf that rolls between.
A storm is lowering o'er the bay,
And all the sky is getting gray."

"The waves are louder: now they call
On me to look upon their might,"
The blind boy said; "and, as they fall,
I think they break upon my sight.
Perhaps at dusk, if we were nigh,
My eyes might see them dark and high."

"What noise was that?" again he cries.
"The sea-gull's scream and flapping wing.
Towards land before a storm he flies
When wind sets in at early spring."
"And tell me all that else betides?"
"A porpoise o'er the billow strides."

She leads him to the wooded belt
Where twisted boughs are thickly set.
"For soon," she said, "the rain must pelt,
And there is shelter from the wet.
When pattering drops soak through the leaves
We still can shun the dripping eaves."

"Stay, sister, hearken to that sound!
You did not say the lightning play'd?"
"It flashes now, and whirling round
The gull dips low and is afraid."
The boy now turns his floating eyes,
But not the way the sea-bird flies.

"The rain is come, for on my cheek
I feel a drop this instant splash.
Let us," he said, "the woodlands seek,
And hear it on the foliage dash.
On the ground-ivy let us tread
And through the grove its perfume spread."

And so they prattle as they leave
The stony beach: in pensive mood
He listens as the billows heave:
She leans her vision on the wood.
And as the honey-suckle clings,
About his neck her arm she flings.

The blind boy thus his sister's sight
From dawn to even fondly tasks,
And reads the world in borrowed light,
Whose equal good he freely asks.
And she, to skim all nature, plies
The infant passion of her eyes.

The sands upon the shore below,
The breakers off the ocean thrown,
The peaks that rob the earth of snow,
By him unseen, are yet his own.
On them were many born to gaze,
Yet none to better pierce their maze.

Though blind he saw, for he had light
To span the corn-fields and the meads,
The lake's repose, the river's flight,
Through her whose hand the blind boy leads.
A sister's love the world explores;
His heart accepts it and adores.

And when the pleasant house is near,
And ended all she had to say,
She lifts her voice: "O brother dear,
If good my eyes have been to-day,
Kiss them for every new delight
That kindles in your spirit's sight!"

" I draw all vision through your eyes:
I see within, you see outside.
Your love has raised me to the skies,
So narrow once, now high and wide.
Nor always of the somber hue:
For I can dream the dark to blue.

" The hill that upward toils, the stream,
The valley, and the ocean's range,
These take the colors of a dream,
Though as it changes so they change.
But tinged by hope no more they fade
Into the deep and narrow shade.

" Outside to you the world is told,
And all you learn you tell to me;
Inside do I the world behold;
There your fond eyes themselves I see;
There your kind hand is in my sight:
No longer dark, for love is light."

LONDON REVISITED.

" THE Dean of Westminster will preach in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall;" so we wended our way thither, for Dean Stanley is a man one must see and hear when one can. The chapel is in the Banqueting Hall of the palace, in front of which Charles I. was beheaded. It was a charity sermon for the benefit of an Asylum for the Blind. The Dean wins you at once by his refined and intellectual face—a pleasing contrast to the heavy features of the average English clergyman. His theme was the compensations attending blindness. He had an old quarto copy of Milton in the desk, and read with great feeling and force three long passages from "Paradise Lost" and "Samson," referring to his own loss of sight—especially the lines,

" O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day,"—etc.

The Dean's reference to Milton was warmly eulogistic; and he proceeded in this wise:—" There is a dim tradition that some people once actually believed that Milton's blindness was a judgment of Heaven upon him for his defense of the tragedy which took place on the spot where we now stand. Such a sentiment is simply barbarous; it is unworthy of a civilized people. No Englishman of the present day would tolerate it for a moment." Of the accuracy of this last statement, I have my doubts. But the protest of this high dignitary of the Church against the bigotry of a past age, and especially this emphatic reference to a notable event in English history, on the spot where it occurred, and by the official representative of Church and State, seemed to me noteworthy. We all know from Dean Stanley's various works that he is a large-minded man, nobly devoted to the best interests of his Church, for he is wise enough to see that these interests are not advanced by retaining the worst features of mediæval traditions. But one cannot help wondering how far such a man, even in his high position of official dignity, is sincerely followed by the average audience of very respectable churchmen, whose very respectable faces seem to be the very embodiment of veneration for the traditions and the exclusiveness of the Establishment.

In the afternoon our excellent friend, Rev. Newman Hall, held a service in St. James's Hall (where during the week the "two-headed nightingale" held her crowded levees). The simple, dignified, and yet kind and effective manner in which Mr. Hall preached to the very large audience was admirable in every way.

In Westminster Abbey, where the service on Sunday is now conducted with excellent consideration for the comfort and edification of strangers, I heard another sermon which was notable as an explanation, rather than a justification, of "The Church's" Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. "There are certain *technical* terms used by the Church," said the preacher, "and this is one. Regeneration is not conversion; *that* must come, sooner or later, or else the baptism of the infant or the adult is of non-effect, and can never procure salvation." Is there not, after all, some sort of kinship between the "holy Catholic" views and those of the most orthodox "sects?" However one may be influenced by the preaching in these venerable cathedrals,—and it seems natural, somehow, to expect nothing but platitudes or drowsy essays,—no one can attend service in this ancient shrine without being impressed with the solemn beauty of the ritual, and the grandeur of the lofty arches and columns which echo back the chant, "Glory be to God on high." It is a rather trite remark—but after thirty-five years the first impressions of these grand Gothic structures are more than confirmed, and one must still wonder and admire the patient and pious zeal which reared and preserved them through those long dark years of mediæval ignorance.

Curiosity led me into what is called the "Pro-Cathedral," in Kensington,—a new and handsome church (reached from High street by a narrow passage),—which serves for the "Metropolitan" of Romanist Westminster, until they are strong enough to build a more gorgeous edifice. Here officiates the noted Archbishop Manning alternately with the more noted Monsignor Capel (chronicled in *Lothair*). The custodians of the seats took the shillings of each occupant with an air of business, as if it had been a concert; and I found that the handsome Capel himself was to be the preacher. He entered the pulpit with a jaunty air, put on his becoming cap with a graceful little gesture, as if conscious of his popularity, and began to talk in an easy, fluent manner, without notes, and apparently without study or effort, his theme being a defense of the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation—a fitting sequel, perhaps, to the Abbey discourse. He did not propose either explanation or defense of it, but simply urged that inability to comprehend it was no justification for want of faith. "How," said he, "can we fully grasp and understand the fact that the little child in the manger at Bethlehem was the infinite Jehovah himself? and yet we all believe this."

Of course we heard Spurgeon again, and found the Tabernacle as full as ever—every one of the five thousand seats being filled, and hundreds standing. This famous preacher's sincerity and earnestness were more convincing even than at first, and so is the evidence of the great extent of his laborious usefulness;—but I could not detect any marked originality or ability in his sermon. His dismissal of the vast audience to-day appeared to me painfully injudicious, to say the least. He invoked a blessing upon all "the saints," and closed with these words: "and if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha!"

Ordinary sermons which I have heard in the parish churches of St. Martin's-le-Grand, at Paddington, and at "the Foundling," were not impressive in their intellectual ability, but were an improvement on those of olden time. English churchmen are evidently more awake to the practical wants of the people, and to the conflicts of the times, and are more earnest in efforts to do good than they were thirty years ago, though even then I used to hear such men as Baptist Noel, Croly, and Henry Melville.

People go to "the Foundling" to hear the fine singing there, and see the place and the children, who are very nicely housed on an old and ample "foundation." In the chapel the "arms" of the "governors" and patrons for a half-dozen generations are blazoned on the windows. Inquiring the way there of a couple of boys of fifteen in the vicinity, they did not know such a place as the "*Found*ling Hospital;" but at last a light beamed on the brow of one of them, and he said, "Oh, you mean the '*Fon*lin;' but I say, Bill, is that 'ere a 'Ospital?" Query, as to the average *English* pronunciation of the "masses" here and in Yankee-land?

Parliament needed looking after; and Mr. Jacob Bright (his brother John is still an invalid) and Mr. Thomas Hughes both sent us orders for our friends, which they kindly "borrowed" from fellow-members, and put Mrs. R. on the list for the ladies' "cage" over the speaker's chair. The surroundings of the great edifice are far more fitting and more imposing than in my younger days, when the old "Houses" looked positively shabby. The great towers at each end of the building—which is probably the finest modern Gothic structure in the world—are really magnificent; and the chief entrances and corridors are all in keeping—yet "the House" is approached by the public through an adjoining building, the noble and venerable Westminster Hall, where English history, through seven or eight centuries, looks down upon us. This ancient and spacious hall is a worthy ante-room to the national Legislature; but the law-courts connected with it are only an unpleasant excrescence. When these are removed, and St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the ugly brick buildings next to the Treasury (which is to be done), the two finest buildings in London will have some better chance of being seen as they should be.

The comparative smallness, not to say meanness, of the actual session-halls of both Lords and Commons appears more anomalous than ever. Each has scant accommodation for about one hundred visitors, and scarcely seats enough for all its members.

Mr. Gladstone's plucky *coup d'état*, abolishing by royal warrant the purchase of commissions in the army, in defiance of the snubbed House of Lords, had occurred this very week, and was *the* talk of the town. We could only look at the general aspect of things, and hear a debate on minor matters following this notable stroke of policy. The spasmodic minister, as the opposition journals called him, sat, as usual, facing his old antagonist, Disraeli, on the other side of the table; and the famous leader, *ci-devant* of the House of Israel, and *now* of English conservatism, made a snappish retort to some mild explana-

tion of the courteous premier. Surely this novelist-statesman is one of the "curiosities of literature" and of politics. He is in excellent preservation, and looks scarcely older than twenty years ago. Mr. W. E. Forster and two or three others of the ministers defended some minor points in the new Ballot bill, which advanced a stage in spite of the conservatives; but a display of *oratory* in Parliament is somewhat rare.

It is curious to see how the decadence of the House of Lords is referred to everywhere as an accepted fact. I don't attempt any analysis of English politics; but the headway made by the Democratic idea in England, whether for good or evil, is notably a sign of the times. The sharp criticism of the Queen's absence from London, and of her failure to entertain foreign potentates and to *earn her salary*—for that is what it amounts to—even in such moderate and conservative journals as the *Pall Mall Gazette;* the meetings of the people to protest against further grants to Prince Arthur or any more of the royal scions, and the indifference about the doings of the Queen and her children, and of the nobility, as compared with the early years of Victoria's reign, are too significant to be overlooked. Whether this change is premature or is altogether healthy may be questioned; but (as a straw) a remark may be quoted which I heard in a busy street: two citizens evidently "to the manor born:"—"One thing you may be sure of," says one, "the Prince of Wales will never sit on his mother's throne." In former times such a speech in the open street might have been hazardous. Sooner or later, the trappings and expensive luxuries of royalty will be largely simplified; but there are few conditions of life or forms of government that have not *something* to boast of as compensation for their evils. Oddly enough, the same day, and the next after the Dean's sermon at Whitehall, in glancing over the pages of egotistical and transparent Pepys, who diarized his doings in the days of the Restoration, this was the "lesson of the day."

"Oct 9. 1660.—Went out to Charing Cross to see "Maj. Gen. Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered— "which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any "man could in that condition. He was presently cut "down, and his head and heart shown to the people, "at which there were *great shouts of joy.* * * "Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at "Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge "for the King, at Charing Cross."

With a special card of admission, I attended, with my friend L., two of the "Colonial Conferences" in session at the Westminster Palace Hotel. An audience of about 300, largely composed of ladies, filled a large hall in the hotel—the Duke of Manchester in the chair, and Mr. Jenkins, author of *Ginx's Baby*, reading the opening address. This Mr. Jenkins (son of a Montreal clergyman),—a rather bald-headed man of forty,—made some sharp strictures upon Parliament and the ministers for their indifference to the wants of "Britain's Colonies," and their ignorance of the nature of those wants. Rev. Dr. Guthrie, editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, —a fine-looking elderly Scotchman,—followed, exploiting with some emphasis the excellencies of a certain Refuge or Asylum for destitute orphan children, of which he was one of the promoters,—and which he said would furnish a capital crop of good colonists. The gentleman from Australia, in a sharp, bright speech, protested against being supplied with emigrants taken from the gutters; whereupon the reverend doctor stoutly and warmly reiterated his assertion that neither Canada nor Australia ought to ask or expect better recruits than could be furnished by his pet charity. The Conference was sweetened with ice-cream and strengthened with coffee, and was thus prolonged to a late hour for several days and evenings; but whether the Colonies were essentially helped, deponent saith not.

The second evening the leaders were on the *qui vive* to receive the Emperor of Brazil, who is now examining British institutions, and whose royal arms were put up over the platform; but that intelligent and sensible "foreigner" was so busy with other lions that he arrived only as the meeting was breaking up. One little incident here was amusing: the Australian delegate began saying that it had been asserted by some that the power and prestige of England were on the wane, and that English influence among the nations had become of late materially lessened. "No, no, no!" was the cry all over the hall; and the speaker corrected his sentence by remarking that he had merely quoted other people; but he himself believed that the position of England was never stronger than now. This soothed the sensitive listeners; their nerves had probably been excited by *The Battle of Dorking*, the publishers of which announce the "second hundred thousand"—while a dozen other "sensations," by way of offset, have been following in its wake. The last of these is *The Battle of Berlin*, which reverses the picture, and demolishes the German empire at the gates of its capital. But all these straws show something of the popular currents flowing here just now.

In London, the weather being exceptionally fine, I enjoyed long rides on the tops of omnibuses to all parts of the great metropolis and its suburbs. More than ever one is *forced* to see, in this way, some of the fearful degradation resulting from the thousands of glaring gin palaces at the corners of almost every street,—crowded with men, women, children, and some with babies in their arms; many cadaverous and half-starved, whose last pennies are spent, not for bread, but for the vile fiery compound in which they seek to drown their sorrows and privations.

What a fearful problem do these places present to the philanthropist and the statesman! The absence of pure water used to be the excuse for swilling the beer which is so large a part of the life of English working-people. I was glad to see that this evil had been greatly remedied by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association, which, in the spirit of Mr. Bergh, has provided water-fountains for man and beast in every part of the great city. Scarcely any practical charity was more needed; and how strange it is, that thirty years ago such simple and effective checks against intemperance had not been thought of. A person drinking a glass of pure cold water was then looked upon with wonder. Now, it is said that these fountains are used by 300,000 daily, who are thus so much the less tempted by the gin-shops. A strange statement, by the way, now floats in print, to the effect that 300,000 "members of the Church of England (!)" are habitual drunkards!

Wenham Lake ice was introduced into the Strand about thirty years ago, and now London begins to be well supplied with this luxury from Norway and Sweden. Another improvement is the recent introduction, in a few places, of "American Soda-Water Fountains." At one of these places in Regent street you can get ice-cream and soda-water equal to any in Broadway; and I was glad to see fashionable ladies coming in there in troops to enjoy the unwonted luxury—and well they might, in this unwonted temperature of 80° and more, in the shade.

Those frightful gin palaces remind me of a little sketch which was given me from life by an English friend, some years ago: Scene, the Old Hummum's Hotel, Covent Garden; J., taking his chop in the coffee-room, is forced to hear the talk of a couple at another table. "Waiter," J. whispers, "who is that old fellow?" "That, Sir, — Oh, that's Lord A—— [a peer of the realm, who owns whole acres of tenants in the heart of northern London]. His lordship often dines here, Sir. That's his medical man with him, Sir. He has him for company, Sir." [i. e., a good listener and endorser for my lord's wisdom.] My lord sipping his port, *loq.*—"No, no! What I say is this: if a man wants his pint of wine or glass of spirits and water, let him have it! let him *have* it! But blast the coffee-shops! you may depend upon it that one-half of the vices of this great metropolis are contracted in those d——d coffee-shops. And now mark what I say; tea's as bad: now tea's as bad. Here I hear many people complaining of the price of tea. They say tea's getting up; tea's getting up! I wish to Heaven 'twas a guinea an ounce. *I* never use it! Here's all the money going out of the country to those cursed Chinese. No, no! what I say is this," etc.

Doctor (after several repetitions of the above), to change the topic: "Anything going on down at the House, my lord?"

"Not a d——d thing. I told Wellington, the last time I was down there, that the country's all going to the dogs, past redemption. No! no! what I say is this; if a man wants a pint of wine or a glass of spirits and water, let him *have* it! let him *have* it! But d—— the coffee-shops," etc. etc., and so on to about a dozen repetitions. If peers like these prevail much in the upper House, no wonder Mr. Gladstone ignores them; but fortunately there is an Argyll, a Houghton, and a good many others who are noble by nature as well as by title.

The problem of pauperism and vice must be one of the hardest for English philanthropy and State-craft to solve. "Old England," said an American friend years ago, "how magnificent are her charities! yet how desperate is her destitution!" Has she improved any? Let us hope so; though one still sees some wretched objects of pity, even in the busy streets under the very nose of the Beadle and of the "Peeler." What can be more dreary than the songs (!) you hear from those pitiable-looking men, women, and children who appeal for pennies by plaintive notes of woe, sometimes under the guise of comic (!) glees, under your window; the miserable creatures looking as though the driest crust would be greedily clutched to defeat absolute starvation. Passing through St. James's Park, Sunday morning, on my way to the Abbey, I observed on one of the benches near the pond a young man and woman of 18 or 20, apparently billing and cooing lovers; so I modestly looked the other way. But as I passed,

a second glance showed me in those two faces a picture of hopeless woe which haunted me for weeks. They seemed to be drearily, despairingly in want and misery. One passes often from such piteous people to another phase of street life, the lively doings of Punch and Judy—still a popular institution in London, and amusing enough to win coppers from people who abuse themselves for their absurdity in being so easily amused.

In thinking of the condition of the poor in London, one naturally inquires about the practical charities of recent years, and especially those of George Peabody and Miss Burdett Coutts. We went down to Shoreditch to see the first of Mr. Peabody's model houses, and the new market and tenements just erected by the Baroness, near the Great Eastern Railway. What could be a more beneficent transformation than that thus wrought in the regions before so dismally forlorn and wretched? The other tenement quadrangles, produced by Mr. Peabody's money, are at Islington and on the Surrey side.

Of the American notions which have been introduced here besides that real philanthropy, soda fountains, we have among others that great achievement, the sewing-machine, which Hood did *not* chronicle when he sang the Song of a Shirt. Wheeler & Wilson, Wilcox & Gibbs, Singer, Howe, and others have warehouses here, both in the City and at the West End; and Cramer, the leading music-dealer in Regent street, displays a big sign of "American organs."

The present International Exhibition at Albert Hall and the Horticultural Gardens appears to show little or nothing distinctively American. The display of pictures and sculpture, especially the English, is large and creditable, and there is a fair collection from Belgium, France, and Germany. The rest of the exhibition consists chiefly of draperies, machinery in motion, porcelain, carpets, and ornamental furniture—all admirable in their way. But the things best worth seeing are the buildings themselves, and the flower-gardens between them. Albert Hall is the best architectural success which London can boast in late years. Most people already know that this is a huge structure of brick and stone, designed partly as a "memorial" to the lamented Prince —(in addition to the pretty Gothic structure in the Park, for which they say the Queen pays £200,000 from her privy purse—the city not being inclined to deprive her of that pleasure). The hall is utilized as a huge concert-room, capable of seating 10,000 persons, who can all see and hear almost equally well. It has a superb organ—said to be the best in Europe—and seats for 1,900 or more performers. A shilling admission to the lofty promenade gallery at the top gave me a chance for leisurely examining some 500 water-colors placed there as part of the exhibition, while listening at the same time to a fine concert of vocal, instrumental, and organ music, and looking down comfortably on the immense audience in four or five successive circles, rising above a *parterre* of living flowers, or rather of living ladies crowned with flowers and ribbons of all the tints in nature. The architectural effect of this vast interior is wonderfully grand; and yet, with all its immense dimensions, this building can contain only about one-eighth as many people as the old Roman Colosseum. In the daytime the beautiful gardens and conservatory of the Horticultural Society are open to visitors, and a fine band discourses choice music to the thousands who throng the grounds and the terraces on each side. The whole scene is extremely animating and beautiful.

This temporary exhibition, however, had to me less attraction than the galleries of the South Kensington Museum, which is reached from a corner of the garden. The buildings for this admirable collection, already erected, are still destitute of any main elevation, and have a crude and uninviting appearance externally. Mr. Cole, the chief inspirer and engineer of the enterprise, seems to glory in the fact that no money has yet been spent on fronts or external ornament.* Mr. Cole, who is a fine old English gentleman of sixty-five, and his chief assistant, Mr. Owen, were very obliging in their manifestations of goodwill to our New York enterprise, the "Metropolitan Art Museum." They gave me two long interviews, in which all the main points in the history, theory, and practice of the Kensington institution were fully explained. They also liberally offered all kinds of facilities for our Museum to acquire the reproductions in casts—plaster and metal—and in photography and chromos, which have been obtained from the originals on the Continent as well as in England. As this thriving institution, through its various experts, has reaped the fruits of twenty years' study of the niceties of form and detail in its picture-galleries, its glass cases, and other requirements, it is a great thing for our Museum to have the advantage of all this experience, and to have the option and choice of all works of art that

* I presented him with the number of *Scribner* containing Mr. Beard's very original designs for an Art Museum entrance.

can be reproduced in fac-simile at a merely nominal cost: that is, we save the expense of the moulds, and need only pay for the manipulation of the duplicate. Of course we cannot thus reproduce oil paintings; but we *can* have, in the precise form and detail, an exact fac-simile of statuary, ornamental furniture, curious architectural details, medals, bronzes, etc., both modern, mediæval, and antique, by the time a suitable building, temporary or other, is ready to receive them. We shall thus possess in Central Park a collection which will instruct and delight all who have any curiosity or taste for the masterpieces of art and the progress of the "Art-Idea" in all ages and nations. From the Louvre and from Berlin we shall have duplicates of the great works of sculpture, antique and modern; and it is probable that the governments of England, France, and Germany will present to our Museum sets of their costly publications relating to Art. Those of France, especially, are of great value. The best antiques in the British Museum can also be ours as far as form, size, and expression are concerned; and a moderate subscription of the American bankers in London would purchase all these reproductions, and form a suitable offering from them to the future commercial center of the world. Indeed, no enterprise of this sort was ever more opportunely started than the Art Museum of New York: the only wonder is, that it did not become a fixed fact years ago. Yet on some accounts we shall gain by the delay;—we shall have the benefit of all the wisdom and experience and zeal which have been so largely devoted to the subject in Europe during the last twenty years.

I was surprised to learn from Mr. Cole that the whole expense of construction of the galleries and courts containing the paintings and works of art at Kensington was less than £30,000,—nothing whatever being yet laid out on architectural fronts,—although the Museum has now been open to the public more than fifteen years. They are just completing three new buildings—one of which has a handsome front on the side of the gardens; the other two being designed for huge reproductions of architectural curiosities.

The Art Library and Schools of Design form important features of this institution. Mr. Owen described to me their system of competitive prizes—all the art schools in the kingdom sending their drawings and models to Kensington, where committees of experts select the best for exhibition and for reward. I understood Mr. Owen that no less than 70,000 of these drawings and models had thus been examined and sifted the present year, and the best of them remain in the galleries.

They are also forming an immense library of books relating, more or less, to art, and have just printed "proof-sheets" of a Catalogue of Art-books, which itself fills two thick quarto volumes of more than 1,000 pages each! How little do even our intelligent people at home know of the vast amount of time and money which have been expended in Europe in developing the art idea, and teaching it how to draw, to paint, to mould, and to construct according to the eternal principles of truth and beauty!

The exhibition of the Royal Academy, at its new rooms in Piccadilly, appeared to be, in its extent and general character, superior to the *average* of olden time—even of those years when Turner and Stanfield, Landseer and Etty were leading exhibitors. Yet it is not so certain that there are now many works of the highest excellence. Boughton, whose clever pencil belongs, I hope, to our side, shows two or three of the most notable, and there are some by Hennessy. But the greatest works are doubtless those of Millais, whose genius, with all its eccentricities, is generally admired.

We made another visit to that charming collection at the delicious little village of Dulwich, where there are some of the best examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and two or three Murillos, familiar in prints—freely open to all visitors to be studied at leisure. Yet many American picture-lovers go to London and don't see Dulwich, though it is only an hour distant. If the collections purchased so pluckily by Mr. Blodgett for our New York Museum contain works of as much excellence as the Vandycks, and Cuyps, and Gerard Douws at Dulwich, our "knowing ones" will have new cause to admire the liberal zeal and public spirit of one of Gotham's most valuable citizens.

The "Vernon," "Sheepshanks," and other collections at Kensington, however, present the best attractions of the English school, and are very enjoyable even after a study of the Claudes, and Rubens, and Turners of the National Gallery. In pictures of this class we have hardly begun on our side to study the A B C, yet in landscape we have no cause to shrink from comparison.

We had this week a third chance to become familiar with the fine collection at Stafford House, where we can see also the finest entrance hall in London—superior to that at

Buckingham Palace. At this last I once had a peep at royalty in the shape of the then young and good-looking queen, leaning on the arm of her handsome husband, both gorgeously arrayed in state costume, and coming down the long staircase on their way to hold a "Drawing Room" at St. James's. Poor Queen! she now has to endure the sharp severities of the cruel critics, who almost abuse her for keeping aloof from the splendors and frivolities that appertain to those unfortunate people who wear crowns and coronets.

One of the most notable changes of thirty years is that in the matter of beards. When I was domiciled in London, even modest side-whiskers were rare; respectable John Bull almost invariably practicing the most rigid scraping of his face. *Nous avons changé tout cela. Then*, a man with a full beard was invariably decided to be a foreigner; and if a clerk or other employé had been guilty of the enormity of a moustache he would have been discharged with a reprimand. Such a folly was deemed wholly unbusiness-like and un-English. Yet *now*, I noticed at the Colonial Conference that the audience, male and female, was much the same as you would see at Steinway Hall; and hirsute Englishmen are now rather the rule than the exception; even in the pulpit they are not rare.

Returning from a pilgrimage to the Peabody and Coutts charities at Bethnal Green, we looked into Bunhill Fields burying-ground to see the new monument put up recently to the memory of De Foe. It was a bright thought to let the boys thus take part in honoring the name of the author of Robinson Crusoe. Some children, sitting over their books on the graves, guided us with great zeal and readiness to the tomb of John Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim" has visited more millions of homes even than Crusoe; and then the same children (who seemed to be saying their lessons to an elder sister, in a sunny spot of this city of the dead) guided us to the resting-place of Isaac Watts. What three other names—possibly excepting Shakespeare's—are more familiar in our mouths as household words? This cemetery of the dissenters, in the dullest portion of the older London, is a spot of great interest, and every American visitor to London should go there. It is a notable counterpart to the lordly mausoleum of Westminster. "I'm told there's snug lying in the Abbey," says Sir Lucius in the comedy—and the honor paid to Dickens in giving his bones a place among the celebrities of English history was in most respects fitting. But were there not other reasons why he should have been placed in the humbler resting-place among the men of the people in Bunhill Fields?

The peculiar pursuits of an Englishman of cultivated tastes, who has acquired independence and can ride hobbies at pleasure, may be sometimes curiously suggestive. An invitation to dine with such a one and to see his collection was not to be slighted. The house may have stood for a hundred and fifty years, in the classic shades of Twickenham, a short distance from Pope's famous villa, and adjoining the extensive gardens of the Duc d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville; the very spot where their father Louis Philippe passed some of *his* days of early exile, in teaching both young ideas and tender plants "how to shoot." Mine host, who in the last generation had given us Anniversary feasts at the Star and Garter at Richmond, now enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* in the midst of a garden of seven acres filled with rare plants from all parts of the world, and shade and fruit trees, all of his own planting.

No less than six thousand rose-bushes ornament these gardens,and the exotics would inspire enthusiasm in the driest of botanists. In the house he has a collection of seven hundred paintings, chiefly small and rare, and some of them of great value. With real Hogarths and Vandycks, Constables, Cuyps, and even Raphaels, repeated in every nook and corner, they must have been costly. These two pursuits—plants and rare pictures—one can understand and admire, and Mr. B. is a scientific botanist as well as connoisseur in art. But the third hobby is altogether beyond my limited comprehension. It is a marvelous and inordinate collection of old china and porcelain, of all shapes, ages, nations, and dates. One can easily sympathize with this pursuit to a certain extent, and can appreciate the interest in specimens of Palissy, Wedgewood, and a few notable *artists* in this line, showing the *progress* of taste and skill. But to invest a fortune in such things, to place in a private house of moderate extent, filling every crevice, and even packing the windows with cases full, three or four deep—this is worse than bibliomania in its worst form. (I hope my host will excuse the stupidity which prompts the remark.) I was told that Mr. B. had expended £50,000 in this one line of curiosities; and as he pointed out, here and there, a tea-cup which had cost £50, and even £100 a piece, I can believe the aggregate. But, as the Duke of Newcastle said when criticised for controlling the votes of his tenants, "Shall I not do what I will with my

own?" Strange and extravagant as the cost of these knickknacks appears, they say it would prove a good investment if sold at auction to-morrow, so eager are the Oldbucks and virtuosos in their competition for these old cups and saucers.

Bibliomania is not extinct either. Mr. Quaritch showed me a "block book," of perhaps a hundred leaves, in small quarto, which he had just bought at auction for *five hundred guineas*—say $2,800. This is a good deal worse than the case of the Guttenberg Bible, which I had the pleasure of purchasing in 1847 for Mr. Lenox for £500, and for which Mr. Q. now says he would pay, on speculation, a much larger sum. Mr. Lenox's copy is the only one on this continent, and is a miracle of bookmaking, considering that it was the *first* book ever printed with movable types.

One can hardly resist repeating a visit to that wonderful structure of glass and iron at Sydenham. The building and grounds are a marvel, perhaps beyond the imagination of the Sultan's daughter, and they must satisfy anybody's expectation. The courts which reproduce old Thebes, and Nineveh, and Athens, and Pompeii, and the Alhambra, are admirable in their details. The mercantile part of the affair, however, has become slipshod and shabby, and has probably ceased to be attractive or profitable. I was enticed to the Palace on the day of the "Scott Centennial;" but the plays and the pipers, and even the Scott relics and illustrations were less attractive than the historical courts, where one is transported back to the life of Greeks and Romans, Assyrians and Egyptians of ages before the advent of Christianity.

. . . . . .

This glance over some of the notable changes in mighty London since my ten-years' residence began there, thirty-five years ago, has been intensely enjoyable and instructive. The material for study and reflection and comparison is immense in its scope;—but the theme is no novelty, and I forbear.

THE TWO MRS. SCUDAMORES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," ETC.

(Continued from page 94.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE family dinner was at seven o'clock, and the family met and sat down as usual, alone. The day before this had been a cheerful meal. Mrs. Scudamore in her quiet and content had encouraged her children's talk, and their plans—what they were to do. It had been sweet for her to hear them, to feel that they were no longer to be crossed and thwarted capriciously, and that, at the same time, her own will and wish were sovereign with them, for the moment at least. It had been the pleasantest meal eaten at Scudamore for a long time. To-day, so far as Charlie knew, at least, everything was unchanged. He had exclaimed at his mother's paleness when she came into the drawing-room; but she had come down only at the last moment, when there was little time for remark.

She was dressed as carefully as usual, studiously, Amy thought, to avoid the least trace of any difference; but she was ghastly pale. Every trace of color had gone from her face. Her very lips were blanched, as if the blood had rushed back to her heart far too deeply to permit any return. A tremulous movement was in her fingers, and even now and then in her hand, as if her nerves had been jarred; otherwise she showed no sign of what had passed. Amy had watched very anxiously for the appearance of the strange visitor; but Mrs. Scudamore came down alone. Fortunately, Charlie's ignorance of all that had occurred kept him free from the restraint and painful consciousness which Amy felt upon herself. They sat down as usual; the natural routine went on, and if the mother at the end of the table felt like a somnambulist walking in a dream, neither of the two divined it. Mrs. Scudamore looked out of the frightful mist which seemed to her own consciousness to envelop her, and saw Amy's wistful eyes watching her; but Charlie was quite unconcerned, eating his soup as usual. This helped her to bear the awful weight that was upon her heart. And then the presence of the servants helped her in the story she had to tell. She began it, seizing the opportunity when Charlie paused for the third time to look at her across the flowers on the table, and ask what she had done to herself to be so pale.

"What I suppose I ought not to have done," she answered, forcing something which did duty for a smile; "talking over old affairs. I have not told you yet," she went on, clearing her voice, "of a visitor who arrived this afternoon—a—a relation, who will most likely stay with us—for a long time."

"Good heavens!" said Charlie, "a relation! What a terrible bore!"

Amy, who was watching her mother closely, felt disposed to check her brother's levity with indignation, but it was a help to Mrs. Scudamore. She panted as if for breath as she went on; but once more that faint watery gleam of a smile crossed her face.

"She is a lady, Charlie. I expect you to be very civil to her. She is—your aunt—the widow of your uncle Tom, who—died in America. She has been there most of her life."

"Worse luck," said the unconcerned Charlie. "My uncle Tom, my uncle Tom? Who was he? I never heard of him, that I know of——"

"Don't worry your mamma, Master Charles," whispered Woods under cover of an *entrée*. "He was poor master's brother, your uncle as went to America when you was a baby; that's sure enough."

"By Jove! Woods," Charlie began, with boyish resentment, and then a better instinct saved him, and Woods covered the exclamation by dropping a spoon, picking it up with confusion, and begging pardon audibly. It was a pause for which Mrs. Scudamore was grateful.

"I have invited Mrs. Thomas Scudamore," she said with a little shiver, which Amy perceived, "to stay—of course. She only came home about a month ago—about the time—— I expect you to be very civil to her. I don't think that her own people are—perhaps—the kind of persons—but she herself is——" Here Mrs. Scudamore made a pause, and then she shivered again, and said with a moaning sigh, "very good—oh, it is true—very good."

"She may be as good as she pleases," said Charlie; "but, mamma, whatever you may say, such a visitor will be a dreadful bore."

"She is a good woman," repeated Mrs. Scudamore, with a broken voice.

"A good woman is an appalling description," said Charlie. "One never falls back upon that primitive fact if there is anything more interesting to say. I've always noticed in my experience—mother, what's the matter? You don't mean to say you are angry?"

"Another disrespectful word of your—aunt, and I will leave the table," cried Mrs. Scudamore passionately. "If I could imagine any child of mine treating her otherwise than as she deserves——"

"Good Heavens!" said Charlie again, under his breath, and he shot an inquiring glance at his sister. But Amy, trembling and miserable, kept her eyes upon her plate. The girl had never seen her mother so. They seemed to have plunged back into the old days when the fretful father put a curb up on all they said or did. Shame, distress, and terror filled Amy's heart, and silence fell upon the table, a silence which seemed to irritate Mrs. Scudamore as nothing had ever irritated her before.

"You seem to have lost your tongues all at once," she said bitterly. "If this is the consequence of so mild a claim upon your obedience, nothing more than asking you to be civil to a—near—relation, it is a bad omen for me. If you cannot accept my statement without proof——"

"Mother!" cried Charlie loudly, "what can you mean? proof!"

"Yes, proof. What does your grumbling mean but an insinuation that you don't believe——"

"Mother, mother! what is the matter? What do you take me for?"

"I take deeds, not words," she said with feverish agitation; and then it seemed that she had nearly burst into convulsive tears, but she restrained herself.

All this time the servants went about the table softly, with the stealthy, deprecating consciousness of spectators at a domestic storm. They could not understand it any more than the children could. She was not herself, not like herself; they exchanged looks, as Amy and Charlie did. When dinner was over she gave orders peremptorily that the younger children were not to come down to dessert, and rose from the table almost before Woods had gone.

"I must go to my visitor," she said, sweeping out of the room with state, that hasty wind of suppressed passion about her. She went out so hastily that Amy had not time to follow. The two sat looking after their mother equally bewildered, but with very different feelings.

"What is the matter?" said Charlie, with undisguised astonishment. "Is my mother ill? I never saw her like this before. Amy, you must know?"

"I am afraid she is ill, Charlie. Oh, don't say anything. I cannot bear to see it," said Amy, with tears; "it is so unlike mamma."

"I wish the doctor would call," said Charlie. "You should get her to go to bed. Don't

you know something that you could make her take? Women used to know all about doctoring. And I am sure you could save her a great deal, Amy, if you were to try. She has been doing too much."

"Perhaps I could," said Amy doubtfully, "if you thought it were that."

"Of course it is that. You have left everything upon her," said the young man, glad to find somebody to blame. "You have left her to write all her letters and things, and do the bills, and a hundred trifles you might have spared her."

"I'll run now and see what I can do," said Amy, following her mother hastily out of the room. Amy, innocent and young as she was, had already learned the lesson women learn so soon, that a masculine conclusion of this kind is beyond the reach of argument. It satisfied Charlie. It comforted his mind to throw all the blame upon her, and to persuade himself that his mother's strange aspect had an easily removable cause. Amy could not so delude herself, but she said to herself, "What is the use of arguing?" and took the ready course thus offered her. Poor little Amy's heart was very heavy. No, it was not writing letters and reckoning up bills that had done it. It was something far more mysterious, something which she could not divine. The words she had heard at the window came back to her and made her shiver. "To save them from shame I would give my life, I would risk my soul!" O what, what could it mean?

There was no one in the drawing-room, of course, and Amy made her way wearily upstairs, wondering where her new aunt was, wondering what sort of person she was, and what she had to do with it. She had red eyes, but that was with crying, and her nose was red, and her whole person was limp. But then her voice and touch were kind. The door of the west room was closed as she approached it, but Stevens just then came out with a tray. "Is the lady—is my aunt there?"—"La, bless us, miss, is she your aunt?" said Stevens nodding her head and refusing further comment. Amy paused a long time at the door. Should she go in, and make acquaintance with the stranger? Should she encounter her mother there with that changed face? With a little timid reluctance to take any decisive step, she ran to her own room, just to collect herself. Amy's room communicated with her mother's. Mrs. Scudamore had been glad to have her child so near to be able to call her in at any time; but the first thing Amy saw on entering the room was that the door of communication was closed. She gave a little sharp cry involuntarily. That separation hurt her and appalled her. "Why should she shut me out?" Amy said to herself. "*Me?*" She felt the door; it was locked. She listened even in the great perturbation of her thoughts, but nothing was audible.

It was more than Amy could bear. "Mamma, mamma!" she cried, beating on the door. There was no answer. She had something of the Scudamore temper too, and could be hasty and even violent when she was thwarted. She lost patience. "I will come in," she said; "I will not be shut out. Mamma, you have no right to shut me out! Open the door! open the door!"

All at once the door opened wide—as if by magic, Amy thought, though it was solely the hurry of her own agitation, the tingling in her ears, the sound she was herself making, which prevented her from hearing the withdrawing of the bolt—and her mother stood very severe and grave before her.

"What is the meaning of this, Amy?" she said coldly, and Amy's head sank.

"Oh, mamma, don't go away! Don't shut yourself up; at least don't shut *me* out—*me*, mamma! There may be things you cannot talk of to the rest, but, mamma, me!" cried Amy, in a transport of love and pain. Mrs. Scudamore made a violent effort at self-control. Her whole soul was full of passionate irritation. Her impulse was to thrust her daughter away from her,—to shut out all the world. But that unreasoning cry went to her heart. Oh, if the child but knew! Tell it to *her!* The same thought that had moved her enemy came with a great swell and throb of pain over Mrs. Scudamore's heart.

"Amy," she said hoarsely, "child, go away. There is nothing the matter with me; or if there is it is my own business alone. Go away. I cannot be disturbed now."

Amy crept to her mother's feet and clasped her knees: "Only me!" she said, laying her soft cheek against the harsh blackness of the crape. "You can trust me, mother; let me share the trouble, whatever it is. Oh, mamma, mamma! why should you have secrets from me?"

Mrs. Scudamore trembled more than her child did as she stooped over her. "Hush, hush!" she said, "let there be an end of this. Listen, Amy—it is—papa's secret—not yours—nor mine. Now—ask me no more."

Amy shrank away with a strange look of awe. She looked wistfully into her mother's face; she acknowledged the difference. Those words which Mrs. Scudamore loathed to speak

were absolutely effectual. She rose from the ground, and putting her arms round her mother's neck, clung to her silently, hiding her face. "Is it very bad?" she whispered, kissing her neck and her dress. Amy's whole soul was lost in pity.

"It is very bad," said the poor woman, with a groan; and she held her child close to her heart, which broke over her with a very tempest of love and anguish. Oh, if Amy but knew! But she should never know —not if it were at the cost of her mother's life—at the peril of her soul.

When Amy had been thus dismissed, calmed down, and composed in the most magical way—for, after all, the dead father's secrets, whatever they might be, were nothing in comparison to what the very lightest veil of mystery on the part of the mother would have been — Mrs. Scudamore once more closed the door. She did it very softly, that no one might hear. She drew her curtains, that no one might see, and then she gave way to a misery that was beyond control. Was there any sorrow like her sorrow? she said to herself in her anguish. She took her dead husband's miniature out of its frame, and threw it on the ground and crushed it to fragments —she cursed him in her heart. He had done this wantonly, cruelly, like the coward he was; he had known it all along—he had died knowing it, with his children by his bedside. Oh, God reward him, since man could not, the coward and villain. These were the only prayers she could say in the bitterness of her heart.

CHAPTER V.

After this terrible day things fell into their usual channel at Scudamore. The little woman who had brought so much trouble into the house, came down stairs and was known among the children as Aunt Thomas—it was the name they all gave her. She was a hesitating little woman, doubtful exceedingly as to her actions, prone to take advice, and accepting it gratefully, even from little Mary, who was but seven years old. Mary was Aunt Thomas's Christian name, and she took doubly to the child, who led her about everywhere like an obedient slave. Very soon even the grown-up children, even Amy and her brother, accepted the new relationship with the unquestioning matter-of-course facility of youth. They made no inquiries into it. They accepted Aunt Thomas with simplicity and sincerity; everything that was mysterious in it was explained by the fact that she had lived most of her life abroad. It was natural to believe that a woman whose days had been passed so far away should be ignorant of the kind of habits they had been brought up in, and the Scudamore "ways." And then it was not denied that Mrs. Thomas Scudamore had been "raised from the ranks." The children grumbled a little at first, Charlie especially, who complained to everybody but his mother that Aunt Thomas was a bore. But by degrees this passed away, and before she had been there a fortnight Aunt Thomas was the favorite of the house. She had ceased to weep; her poor little nose had recovered its natural color, and her eyes were no longer muddled. When she came to look as nature intended she should, it became evident that she was one of the women who, without a good feature, by mere stress of youth, and bloom, and smiles, are often very pretty when they are young, and who do not grow ugly, as great beauties often do, but retain a certain shadow of good looks as long as good-humor and health last them. Her eyes were kindly smiling eyes when they were not red with crying; and though the thin little curls she wore under her cap were not pretty, yet they were old-fashioned, which of itself is a quality. It was something, Charlie said, to have an aunt who had strength of mind to wear little curls half-way down her cheek. As for little Alice and Mary, they took possession of Aunt Thomas with scarcely a moment of doubt. They might be seen leading her about the park, one at each hand, every day of their lives. They seated her between them on the grass when they made daisy-chains, or fought with plantains. They called her back as if she had been a dog when she strayed away from them. She set their little bits of worsted work to rights for them, and dressed their dolls. In their society she was as gay as themselves, and almost as much like a child.

Mrs. Scudamore, however, did not settle down to the new relationship so easily. She had never been the same since that day. She had then been a young woman comparatively, notwithstanding all her troubles. Her cheek had been round; her hair as brown as Amy's. Now, not all at once, but by stealthy, imperceptible degrees, she had grown gray. Her cheek had grown hollow, her eyes sunken, her temper uncertain. Sometimes a word would rouse her into irritation; sometimes she would sit for hours together, her head bent over some pretense at work, yet doing nothing, finding in it only a shield and cover for her sadness. Sometimes, on the contrary, she would take wild fits of activity. The children, after the first, made little remark,

but accepted this also, as children do accept the faults of their parents. Even Charlie was too loyal to his mother to speak openly of the change. He said with a sigh that the house was no longer "jolly;" that it was hard upon a fellow to be shut up like this, and that he wished the "long" was over, and he back at Oxford. As for Amy, who had no Oxford to go to, and whose code of duty forbade her to question whether home was or was not "jolly," she said very little, one way or another, but from the depth of her gentle heart was sorry for "poor mamma." This secret which she was carrying the weight of, which was not her own, was the thing that had done it; and a tinge of bitterness came to Amy's heart as she reflected upon this legacy which her father had left behind him. Girls who have had a hard father have two ways of regarding men,—either with disgust, as the oppressors of life, or with a longing romantic worship of an ideal, and eager hope to find somewhere the man who will contradict the tradition of misery and prove all the heart longs to believe of excellence and love. Amy was of this latter order. She was a sanguine creature, hopeful of everything; and she was as sure that it remained to her to find the prince of men, as sure as if she had been nurtured upon nothing but optimism and romantic visions. With this certainty in her mind a deeper pity stole, a more melting tenderness came over her when she thought of "poor mamma;" for Amy's ideal was something more than a hope. Since her earliest recollection she had known one who in her youthful eyes appeared the very successor and heir of the Red-Cross Knight; and this hero had been absent for some time on his travels, thus gaining the last touch of perfection. She had never said to herself that she was the Una of this reproachless gentleman; but a consciousness of some fairy link between them was very sweet at her heart—no wonder she sighed for poor mamma.

Mrs. Scudamore avoided Mrs. Thomas's society as much as possible; but when they were together she treated her with a deference which nobody could understand. She deferred to her in everything; she gave up her own convenience, her own way, to hers, whenever she had a chance. That, it is true, was not very often; for Mrs. Thomas was very humble, very deprecating, taking nothing upon herself; and considerably frightened of her sister-in-law, she would steal away to the nursery, or to her own room, when Mrs. Scudamore came down stairs. They were rarely together; but when it happened that they were together Mrs. Scudamore's temper was, perhaps, more uncertain than usual. She exhorted the children to be good to their aunt and seek her society; but yet, it appeared, could not bear to see them respond to her injunctions. A shadow would cross her face when she saw little Mary dragging the kind aunt after her, demanding with unceremonious freedom everything from her. Whatever her object was in establishing Mrs. Thomas in her family, she had accomplished it; and now she could not bear the result. A concealed bitterness was in every word she said—a sword was in her heart. She resisted even the love of her own. Sometimes, even, she would send her little girls harshly away, bidding them go to Aunt Thomas, "as you call her."

This was done once in Amy's presence, and Mrs. Scudamore's bitter repentance and regret for having thus betrayed herself were terrible to the grieved and confused mind of poor Amy. "She *is* Aunt Thomas, is not she, mamma?" she had cried in her first surprise. "Yes, yes," Mrs. Scudamore said with sharp pain, which Amy did not understand. She could not even stop when Aunt Thomas came in, but went on in spite of herself. "She is a stranger to you," she cried, only half conscious what she was saying, "but already she takes my place, even with you."

"Oh mamma!" cried Amy, too much stunned for further speech.

"Yes," said Mrs. Scudamore, beside herself, turning her passionate pale face to the interloper. "Oh why, why is it? We ought to have been enemies and hated each other—that was natural; anything was natural but this."

"But I don't hate you," said Mrs. Thomas, with the restrained ghost of a sob. What was in Mrs. Scudamore's face? Was it hatred? Was it enmity? This thing at least is certain, it was pain—pain like that Prometheus felt when the vulture was gnawing at his heart. She rose and hurried from the room, with her heart swelling as if it would burst. And no one knew why it was. Amy, who would have felt as if she were betraying her mother had she consulted even Aunt Thomas upon the subject, could not help looking at her wistfully at this strange moment. The little woman put up her hands with a kind of terror.

"Oh, don't ask me any questions. Don't ask me!" she cried. "It has been her own doing, bringing me here, and I am content. I am quite happy; only ask me no questions, for I will not say a word."

"I could not ask any question about mamma," said Amy proudly, "except from mamma herself."

And Aunt Thomas dried her eyes, and nodded and grew bright again. "I am not one of the clever ones," she said, "and I have been long out of the world, and they say I am weak-minded ;—but if you don't do wrong, Amy, it is always my opinion things will come right at the end."

"I hope so, Aunt Thomas," said Amy in her ignorance.

"And we are not doing wrong," said the little woman, "no—thinking it over from every side, as I do every night of my life—no, I can't think we are wrong. But, Amy, don't ask me any questions, for I will tell you nothing, not if you were to keep on asking me for ever and ever."

Once more Amy looked at her wistfully. Whatever it was, this secret which weighed on her mother was known to this stranger and not to Mrs. Scudamore's own child. The thought made Amy's heart sick.

All this time she had said nothing about Mr. Tom Furness—she had not given her mother his message—she had kept perfect silence as to her interview with him. This was partly because Mrs. Scudamore had been out of the way at the moment, and a thing which is not told at first gathers difficulties and embarrassments about it every hour it waits. And he had not returned. This curious fact was one of the chief causes, had Amy but known it, of her mother's anxiety. His silence looked as if some plot were brewing, and Mrs. Scudamore knew, though her children did not, how precarious her position was. Aunt Thomas had been about two months in the house, and autumn had come before there was any news of him. And then he came as suddenly as he had done at first, startling the whole house. Amy had been out with Aunt Thomas on an expedition down to the village when he made his appearance. He came upon them quite unexpectedly, appearing round the corner with his air of swagger, yet conscious inferiority. Mrs. Thomas saw him first ; she gave a sudden start, and clutched at Amy's dress for protection. "Oh don't leave me, my dear, don't leave me," she cried. "Here is Tom."

"Who is Tom?" said Amy, haughtily, feeling all the blood of all the Scudamores in her veins. But Amy's fit of pride did not last long ; and with a certain half-guilty sense of curiosity she gave her companion her arm, feeling herself on the verge of some discovery. She did not even lift the thick gauze veil over her face, and the stranger did not recognize her. This fact increased her half-painful, half-exciting certainty that something was about to be found out.

"Ah, auntie!" Mr. Tom said, jauntily flourishing his cane, "here you are again. You have given us all the slip, but natural affection is not to be balked, you perceive."

"I am sure I am glad to see any one, Tom," faltered Mrs. Thomas.

"You would be much more glad, I should think, never to see me again," he replied ; "but don't flatter yourself, auntie. I took your case in hand, and I will see you through it, whether you choose or not. I have not been idle since I was last here."

Mrs. Thomas trembled more and more with every word. "I am glad to hear you have not been idle, Tom ; I hope it has been nice work. I always felt sure you would make your way."

The stranger laughed an insolent laugh. "You are not clever enough for that sort of thing," he said. "You know well enough what my work has been. I have been finding out all about you."

"I am not afraid of anything that can be found out about me," she said, with a flush of indignation, and then added, faltering, "I am doing nothing wrong."

Again Mr. Tom Furness laughed, and it seemed to Amy as if his laugh woke up echoes all over the country—echoes which mocked and sneered as he did—as if they too had some occult knowledge. "I admire your conscience, auntie," he said. "Not wrong to give yourself out for some one else ; to call yourself out of your name?—but you don't suppose you take me in with your masquerade. And there are more interests than yours involved. This sort of nonsense is not going to last. I should think by this time you ought to be tired of it yourself, and I'm come to make a change."

"Sir," said Amy, interposing, as she felt Mrs. Thomas quiver and shake, "you forget whom you are talking to. You may be a relation, but you have no right to talk to my aunt so."

The man started, and as she threw back her veil, and looked at him with indignation in her face, a sudden change came over him. He took off his hat ; his manner altered all at once.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Scudamore," he said, "I did not know you were there."

Amy took courage from this sudden victory. It gave her—how could she help it?—a certain thrill of satisfaction to see her own power.

"Indeed, I don't think it matters whether I am here or not," she said more softly. "Aunt Thomas is very kind; we ought to be good to her all the same."

"Aunt Thomas!" he said, with a laugh which was subdued, but still offensive to Amy's sensitive ear; and then he drew half a step nearer. "It is odd, is it not, that she should be aunt both to you and to me?"

"Yes; it is strange," said Amy, lifting her head with a certain haughtiness. It was not only strange, it seemed intolerable, looking at the man. "Let us go home," she said, suddenly. "Mamma will not allow Aunt Thomas to be troubled. Don't tremble—we are near home."

"I am going with you, if you will allow me," said Mr. Tom Furness. "I have business with Mrs. Scudamore too."

Mrs. Thomas was leaning all her weight upon Amy, so that the girl could scarcely support her. At these words she let go her hold, and turning to her nephew with upraised hands, burst suddenly into tears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, please don't! You think you are right; but surely, surely I must know best!"

"You know best? Why, auntie, you don't know your own mind for two minutes together," he said, with an air of levity. "Come, now, take it easy; we must not trouble Miss Scudamore with this business of ours."

"Oh, Tom!" cried the poor lady, "go away, for heaven's sake; it shall be none the worse for you—it will be better for you. I shall have it in my power to do something at once. Oh, Tom! why will you torture me? I have never been cruel to you. I will meet you anywhere to talk it all over; but for pity's sake go now—don't come to Scudamore. Anywhere but here."

He did not look at her; he showed no signs of being affected by her appeal. He looked at Amy—at her wondering, wistful face, and the paleness that had come over it, and with his eyes on her he answered, slowly, "Of all places in the world, it is to Scudamore I wish to come."

Mrs. Thomas drew herself away from her young companion. She stood before him trembling, crying, wringing her hands. "Oh, Tom, if I ever was good to you in my life—if I ever showed you any kindness—oh, Tom, Tom!"

He kept looking at Amy, not at her, and it was either because of some wistful respectfulness in his look, or because she was absorbed in the question which was evidently such an important one, but Amy felt no offense at his gaze. She did not much notice it, in fact. She watched with a keen sense that something monstrous, something more than she could judge of, was involved.

"Aunt, it is of no use speaking; I am going with you," he said. "But perhaps, if you all please, it may be for good, and not for harm."

CHAPTER VI.

THAT day was a memorable one at Scudamore: memorable in more ways than one, and to more than one member of the household. For when Amy entered the drawing-room she found some one there who drove Mr. Tom Furness and all the rest of the world out of her head for full five wonderful minutes. He was sitting by her mother, but with his eyes fixed on the door, and a glad gleam in them as she appeared. He had been traveling for more than a year, and before he went away Amy had been too young to be disturbed in her tranquillity by a love-tale—or so at least Rex Bayard thought. He did not know that he had any place but that of an old friend in Amy's heart; but she knew in some magical way that she was queen of his—or, at least, possible queen. And here he was looking for her, making a special new world for her within the other. Everything else went out of Amy's head; she had to subdue her joy, her sweet consciousness, the flush of exquisite shy feeling that came over her, to look as if she were "very glad to see him again," and no more; to behave herself, in short, as a girl trained under her mother's eyes in all the fine decorums of womanly self-restraint ought to behave, lest he should see that her heart was beating, and the light in her eyes dancing with this sudden, warm, unlooked-for flush of delight.

She had sat down, keeping her mother between them, with a girl's shy, sweet artifice, taking refuge in Mrs. Scudamore's shadow, and had been listening to his voice, asking him pleasant, meaningless questions for five minutes before she bethought herself. Five minutes she supposed, but time went quickly just then with Amy. Mrs. Scudamore, too, was cheered and brightened by Rex's presence. She was looking almost like her former self. The cloud had lightened off her face. For a moment she had been overcast by the fear that Mrs. Thomas was going to follow Amy into the room; but when no one appeared Mrs. Scudamore opened her heart to the pleasure of the moment. Poor heart! It had ached enough,—this one mo-

ment it might surely take rest. She talked as she had not talked for months. She seemed to have thrust off her burden—the shadow that hung over her. There were Rex's travels to discuss, and all that he had been doing. Now he was to settle down at home, and that too had to be discussed. Mrs. Scudamore thrust her own miseries away from her. The young man had grown up at her knee, yet not young enough to be a child to her, with something rather of that half-way stage between a son and a brother, which is so pleasant a relationship. He was a full-grown man, and so on her own level; and yet he was young, and so on her child's level. How Mrs. Scudamore brightened up! She would not even allow herself to think of what might be coming. She took the pleasure of the moment, the only one she had allowed herself to taste for so long.

"Oh!" said Amy all at once, with a start of recollection. Her mother looked at her, and before a word had been said felt that the good moment was at an end.

"What is it?" she asked, with the grayness of sudden pain falling over her animated face.

"Oh, mamma, I beg your pardon! I forgot, and I wish I could have forgotten still," said Amy, in a low confused tone; "mamma, there is some one in the library."

"I know," said Mrs. Scudamore, with a voice of despair. She put her two hands together, as if to hold herself up—or did she pray, sitting deadly still for one moment and no more, with her head a little lifted, her whole face rigid. Then she drew a long, heavy sigh, and then slowly, reluctantly, rose from her seat. "I must leave you now for a few minutes," she said, and went out of the room, as if she were going to her execution, with death already in her face.

"Is there anything wrong?" asked Bayard, amazed; "is Mrs. Scudamore ill? What has happened? May I know?"

Upon which poor Amy, who had been obliged to restrain herself so long, and who was now, for the first time since she had awakened to all these unexpected troubles, by the side of one whose sympathy was certain—poor Amy suddenly covered her face with her hands and fell a-crying, overcome by the misery and the happiness together. One she could have borne, but the two together were more than she could bear.

"Oh, I cannot tell, I cannot tell!" she said. "I think my heart will break. I don't know what it is, but it is killing mamma."

"Tell me what it is," said the young lover, drawing closer to her. To make it easier, he told her something first,—how he loved her; how he had thought of her wherever he went. Now he had come back for her. It all came upon Amy like a sweet surprise—a delicious miracle; and yet she knew it was coming—but only some time, not now.

Thus there were two scenes going on within the agitated house, both of which penetrated down to the very depths of nature in the persons concerned. In the library Mrs. Scudamore was alone with Furness. She had sent Mrs. Thomas away, half in contempt, half in pity. "Let me manage it in my own way," she said. "There is nothing gained by your remaining, nothing but pain to yourself;" and she had confronted the assailant all alone. She had brought against him every weapon that was in her power. She had set her face like a rock; she had refused to believe what in the depths of her heart she knew to be true. She had not yielded—would not yield her pretensions for a moment. She was carrying out her formula to the last letter; at the risk of her life, to the peril of her soul, she would fight out this last supreme battle.

And then Mrs. Scudamore was taken by surprise all at once by an unexpected proposal he made to her—a proposal to remove his opposition altogether; to become as fast a friend as he had been an enemy; to consent to everything she could ask. He made this proposal when she was in the fullest strain of opposition, denying and resisting everything. It had the strangest effect upon her. She had been fighting the battle of despair, though she had kept so brave a front, and here was a way of escape. A sudden extraordinary pang of relief seized her. She had been on the strain so long that escape seemed to be the greatest, the only good which life could give. Had the man meant falsely, he would have found out her weakness by this means. She sank into a chair; her nerves relaxed; a cry came from her heart, and though the next moment she braced herself to her old sternness, it was impossible to disguise that first movement of hope. Her eyes were dazzled and blinded by the prize held out to her—safety! It was not herself she was thinking of—heaven knows—for herself she felt it would be easy to go away and hide her stricken head and be heard of no more. But the children—Charlie and his birthright—the girls and their honor—oh, what a temptation it was! She would have risked her soul to buy the deliverance, but the price asked for it was not her soul, nor her life—it was her child.

"I feel as if I could worship her," said Tom Furness; "give her to me and I'll make

her happy. I never saw any one like her. It's a folly, for I know if I held out we could have everything. But for her sake I'll give in; I'll consent to destroy the papers. I'll even take auntie off your hands; I can manage that. So long as you'll give her to me—with her just fortune, of course."

Mrs. Scudamore forgot herself in this sudden opening out of the darkness. "My child is the dearest thing I have in the world; I would give all I have rather than sacrifice Amy," she said.

"How do you know it would sacrifice Amy? She was awfully civil, as civil as she could be the first time I was here,—and I'd make her a good husband. I'm as fond of her as any man could be. I'd rather have her without a penny than any girl I ever saw with a great fortune. Though mind, I must have her fortune too, for her own sake. Now, there's my proposal. I'm acting like a fool, for I might have everything, and most likely her too; but it's my fancy, and I mean to please my eye if I should grieve my heart. Now this is what I propose. If you accept, we're friends for ever; we'll make a bonfire of everything, and you're my mother-in-law, whom I am bound to defend; but if not——"

He stopped short with a tone of irritation, for Mrs. Scudamore had shuddered at the title. His mother-in-law! Good heavens! But on the other side—all the results surged up upon her, all the possibilities. Not one of the family but would suffer; Charlie most bitterly and terribly, in such a way that he would be ruined before he began life; and Amy herself would be miserably injured. It would be as good as a renunciation of all prospects for her; and even the little girls, the two innocent creatures in the nursery. It would be ruin, destruction, misery to all. She sat silent, with all this passing before her, forgetting the man's very presence in the excitement of the offer he had made. What was it he asked? A sacrifice, a sacrifice bitter and sad—but such a sacrifice as had been made before now. An Iphigenia, an Andromeda—perhaps not so bad—to save the rest. And Amy was the kind of girl to make a sacrifice; she could do it, though it would rend her heart. Poor Mrs. Scudamore had lived without love herself; it was a hideous life, yet she had come through it and found a compensation in her children. She had done it without any grand motive, but Amy's motive would be the sublimest that ever woman had,—to save her family,—their honor, their credit, their very life. She gave him no answer as he stood before her, but she sat and pondered, with a hot red flush upon her cheek. Before she had half done thinking he pressed her for an answer. How could she sacrifice her child? and how could she—how could she give up this possible escape?

"Stay," she said feebly, "stay over to-night. I cannot give you an answer all at once. If you stay, and dine with us, in the evening I can tell you. Oh, it is a hard price—a bitter price!"

"By Jove you are complimentary," he said; "but I'll stay all the same. It is the only price I will take."

And sighing she went away from him, as sighing she had come; butseeing one gleam of light through the darkness, seeing some hope. Amy had never been wooed as yet. How could any one tell what the girl's fancy might be? And the man loved her in his way. And—it was the only hope. Now that there was a hope, Mrs. Scudamore seemed to become more and more sensible of the awful gulf on the brink of which she stood. It was not only ruin, more than that—more awful, more total destruction than anything which concerned worldly goods alone. She shuddered as she thought of it, now that it was possible to escape. She left the man who had so much in his power, with her head full of his proposal, and went back to the drawing-room. But Amy and her lover had strayed away out of the room, and therefore Mrs. Scudamore's terrible hope was not brought to an end. She went and shut herself up in her own room, and brooded upon it. That one should suffer to deliver many was a rule of the universe. The first and greatest who had ever borne the name of man had done it, and so many after Him had done it. To suffer vicariously for some one else, that some one else might go free—why it was nothing unusual, it was a law of the world. And Amy was the girl to do it; she would never hesitate to do it. She would accept it as natural and fit that she should suffer to save her family, as her mother felt she would have done had she been in her place. Amy would do it—and oh! was it possible? was there peace beyond this raging storm which enveloped her mother's life? Could this hurricane pass over? and was it possible that again everything would be as it had been? But no—alas, no! Never would these three months be obliterated. Neither tears nor blood could wash out the mark; but it might be covered over, covered for ever, so that no one should guess where it had been.

Mrs. Scudamore remained in her room till dinner. She did not give any importance to

Rex Bayard. No doubt she thought, if she thought about him at all, that he had gone long ago. She had imagined once—was it a hundred years ago? that her pretty Amy was very fair and sweet in the young man's eyes. But what were such levities as a boy's or a girl's fancy to her now? She did not even think of that in the agitation and excitement of this moment. Rex Bayard faded from her mind altogether; and when Amy ran up late to dress, and would have come to her mother with her confession, Mrs. Scudamore sent her away hastily. "You are very late," she said; "I will speak to you after dinner, Amy; there is no time now. It was thoughtless, very thoughtless, to be so late. How could you tell what I might have to talk to you about? But make haste, there is no time to lose."

She did not observe Amy's brilliant cheeks, nor her eyes, dewy and abashed with happiness. Happiness! Mrs. Scudamore had forgotten how it looked. Her heart was very sore, and throbbing with feverish pain. She was in haste now to go down again to see her enemy, who was willing to save her,—to see him again and to persuade herself that Amy might be brought to endure him, that the child might not be wretched. He was young, he was well-looking enough, and he adored her. Surely Amy would do it, she was such a child, so yielding, so facile, so dutiful. Surely she would do it; and the bargain would be made, and safety and honor bought and paid for. Amy had seen nobody; she would have no terrible comparison to make in her own mind between him and others. She had never been wooed before, and probably the strange new gift of love thus bestowed upon her would touch the child's heart, and she would be, at least, not very unhappy—not unhappy, pleased perhaps and flattered—her vanity, if not her heart, contented. Oh if this only might be the case! For surely Amy would do it—of that there could be no doubt.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. SCUDAMORE was taken aback, she could scarcely have told why, by the appearance of Rex Bayard in the drawing-room when she came down to dinner. It is true he was an old friend, and sufficiently intimate in the house to stay to dinner without a very formal invitation; but still the sight of him annoyed her. She had come down late, as she generally did now, and the whole party was there, so that no immediate explanation could be offered. "I asked him to stay, mamma," said Amy timidly, whispering in her ear. "Oh, it is quite right," answered Mrs. Scudamore coldly. She was not angry, but she was put out; for her own guest, the man she had asked to stay, was by this unexpected step put to such a disadvantage as his patroness in this terrible emergency would have done much to save him from. It does not always happen that high family or good blood stamp themselves either upon the countenance or bearing of their possessors; indeed it is as common as not that the reverse is the case, and a stranger generally finds it hard to tell which is the peer and which is the plebeian. But there are cases in which the difference is as strongly marked as the highest idealism could require, and Rex Bayard was as near the typical representative of an English gentleman as it is easy to find. His ease and perfect good-breeding showed at once, as by an illumination, the awkwardness, the forced familiarity which was not easy, the pretension and vulgarity of the other. They brought each other out, as a painter would say. Tom Furness had never been so much Tom Furness the attorney, Tom Furness the would-be swell, as Rex's appearance by his side made him; and Sir Reginald Bayard had never looked so much a *fils de croisé* as he did with Tom's shadow bringing him into full relief. This was all Mrs. Scudamore thought of for the moment; but it was enough to add a shade of additional annoyance to the conflict of misery in her heart. She avoided Rex, she could not tell why, with a feeling of irritation that was uncontrollable. His mere presence did it. Why was he here, making the contrast visible, tempting Amy to vain comparisons—comparisons every way vain, for was not Tom Furness Amy's fate? She could marry no one else. Mrs. Scudamore felt that she could not, dared not, permit her child to enter a spotless, honorable family. She could marry no one except this man. To this point her thoughts had already come. She made Rex walk in to dinner with Mrs. Thomas, to his wonder and dismay, and took, with a shudder, the arm of the other. "It is to be a bargain, I hope," her odious companion said to her audibly as they went from one room to the other; and Rex looked back at her over his shoulder with the most curious, wondering, wistful look. He, too, wished to speak to her, if it had been any night but this!

He did manage to speak to her during dinner, which terrible meal seemed to the miserable woman as if it would never end. "May I see you for ten minutes in the library before I leave?" Rex whispered. "Oh yes,"

she said dully. She did not even ask herself what he could want. For the rest, Mr. Tom Furness filled up all the gaps during dinner with his mere presence. He was contemptuously jocular to his aunt, admiringly familiar to Amy, and, though she awed him, took an air of *bon camarade* with Mrs. Scudamore, which humbled her more than anything she had yet encountered. "You and I know better," he would say, appealing to her. "We are up to all that sort of thing, you and I," with an insufferable nod of complacence and assurance. How dreadful it was! The dinner seemed to last a year. And even when they left the table there was Amy looking at her with a little important face, as if she knew something. What could the child know? She could not have divined surely, could not suspect the fate which was coming on herself.

"I hope you will not judge poor Tom hardly," said Mrs. Thomas when they had got to the drawing-room. It was rarely that she addressed of her own accord the mistress of the house. But to-night her womanish senses had perceived her nephew's inappropriateness in the place, and she could not refrain from an apology. "He has not been used to it, and he was a little excited and anxious to please, and afraid."

"He does very well," said Mrs. Scudamore. "There is nothing to make excuses for; I think he did perfectly well."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said Mrs. Thomas, retreating into a corner almost out of sight. "Oh how kind mamma is," thought Amy to herself. "Though she looks a little stern at times, how good she is! for if ever there was a horrible, wretched, shocking—" And then the girl came and fluttered about her mother, watching to make sure that Aunt Thomas was out of the way, and scheming with panting breath and beating heart how she was to begin her tale. Her movements caught her mother's eye, and chafed her, in her irritated condition. "Amy, pray sit down; you worry me with your restlessness," she said fretfully, and thus poor Amy subsided too, not daring to speak.

"If you please, ma'am," said Woods, "Sir Reginald is waiting in the library," and he held the door solemnly open to admit Tom Furness, who appeared behind him. Amy sprang up and kissed her mother as she went out. She did not explain herself, and Mrs. Scudamore asked no questions. But oh, to be left here with this man, while Rex was pleading his cause so near! Fortunately, however, Amy thought Rex's cause could not need much pleading. Mamma was fond of him too; mamma had known him all his life; mamma had been fond of his mother. To plead that cause would be no hard matter. And yet Amy could not but wonder what her mother would say. Would she be sorry to think that she was going to lose her child? Would she say they were both too young? Would she scold him for speaking to Amy first? Or would she give him a motherly kiss and send him to fetch her child? The girl's mind was full of these thoughts when she was left alone with Mrs. Thomas and her nephew, and her impatience and abstraction were evident. "My dear, I am afraid you are not well," said Aunt Thomas, putting down to her nephew's account the cloudy look which had come over the young face she was beginning to love. "Miss Amy is thinking of some one," said Mr. Tom Furness with an attempt at raillery, which he accomplished with even more awkwardness than his wont; for though he thought it gallant, and indeed his duty to be jocular and make innuendoes, he had too much awe of Amy to be at ease in the attempt. "Thanks, I am quite well," she said, growing red with a hauteur which he had not yet seen in her. What she would have given to get clear of those two! to rush away from them and await somewhere in the silence her mother's decision; or rather, as she herself put it, to wait till her mother should send for her. But that was impossible. She had to remain and to be civil to them, listening to everything, and feeling every muffled sound which was half audible in the distance going through her heart.

Mrs. Scudamore went to the library to meet Rex, without having once realized what he might have to say to her. She moved about in such a cloud of her own troubles, such an atmosphere of all-absorbing feverish care, that she had lost all insight into other people's feelings. She moved along dully, not touched even by the thought that it was a strange thing for Rex Bayard to seek such an interview with her. Her imagination was too busy with her own affairs to have any leisure for speculation on such a subject. He came up to her eagerly when she entered the library, and took her hand in both of his; he looked into her face anxiously, trying to read its expression. "Dear Mrs. Scudamore," he said, "you know what I want to say to you. I am sure you know."

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE vow of obedience in the old-fashioned English marriage ceremony is highly distasteful to many women. As they understand it, no doubt, it ought to be so, and if no symbol of the wife's part in that holy mystery can be set up which is not liable to so gross and general perversion on both sides, perhaps it is better to say nothing about it. A coarse primitive word here stands for a nameless sentiment, the nature of which it barely suggests through one of its effects. Whether interpreted by nature, by Scripture, or by the prevalent tendency of Christian public sentiment and law, the marriage sense of the word contrasts with its servile or primitive sense in four grand elements: 1. It is not compulsory, but free; the glad subserviency of love. 2. It is not of inferiority, but the contrary; as, to confer a crown is a higher thing than to receive it. 3. It is not in the letter, but in the spirit, admitting of such exceptions as a generous but not inconsiderate or slavish affection may dictate. 4. It implies or acknowledges no right of exaction on the part of the husband. The inference of such mastery is contradictory to the inmost spirit of the vow. That execrable inference has certainly prevailed to an extent which seems to demand a modification of the abused language. But what shall we substitute? It may be that the language of heaven has some word for this unique dedication. Here, the best we can do for a word is to let "obedience" take on an evangelical sense, and gradually spiritualize and expand, as words have done before, to the quality of that which is to define it rather than to be defined by it.

There is a notion afloat, that the prejudices of society might reasonably be modified so as to give women the initiative in contracting marriage. This is supplemented by the still more wonderful notion that the exercise of such initiative would almost enable women to marry at pleasure. It is open to any lady to try it, and if she makes a judicious selection for the subject of her experiment, taking care to pledge him to secrecy, she may try it without risk of being excommunicated by her own sex. But none know better than women, that advances from them in this direction are irresistibly repulsive, and for that reason, if for no other, the Right Not to Propose is the last right they will surrender. They have an infinitely better reason, however, for not only rejecting but loathing this initiative, with all semblances of women who may be detected in the exercise of it without extraordinary cause, at least. Men have nothing to do with this. They have nothing worse or better than pity to return for such a misguided offering. But women resent it more bitterly than all other offenses against their sex, save one.

If marriage were substantially a business arrangement, looking to the co-operative economy, comfort, and society of domestic life, there would remain nothing in the concession to women of an exclusive right to be solicited in marriage save the implication of their peculiar dignity. Women jealous of the position of their sex would do well to think of it in that light. There are those who see nothing in a proposal of marriage essentially different from a proposal to buy or sell in the market, or to form a partnership for such purposes. If a woman may label her house "to let," why not herself? If she may advertise for a situation as housekeeper and companion, why not advertise for a like situation with perquisites matrimonial? These people compel us to consider what marriage is; and since unthinking women have forced explanations which they ought to have thought of and remained silent, we must be pardoned here for a more than conventional plainness of speech.

Marriage is a connection which could not be so much as simulated between individuals of the same sex. If two men or two women should make arrangements to live together in community of all things until death, devoting themselves to each other in imitation of every imitable condition of the married state, nobody could call it marriage or liken it to marriage. Why? The reason is one which must invest the subject with peculiar delicacy. So long as the procreative function in human beings continues to be regarded in a different light from the breeding of animals; so long, especially, as virtue in women continues to be attended with a modesty of person unknown to harlots, and sensitive not barely to tactual invasion, but to the most covert allusion; so long as these things are so, marriage, which is substantially procreative union—all its other conditions being but incidental or sequent to this—can never be entertained as a personal matter, by a normally constituted and unbrazened woman, without an intolerable sense of the invasion of her modesty, unless preceded by an endearing

attraction which makes her at heart already one with him who seeks her. It is often actually a gross outrage, although men are seldom aware of it, and women themselves do not always feel it, to offer marriage directly to a woman whose affection has not been first drawn out by more delicate expressions of preference. But for a veritable woman to offer herself to a man, the utter impossibility would be the same, so far as modesty is concerned, whether in view of lawful marriage or not! And the same sentiment debars her from offering herself in thought—that is, from loving unsolicited and unwooed. Hence it is that women generally consult their nature, happiness and dignity alike, by nursing the slumber of their conjugal susceptibility until it is awakened by acceptable advances from the other side. Hence, too, the united labors of the twin schools of physiology and sociology that aim to reduce marriage, the one to a science of thorough breeding, and the other to a negotiation as brazen as may be witnessed on street corners at midnight, can be rewarded only with the loathing of all women who have either the simplicity to trust their own instincts, or the brains to comprehend them.

The advocates of women's rights, so-called (we don't yield that position to anybody), conceiving that there is no good reason why women should be more dependent and exposed to abuse than undersized and timid men, propose that they be empowered to protect themselves by assuming the civil and political powers of men, all restrictions and privileges not common to both sexes being abolished. It is beyond the scope of the present brief review to dwell on the unfitness to women of the part of self-assertion and force, or upon the divine charm, glory and power of their natural submission. There is something, however, to be said to those who can see nothing necessarily contradictory or expulsive of feminine gentleness in the position of a man, and with that something we shall drop the more general argument.

The more respectable women who quietly favor the scheme of civil revolution, vaguely imagine a state in which they may be free to act as men, if occasion requires, without ceasing to be women in spirit or habit. They expect to be the same domestic, gentle, ministering spirits, although they should have some rents or dividends to receive, a little legal or other business sometimes, a general idea of politics (the little their male friends know could not hurt them, they think), and a short walk or ride, once a year or so, to a sort of letter-box, into which, in the most feminine and even anonymous manner, they will drop their modest recommendation of proper persons for office. Except the last item, replaced by not very dissimilar visits to the post-office, we have known just such women, exactly so situated. In fact, we have known just about such men, and the type is not a very formidable one in either sex. But this way of working the revolution omits its great object. If women, after becoming voters, business characters, and proprietors, and getting our peculiar pockets, with latch-keys in them, are still to retain the same feminine qualities and habits which now make them practically passive in the hands of the men in whom they put their trust, how is the "area of freedom" extended by their enfranchisement? These masculine powers must be used, and used with masculine vigor, we can tell them, if they are to conquer any substantial immunity for the wearers. There is no man who will abuse a wife, or cheat and oppress a female employee, whom men exposed to his brutality are not obliged to fight with all their masculine weapons, as the price of tolerable truce. The condition of men is at best one of armed defense; and that of women, as men in the world, must be the same. The civil law helps those only who help themselves. Laws are nothing but weapons, dependent for effect upon the hand that wields them. If women, therefore, are to continue peaceful and gentle, it will be as idle to arm them with civil and political equality so-called as with the sword of Goliath. No: the call is to battle, the remedy is force, and the result defeat, and *væ victis*, unless women can overmatch their antagonist on his own ground and at his own weapons. Granting that by the aid of masculine alliances they may be able to do this, or rather to get it done for them, as women now do every day; yet not even this participation can be passive or feminine. To be a party in law is to bear the brunt and suffer the moral effect. The attorney who does all the business can afford on the whole a better temper and a sweeter slumber than his principal who takes the responsibility. But in or out of law, the armed defensive must be maintained by every one who stands for himself or herself on the platform of independence, and an actual readiness to fight can never be intermitted without inviting prompt aggression. That placid majesty with which a count of ballots changes the whole *personnel* and policy of the government in a day, or with which a quiet word from an old gentleman causes the hardest-handed man in the

county to pay with obsequious haste the claim he spurned, does not inhere in statutes and political or judicial formalities, but rests on the latent force of mighty armaments, and of millions of hearts strung with stern determination for any ordeal whatever in the path of government. Where the men of a country are but a little effeminate—not made, as we say, of the sternest stuff, no such majesty of the law exists. Only the few strong races have proved masculine enough to create or maintain such institutions. The same spirit is requisite in working the political or judicial forces as in creating them, whether for public or private protection. It is utterly visionary to hope for a repose under the protection of law, in civil relations, such as we enjoy in relation to criminal offenses which make the State a party. The protection of a husband is something to repose under; the protection of the law is something to fight for; except when society is obliged to fight for you to protect itself. But more protection from the criminal law is not the question; for nobody grudges women all the further protection practicable in this kind. What women sometimes think they want (in the married state) is civil privilege: what is expressed, in charters that create a civil personality, as "the right to sue and be sued." And this masculine battery cannot be of the slightest efficacy, for execution or intimidation, but on condition of standing to your guns at all times with masculine nerve. A large part of men find it too stern work for them, and lead substantially the civil existence of married women (less their privileges) from pure aversion to conflict. It is certain, therefore—though probably ladies who sigh for the right to sue and be sued will never believe it on the testimony of masculine experience — that women must be transformed substantially to men, and strong men, before they will get anything better than the worst of it generally in the world's rude conflicts, on equal terms. It is for them to consider, first, whether they could if they would, and then, whether they would if they could—in order to share effectually the prerogatives of the fighting sex—renounce themselves with their marvelous sway, and become to men less than men are to each other. The mere attitude of one who stands ready to "sue and be sued" is the direct negation of womanhood, stripped at once of its peculiar charm and of its highest power. As surely as water will find its level, whatever women may gain in power to compel, they will lose in power to persuade; if they lose little of the charm of womanhood, it will be because, and on strict condition, that they gain little of the force of manhood; and if they better their condition by successful self-assertion, it will be, just so far, at the expense of whatever is distinctive and precious in the dower of their sex. Assured that this dower is the treasure of the race, and its crowning glory at every stage of destiny, they should deprecate a régime of force, with all it will add to and take from womanhood, as only and infinitely ruinous.

A distinguished lawyer once remarked in our hearing—with some excess of bitterness, no doubt—that government, in its true intention, is not an instrument of justice, but a substitute for private war; a means of peace, and nothing more. There is partial truth in this bold phrase, which is never to be forgotten in dealing with the problems of government. Nothing is more certain than that justice mocks the impotent pursuit of man. All that can be said for human government when it has done its best, is that it is not so unjust as self-will, nor so impotent as the average of self-vindication. "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh," is a vast amount, for want of which this world becomes in truth a vale of tears. Government, therefore, has acted in the general interest of justice as well as of peace in refusing to arm domestic belligerents with judicial process, leaving them to their natural weapons, and confining the strife to its private inclosure. An immense net addition would be made to the sum of human misery, by encouraging contentions in which justice can be neither ascertained nor made effective. Every department of society is filled, or filling up as civilization ripens, with villainies of growing magnitude, yet so subtly involved that no way can be devised for regular laws to take hold of them. But all the other hiding-places that defy and scorn the search of human justice are transparent in comparison with the family. It is a close question at best, with bribery, perjury, collusion and evasion pervading every stratum in the atmosphere of courts and legal proceedings, to keep up a persuasion that the chances of law are not worse than the chances of war, and so keep anarchy at bay. It would be a fearful experiment to throw all the affairs of husbands and wives into free litigation like those of ordinary parties, adding these new and unfathomable sources of strife to those which now strain the equilibrium of society. On the whole, we commend to the female sex as worthy of their unflinching support the Right Not to Sue and Be Sued, especially in the domestic relations.

But there comes up a bitter and strong complaint of the partiality of the law against married women. We are told that the law puts everything into the hands of the man. Wife, children, and property are alike under his control, to govern the persons and dispose of the goods at his absolute pleasure. Said a lady to the writer: "My husband and I have worked together from our marriage, and even from before it; we have made all we now have from nothing, and he will tell you that I have contributed no inferior share in a business sense to the structure of our fortunes. Yet I cannot draw a dollar from the bank. I cannot dispose of anything I possess, or buy anything I may desire, except by his at least constructive permission." Another said: "I have business talents, and I know I could have made money. But I have devoted myself instead to my husband, his home and his children, economizing his resources, bearing the petty burdens of life in his stead, and so enabling him to go forth into the world unencumbered to acquire the property which the law therefore says must be exclusively his! I have done for him what all his money could never have purchased, and yet I am not entitled to so much share of it as the wages of a cook, a laundress, or a chambermaid. All I am entitled to by law is my board and clothes, medical attendance and funeral expenses—just the allowance of a slave."

These short and bitter statements are amplified in detail to the size of a thick pamphlet which lies before us, filled with the cases in which the defect or willful malice of the law enables a husband to trample on every right, interest, and feeling of his wife at will. It is a harrowing story. It is no wonder that women read the complaint set forth by their able counsel with seething veins and flashing eyes and deep resolve. On trial, however, this general plea must be tested by something a little like special pleading. Not special pleading in the ignominious sense invented for the term by the lady orators and newspaper writers, who may well be pardoned for not knowing its meaning. What we propose is *not* a one-sided argument, but a process for reducing a general plea on which nobody can make a decision to the point, to a specific plea ("special" in old-fashioned technical phrase) which sets forth a distinct issue and a possibility of definite answer.

Meanwhile—we would not venture it in the hearing of certain females, but would rather whisper it as a re-assuring suggestion to the candid and gracious audience to whom we have addressed ourselves that, after all, the labors of the greatest and purest men who have lived on the earth, from Moses to Mansfield and Marshall and the other great lights of legal reason, were, perhaps, not prostituted in the service of power, to forging chains and scourges of steel against the tender and defenseless half of mankind. On the contrary, that they were engaged all their lives and with all their powers, if they knew themselves, in search for the perfect adjustment of the rights of all, and for the fortification especially of the rights of the weak against the aggressions of the strong. So far as they failed in this, they failed after doing their best under the circumstances. Let us inquire, with due modesty and circumspection, how far, under better circumstances, we can better their work.

The case of the two ladies we have quoted is in a nut-shell. Each has deliberately given away her labor to another, without stipulating for salary or profits, and now finds that she has nothing to show for it but a rich husband. Modern law guarantees every one's separate estate and earnings (including those of husbands, to a limited extent) to himself or herself: even to the separation in this respect of the "one person" of husband and wife, which our fathers, justly dreading, perhaps unjustly resisted. Men still have control of their personal property, over and above the requirements of their wives and children, and consequently there is nobody on whose effects our ladies can lawfully lay their hands to compensate them for having unadvisedly promoted another's interest (whoever that other may be) to the neglect of their own. There is, in short, no remedy at law for a negligence of this sort in anybody's case, in or out of matrimony. If the lady had property before marriage, she could have kept it; if she had chosen to acquire property in her own name after marriage, she could have done so. We speak of the law in its more modern sense or accepted tendency. In that case, if the husband had served as an assistant in his wife's business, he would have had to put up with what she chose to allow him. She would then have been the one to buy and sell, and draw checks on the bank. The unpleasant principle of *suum cuique*, though far more absolute in her favor than it would be if she were a husband, would have met with no objection, it may be presumed, from the lady. But our amiable friends have not chosen this course. They have preferred affection to interest, and domestic retirement to the responsibilities of business, and the law, it seems, fails to provide a kind of cake that they can eat and

have at once. They think that they have contributed (or at least foregone) more than their just and full half of the support of the entire family, and are therefore morally entitled to some independent proportion of the surplus accumulation. Granting this to be possibly true—for these are ladies of extraordinary business talents—the question is, How to get it? A short cut and much in favor is to take it by statute. But that would be robbery (at least if it worked both ways), and the law has its hands full in stopping that style of redress, without engaging in it.

There seems to be but one remedy available. That is, to provide judicial enforcement for ante-nuptial articles of partnership, under which the respective duties, salaries, and shares of the husband and wife should be apportioned, systematic accounts kept, periodical dividends made, and the contract rights enforced, if necessary, by a suit at law. The case is narrowed to this absolute point, and there is nothing else of it. If anybody thinks that the divisive and sordid principle of *meum* and *tuum* is not let far enough into the most sacred relation of human life by the modern right to separate estate and earnings, we are willing to look with them at the operation of a business partnership, with the interminable train of lawsuits, and the full suits of extra judges and counsellors, which would be its first fruits.

It is no secret that a business partnership is the ideal of marriage in its civil sense among certain "profane persons" of the female sex at the present day. We could wish them the blessing of it. But unless women should prove much more thrifty and rising in business than men have done, only a small minority of them would ever get into business for themselves, as the phrase is, on this plan. Men do not take business partners for love, but for money. The wives would need for that purpose what other partners must bring; either capital, or proved business capacity, experience, and connection. As for the majority totally destitute of all these, we may be told that they will match with the destitute men, or go in under salary, with perhaps a general commission on profits to encourage application to business. But no man hires a clerk for life, through sickness, maternity, and old age. The risks of such a business arrangement as this would swallow up all salary beforehand. So we get down to board and clothes after all, and the poor wife must work well for them while she can; all in order to enjoy the profit and dignity of an "equal" position in marriage.

It is pardonable in women to have no suspicion of the exactions of business and of business equity, and hence to imagine (as young men too are apt to do at first) that they could easily entitle themselves, in a fair field, to a handsome surplus beyond their own and children's support. The true criterion is what people actually get in business, and on what conditions. Any lady can compare for herself the life she would like to lead, as suited to her abilities and tastes, with the life and labor of an average male business employee, —not to say that of the few who by surpassing energy and persistence attain an independent position after many years—and can see at once that an equitable position in marriage, in a business sense, is the farthest possible from her desire. It would simply crush the female sex, with exceptions not worth noting, into the condition of slaves. In fact, every advocate of business equity in marriage renounces it just as emphatically as she claims it, by piecing it out with compensating allowances for woman's weakness, for the exactions of maternity, and even for her purity and love. The balance between the wife's material earnings and expenses, first and last, being confessedly against her in most cases, the claim on material grounds is virtually dropped. The wife's claim rests on her moral value, and on her appeal to our affection and honor, as the weaker and yet the bearer of the heavier weight of our common curse, and here there is no controversy. The claim is conceded: and if any think they would like to have it liquidated in cash, the questions of detail, as how much the sheriff shall be commanded to levy from the husband's property as the purchase-money of the wife's love and purity, of each of the children she has borne him, and so on, might be sent to a referee as soon as a plaintiff can be found with the requisite claims and proofs to make up a case.

It would still remain to be regretted, however, that, the pecuniary value of things being recognizable only from actual sales, the evidence before the referee must be drawn from an unsavory source, and the figures in that market are wretchedly low—lower even than "board and clothes, medical attendance and funeral expenses." A bar would hardly be needed against this pitiable allowance, and yet we will take the responsibility of saying off-hand for the women at large, that they will never tolerate a single precedent of this sort. In a word, they will maintain in matrimony the Right Not to be Paid,

against every sort of innovation and under every possible inconvenience.

Now, in contrast with all this brutal "business," let us see what sort of partnership is actually created (or rather recognized) in marriage by the much-calumniated law of our fathers. Of the estate of her husband (to which in rare cases she makes any clear contribution) the wife is entitled to a share sufficient for a support suitable to his ability, for herself and her children. The real property is held subject to her right of dower, and cannot be disposed of without her free concurrence, for which special safeguards are with peculiar strictness maintained. A man cannot make a will or deed, by which the large interest in his acquisitions given to his wife and possible widow shall be lessened in value, without her positive co-operation. The wife is thus peremptorily invested with a portion from her husband adequate to her wants, and with what is usually the chief share of the income after his death. Nothing seems left to propose, unless to commit his surplus also to her management and disposal; since one or the other must take the responsibility and control of the business affairs. There is no way to unite two wills but by their own volition, and no other way to divide the control of an undivided estate.

Thus the marital vow of the old English marriage service, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," is enforced by the law to the extent of its practicable sense, and of the law's practical power, or very nearly so. Here is partnership indeed. Not a business arrangement, resting on sordid material equivalents, which in practice, as we have seen, would generally condemn the wife for her material weakness to the position and wages of a serf. It is union and more than equality in property, conceded to the wife in her personal right, unpurchased and unearned, undeserved on any principle recognized between man and man; striking down the natural right of a man to control his own acquisitions, and compelling him to submit them in great part to the control and use of one who is not obliged to contribute to them in the smallest degree. Among the principles of law, this one is perfectly unique and anomalous. It is impossible to justify it in the abstract on any other theory than that of a sanctity in woman as wife transcending the claims of secular justice; and this theory we can trace only to the homage of the manly nature to the divine ideal in woman of self-defenseless purity and love, finding expression in the institutes of a rude but chivalrous age. The descent of this highest sentiment of the soul in Christianized man to an embodiment in civil law is a miracle unmatched in secular history. It may be still susceptible of a fuller development in some respects, but it is not to be sacrificed—say you not, O women?—for all else that is or is supposable in legislation. And while there is no general controversy of the proposition to inquire how much farther this principle may be practicably extended in statutes, it should be borne in mind that its limitations in the common law were so left from the gravest considerations of danger to conjugal unity and the rights of society; that innovations already accomplished for the relief of ill-married women from abuses contrary to the spirit of the law have not yet been vindicated by adequate trial; and that we cannot proceed too cautiously in changes which may possibly bring universal disaster in exchange for occasional hardship removed. The enforcement of a pure law of love is a wonderful thing to the least extent, and a most hazardous thing to urge to perfection.

In the control of children, there can be no dispute in the modern mind of the equality of the parents, and it is possible that cases of practical inequality remain in this relation, for which the wisdom of human government might be equal to a remedy. Such cases, of course, are not those, sometimes distressing though they be, which result from the necessary selection of one of the two parents as the lawful head, where both cannot unite. To make the woman supreme instead of the man would be the only alternative, and this would be no juster than the other, while it would greatly overtask her governing force, overload her with responsibility, and degrade the father to impotence and insignificance in which the whole parental authority would break down; besides minor troubles too numerous to mention. In short, it would be rejected as a pure calamity by nine-tenths at least of all the mothers in the world. It is complained that the father may dispose of the children without the mother's consent, and this we are inclined to think is not a necessary evil. The putting away of children is not so often desirable but that the virtuous mother's right to her children might be safely held inviolable. That it is so nearly inviolate in practice, is probably the reason that the abstract wrong has been overlooked.

On the question of enlarged facilities for divorce, the demand for which has rendered the so-called woman's rights movement infamous (though not universally), it is unnecessary here to remark. Virtuous women need no

argument for protesting against the existing laxity of the marriage bond, and sensible women need not be told that their sex is and must always be the chief sufferer, directly and indirectly, by multiplying grounds and means of divorce, of whatever nature.

We have not been able to see our way, as already intimated, to a logical limitation of the natural right of all fully developed human beings and good citizens to equality in the State. Nor have we been able to see anything unfeminine, or opposed to the heavenly culture and priesthood of woman, in the modest act of depositing a ballot, by itself considered, or in the public spirit and the habit of reading which should qualify a woman to make her election intelligently. The question of women's direct participation in government by holding office, we pass over as of no practical importance. By the time that women are commonly elected to office, we shall be ready to see them take office; but it will never be by women's votes. Voting and being voted for, with women, will always be about as far asunder as choosing a husband and being chosen for a husband. We shall concede to ambitious ladies the right to run for Congress, when women vote, if nobody is obliged to vote for them.

The argument that women should involve themselves in the responsibilities of a political class, with a view to enforce their own rights directly in legislation, or of commanding increased (!) consideration in society, is plainly refuted by the extraordinary advance in civil and all other privileges which women have achieved without the agency of suffrage or even of agitation. A relation to the actual voter so intimate and influential that it would disqualify him as a witness, a juror, or a judge, in her cause, must surely give the non-voting woman a full share of real political power, and experience proves that it does so. In reality, the only right to be obtained for women by voting is—the right to vote. We agree that women are needed to purify suffrage and legislation from corruption, and that they are capable of the greatest service in this way. Our only hope of help from them, however, must depend on the maintenance of their own purity. Exalted as is our conception of the feminine type and its office, we do not find that individual women are in anywise superhuman, nor can we advise them, as do some of their professed spokeswomen, to proceed upon the assumption that they are so. They would find that the hardening and depraving influences that corrupt the male voter would affect them as voters in like manner. The progress of evil in politics proves that they have already suffered in their proportion from those influences. Out of its appropriate and favoring sphere, their purity would perhaps decline even faster than that of men in the world. The more exquisite the quality, the less it is fitted to bear coarse exposure. In its native shelter womanly character thrives, and rains influence upon the arena of masculine conflict. Thrust into the collision of worldly forces, woman's simplicity and gentleness, elsewhere so potent, would at once find themselves miserably ridiculous, and give place to opposite extremes which, by a law of nature, would be ultra to everything else of the kind. Again, the political sense is not natural to woman. It is one of the dryest forms of logic, and she is the purest embodiment of feeling and imagination. It is a study of means, adaptations, and compromises; she is the very inspiration of ends and ideals, with little vocation for processes, adjustments, and modifications. Women are not organizers. They act almost altogether individually, even when they act most in concert. But we have no space to pursue this class of considerations. The uselessness and unfitness of political activity to women is usually self-evident in the womanly mind. The positive and terrible danger with which they are threatened in the proposition to accept the right of voting, and thus deprive themselves forever of the right to abstain, is what they have yet to consider and act upon.

In an ideal republic of virtue, the place of woman by the side of man would be clear, and its filling beautiful, and we can respect the enthusiasm of persons of not too practical intelligence who seek in women's suffrage the realization of such a state. But in politics as they are in this present world, there is no more place for women than in the police. The actual condition of the suffrage, while it gives fearful token of the ultimate failure, in the nature of things probable, of the highest form of merely human government, warns off virtuous women with a far-reaching stench which is yet nothing to what it will be able to raise out of a united political organization of the wickedness of both sexes. If the men cannot cope with their scoundrels, what could the women do with theirs? For every bad man we have a bad woman in the same grade and fellowship; and the worst of it is that the bad women are so much more unblushingly, violently and unboundedly bad than their male peers. Here is the trouble for women's suffrage. The primary meetings, which create the candidates of both parties, and thus

narrow the election practically to their own creatures, are certain to contain all the vice and violence which can be raked into the service of their respective parties. With women's suffrage, this terrible force would be numerically doubled and seven-fold intensified. Worst of all, the abandoned women, and also the profane and whiskey-drinking class of married women, who are numerous even in places not populous enough to support many of the abandoned sort, and who are very little better in manners, will bring into the primary meetings and the vicinage of the polls a reeking, sickening, and irrepressible filthiness, such as the vilest conditions of male depravity cannot engender. The reason is, that, besides the proverbial *abandon* with which bad women throw themselves into evil, they dwell in banishment ordinarily amongst society exclusively of their own kind; whereas the worst of men move much among the common walks of life, and so never lose the last exterior traces of self-respect and decency. If we could lead the refined and delicate women of a voting precinct up to the ballot-box, year after year, through a mob armed with buckets full from the sewers and sinks to discharge upon the persons of all women whose lady-like appearance marked them as of the opposite party, we should gather from that success no encouragement to hope that the same ladies would be able to bear up under the obscene vomit to be poured upon them from the mouths of a harpy horde, eager to get the utmost triumph and revenge out of that one day of social chaos. Let no woman flatter herself that this is a bugbear. Popular government will always be the prize of conflict between the antagonist ideas of moral progress and licentious liberty. The warfare of the latter grows more bitter, unscrupulous, and indecent, year by year. With the experience of the past few years before our eyes, it is worse than visionary to count upon the forbearance of that element and its managers from any shameless expedient by which it can deter or neutralize the vote of the party of moral order. Give them the vote of the women for a prey, and see how they will tear it in pieces, devour it, defile it, and stamp the residue with their feet! Their own proper vote will be fully kept good in relative number, and intensified in its diabolic *morale, imprimis.* The gullible vote, the bribable vote, the intimidable vote, and the fastidious never-employed vote, will all be doubled and quadrupled, and that not temporarily, by the admission of women to the elections. But their terrible resource will be in the opposite extremes of the female sex: the overpowering loathsomeness of its depravity hurled upon the shrinking delicacy and timid nerve of its pure and cultured portion. Doubt not that such antagonists in politics will see their opportunity and use it with remorseless audacity to the uttermost. Dream not of police protection against words. The indecencies to be encountered will be such as are neither actionable, nor tolerable to toughened men. They will suffice literally to wipe out the women's vote of the party embracing the positive morality and religion of the time from hundreds of poll-lists, and will leave but a noble few on record in almost all populous precincts. Passing the polls in one of the more respectable wards in the city of New York, during a recent election, we paused to survey the long *queue* of voters slowly struggling to their turns, a work of not less than one hour to each individual. Gentlemen whose high character and culture were written all over them, stood tightly sandwiched between villains whose rottenness looked out from flesh and spirit, and tainted the atmosphere; in whose faces gleamed the murky fires of murder and lust that nightly make the darkness terrible and blacken the columns of morning newspapers; the very vermin those gentlemen must carry thence were formidable political foes. We paid involuntary homage to the public virtue that could endure all this to deposit a vote. We believe some women would endure such contact with still fouler wretches of their own sex. We do not believe that one woman in a thousand will consent, knowingly, to assume a duty not required of them, and which imposes a martyrdom like this upon any of them.

But suppose they were able to stand up to the ordeal with equal or superior heroism to that of men: is this toilsome, disgusting, and fruitless conflict a boon to be craved by womankind? To no man, to no voter, is there a Right Not to Vote. Still less to any woman could such a right remain, after the power to vote had once been conferred on the eager, early and often voting class of unprincipled females. Every woman of principle has a personal concern in this question which she cannot shake off, strong though her present intention may be never to use the franchise. She will have to use it, once accepted, or see her brothers go down under the tide of bi-sexed abominations without lifting a finger, a ballot, to aid them. The conflict will irresistibly attract every woman who is positively bad, and by that very fact must force in

every woman who is positively good. Do the women desire this necessity for its own loathsome sake? for, be it remembered, there is nothing under heaven to be gained or hoped from it but itself. Do they prefer to be excused from the sort of ordeal we have feebly described? If so, let them hold fast, while they may, the Right Not to Vote. Once surrendered, it can, in the nature of the case, never be regained, as the right to vote would certainly never be surrendered by the depraved portion of the sex. Among the priceless immunities which Providence has set over against the peculiar trials and wrongs of women, and which they realize as the reward of their generous self-subjection, we conclude that while the right to unconditional support, the Right Not to Sue and be Sued, the Right Not to Propose, and the Right Not to be Hired in matrimony, are sacred and indefeasible, the Right Not to Vote is above all never to be surrendered.

A lady who takes a quiet interest in the proposed "reform" has been for some time in the habit of taking the sense of her female acquaintances on the question of voting. At our last information she had accumulated a list of just two names on the affirmative side. Considerate women, moreover, have begun to exchange their instinctive intolerance of the thought for more positive reflection and utterance, and their protest begins to be heard above the sinister clamor which calls itself the voice of woman. Intuitively they feel that the tendency of all the changes proposed would be not to bring them into liberty, but under new bondage and heavier burdens. It is especially clear to them, we observe, that the privilege of voting would be fraught only with ruin to their cause, conducting toward subjection more galling and degrading than woman has known for centuries. For as the party of license, which must, from the causes we have pointed out, come into permanent ascendency with the coming in of women's suffrage, is necessarily brutal and selfish in its instincts, scorning moral exactions and rights with supreme intolerance, the attainment of the suffrage will lead to additional privileges and immunities only for the baser passions and the more lawless descriptions of women.

The number of women who have been drawn into insurrection so far, seems considerable when massed apart. But if viewed as a fraction of the whole, it is hardly more than infinitesimal. There are many causes to create a class of women out of harmony with society and nature, and it is rather surprising that the class, as represented in the anti-feminine movement, is yet so small. There are, of course, women ill-constituted by nature, malformations, with a preponderance of masculine qualities and faculties; there are those indifferent to or desperate of domestic happiness; there are childless women, ambitious women, and those embittered by personal wrongs; there are women corrupted by infidelity, who constitute the phalanx of the new party, and there are others who from unfortunate associations or habits of mind, are accustomed to regard lasciviousness and brutality as the normal distinctions of sex in the male, and to see in every man a natural enemy. There are persons numerous in both sexes, in an age of light reading, who have learned to use their minds without knowing anything: minds as active as the winds, without other knowledge of life and affairs than they have casually picked up in newspapers and conversation, ready for the broadest generalizations in ignorance of the simplest particulars, and accustomed to dispose of the problems of two thousand years past, unconscious that they were ever propounded before. The simplicity proper to a sequestered and protected sex—best possession of mankind as it is, for a sex to be set apart to conserve—betrays women into inevitable error in complicated worldly affairs; and it is no wonder if noble women are misled when they hearken to plausible theories and utopian propositions beyond their range of experience. The antidote for all these causes of error, in the high moral nature of christianized womanhood, is adequate on the whole to its office. We can see no practical danger of a "reform against nature" so likely, as in the sinister views of politicians and the generous impulses of men mistaking women's interest and desire, both conspiring to spring upon the female sex a committal to suffrage, which once hastily suffered could never be retrieved. If this alarm will not justify the use we have made of these pages, we must appeal to the positive importance of the subject in itself to all men and women, as a matter of social science, of self-knowledge, and of mutual understanding in their personal relations.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

AMERICANS have manifested considerable interest in the Imperial family of Russia since the Grand Duke Alexis came to our shores.

The house of Romanoff has swayed the destinies of the great empire for more than two hundred years; it was in 1613 that Michael Romanoff, the son of the Metropolitan of Rostoff, was elected to the throne with the title of Tsar of all the Russias. Vladislas, with a Polish army, had just been driven from Moscow after making great havoc in and around the Holy City; the country was at war with Sweden, and there was a general feeling of despondency throughout the young Tsar's dominions. The Poles remained in possession of Smolensk, and made frequent raids to the very gates of Moscow, but they were finally driven away. The war with Sweden was terminated through the mediation of France, Holland, and England, and a threatened war with Turkey was averted through the wisdom of Michael. He was sixteen years old when he ascended the throne; he died at the age of forty-nine, after making his life renowned by his enlightened policy and his great interest for the welfare of his people. His son Alexis succeeded him, and made his reign remarkable for the legal reforms he introduced; and he is also credited in the Russian histories with bringing shipwrights from England and Holland. They built several small vessels for the navigation of the Volga, but their achievements did not amount to much. After Alexis came Theodore III.; and after Theodore came Peter, subsequently surnamed The Great. Peter was only ten years of age when he was crowned; he became the ruler of Russia in 1689, when only seventeen years of age.

To enumerate the deeds of Peter would require more space than can be spared for this entire article. His ruling passion was to extend his empire and consolidate his power, and he possessed a persevering mind and a spirit of dogged determination which allowed no obstacles to stand in his way. What he desired he obtained. He created an army and a navy for Russia; he caused the city which bears his name to rise from the marshes of the Neva; he humbled the Swedes and the Turks; he pushed his armies beyond the Caspian Sea; he ordered the construction of roads and canals; he endowed colleges and universities; he established the system of exile in order to people Siberia; he created towns and cities, reformed the courts and the titles and grades of nobility—in fact, he made the name of Russia prominent among nations for the first time in her history. He had his vices as well as his virtues; and his reign, great and glorious as it was, was marred by various acts of injustice. The death of his son Alexis is an indelible stain upon the character of the famous ruler. Alexis had incurred the imperial displeasure by opposing the reforms which had been begun; he fled from the country, but was induced to return, and was thrown into a dungeon on the banks of the Neva. He died suddenly after undergoing severe tortures by order of his father. One of the examinations was personally conducted by Peter, and the torture was applied in his presence.

Peter, the son of Alexis and grandson of Peter the Great, died before reaching his majority, and with his death the male line of the Romanoffs became extinct. The empress Anne, daughter of Ivan, half-brother of Peter the Great, then ascended the throne; during her reign the celebrated Ice Palace was erected. Walls, roof, floors, furniture—everything, even to the four cannons in front of the building, were of ice. The Empress sent one of her buffoons and his bride to pass their wedding-night in this edifice; tradition says that after this occurrence there were no more marriage engagements among the courtiers until the ice palace had melted. After Anne came Ivan VI.; then Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great; then Peter III.; and then that Empress of remarkable memory, Catharine II. The story of her loves and wars would fill a volume; she possessed the ambition and energy of the great Peter, together with his ungovernable caprice, which her sex rather increased than diminished. To be her favorite this month would very likely lead to exile to Siberia the next; at one time she meditated the most tyrannical measures; and a week later she was inclined to give the country a constitution like that of the United States, and to restrict the sovereign as the sovereign of England is restricted. With all her faults she did much for Russia, and there are many laws and institutions still in existence that originated in her reign. Her son Paul succeeded her, but made no mark; then came Alexander I., whose reign was made memorable by the wars with the French, which included the

capture and burning of Moscow. After the declaration of peace he traveled through Europe, and on his return instituted many reforms. He was the first, and thus far the only, member of the Imperial family to visit Siberia. He spent several days in the gold and other mines of the Ural Mountains, and the spot where for more than an hour he personally wielded the pick is marked by a monument. He found that the Imperial hands were better fitted to the scepter than to the tools of the miner, and admitted that he had never known a more fatiguing hour. His death brought Nicholas I. to the throne, and with the new ruler's assumption of power came the revolt of 1825, that sent five conspirators to the gallows, and two hundred men of noble birth to Siberia.

On the day of the revolt the present Emperor, Alexander II., was a boy of something less than eight years of age. It was ascertained that the Imperial Guards of the palace were in the conspiracy, and so, early in the morning, they were marched away and a battalion of soldiers of the line from Finland was substituted. Rough in appearance and uncouth in manner, they formed a marked contrast to the elegant Guards whom they replaced. But under their coarse exterior they had loyal hearts, and as Nicholas looked upon them he felt that they could be trusted. Word was brought to the Emperor that the insurgents had assembled in St. Isaac's Square. He bade farewell to his wife, entered his chapel for a brief prayer, and then took the young Alexander by the hand and led him to the court-yard where the battalion of Finlanders was drawn up. To the care of the soldiers he commended his son, and then rode to the square where the insurgents were gathered. An hour later those that were not killed or wounded were fleeing through the streets and lanes of St. Petersburg, and the monarch returned to the palace to receive his son from the soldiers. The boy had been passed from hand to hand along the whole line, and each man had imprinted a kiss upon his cheek. His tutor came for him, but only to the Emperor would the soldiers deliver their charge. And for years afterward it was the proud boast of the battalion that the Emperor had left his son in its care, and that the men had fondled the future ruler of Russia as they would fondle one of their own peasant-born children. The boy had enjoyed his hour with the soldiers, and it may be that to this incident is due a great part of the devotion which Alexander II. has always displayed for the welfare and prosperity of the rank and file of his armies. The Russian soldier of to-day is better paid, better educated, and better treated in every way than was the Russian soldier of thirty years ago. The term of compulsory service has been shortened, the conscription is reduced, and in several respects the military service has lost its terrors. The Grand Duke Michel, uncle of Alexander, was fond of military display for the sake of its magnificence alone. He would ride at full speed along a line, and detect any officer who had a single button of his coat unfastened, or stood six inches from his proper place. "I hate war," he used to say; "it soils the uniforms, rusts the weapons, and deranges the parades." Alexander hates war because he knows it is detrimental to the prosperity of his country, and would cause the death of many of his soldiers. Were it not for the necessity of being always ready for war in order to maintain peace, it is probable that he would immediately reduce the army to less than half its present proportions.

Alexander II. was crowned at Moscow on the 7th of September, 1856. Nicholas began his reign in the midst of a storm of revolution, whose effect was to make him uncompromising and unyielding in character. "While I live he shall never return from Siberia," was his response to a piteous appeal for the pardon of a man who had been twenty-five years in exile for taking part in the insurrection of 1825. "Take a new rope and finish the execution," was his answer when told that the rope had broken while a conspirator was being hanged. The news of the repulse at Eupatoria was such a shock to him that it led indirectly to his death. A nature stern and unbending cannot meet misfortune as complacently as can its opposite; the blast that prostrates the sturdy oak passes harmlessly over the pliant bush, which rises when the storm is done, and stands as proudly as ever. Nicholas began his reign with acts of severity—Alexander began his with acts of mildness. He instituted the reformation in the army already hinted at; he projected railways, promoted commercial and industrial enterprises, pardoned all exiles who had been more than twenty years in Siberia, and in various ways sought to bring back the prosperity that had been impaired by the war. The greatest glory of his reign, and one that will make his name revered while his nation endures, is the liberation of the serfs. From the time of Catharine II. the subject had been agitated; Catharine had proposed it, some of the Cabinet ministers of Alexander I. greatly desired it, and Nicholas frequently

busied his mind with projects for improving the condition of the serf. Three years before his death he drew up a plan of gradual emancipation, but it did not meet the approval of his Cabinet, and was set aside. Alexander gave his thought to the subject on frequent occasions; and finally, in March, 1861, the proclamation of gradual emancipation was issued. He encountered a great deal of opposition in his Cabinet and among the heavy proprietors of serfs. The shock of the change was great, and for a while the best friends of the measure faltered, but in a little time the crisis was passed, and the nation began its career of freedom. Some of the nobles, like some of our Southern slaveholders, did not believe emancipation possible, and refused to prepare for the change. Many of these persons were ruined by it, and still remain idle, morose, and discontented. Others, in the time between the notice and the enforcement of the proclamation, labored intelligently, and now find their estates more prosperous than ever. The people of all classes are becoming every year more and more adapted to the new order of things, and the feeling is almost universal that there is much good in store for Russia. She is yet in her developing stage. Time, patience, and energy will accomplish all that her ardent friends can wish. The grandest results in the nation's progress are still in the future, and from generations yet to come Alexander will receive his warmest praise.

There are said to be islands in the Pacific where the death of a chief is followed by a careful measurement of all the masculine members of his tribe. The tallest and strongest among them becomes his successor, and is crowned with all the dignity possible in a region where textile clothing is unknown, and a pint of cocoanut-oil rubbed over the skin is considered a full-dress suit for a gentleman. If we did not know to the contrary, we might suppose that physical size and strength were the standard of Imperial selection in Russia as well as in those mythical isles of the Peaceful Sea. Peter the Great was almost a giant in stature, and might have made the fortune of an enterprising showman. Anne, Elizabeth, and Catharine were blessed with great strength of body; Catharine in particular was wont, in moments of wrath, to strike her attendants with such force as to prostrate them, and there are various traditional stories that recount her great bodily force. Paul, the first Alexander, and Nicholas each exceeded six feet in height, and the same is the case with the present Emperor. With hardly an exception, every masculine member of the Romanoff family was or is of a form and bearing to prove him "every inch a king." Nicholas once went in disguise to Stockholm. As he stepped upon the pier, a Swedish officer stood in his way; Nicholas, in plain clothes, frowned upon him as any other traveler might frown, and the officer, half trembling, stepped aside. "What devil of a man can that be?" he said to a friend; "he must be a king, or if not he ought to be one." Nicholas frequently went incognito about the streets of St. Petersburg, but his disguise was generally discovered before he was long on his way. The first time I ever saw Alexander was one afternoon on the Nevski, the Broadway of St. Petersburg. One of those little sleighs, of which there are twenty thousand in the city, was driven near me, and came almost to a halt in consequence of a blockade of vehicles. My eyes wandered carelessly over the crowded street and rested on the sleigh, which did not differ in appearance from dozens of others that were in sight. But something in the face of the man in the sleigh, or rather in the portion of it visible above the fur collar, arrested my attention. There was a look of lofty superiority in the eye and on the brow; the form was erect as a statue, and did not move as others did to regard the cause of the delay. In a moment there was a shout, and one person after another raised his cap as the sleigh dashed through an opening and diminished in the distance. "*Voila l'Empereur*," said a Russian friend at my side. Here was the Autocrat of all the Russias, the ruler of seventy millions of people, and holding authority over one-eighth of the territorial extent of this globe, passing before me unattended, and with no outward indication of his imperial power. In all the hurry and confusion of that busiest street of St. Petersburg he was recognized and cheered by the populace. There are not many rulers who possess, as he does, the hearts of their subjects, and can move among them without a surrounding of guards and secret police to protect them from assassination, and lead the applause at the time it should be given.

A few days later I saw the Czarevitch, the Emperor's eldest son, riding along the Nevski in much greater state than I had seen his father. He was cheered by the people, who had formed a dense crowd in front of the palace where the heir to the throne resided, and naturally enough the cheering ran along the street where he drove, just as it runs along the line of spectators when there is a display of any sort on Broadway. The Czarevitch

was accompanied by his handsome wife, to whom he was married about two months before, and it was hard to say which was the more applauded, the Grand Duke or the Grand Duchess. The Princess Dagmar, as she is best known to the world, is a woman of unusual beauty. She is somewhat above the medium height, has a graceful figure, a pleasant girlish face, features that seem to combine the Italian and German types, and a profusion of hair which she wears in an apparently half-careless way. Her graceful bearing and sweetness of manner have won her the respect and love of all who have met her since she made her residence in the Russian capital. She is popular among all classes, from noble to peasant, and I think it would be no easy task to find a subject of the Autocrat of all the Russias who does not wish her long life and prosperity. Her husband, the Czarevitch, is of the frame and bearing which I have already described as the possession of the Romanoff family. His education, like that of all the members of the Imperial family, has been carefully attended to, and when he ascends the throne he will have no reason to complain that he is ignorant of his duties. He is said to be more conservative than his father, and in sympathy, to a considerable extent, with the "Old Russian" party, which believes not in the modern abominations of railways, telegraphs, and kindred things, nor in the emancipation of the serfs, nor intimate intercourse with foreign nations. How far he may sympathize with the Unprogressives I cannot say; it is possible that he is one of the most liberal of liberals, and the story of his conservatism may be an invention of the enemy. But development, like revolutions, cannot go backward; the heir to the Muscovite throne will find that Russia will not be stopped in her progressive career, and should he attempt to build a Chinese wall of exclusiveness around his empire he will find himself sadly deficient in materials. No great measure can be carried out unless it has the approval of the Imperial Council, and no intelligent councilor is likely to advise a retrograde movement for Russia.

The Empress of Russia, a tall stately lady, with a sad face and the appearance of an aristocratic invalid, is rarely seen in public. She appears only at the State balls and other festivities where etiquette demands her presence, and it is evident that she would prefer to be shut off altogether from the stare of curious eyes. Since the death of her eldest boy, six years ago, she has never been in good health and spirits; she was most devotedly attached to her first-born, and his loss nearly broke her heart. By birth he was heir to the throne; by his death the heirship fell to his brother Alexander, whom I have just described. Next to him is the Grand Duke Vladimir, and next the Grand Duke Alexis, whose name is so well known to Americans. And the heir to the throne, after the Grand Duke Alexander, is the son of the present Czarevitch, born in May, 1868, and now of the age when candy is of more consequence than scepters, and a trundle-bed has greater attractions than a throne.

There is a romantic incident connected with the marriage of the Czarevitch and the Grand Duchess Maria Federovna, otherwise known as the Princess Dagmar. The alliance was first contracted between the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Princess; all the details of the engagement were settled and the marriage was to take place as soon as the Grand Duke's health permitted. He was sent to Nice in the hope that he would recover, but he grew worse instead of better. The Princess loved him and prayed often for his restoration, but her hopes and prayers were of no avail. With the soft breezes of the Mediterranean fanning his cheek, and wafting through his open window the odors of the vine and the olive, he breathed his last. The intelligence fell heavily upon that Danish heart which had been pledged to the young life now gone forever. But the Princess Dagmar was betrothed to the heir to the Russian throne, and, like the throne, she passed to the successor of the boy who had died. After the delay which etiquette demanded, the wedding took place, and the daughter of the King of Denmark became a subject of Russia. The day before the wedding she visited the Garrison church, where the members of the House of Romanoff, since the time of Peter the Great, are buried. Before the latest of all those tombs, where rested the remains of him to whom she had been betrothed, knelt the young princess and placed a funeral wreath on the cold marble. And as she bent before the tomb, her tears told her sorrow, as tears tell the sorrows of those not born in the purple nor cradled or reared in royal and imperial luxury.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 73.)

CHAPTER LII.

LILITH MEETS WITH A MISFORTUNE.

THE next day, leaving a note to inform Charley that I had run home for a week, I set out for the moat, carrying with me the best side-saddle I could find in London.

As I left the inn at Minstercombe in a gig, I saw Clara coming out of a shop. I could not stop and speak to her, for, not to mention the opinion I had of her, and the treachery of which I accused her, was I not at that very moment meditating how best to let her lover know that she was not to be depended upon? I touched the horse with the whip, and drove rapidly past. Involuntarily, however, I glanced behind, and saw a white face staring after me. Our looks encountering thus, I lifted my hat, but held on my course.

I could not help feeling very sorry for her. The more falsely she had behaved, she was the more to be pitied. She looked very beautiful with that white face. But how different was her beauty from that of my Athanasia!

Having tried the side-saddle upon Lilith, and found all it wanted was a little change in the stuffing about the withers, I told Styles to take it and the mare to Minstercombe the next morning, and have it properly fitted.

What trifles I am lingering upon! Lilith is gone to the worms—no, that I *do not* believe: amongst the things most people believe, and I cannot, that is one; but at all events she is dead, and the saddle gone to worms; and yet, for reasons which will want no explanation to my one reader, I care to linger even on the fringes of this part of the web of my story.

I wandered about the field and house, building and demolishing many an airy abode, until Styles came back. I had told him to get the job done at once, and not return without the saddle.

"Can I trust you, Styles?" I said, abruptly.

"I hope so, sir. If I may make so bold, I don't think I was altogether to blame about that book——"

"Of course not. I told you so. Never think of it again. Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try, sir. You've been a good master to me, I'm sure, sir."

"That I mean to be still, if I can. Do you know the parish of Spurdene?"

"I was born there, sir."

"Ah! that's not so convenient. Do you know the rectory?"

"Every stone of it, I may say, sir."

"And do they know you?"

"Well, it's some years since I left—a mere boy, sir."

"I want you then—if it be possible—you can tell best—to set out with Lilith to-morrow night—I hope it will be a warm night. You must groom her thoroughly, put on the side-saddle and her new bridle, and lead her—you're not to ride her, mind—I don't want her to get hot—lead her to the rectory of Spurdene—and—now here is the point—if it be possible, take her up to the stable, and fasten her by this silver chain to the ring at the door of it—as near morning as you safely can to avoid discovery, for she mustn't stand longer at this season of the year than can be helped. I will tell you all. I mean her for a present to Miss Osborne; but I do not want any one to know where she comes from. None of them, I believe, have ever seen her. I will write something on a card, which you will fasten to one of the pommels, throwing over all this horse-cloth."

I gave him a fine bear-skin I had bought for the purpose. He smiled, and with evident enjoyment of the spirit of the thing, promised to do his best.

Lilith looked lovely as he set out with her, late the following night. When he returned the next morning, he reported that everything had succeeded admirably. He had carried out my instructions to the letter; and my white Lilith had by that time, I hoped, been caressed, possibly fed, by the hands of Mary Osborne herself.

I may just mention that on the card I had written—or rather printed the words: "To Mary Osborne, from a friend."

In a day or two, I went back to London, but said nothing to Charley of what I had done—waiting to hear from him first what they said about it.

"I say, Wilfrid!" he cried, as he came into my room with his usual hurried step, the next morning but one, carrying an open letter in his hand, "what's this you've been doing—you sly old fellow? You ought to have been a prince, by Jove!"

"What do you accuse me of? I must

know that first, else I might confess to more than necessary. One must be on one's guard with such as you."

"Read that," he said, putting the letter into my hand.

It was from his sister. One passage was as follows:

"A strange thing has happened. A few mornings ago, the loveliest white horse was found tied to the stable door, with a side-saddle, and a card on it directed to *me*. I went to look at the creature. It was like the witch-lady in Christabel, 'beautiful exceedingly.' I ran to my father, and told him. He asked me who had sent it, but I knew no more than he did. He said I couldn't keep it unless we found out who had sent it, and probably not then, for the proceeding was as suspicious as absurd. To-day he has put an advertisement in the paper to the effect that if the animal is not claimed before, it will be sold at the horse-fair next week, and the money given to the new school fund. I feel as if I couldn't bear parting with it, but of course I can't accept a present without knowing where it comes from. Have you any idea who sent it? I am sure papa is right about it, as indeed, dear Charley, he always is."

I laid down the letter, and, full of mortification, went walking about the room.

"Why didn't you tell me, Wilfrid?"

"I thought it better, if you were questioned, that you should not know. But it was a foolish thing to do—very. I see it now. Of course your father is right. It doesn't matter though. I will go down and buy her."

"You had better not appear in it. Go to the Moat, and send Styles."

"Yes—that will be best. Of course it will. When is the fair, do you know?"

"I will find out for you. I hope some rascal mayn't in the mean time take my father in, and persuade him to give her up. Why shouldn't I run down and tell him, and get back poor Lilith without making you pay for your own?"

"Indeed you shan't. The mare is your sister's, and I shall lay no claim to her. I have money enough to redeem her."

Charley got me information about the fair, and the day before it I set out for the Moat.

When I reached Minstercombe, having more time on my hands than I knew what to do with, I resolved to walk round by Spurdene. It would not be more than ten or twelve miles, and so I should get a peep of the rectory. On the way I met a few farmer-looking men on horseback, and just before entering the village, saw at a little distance a white creature—very like my Lilith—with a man on its back, coming towards me.

As they drew nearer, I was certain of the mare, and thinking it possible the rider might be Mr. Osborne, withdrew into a thicket on the roadside. But what was my dismay to discover that it was indeed my Lilith, but ridden by Geoffrey Brotherton! As soon as he was past, I rushed into the village, and found that the people I had met were going from the fair. Charley had been misinformed. I was too late: Brotherton had bought my Lilith. Half distracted with rage and vexation, I walked on and on, never halting till I reached the Moat. Was this man destined to swallow up everything I cared for? Had he suspected me as the foolish donor, and bought the mare to spite me? A thousand times rather would I have had her dead. Nothing on earth would have tempted me to sell my Lilith but inability to feed her, and then I would rather have shot her. I felt poorer than even when my precious folio was taken from me, for the lowest animal life is a greater thing than a rare edition. I did not go to bed at all that night, but sat by my fire or paced about the room till dawn, when I set out for Minstercombe, and reached it in time for the morning coach to London. The whole affair was a folly, and I said to myself that I deserved to suffer. Before I left, I told Styles, and begged him to keep an eye on the mare, and if ever he learned that her owner wanted to part with her, to come off at once and let me know. He was greatly concerned at my ill-luck, as he called it, and promised to watch her carefully. He knew one of the grooms, he said, a little, and would cultivate his acquaintance.

I could not help wishing now that Charley would let his sister know what I had tried to do for her, but of course I would not say so. I think he did tell her, but I never could be quite certain whether or not she knew it. I wonder if she ever suspected me. I think not. I have too good reason to fear that she attributed to another the would-be gift: I believe that from Brotherton's buying her, they thought he had sent her—a present certainly far more befitting his means than mine. But I came to care very little about it, for my correspondence with her, through Charley, went on. I wondered sometimes how she could keep from letting her father know: that he did not know I was certain, for he would have put a stop to it at once. I conjectured that she had told her mother, and that she, fearing to widen the breach between her husband and Charley, had advised her not to

mention it to him; while, believing it would do both Charley and me good, she did not counsel her to give up the correspondence. It must be considered also that it was long before I said a word implying any personal interest. Before I ventured that, I had some ground for thinking that my ideas had begun to tell upon hers, for, even in her letters to Charley, she had begun to drop the common religious phrases, while all she said seemed to indicate a widening and deepening and simplifying of her faith. I do not for a moment imply that she had consciously given up one of the dogmas of the party to which she belonged, but there was the perceptible softening of growth in her utterances; and after that was plain to me, I began to let out my heart to her a little more.

About this time also I began to read once more the history of Jesus, asking myself as if on a first acquaintance with it, "Could it be —might it not be that, if there were a God, he would visit his children after some fashion? If so, is this a likely fashion? May it not even be the only right fashion?" In the story I found at least a perfection surpassing everything to be found elsewhere; and I was at least sure that whatever this man said must be true. If one could only be as sure of the record! But if ever a dawn was to rise upon me, here certainly the sky would break; here I thought I already saw the first tinge of the returning life-blood of the swooning world. The gathering of the waters of conviction at length one morning broke out in the following verses, which seemed more than half given to me, the only effort required being to fit them rightly together:—

Come to me, come to me, O my God;
  Come to me everywhere!
Let the trees mean thee, and the grassy sod,
  And the water and the air.

For thou art so far that I often doubt,
  As on every side I stare,
Searching within, and looking without,
  If thou art anywhere.

How did men find thee in days of old?
  How did they grow so sure?
They fought in thy name, they were glad and bold,
  They suffered, and kept themselves pure.

But now they say—neither above the sphere,
  Nor down in the heart of man,
But only in fancy, ambition, or fear,
  The thought of thee began.

If only that perfect tale were true
  Which with touch of sunny gold,
Of the ancient many makes one anew,
  And simplicity manifold.

But *he* said that they who did his word,
  The truth of it should know:
I will try to do it—if he be Lord,
  Perhaps the old spring will flow;

Perhaps the old spirit-wind will blow
  That he promised to their prayer;
And doing thy will, I yet shall know
  Thee, Father, everywhere!

These lines found their way without my concurrence into a certain religious magazine, and I was considerably astonished, and yet more pleased one evening when Charley handed me, with the kind regards of his sister, my own lines copied by herself. I speedily let her know they were mine, explaining that they had found their way into print without my cognizance. She testified so much pleasure at the fact, and the little scraps I could claim as my peculiar share of the contents of Charley's envelopes, grew so much more confiding, that I soon ventured to write more warmly than hitherto. A period longer than usual passed before she wrote again, and when she did she took no express notice of my last letter. Foolishly or not, I regarded this as a favorable sign, and wrote several letters, in which I allowed the true state of my feelings towards her to appear. At length I wrote a long letter in which, without a word of direct love-making, I thought yet to reveal that I loved her with all my heart. It was chiefly occupied with my dream on that memorable night—of course without the slightest allusion to the waking, or anything that followed. I ended abruptly, telling her that the dream often recurred, but as often as it drew to its lovely close, the lifted veil of Athanasia revealed ever and only the countenance of Mary Osborne.

The answer to this came soon, and in few words.

"I dare not take to myself what you write. That would be presumption indeed, not to say willful self-deception. It will be honor enough for me if in any way I serve to remind you of the lady of your dream. Wilfrid, if you love me, take care of my Charley. I must not write more.—M. O."

It was not much, but enough to make me happy. I write it from memory—every word as it lies where any moment I could read it—shut in a golden coffin whose lid I dare not open.

CHAPTER LIII.

TOO LATE.

I MUST now go back a little. After my suspicions had been aroused as to the state of Charley's feelings, I hesitated for a long time

before I finally made up my mind to tell him the part Clara had had in the loss of my sword. But while I was thus restrained by dread of the effect the disclosure would have upon him if my suspicions were correct, those very suspicions formed the strongest reason for acquainting him with her duplicity; and, although I was always too ready to put off the evil day so long as doubt supplied excuse for procrastination, I could not have let so much time slip by and nothing said, but for my absorption in Mary.

At length, however, I had now resolved, and one evening, as we sat together, I took my pipe from my mouth, and, shivering bodily, thus began:

"Charley," I said, "I have had for a good while something on my mind, which I cannot keep from you longer."

He looked alarmed instantly. I went on.

"I have not been quite open with you about that affair of the sword."

He looked yet more dismayed; but I must go on, though it tore my very heart. When I came to the point of my overhearing Clara talking to Brotherton, he started up, and without waiting to know the subject of their conversation, came close up to me, and, his face distorted with the effort to keep himself quiet, said, in a voice hollow and still and far off, like what one fancies of the voice of the dead,

"Wilfrid, you said Brotherton, I think?"

"I did, Charley."

"She never told me that!"

"How could she when she was betraying your friend?"

"No, no!" he cried, with a strange mixture of command and entreaty; "don't say that. There is some explanation. There *must* be."

"She told *me* she hated him," I said.

"I *know* she hates him. What was she saying to him?"

"I tell you she was betraying me, your friend, who had never done her any wrong, to the man she had told me she hated, and whom I had heard her ridicule."

"What do you mean by betraying you?"

I recounted what I had overheard. He listened with clenched teeth and trembling white lips; then burst into a forced laugh.

"What a fool I am! Distrust *her!* I will *not*. There is some explanation! There *must* be!"

The dew of agony lay thick on his forehead. I was greatly alarmed at what I had done, but I could not blame myself.

"Do be calm, Charley," I entreated.

"I am as calm as death," he replied, striding up and down the room with long strides.

He stopped and came up to me again.

"Wilfrid," he said, "I am a damned fool. I am going now. Don't be frightened—I am perfectly calm. I will come and explain it all to you to-morrow—no—the next day—or the next at latest. She had some reason for hiding it from me, but I shall have it all the moment I ask her. She is not what you think her. I don't for a moment blame you—but—are you sure it was—Clara's—voice you heard?" he added with forced calmness and slow utterance.

"A man is not likely to mistake the voice of a woman he ever fancied himself in love with."

"Don't talk like that, Wilfrid. You'll drive me mad. How should *she* know you had taken the sword?"

"She was always urging me to take it. There lies the main sting of the treachery. But I never told you where I found the sword."

"What can that have to do with it?"

"I found it on my bed that same morning when I woke. It could not have been there when I lay down."

"Well?"

"Charley, I believe *she* laid it there."

He leaped at me like a tiger. Startled, I jumped to my feet. He laid hold of me by the throat, and griped me with a quivering grasp. Recovering my self-possession I stood perfectly still, making no effort even to remove his hand, although it was all but choking me. In a moment or two he relaxed his hold, burst into tears, took up his hat, and walked to the door.

"Charley! Charley! you must *not* leave me so," I cried, starting forwards.

"To-morrow, Wilfrid; to-morrow," he said, and was gone.

He was back before I could think what to do next. Opening the door half-way, he said—as if a griping hand had been on *his* throat—

"I—I—I—don't believe it, Wilfrid. You only said you believed it. *I* don't. Good night. I'm all right now. *Mind, I don't believe it.*"

He shut the door. Why did I not follow him? But if I had followed him, what could I have said or done? In every man's life come awful moments when he must meet his fate—dree his weird—alone. Alone, I say, if he have no God—for man or woman cannot aid him, cannot touch him, cannot come near him. Charley was now in one of those crises, and I could not help him. Death is counted an awful thing: it seems to me that life is an infinitely more awful thing.

In the morning I received the following letter :

"Dear Mr. Cumbermede,

"You will be surprised at receiving a note from me—still more at its contents. I am most anxious to see you—so much so that I venture to ask you to meet me where we can have a little quiet talk. I am in London, and for a day or two sufficiently my own mistress to leave the choice of time and place with you—only let it be when and where we shall not be interrupted. I presume on old friendship in making this extraordinary request, but I do not presume in my confidence that you will not misunderstand my motives. One thing only I *beg*—that you will not inform C. O. of the petition I make.

"Your old friend,
"C. C."

What was I to do? To go, of course. She *might* have something to reveal which would cast light on her mysterious conduct. I cannot say I expected a disclosure capable of removing Charley's misery, but I did vaguely hope to learn something that might alleviate it. Anyhow, I would meet her, for I dared not refuse to hear her. To her request of concealing it from Charley, I would grant nothing beyond giving it quarter until I should see whither the affair tended. I wrote at once—making an appointment for the same evening. But was it from a suggestion of Satan, from an evil impulse of human spite, or by the decree of fate, that I fixed on that part of the Regent's Park in which I had seen him and the lady I now believed to have been Clara walking together in the dusk? I cannot now tell. The events which followed have destroyed all certainty, but I fear it was a flutter of the wings of revenge, a shove at the spokes of the wheel of time to hasten the coming of its circle.

Anxious to keep out of Charley's way—for the secret would make me wretched in his presence—I went into the City, and, after an early dinner, sauntered out to the Zoological Gardens, to spend the time till the hour of meeting. But there, strange to say, whether from insight or fancy, in every animal face I saw such gleams of a troubled humanity, that at last I could bear it no longer, and betook myself to Primrose Hill.

It was a bright afternoon, wonderfully clear, with a crisp frosty feel in the air. But the sun went down, and, one by one, here and there, above and below, the lights came out and the stars appeared, until at length sky and earth were full of flaming spots, and it was time to seek our rendezvous.

I had hardly reached it, when the graceful form of Clara glided towards me. She perceived in a moment that I did not mean to shake hands with her. It was not so dark but that I saw her bosom heave, and a flush overspread her countenance.

"You wished to see me, Miss Coningham," I said. "I am at your service."

"What is wrong, Mr. Cumbermede? You never used to speak to me in such a tone."

"There is nothing wrong if you are not more able than I to tell what it is."

"Why did you come if you were going to treat me so?"

"Because you requested it."

"Have I offended you then by asking you to meet me? I trusted you. I thought *you* would never misjudge me."

"I should be but too happy to find I had been unjust to you, Miss Coningham. I would gladly go on my knees to you to confess that fault, if I could only be satisfied of its existence. Assure me of it, and I will bless you."

"How strangely you talk? Some one has been maligning me."

"No one. But I have come to the knowledge of what only one besides yourself could have told me."

"You mean——"

"Geoffrey Brotherton."

"*He!* He has been telling you——"

"No—thank heaven! I have not yet sunk to the slightest communication with *him*."

She turned her face aside. Veiled as it was by the gathering gloom, she yet could not keep it towards me. But after a brief pause she looked at me and said,

"You know more than—I do not know what you mean."

"I do know more than you think I know. I will tell you under what circumstances I came to such knowledge."

She stood motionless.

"One evening," I went on, "after leaving Moldwarp Hall with Charles Osborne, I returned to the library to fetch a book. As I entered the room where it lay I heard voices in the armory. One was the voice of Geoffrey Brotherton—a man you told me you hated. The other was yours."

She drew herself up and stood stately before me.

"Is that your accusation?" she said. "Is a woman never to speak to a man because she detests him?"

She laughed, I thought drearily.

"Apparently not—for then I presume you would not have asked me to meet you."

"Why should you think I hate *you?*"

"Because you have been treacherous to me."

"In talking to Geoffrey Brotherton? I do hate him. I hate him more than ever. I spoke the truth when I told you that."

"Then you do not hate me?"

"No."

"And yet you delivered me over to my enemy bound hand and foot, as Delilah did Samson. I heard what you said to Brotherton."

She seemed to waver, but stood—speechless, as if waiting for more.

"I heard you tell him that I had taken that sword—the sword you had always been urging me to take—the sword you unsheathed and laid on my bed that I might be tempted to take it—why I cannot understand, for I never did you a wrong to my poor knowledge. I fell into your snare, and you made use of the fact you had achieved to ruin my character, and drive me from the house in which I was foolish enough to regard myself as conferring favors rather than receiving them. You have caused me to be branded as a thief for taking—at your suggestion—that which was and still is my own!"

"Does Charley know this?" she asked, in a strangely altered voice.

"He does. He learned it yesterday."

"O my God!" she cried, and fell kneeling on the grass at my feet. "Wilfrid! Wilfrid! I will tell you all. It was to tell you all about this very thing that I asked you to come. I could not bear it longer. Only your tone made me angry. I did not know you knew so much."

The very fancy of such submission from such a creature would have thrilled me with a wild compassion once; but now I thought of Charley, and felt cold to her sorrow as well as her loveliness. When she lifted her eyes to mine, however—it was not so dark but I could see their sadness—I began to hope a little for my friend. I took her hand and raised her. She was now weeping with down-bent head.

"Clara, you shall tell me all. God forbid I should be hard upon you. But you know I cannot understand it. I have no clew to it. How *could* you serve me so?"

"It is very hard for me—but there is no help now: I must confess disgrace in order to escape infamy. Listen to me, then—as kindly as you can, Wilfrid. I beg your pardon; I have no right to use any old familiarity with you. Had my father's plans succeeded, I should still have had to make an apology to you, but under what different circumstances! I will be as brief as I can. My father believed you the rightful heir to Moldwarp Hall. Your own father believed it, and made my father believe it—that was in case your uncle should leave no heir behind him. But your uncle was a strange man, and would neither lay claim to the property himself, nor allow you to be told of your prospects. He did all he could to make you like himself, indifferent to worldly things; and my father feared you would pride yourself on refusing to claim your rights except some counter-influence were used."

"But why should your father have taken any trouble in the matter?" I asked.

"Well, you know—one in his profession likes to see justice done; and, besides, to conduct such a case must of course be of professional advantage to him. You must not think him under obligation to the present family: my grandfather held the position he still occupies before they came into the property.—I am too unhappy to mind what I say now. My father was pleased when you and I—indeed I fancy he had a hand in our first meeting. But while your uncle lived, he had to be cautious. Chance, however, seemed to favor his wishes. We met more than once, and you liked me, and my father thought I might wake you up to care about your rights, and—and—but—"

"I see. And it might have been, Clara, but for—"

"Only, you see, Mr. Cumbermede," she interrupted with a half-smile, and a little return of her playful manner—"*I* didn't wish it."

"No. You preferred the man who *had* the property."

It was a speech both cruel and rude. She stepped a pace back, and looked me proudly in the face.

"Prefer that man to *you*, Wilfrid! No. I could never have fallen so low as that. But I confess I didn't mind letting papa understand that Mr. Brotherton was polite to me—just to keep him from urging me to—to—You *will* do me the justice that I did not try to make you—to make you—care for me, Wilfrid?"

"I admit it heartily. I will be as honest as you, and confess that you might have done so—easily enough at one time. Indeed I am only half honest after all: I loved you once—after a boyish fashion."

She half-smiled again.

"I am glad you are believing me now," she said.

"Thoroughly," I answered. "When you speak the truth, I must believe you."

"I was afraid to let papa know the real state of things. I was always afraid of him, though I love him dearly, and he is very good to me. I dared not disappoint him by telling him that I loved Charley Osborne. That time—you remember—when we met in Switzerland, his strange ways interested me so much! I was only a girl—but——"

"I understand well enough. I don't wonder at any woman falling in love with my Charley."

"Thank you," she said, with a sigh which seemed to come from the bottom of her heart. "You were always generous. You will do what you can to right me with Charley—won't you? He is very strange sometimes."

"I will indeed. But, Clara, why didn't Charley let *me* know that you and he loved each other?"

"Ah! there my shame comes in again! I wanted—for my father's sake, not for my own—I need not tell you that—I wanted to keep my influence over you a little while—that is until I could gain my father's end. If I should succeed in rousing you to enter an action for the recovery of your rights, I thought my father might then be reconciled to my marrying Charley instead——"

"Instead of me, Clara. Yes—I see. I begin to understand the whole thing. It's not so bad as I thought—not by any means."

"Oh, Wilfrid! how good of you! I shall love you next to Charley all my life."

She caught hold of my hand, and for a moment seemed on the point of raising it to her lips.

"But I can't easily get over the disgrace you have done me, Clara. Neither, I confess, can I get over your degrading yourself to a private interview with such a beast as I know—and can't help suspecting you knew Brotherton to be."

She dropped my hand, and hid her face in both her own.

"I did know what he was; but the thought of Charley made me able to go through with it."

"With the sacrifice of his friend to his enemy?"

"It was bad. It was horridly wicked. I hate myself for it. But you know I thought it would do you no harm in the end."

"How much did Charley know of it all?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever. How could I trust his innocence? He's the simplest creature in the world, Wilfrid."

"I know that well enough."

"I could not confess one atom of it to him. He would have blown up the whole scheme at once. It was all I could do to keep him from telling you of our engagement; and that made him miserable."

"Did you tell him I was in love with you? You knew I was, well enough."

"I dared not do that," she said, with a sad smile. "He would have vanished—would have killed himself to make way for you."

"I see you understand him, Clara."

"That will give me some feeble merit in your eyes—won't it, Wilfrid?"

"Still I don't see quite why you betrayed me to Brotherton. I daresay I should if I had time to think it over."

"I wanted to put you in such a position with regard to the Brothertons that you could have no scruples in respect of them such as my father feared from what he called the over-refinement of your ideas of honor. The treatment you must receive would, I thought, rouse every feeling against them. But it was not *all* for my father's sake, Wilfrid. It was, however mistaken, yet a good deal for the sake of Charley's friend that I thus disgraced myself. Can you believe me?"

"I do. But nothing can wipe out the disgrace to me."

"The sword was your own. Of course I never for a moment doubted that."

"But they believed I was lying."

"I can't persuade myself it signifies greatly what such people think about you. I except Sir Giles. The rest are——"

"Yet you consented to visit them."

"I was in reality Sir Giles's guest. Not one of the others would have asked me."

"Not Geoffrey?"

"I owe *him* nothing but undying revenge for Charley."

Her eyes flashed through the darkness, and she looked as if she could have killed him.

"But you were plotting against Sir Giles all the time you were his guest?"

"Not unjustly though. The property was not his, but yours—that is, as we then believed. As far as I knew, the result would have been a real service to him, in delivering him from unjust possession—a thing he would himself have scorned. It was all very wrong—very low, if you like—but somehow it then seemed simple enough—a lawful stratagem for the right."

"Your heart was so full of Charley!"

"Then you do forgive me, Wilfrid?"

"With all my soul. I hardly feel now as if I had anything to forgive."

I drew her towards me and kissed her on the forehead. She threw her arms round me, and clung to me, sobbing like a child.

"You will explain it all to Charley—won't you?" she said, as soon as she could speak, withdrawing herself from the arm which had involuntarily crept around her, seeking to comfort her.

"I will," I said.

We were startled by a sound in the clump of trees behind us. Then over their tops passed a wailful gust of wind, through which we thought came the fall of receding footsteps.

"I hope we haven't been overheard," I said. "I shall go at once and tell Charley all about it. I will just see you home first."

"There's no occasion for that, Wilfrid; and I'm sure I don't deserve it."

"You deserve a thousand thanks. You have lifted a mountain off me. I see it all now. When your father found it was no use——"

"Then I saw I had wronged you, and I couldn't bear myself till I had confessed all."

"Your father is satisfied then that the register would not stand in evidence?"

"Yes. He told me all about it."

"He has never said a word to me on the matter; but just dropped me in the dirt, and let me lie there."

"You must forgive him too, Wilfrid. It was a dreadful blow to him, and it was weeks before he told me. We couldn't think what was the matter with him. You see he had been cherishing the scheme ever since your father's death, and it was a great humiliation to find he had been sitting so many years on an addled egg," she said, with a laugh in which her natural merriment once more peeped out.

I walked home with her, and we parted like old friends.

On my way to the Temple, I was anxiously occupied as to how Charley would receive the explanation I had to give him. That Clara's confession would be a relief I could not doubt; but it must cause him great pain notwithstanding. His sense of honor was so keen, and his ideal of womankind so lofty, that I could not but dread the consequences of the revelation. At the same time I saw how it might benefit him. I had begun to see that it is more divine to love the erring than to love the good, and to understand how there is more joy over the one than over the ninety and nine. If Charley, understanding that he is no divine lover who loves only so long as he is able to flatter himself that the object of his love is immaculate, should find that he must love Clara in spite of her faults and wrong-doings, he might thus grow to be less despairful over his own failures; he might, through his love for Clara, learn to hope for himself, notwithstanding the awful distance at which perfection lay removed.

But as I went I was conscious of a strange oppression. It was not properly mental, for my interview with Clara had raised my spirits. It was a kind of physical oppression I felt, as if the air, which was in reality clear and cold, had been damp and close and heavy.

I went straight to Charley's chambers. The moment I opened the door, I knew that something was awfully wrong. The room was dark—but he would often sit in the dark. I called him, but received no answer. Trembling, I struck a light, for I feared to move lest I should touch something dreadful. But when I had succeeded in lighting the lamp, I found the room just as it always was. His hat was on the table. He must be in his bed-room. And yet I did not feel as if anything alive was near me. Why was everything so frightfully still? I opened the door as slowly and fearfully as if I had dreaded arousing a sufferer whose life depended on his repose. There he lay on his bed, in his clothes—fast asleep, as I thought, for he often slept so, and at any hour of the day—the natural relief of his much-perturbed mind. His eyes were closed, and his face was very white. As I looked, I heard a sound—a drop—another! There was a slow drip somewhere. God in heaven! Could it be? I rushed to him, calling him aloud. There was no response. It was too true! He was dead. The long snake-like Indian dagger was in his heart, and the blood was oozing slowly from around it.

I dare not linger over that horrible night, or the horrible days that followed. Such days! such nights! The letters to write!—The friends to tell!—Clara!—His father!—The police!—The inquest!

. . . . .

Mr. Osborne took no notice of my letter, but came up at once. Entering where I sat with my head on my arms on the table, the first announcement I had of his presence was a hoarse, deep, broken voice ordering me out of the room. I obeyed mechanically, took up Charley's hat instead of my own, and walked away with it. But the neighbors were kind, and although I did not attempt to approach again all that was left of my friend, I watched from a neighboring window, and following at a little distance, was present when they laid his form, late at night, in the unconsecrated ground of a cemetery.

I may just mention here what I had not the heart to dwell upon in the course of my narrative—that since the talk about suicide, occasioned by the remarks of Sir Thomas Browne, he had often brought up the subject—chiefly, however, in a half-humorous tone, and from what may be called an æsthetic point of view, as to the best mode of accomplishing it. For some of the usual modes he expressed abhorrence, as being so ugly; and on the whole considered—I well remember the phrase, for he used it more than once—that a dagger—and on one of those occasions he took up the Indian weapon already described, and said—"such as this now,"—was "the most gentleman-like usher into the presence of the Great Nothing." As I had, however, often heard that those who contemplated suicide never spoke of it, and as his manner on the occasions to which I refer was always merry, such talk awoke little uneasiness; and I believe that he never had at the moment any conscious attraction to the subject stronger than a speculative one. At the same time, however, I believe that the speculative attraction itself had its roots in the misery with which in other and prevailing moods he was so familiar.

CHAPTER LIV.

ISOLATION.

After writing to Mr. Osborne to acquaint him with the terrible event, the first thing I did was to go to Clara. I will not attempt to describe what followed. The moment she saw me, her face revealed, as in a mirror, the fact legible on my own, and I had scarcely opened my mouth when she cried, "He is dead!" and fell fainting on the floor. Her aunt came, and we succeeded in recovering her a little. But she lay still as death on the couch where we had laid her, and the motion of her eyes hither and thither as if following the movements of some one about the room was the only sign of life in her. We spoke to her, but evidently she heard nothing; and at last, leaving her when the doctor arrived, I waited for her aunt in another room, and told her what had happened.

Some days after, Clara sent for me, and I had to tell her the whole story. Then, with agony in every word she uttered, she managed to inform me that when she went in after I left her at the door that night, she found waiting her a note from Charley; and this she now gave me to read. It contained a request to meet him that evening at the very place, which I had appointed. It was their customary rendezvous when she was in town. In all probability he was there when we were, and heard and saw—heard too little and saw too much, and concluded that both Clara and I were false to him. The frightful perturbation which a conviction such as that must cause in a mind like his could be nothing short of madness. For, ever tortured by a sense of his own impotence, of the gulf to all appearance eternally fixed between his actions and his aspirations, and unable to lay hold of the Essential, the Causing Goodness, he had clung with the despair of a perishing man to the dim reflex of good he saw in her and me. If his faith in that was indeed destroyed, the last barrier must have given way, and the sea of madness, ever breaking against it, must have broken in and overwhelmed him. But, O my friend! surely long ere now thou knowest that we were not false; surely the hour will yet dawn when I shall again hold thee to my heart; yea, surely, even if still thou countest me guilty, thou hast already found for me endless excuse and forgiveness.

I can hardly doubt, however, that he inherited a strain of madness from his father, a madness which that father had developed by forcing upon him the false forms of a true religion.

It is not then strange that I should have thought and speculated much about madness. What does its frequent impulse to suicide indicate? May it not be its main instinct to destroy itself as an evil thing? May not the impulse arise from some unconscious conviction that there is for it no remedy but the shuffling off of this mortal coil—nature herself dimly urging through the fumes of the madness to the one blow which lets in the light and air? Doubtless, if in the mind so sadly unhinged, the sense of a holy Presence could be developed—the sense of a love that loves through all vagaries—of a hiding-place from forms of evil the most fantastic—of a fatherly care that not merely holds its insane child in its arms, but enters into the chaos of his imagination, and sees every wildest horror with which it swarms; if, I say, the conviction of such a love dawned on the disordered mind, the man would live in spite of his imaginary foes, for he would pray against them as sure of being heard as St. Paul when he prayed concerning the thorn from which he was not delivered, but against which he was sustained. And who can tell how often this may be the fact—how often the lunatic also lives by faith? Are not the forms of madness most frequently those of love and religion? Certainly, if there be a God, he does not forget his frenzied offspring; certainly he is more tender over them than any mother over her idiot darling;

certainly he sees in them what the eye of brother or sister cannot see. But some of them at least have not enough of such support to be able to go on living; and for my part I confess I rejoice as often as I hear that one has succeeded in breaking his prison bars.

When the crystal shrine has grown dim, and the fair forms of nature are in their entrance contorted hideously; when the sunlight itself is as blue lightning, and the wind in the summer trees is as "a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains;" when the body is no longer a mediator between the soul and the world, but the prison-house of a lying jailer and torturer—how can I but rejoice to hear that the tormented captive has at length forced his way out into freedom?

When I look behind me, I can see but little through the surging lurid smoke of that awful time. The first sense of relief came when I saw the body of Charley laid in the holy earth. For the earth *is* the Lord's—and none the less holy that the voice of the priest may have left it without his consecration. Surely if ever the Lord laughs in derision, as the Psalmist says, it must be when the voice of a man would in *his* name exclude his fellows from their birthright. O Lord, gather thou the outcasts of thy Israel, whom the priests and the rulers of thy people have cast out to perish!

I remember for the most part only a dull agony, interchanging with apathy. For days and days I could not rest, but walked hither and thither, careless whither. When at length I would lie down weary and fall asleep, suddenly I would start up, hearing the voice of Charley crying for help, and rush in the middle of the winter night into the wretched streets, there to wander till daybreak. But I was not utterly miserable. In my most wretched dreams I never dreamed of Mary, and through all my waking distress I never forgot her. I was sure in my very soul that she did me no injustice. I had laid open the deepest in me to her honest gaze, and she had read it, and could not but know me. Neither did what had occurred quench my growing faith. I had never been able to hope much for Charley in this world; for something was out of joint with him, and only in the region of the unknown was I able to look for the setting right of it. Nor had many weeks passed before I was fully aware of relief when I remembered that he was dead. And whenever the thought arose that God might have given him a fairer chance in this world, I was able to reflect that apparently God does not care for this world save as a part of the whole; and on that whole I had yet to discover that he could have given him a fairer chance.

(To be continued.)

AN ELOPEMENT IN MOSCOW.

One day late in the fall I was sitting quietly writing in my little cabinet at Moscow, when the door-bell rang and my friend Feodor entered.

Feodor was an enthusiastic young Russian with whom I had long been intimate, but whom I had not seen for several months, which he had spent somewhere in the south of Russia, on his mother's estates. My papers were at once pushed aside, and I jumped up to greet him. As soon as he had embraced me three times, in the orthodox Russian style, and answered my questions as to where he had been and what he had been busy with so long, a grave look came over his usually sunny face, and he said, "I've come only on business; I want you to do me a favor."

When he had received assurances of my readiness to serve him, he said he wanted me to come to a wedding. At this my face fell; for I knew that Feodor had an artistic, passionate nature, and was always devotedly in love with some one,—little passions which often threatened to make a rupture between him and his mother,—and I feared he was about to do something rash, especially as the marriage was to be a stolen one. I was soon reassured by learning that it was an affair of his cousin, Baron K., who had come to town only the night before, and had no time to come and ask me in person. I was further informed that the bride was a young country-girl—an orphan ill-treated by a cruel step-mother—and that the marriage was to take place in Moscow, in order that the Baron's mother might not hear of it and prevent it.

I was a little astonished that the Baron, who was a man of thirty-five, with his own property, should not be free to marry as he chose, but was told that, as law and custom then stood in Russia, the objection of a parent could always retard, if not prevent, the marriage of a child in the regular way, no matter how old that child might be.

"The Baron's mother, you know," continued Feodor, "is a lady of the old school, who lives chiefly in Paris and Italy, and she wants my cousin to marry some rich princess of great family. This young lady is only a merchant's daughter, which makes him fear that his mother will hear of it, and prevent the match if the banns are published in the parish church in the usual style. His brother Paul approves of it, and is going to be one of the witnesses. So we all came up here to Moscow, and the wedding will be this afternoon at four o'clock, in the Petroffsky Barracks."

"At the Barracks!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and by a military priest. We find that a three months' residence in Moscow is necessary to enable them to be married by an ordinary priest, and then the banns would have to be published. But an army chaplain is subject only to the Grand Almoner of the army, and not to the Metropolitan, and is free from many of the ordinary rules. If a man wants to marry his cousin, he always goes to a military priest. I had to run about all the evening to find one, and then to beat him down,—he asked such an enormous price. We finally compromised for a hundred rubles, half of which I paid down."

After I had received satisfactory assurances that everything was all right, and that the Baron was very anxious to have me come to see the ceremony, I agreed to join the wedding party at Kokoreff's Hotel, at half-past three. I was, to tell the truth, heartily glad of the chance of seeing and almost taking part in an elopement, and hastily finished up all my business, so as to be on hand in time.

When I got to the hotel, I found the Baron, his brother Paul, and Feodor waiting impatiently for the arrival of the bride, who was somewhere in the neighborhood, under the care of a lady friend, Madame Crazant, a French Creole from the West Indies, who had drifted up to these cold latitudes. After some time two animated bundles of furs drove up to the door in a carriage, and the rest of us got into little droshkies and set out for the Petroffsky Barracks, which were a good mile off. It was past four o'clock, and a violent snow-storm had set in, so that we could scarcely see, and were all whitened with the falling flakes. I could not help thinking of Pushkin's little tale of "The Snow-squall," in which there is a similar elopement, and, the bridegroom losing his way in the snow, a stray traveler, who had stopped for a moment's shelter in the lighted church, is mistaken for him, and seized and married before the error is discovered or he has time to explain. I imagined to myself all sorts of misadventures on this occasion.

Nor was I far out of the way in my apprehensions. At last,—it seemed an age,—we drew through the gate of a courtyard and before the door of an old somber, stuccoed building. We went through a dismal, dark corridor, up dirty stone stairs, along other damp passages, smelling of boiled cabbage, wet boots, and I know not how many other undefined horrible things, guided all along by a soldier in dirty gray overcoat, and halted in the dark before a door which we were told led to the chapel. It was locked. We inquired for the priest, and were told that after waiting some time for us, he had gone. While engaged in debating what to do next, another soldier brought the key, and suggested that possibly the priest might be in the doctor's room. Sending him at once in search, we entered. It was a dirty, low, arched room, a sort of ante-room to the chapel proper. That was of the same character. Large enough for a whole regiment to kneel in, its low arches and heavy piers made it look very squat. A dim light came in at the windows, and enabled us to see the dirty whitewashed walls, and the small wretched pictures of saints hung on them, under which, in lieu of ever-burning lamps, were large iron nails, on which small tapers were stuck by the pressure of the thumb. The altar-screen was somewhat better, and here was an effort at propriety, for the pictures were of due size and covered with the usual gilt facings. One lamp was burning, and two large silver-plate candelabra stood in front of the altar doors. Comparing with this wretched chapel the gorgeous regimental churches at St. Petersburg, one has all the difference between the petted guard and the regular line of the army.

After pacing about for twenty minutes, inspecting the church and trying to comfort the poor bride, who was shivering in her thin white dress, almost ready to cry, and no doubt wishing she had never begun this adventure, our soldier appeared again and lighted up a few candles, and not long after him the chaplain. Such a priest, too, as he was! His robe was stained and greasy, his long hair was uncombed, his face was swollen, and disfigured with a very red bottle-nose, and his breath smelt strongly of *vodka*. I fear his appearance caused us to make some unseemly and disrespectful remarks. At all events, he suspected it, for he harshly reprimanded us for talking French, saying that nothing but Russian or Slavonic should ever be spoken in the Tem-

ple of God, and at the same time brought out a parchment-covered book, and ordered the parties and their witnesses to sign their names in Russian.

This done, he retired behind the altar to put on his vestments, and here a new difficulty arose. The remaining fifty rubles of the stipulated price was to have been paid after the completion of the ceremony; but, beckoning Feodor into the altar, the priest refused to go on until he had the money in his pocket. Feodor came back and consulted with the Baron. There was no help for it; we were afraid that even then he might walk off and leave us in the lurch (he looked capable of it); but we couldn't stop there. There was nothing to do but for the Baron to go up and lay his fifty rubles down on the altar. Finally, these preliminaries being settled, the good father waddled out to the middle of the church, robed in full vestments of cloth of gold. Two soldiers preceded him, one bearing a small reading-desk, the other a large silver candlestick with a gigantic lighted candle.

A square of crimson silk was produced from the bride's bandbox and spread upon the floor beneath the feet of the happy couple, and wax candles decorated with white ribbons and orange-flowers were put into their hands. The priest then threw incense towards the two young people and to all sides of the church, and commenced intoning the service. After a prayer and a formula or two, he brought out two large tawdry gilt crowns, decked with paste gems, and placed them on the heads of the kneeling pair. They were so large that they slipped down almost over their eyes, and when I saw the priest join their hands in the corner of his scarf, as if afraid of soiling his already grimy fingers, and lead them three times around the reading-desk, the scene struck me as so absurd that I could scarcely keep my face straight. I felt still more convulsed when one of the soldiers brought out what seemed to be a silver pap-boat, and administered three spoonfuls of gall and honey —or what passed as such—to each alternately. What the priest read, and what he omitted, I don't know, he read so rapidly; I only know that in ten minutes he had finished what usually takes a full half-hour, and had pronounced the pair man and wife; at all events, the essentials had been accomplished. The cross and gospel were kissed by all, and the ceremony was at an end.

We tendered our congratulations to the Baron and Baroness, packed up the wedding-candles as souvenirs, along with the bride's wreath and veil, leaving the square of crimson silk as the perquisite of the priest, resumed our fur coats, and were about to depart, when the priest again came forward with congratulations, and extended his dirty hand. "For the trouble of waiting so long," he said, in reply to the blank look of the Baron. A five-ruble note was hastily pressed into his hand, which he received with a bow, a gratification given to each of the soldiers, and we were free to go.

It is the custom in Russia for the wedding-feast to be given by the bridegroom at some restaurant or hotel, but Madame Crazant had so desired to give a quiet little dinner at her own house, that it had been decided to give up the greater festivity. Leaving the rest of the party to go straight on with Madame Crazant, Feodor took me along with him to lay in a supply of *paté de foies gras* and other delicacies suitable for the occasion. Wedding-cake is unknown in Russia, and a wedding-feast, therefore, differs from no other as to its constituent parts. When, half an hour after, we had traversed the city and reached Madame Crazant's door, we found three of the party standing there nearly frozen with the cold, and white with the fast-falling snow. The only servant of the establishment had gone off to some of the neighbors, and had locked up the house. Madame had gone off in search. We tried doors and windows, but there was no entering, and we could only stand and shiver. At last the door was opened, and Madame at the same time returned. We were heartily glad of the warm rooms, and fell to with a will on the *zakuska*,—caviare and a little glass of brandy,—the invariable preliminary to a Russian meal. Even the ladies did not disdain this method of restoring their circulation. Madame looked a little grave as we took our places at the table, and while we were finishing our soup she informed us that the rest of the dinner was probably spoiled. The delays we had had, and the negligence of the servant while gossiping in the neighborhood, had caused everything to be well burned up; and instead of juicy roast beef and tender fowl, we had literally dried bones. Fortunate it was for us that we had made our little excursion to the shops of comestibles on the Smiths' Bridge, for what we had brought home was really all that we had to eat, save a delicious salad. We, however, laughed down our disappointment, and were as merry as we could be while we drank the health of the Baroness, in order to soothe the feelings of Madame Crazant, who naturally felt very much mortified at having asked us to such an unsubstantial meal.

The poor bride all this time looked distressed, and could not be cheered up. Not even the wine seemed to warm her, and our gayety was restrained and quieted down by her sadness. While we gentlemen were sipping our coffee, the secret was revealed. Her dress was much too tight, and it became necessary for Madame to retire with her to the adjoining room, unlace her, and rub her vigorously to keep her from fainting away. When the Baroness had recovered, and appeared once more in looser attire, we all begged Feodor, who was an excellent and accomplished musician, to give us some music. His violin was brought out; but, alas! he had forgotten the key at his hotel, and Madame had no piano. Thinking that a change of scene might bring a change of spirits to the party, I urged them all to come to my house for tea. I had a piano there, and Feodor could stop on the way for his key, and we could make one last attempt to be "merry as marriage-bells." All felt a certain nameless something where they were, and all gladly accepted my proposition. The bride said she would go home and change her dress, and her friends would come on with her and join us in half an hour.

The eagerness with which my invitation was accepted made me reflect on my precipitation. A bachelor's house is not always in order, and I began to think that perhaps something there might be disarranged, and thus another scene added to this comedy of errors. I begged permission, therefore, to go straight home to make preparation. Fortunately, everything was in order, but still an irruption of this sort in a small house always causes a commotion. Arkadi went off in post-haste to the baker's, and Avdotia flew about in her anxiety to have the *samovar* well boiling and the table spread. At last my guests arrived, and I can truly say that my tea was the best part of the elopement. We had songs, had our fortunes told by my old Avdotia, and got merrier and merrier; and it was past one o'clock when the wedding-party bade me good-night. I have often seen the Baron since, and I don't think he ever regrets the marriage that was contracted under such ill auspices and with so many little misadventures.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

LET US BE VIRTUOUS.

THE devil is a sharp financier. He manages to make good people, or people who think they are good, pay the dividends on all the stock he issues, and cash all his premiums on rascality. Sometimes, however, the good people get tired, and, taking on a fit of severe virtue, protest. In the city of New York there is a Committee of Seventy operating against seventy rogues multiplied by seven, and all the city is in a state of fierce indignation. It has been found that the public purse has been shamelessly robbed—that the work has been going on for years—and that the robbers are men of power, both in and out of office. We say this is found to be the case, but we do not mean to intimate that the finding is a new one. No one is any more certain to-day than he was five years ago that the tax-payers of the city are systematically robbed. It was just as well known then as it is now, that men in public office were making fortunes illegitimately. The figures that *The Times* and its coadjutors have published have not added to the popular conviction in this matter. They have simply shown how much the public have been robbed, and it is the magnitude of the figures that has roused the moral indignation. The people knew their rulers were doing wrong, but they were too busy with making money to interfere. They knew they were stealing something, but thought it best to permit the theft, and only became overwhelmingly conscientious when they found that the rogues were determined to have their last dollar. Then they grew wide awake, grasped their pockets, cried "stop thief!" and became virtuous.

Shall we—must we—confess that such enormous frauds and robberies as these which we notice are only rendered possible by a low condition of the public morality? Must we confess that only in New York city could such things have happened? Must we confess that this shocking and unparalleled malfeasance is only an outcropping of a universally underlying baseness, and that there are ten thousand men in New York city alone who would have been glad to do exactly what our rulers have done, and would have done it with the opportunity? Think ye that these rogues are sinners above all Galileans? Let us acknowledge the truth. They are proceeded against not because they offend the public conscience, not because they have done wrong, not because they are the enemies of public virtue, not because their example demoralizes and debauches our children, not because they shame and disgrace us in the eyes of the world, not because they have stolen from us constantly, and not because they use us as clean means to dirty ends, for all these have they been doing for years, with our knowledge and consent; but because they have stolen so enormously that we are in danger of being ruined. This rouses us, and we find that we have a conscience, carried for convenience in the bottom of our pockets, and only stirred by thieves who reach very far down.

It is time that a community in which such robberies are possible were alarmed for itself. We are overrun by men of easy virtue. Picking and stealing are going on everywhere. The community is full of men who are anxious to make money without earning it. They fill the lobby at the capital, they fasten in various capacities upon railroad corporations, they hang upon insurance companies, they seek for sinecures everywhere. Their influence is intolerable, yet they are everywhere tolerated. They regard it as no wrong by whatsoever and in what way soever they may be benefited by a corporation. All means are fair which take money from a corporation. Stockholders are systematically robbed, and have been for many years, yet there is not moral force and earnestness enough in the popular protest to gain the slightest attention, or arrest the passage of the plunder for a moment. There is moral rottenness in every quarter. The "deadhead" is everywhere, and the dead-heart invariably keeps it company.

But let us rejoice that we have at last a protest. Ay, let us rejoice that a few have had the opportunity to do what many would be glad to do if they had the opportunity, and thus learn what a wilderness of wolves our apathy and toleration have sheltered and permitted to multiply, until our lives and fortunes are in danger. The popular greed for money, coupled with low morality, runs just as directly into robbery as a river tends to the sea. There is never a railway disaster in which fifty persons are rendered momentarily helpless, that does not find pickpockets and plunderers on board. It is so East or West, North or South. There is never a battle in any locality that does not call from the immediately surrounding country a host of human fiends to strip the slain. Opportunity is all that is needed to prove how universal and powerful is the propensity to steal. What the better elements of society need is union and determination in the effort to shut from rogues this opportunity. No bad man is fit for any office, and the good men of a city who do not think it worth while to unite for the simple purpose of being ruled by good men, have none but themselves to blame if they are robbed. Indeed, by refusing to unite for this purpose, they become participators in the crimes which they condemn.

CHICAGO.

NEVER, in the history of the world, was a local calamity more remarkably national in its character and consequences than the burning of Chicago. There was hardly a community in the United States that had not a direct pecuniary interest in that wonderful city which a tornado, armed with flame, has stricken from the face of the earth. Attracted by the promise of large returns to enterprise and heavy interest on investments, capital has been flowing in a steady stream into Chicago, from all quarters of the Union that had capital to spare, for many years. The real estate of Chicago was heavily mortgaged to the rest of the country, while her magnificent stores were crowded with goods from Eastern cities waiting to be sold and to be paid for. The insurance money, which is to play so important a part in the restoration of the city, will be gathered from the whole nation. The accumulations of nearly all the companies — those accumulations which gave assurance of security to the rest of the country—are swept away. There was not a man in the Union worth a thousand dollars before the Chicago fire, who was not a hundred dollars poorer after it had done its work. The whole nation grew poor in a night, and even now does not realize what it has lost. Depreciated real estate and shrunken values of goods and stocks and bonds tell how universally this loss has fallen. The sufferers upon the ground have the worst of it, we know, but we are all sufferers; and, thank Heaven! we are all bound together by a common sympathy.

Nothing probably in the history of the country has shown us so strongly as this calamity has done the organic unity of the national life. With our river, lake, railroad, and coastwise communications, and our telegraph lines everywhere, our great family of forty millions of people are brought close together. We hear from all our friends, in the morning papers, every day. The interests of every State and every great city are spread before us in the issues of the press; and not a man fails in business or dies, not an accident happens here or there, nothing occurs of universal concern, that is not chronicled and known to some one in every considerable community in the United States. The railway trains are loaded all the time with those who keep up the interchanges of social and business life between States and cities, and who help to make us more and more a homogeneous people. When Chicago was burned, we knew that not only our property had been injured, but that our friends had suffered. The blood as well as the money of the nation had been flowing into Chicago. Had the same calamity visited Marseilles, we should have been moved, but not to any such degree as we have been. Chicago was a part of ourselves, our property, and our domain; and the calamity which destroyed it was as truly national as it was local.

It has been worth something to us to learn how important a part in the life of the nation a city like Chicago plays. No nation ever had such a chance to learn this lesson as we have now. We are an organic whole,—a growth from a germ, with interdependent parts; and no member can suffer without bringing the whole organism into a sympathy of suffering. The entire business of the country was modified by the life of Chicago. American trade and commerce—though unconsciously, perhaps—were based on the existence of Chicago. The same is true of Cincinnati, of St. Louis, of Boston, of New York, and New Orleans. These are all factors in the national life and prosperity. Eliminate one, and there not only comes great derangement to trade, but a universal depreciation of values. St. Louis, so long the rival of Chicago, is a poorer city to-day, because Chicago is

not. There is not a city which felt itself aggrieved, or in any degree overreached or overshadowed by that city, that would not be richer and more prosperous than it is if Chicago were to-day intact and in the full tide of successful trade. The best proof, however, of the vital connection of Chicago with the rest of the nation, is found in the overflowing charities which her houseless population have called forth from every community in the country that had a dollar to give. Such benefactions on behalf of a suffering people are unexampled in history. If the calamity has been without parallel, so has the gift been without precedent; and St. Louis and Cincinnati (a thousand honors to the Christian civilization of the age!) were first to bring succor, and kindest in the noble strife to do good to their unfortunate competitor in the race for business and influence. We have an immeasurable moral good as an offset to our material loss. The national heart has been softened by this resistless appeal to its charities, and we are all better for being turned away for weeks, and for months even, from our selfish schemes, in the contemplation of the wants and woes of others and the unreliableness of our own possessions. But Chicago is to be rebuilt. In five years, it will hardly fail to be as commanding a city as it has ever been; and it is possible that its population will go into the future sobered, chastened, and with a spirit more thoroughly recognizing that Providence in whose hand lie the destinies of cities as well as the fortunes of men.

THE WASHINGTON TREATY AND THE PEACE REFORMERS.

MEETINGS have recently been held in various parts of the country to celebrate the ratification of the Treaty of Washington. They have been held under the auspices of the American Peace Society, which, through its speakers, has claimed that treaty to be largely the work of itself and its affiliated society in England. That the treaty is in the line of the noble policy of these societies there is no question, but we very sincerely doubt whether the peace societies of England and America have had the slightest influence in the making and ratification of this pact between our two great English-speaking nations. These societies have never commanded large attention at home or abroad. Their ideas have been recognized as pure, and as belonging to an advanced standard of national ethics, but they have had very little influence upon politics and political men; and we have no doubt that the Treaty of Washington would have been made and ratified if the peace societies of England and America had never existed. The peace reformers, as they are called, are the products of their age rather than the leaders. An island, springing from the sea, shows first a mountain-top, but it is not the mountain-top that raises the island, even though it crown itself king of the movement.

The two parties to this treaty had motives sufficient for its production aside from a broad peace policy and aside from Christian principle. We hope that something of these found place in their deliberations and decisions; but we do not regard the treaty as in any sense a renunciation of war, and a pledge that all future difficulties between the nations shall be settled in the same sweet way. It was plainly for the interest, alike of England and America, to avoid a war with each other. Nothing was to be gained by either party in a war; on the contrary, much was to be lost by both parties. Although the treaty was made in the interest of Christian civilization, and although, as a lesson in international policy, it is invaluable and of immense influence in the world, we doubt whether the motives which dictated it would stand the highest test, or would flatter the Peace Society, or in any way increase its self-complacency. Still, it is well enough for this society to call attention to the event, and to say that the treaty is a fair exemplification of its policy.

When war ceases among the nations of the earth, if it ever shall cease, it will cease because of their Christianization. The fact that dueling exists in one community and does not exist in another shows, simply, that Christian civilization has not made the same advance in one community that it has in another. Societies formed in a dueling community for the suppression of that particular crime would accomplish very little; but the inculcation of Christian principles and the Christian life would, in time, lift the community above it. Until a community has thus been raised, so that opposition to the duel shall be a matter of principle, there can be no true reform by any agency. It is precisely thus with regard to wars. War and the duel are the same in principle. Both are bequests of barbarism. One is a fight between two men; the other is a fight between two nations. Both are appeals to physical force and skill for the settlement of disputes, and neither can be justified by the spirit of Christianity. Nothing can be more irrational and unphilosophical than the idea of doing away with war by speeches and resolutions and conventions and theories and statistics. So long as there is war in the heart and character of a people, there will be war in fact.

The French nation offers a good field for the experiments of a peace society. It has just been defeated in one of the most remarkable wars of history. The heart of France is bitter with its sense of humiliation, and dark with its purpose of a distant revenge. How much good would it do to talk to the people of France of the beauties and material advantages of a policy of peace, until they have had a chance to revenge themselves upon Prussia? One might as well talk to the wind. Until the heart of France shall be changed by a better religion and more of it—until France is more genuinely and thoroughly Christianized than it ever has been—her war policy and her love of war will not and cannot be changed. Even should half a dozen of the most powerful nations unite in an agreement to settle all their own disputes through an international board of arbitration, they have no defense but war

against the rest of the world, and no power to enforce their policy upon the rest of the world except by means of war. There is no cure for war but the Millennium, and even that would not be hastened if war, by any agreement of the nations, should cease. War seems to have been used by Providence for the working of its own cure. It makes the steps by which the world rises very painful; but until the world is better than it is, war will never be an unmixed evil. The recent war between Prussia and France ought to be and probably will be a blessing to Europe. It is a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, and until the disease is eradicated by the power of a better national life, war will not be abolished, though ten thousand peace societies were active in the world. If reformers of all sorts would theorize less on policy and institutions and law, and devote their entire energies to making the world better in its motives and character, policy and institutions and law would start by a natural growth from the new conditions and take care of themselves.

THE YOUNG IN GREAT CITIES.

THE world learns its lessons slowly. Much of the world does not learn its lessons at all. The young are everywhere growing up amid the ruins of other lives, apparently without inquiring or caring for the reasons of the disasters to life, fortune, and reputation that are happening, or have happened, everywhere around them. One man, with great trusts of money in his hands, betrays the confidence of the public, becomes a hopeless defaulter, and blows his brains out. Another, led on by love of power and place, is degraded at last to a poor demagogue, without character or influence. Another, through a surrender of himself to sensuality, becomes a disgusting beast, with heart and brain more foul than the nests of unclean birds. Another, by tasting, and tasting, and tasting of the wine-cup, becomes a drunkard at last, and dies in horrible delirium, or lives to be a curse to wife, children, and friends. There is an army of these poor wretches in every large city in the land dying daily, and daily re-enforced. A young girl, loving "not wisely, but too well," yields herself to a seducer who ruins and then forsakes her to a life of shame and a death of despair. Not one girl, but thousands of girls yearly, so that, though a great company of those whose robes are soiled beyond cleansing hide themselves in the grave during every twelve-month, another great company of the pure drop to their places, and keep filled to repletion the ranks of prostitution. Again and again, in instances beyond counting, are these tragedies repeated in the full presence of the rising generation, and yet it seems to grow no wiser. Nothing has been more fully demonstrated than that the first steps of folly and sin are fraught with peril. Nothing has been better proved than that temperate drinking is always dangerous, and that excessive drinking is always ruinous. Nothing is better known than that a man cannot consort with lewd women for an hour without receiving a taint that a whole life of repentance cannot wholly eradicate. Since time began have women been led astray by the same promises, the same pledges, the same empty rewards. If young men and young women could possibly learn wisdom, it would seem as if they might win it in a single day, by simply using their eyes and thinking upon what they see. Yet in this great city of New York, and in all the great cities of the country, young men and young women are all the time repeating the mistakes of those around them who are wrecked in character and fortune. The young man keeps his wine bottle, and seeks resorts where deceived and ruined women lie in wait for prey, knowing perfectly well if he knows anything, or has ever used fairly the reason with which Heaven has endowed him, that he is in the broad road to perdition,—that there is before him a life of disgust and a death of horror.

When the results of certain courses of conduct and certain indulgences are so well known as these to which we allude, it seems strange that any can enter upon them. Every young man knows that if he never tastes a glass of alcoholic drink he will never become, or stand in danger of becoming, a drunkard. Every young man knows that if he preserves a chaste youth, and shuns the society of the lewd, he can carry to the woman whom he loves a self-respect which is invaluable, a past freely open to her questioning gaze, and the pure physical vitality which shall be the wealth of another generation. He knows that the rewards of chastity are ten thousand times greater than those of criminal indulgence. He knows that nothing is lost and everything is gained by a life of manly sobriety and self-denial. He knows all this, if he has had his eyes open, and has exercised his reason in even a small degree; and yet he joins the infatuated multitude and goes straight to the devil. We know that we do not exaggerate when we say that New York has thousands of young men, with good mothers and pure sisters, who, if their lives should be uncovered, could never look those mothers and sisters in the face again. They are full of fears of exposure, and conscious of irreparable loss. Their lives are masked in a thousand ways. They live a daily lie. They are the victims and slaves of vices which are just as certain to cripple or kill them, unless at once and forever forsaken, as they live. There are thousands of others who, now pure and good, will follow evil example unwarned by what they see, and within a year will be walking in the road that leads evermore downward.

One tires of talking to fools, and falls back in sorrow that hell and destruction are never full—in sorrow that men cannot or will not learn that there is but one path to an honorable, peaceful, prosperous, and successful life, and that all others lead more or less directly to ruin.

THE OLD CABINET.

A SINGULAR change has come of late over the face of Spring—which would be an odd remark at the shivery time of the year if I meant the season instead of my dog. I have been a long while absent from the old house, and upon my return, this evening, the brisk brown tail that once gyrated in such a spasm of glad welcome, wagged a most feeble greeting. The dog bounded not as of yore to my very shoulder, nor wheeled about me in ecstatic circles. There was a welcoming wriggle still, but not the old, abandoned, unkempt fury.

But as the dear fellow sits yonder near the andirons, there is a tender look in his dark eye that tells me, quite as well as the former agony of joy, that his cup runneth over with the happiness of my coming back. His front is to the fire, but his small, fine head is cocked on one side, while he watches me with full content. And as I look into that frank face of his, every line of which is as familiar to me as—my own, I notice the change of which I spoke.

The hair upon his forehead is turning white, two lines of gray run down even to the point of the nose, and there is a look of age about his features—about his whole bearing indeed—that I never noticed before.

When one comes to think of it,—as terriers go, Spring *is* an old dog. Many a summer has shed its leaves since we laid his mother in her narrow tomb, —a queer little African circus-dog, she—about half Spring's size, and with hide as bare and smooth as an elephant's, save for the half-dozen gray hairs that stood erect on her head, imparting an air of wise and sprightly venerableness,—and the scrimpy tuft at the end of her tail. And Spring's companions have likewise fallen away from him, one by one, leaving him to his solitary path and fireside—solitary save for human sympathy and cheer. Zoo was the last to go—that genial animal the tradition of whose early corpulence still in thin old age hung about his shrunken sides, rendering every movement replete with dignified unwieldiness.

The strangest part of this change in Spring is the old-young look. He seems like a boy with his grandfather's spectacles and wig. I cannot reconcile the gray hairs and weary movements with the atmosphere of youth that remains. His young soul surely is masquerading in this ancient guise. But I can see through the domino, my dog! You may not know that you are wearing any—you wonder, I think, at the unwonted film over the clear vision, at the invisible bands that bind those lithe and willing limbs.

What have the mutations of time, the chemic laws, to do with the souls of us? "He who loves is in no condition old." Spring, my dear fellow, do you love your master?

There, there! that will do, you young rascal,—Down, I say! Down!

I CONFESS that the Hon. Boanerges Brown is one of my stumbling-blocks. There he goes now on his way to Sunday afternoon service, with his godly little wife by his side and his gilt-edged hymn-book under his left arm. He doesn't look like a stumbling-block, you say—so smooth and shaven and broadclothy, with such a sunny smile, such a substantial air altogether; rather, think you, he points a moral as to the prosperity of the righteous—he represents the eternal fitness of things. Is he not, you ask, one of the pillars of the church, first and foremost in every good work; doesn't he teach in the Sunday-school; and make splendid temperance addresses; and isn't he a perfect model of a public-spirited Christian gentleman? And see how he neglects his own business for the Legislature, just on account of the example. 'Stumbling-block, indeed! I should say he was a stepping-stone, or a monument, or a statue, or something else very fine and inspiring.'

Theodosia, thou of the innocent eye and the unsophisticated understanding,—that is just it! Isn't he all this (from one point of view), and does he not do all that—and yet, my girl, don't I know him to be a man given to chicanery and deception, a buyer of votes, a corrupter of morals,—in a word, a politician in about the meanest acceptation of the term.

I say meanest, because I have a great deal more respect for the hard-fisted shoulder-hitter who earns a comparatively honest dollar on election day, by solid and congenial service at the polls; a great deal more charity for the low-lived, perjured "repeater"—than for the "Christian gentleman,"—God save the mark! —who sits in his parlor and counts out the money for their hire. And I have a much better opinion of the miserable drunkard who ends election day in the lock-up, than I have of the eminent temperance reformer who paid for the fellow's drinks.

Now, you know me well enough to know that I don't say this in any spirit of spite against the church or Sunday-school or temperance society to which the Hon. Boanerges belongs. I am talking simply about him, in the light of a stumbling-block. I say that I can't understand how the man reconciles his political actions with his conscience. He may be as sincere in his religious professions as he is earnest in his partisan performances; but somehow I can't put this and that together, and make anything but a jumble. And I say, moreover, that while to me he is an intellectual stumbling-block, to a good many other people, who may not be so firmly grounded in the faith,—some of his discerning political associates, for instance,—I happen to know that he is a very big and very ugly moral stumbling-block.

AND talking about stumbling-blocks, just let me tell you something, dear young person, which will be of service to you. I wish some kind old soul had told

me as much, in the callow days; it would have saved me many a misery.

It is the most natural first thought in the world—when you have found a friend,—"Now, if only my old friend knew this new one. These are just the two souls that should come together." You talk to each of the other—they send postscript greetings in your letters—you carry loving messages between. O, if only they could meet, you say. Well, at last the interview is brought about, through much desire and contriving—you never rest till it is accomplished. But, lo and behold, instead of their running into each other like Avon and Severn, they come together with a grit. There is no use of stirring; they won't mix. Perhaps the very likeness that you saw holds the secret of their ill-adaptation. At any rate the meeting is a failure; it had been better had they never seen each other in the flesh. Before that, half your talk to Bill was about Ned; and each was as anxious as yourself that he should know this wondrous friend. Now, you do not care to mention either to the other. It is a great sorrow and a great mystery.

And it is the same with books. When you can count as many gray hairs as I can, my dear young person, you will not rush at every one you know with your latest literary enthusiasm. O my, don't I remember how it used to be—the surprises, the disappointments, the regrets! When I look back now, I wonder that I could have been so blind as to think that T. could have considered the writings of S. with any degree of allowance. All that made T. what he was, conspired to make it impossible for him to sympathize with S.; and the best proof in the world that S. was all I believed him to be, was the fact that T. found his works utterly uncongenial and insipid. But it was only after many mistakes and bitternesses that I learned philosophy.

And now,—well, there lies the book that, next to the Bible, I hold in deepest love and highest reverence. I cannot tell you all that book is to me: I think there is not a line of it I could spare; reading it, I am as one who walks on some mountain summit, when suddenly the clouds cleave apart, leaving him dizzy with the sense of height. It is art almost in perfection—and more than that it is, I verily believe, a "gospel of gospel to the world."

There are three friends of mine, the familiar tread of whose feet in the hall would make me snatch that volume from the desk and thrust it into the secretest secret drawer of the Old Cabinet.

And there is a little poem in my breast-pocket—wise in a sort of child-wisdom, sweet and clear and musical as the sunset chimes that were sounding a moment ago from the belfry of St. John's,—yes and cheerier, for it celebrates that first Christmas morning

> "In the bleak mid-winter
> Long ago."

Do you suppose I shall give Grandgrind or the Critic a peep at it? No—but I shall send you a copy, friend of my heart, come the blessed Christmas-time.

SINCE the account, in the October number, of "The Shaker Service," several letters have found their way to the OLD CABINET, from Mount Lebanon. One of these is so ungentlemanly in tone and so gross in language, that we should doubt its having been actually written by the chief of that settlement, did we not detect therein the same allusions and modes of speech which render unsavory certain other writings of the distinguished Shaker it has been our misfortune to encounter.

But we very gladly give place to the following, which we think will be read with great interest and pleasure by all who have seen the Shaker service:—

"I was one of the sisterhood who helped to make up that grotesque procession on that lovely Sabbath morning, and it is now vivid in my recollection. Allow me to give *my* views concerning it. The morning was bright and beautiful, and, as my peaceful slumbers were broken, and I had returned thanks to Him who never sleeps, for his kindly care during the shadows of the night, I felt like singing—

> "'Blessed day of rest—the holy Sabbath!
> Bless'd is the hour of devotion and praise!
> Peaceful the influence, gentle the footsteps
> Of angels, who will walk with us
> In the temple to-day.'

"And to *me* there was more vital energy, deeper and closer communings of spirit with spirit, and of the inspiration which is the breath of life to the soul, in that meeting, than I should be able to feel in a dozen Episcopalian, Baptist, or Methodist meetings. I was reared in the Baptist Church, and am familiar with the worship of Presbyterians, Quakers, Congregationalists, and Catholics. The Shaker worship—'the Shaker life, with its selfish self-denial,' may, to the casual and external observer, appear 'barren, false, ungodly;' yet to many it is truly 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'

"I well remember some of my thoughts while there assembled with the people of my choice. Perchance, at the very moment when our historian was looking at the 'Shaker plaits and homespun brushing the worldly flounces,' and drawing the great contrast, admiring the one and feeling 'melancholy' at the appearance of the other, I also was contrasting the two; and I think my feelings resembled one of old, when I thought of all the 'oppression done under the sun (and even under the profession of Christianity), of the tears of the oppressed,' and of the power of the wealthy classes still to oppress the poor, upon the principle that '*might makes right;*' and I said in my heart, truly 'God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions' to live in pleasure and ease at the expense of his neighbor, who is as good (and possibly more worthy in the sight of God) as himself; and I felt that it was all '*vanity*,' while *you*, my friend, looked upon them as a garden of flowers.

"Again: I thought of the great wrongs done under cover of those gaudy dresses and the costly jewels which hung upon the wearers—how much of this had

been unjustly taken from the hard earnings of the widow, while her orphan children were crying for a morsel of bread. Believe me, *I could not admire;* for I knew there was an eye which pierced through all the glitter and show of that gay throng, and saw diseased bodies, and *souls* too,—a spectacle enough to make angels weep.

"Pardon us, if *we* prefer preserving our *souls, and bodies too*, 'blameless—spotless' unto the coming of that day when all false covering will be removed and all shall appear just as we are, without any disguise, even though at the expense of pleasure, and in plain Shaker garb. The singing of birds, the fields so beautifully dressed in green, the mountains varying in proportion, the hills, and the valleys are all beautiful; *they* are not perverted, but are an honor to their Creator, and harmoniously speak forth his praise.

"Perhaps your Shaker friends are as keenly alive to the beauties of God's creation as are those who ride in their gilded carriages, and seek to ornament the perishable body, while they neglect the *immortal part* which cannot die. A SHAKER SISTER."

The sincerity with which you worshiped, dear Shaker Sister, on that bright Sunday morning of last July, and with which almost every one of your company seemed to worship, gave to the scene, otherwise so ridiculous to the eyes of strangers, the very charm and pathos of which we spoke. Wherever one human heart upreaches toward the heart of the universe,—wherever there is the desire of the soul, the groping, however blindly, toward the light, no matter amid what grotesque surroundings—Howling Dervishes or Dancing Shakers—there we recognize something pathetic—sacred—divine.

But, good Sister, you who profess the Faith of Christ in its simplicity and truth, do you not see how un-Christlike, false, affected this somber garb; how elaborately artificial the outward show of your worship, how selfish and timid this seclusion—unlike, indeed, the manly, strong, helpful, far-reaching life of the Master of us all!

O fellow world's people, shall these Shakers put a shame upon us? Better, ten thousand times sweeter and better, their Religion without Home, than this Home without Religion, which certain silver-tongued, so-called reformers are madly preaching from press and platform to-day!

THE second expedition to the Yellowstone recently returned from that region with stories even more marvelous than those brought by the Langford party of 1870. It has been said, in the West, that every man who goes up there loses his reputation for veracity. But we suppose the most incredulous will be compelled to believe the account of Prof. Hayden, who had charge of the government expedition of 1871; and it is proved by scientific measurements, made by him, that Langford had—with the bug-bears of unbelief and a lost character before his eyes—in many cases greatly underestimated the heights and depths and distances. We believe we do not err in stating that the calm judgment of science accords with the enthusiastic declaration of the first explorers, "that there is not on the globe another region where, within the same limits, Nature has crowded so much of grandeur and majesty with so much of novelty and wonder."

One of the most striking peculiarities of the scenery is the wild, fantastic prodigality of color—and this feature, with the picturesque formations and grand sweeps and stretches of landscape, we shall hope to see faithfully reproduced upon the ample canvases which T. Moran, who accompanied the expedition, intends to devote to these unique, magnificent, and congenial subjects.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THANKSGIVING.

WHEN the first Thanksgiving feast was spread under New England skies, a frugal banquet eked out with much godly conversation and prayer, our forefathers, partaking thereof in the spirit of edification, little guessed what far different Thanksgivings other years were to behold in the America of their adoption. They little dreamed that the day which to them was of such solemn significance, a Sabbath minus penalty and plus good cheer, was to become to their posterity an occasion for idle pleasuring only, for avoidance of customary business, for a dinner unusually profuse, and an evening of yawns and indigestion. For this, speaking in all honesty, is pretty much what our modern Thanksgiving has grown to be.

The religious character of the anniversary is almost lost sight of. Sermons, or what purport to be sermons, are duly preached; but were Elder Brewster to sit among the congregations, we fear he would deny that name to those genial reviews of progress, past, present, and future—those diatribes on slavery, abstracts of the political situation, and short essays on social science, with which our pastors annually favor us. In the city no one considers church-going on Thanksgiving day a duty; and in the country good housewives listen with attention distributed between the Doctor,

"Bumming and bumming away o'er head,"

and the imaginary crackle of that distant turkey for which each feels herself individually responsible. While the men, though they say to each other on the way out, "First-rate discourse that of the minister, wasn't it now?" are upon the whole glad to have it over, and be free to turn with undivided interest to what has grown to be considered the real event, the *raison d'être* of the day—namely, the dinner.

But an ample meal is no longer the rarity and blessing which it was in those early days when

"Good Miles Standish mixed the bowl
And stirred it with his sword."

And the charm which in more recent times clung to Thanksgiving as a sort of family sacrament, to which long-scattered members of the same household sat down together beneath the old roof-tree which sent them forth, is rapidly dying away. Year by year sees fewer of these beautiful festivals. "The old order passes, giving place to new." Old customs are decaying. Families separate more widely and more radically than they used, and the spell which once hallowed the day is grown to be, in great measure, a thing of tradition and the past.

Was it the abandonment of bake-ovens which did it? Who that ever tasted can forget the aroma of those dusk-red depths where yet the fragrance of blazing hickory lingered? What chicken-pies emerged thence! What brown bread, what unimaginable piglets in crisp armor of crackling, what ineffable pork and beans! No wonder we cannot, in these days of water-backs, improved ranges, and anthracite, emulate their perfection. No wonder that the turkeys of the period all taste alike, and not one of them in the least like that lordly and well-remembered bird which in the good old times presided over grandfather's Thanksgiving feast.

How delightsome was the long table spread with snowy napery, with grandfather and grandmother in the central seats, all their sons and daughters about them, and every grandchild present, even to baby tied in his high chair and fully alive to the dignity of the occasion. How absorbing was the interest with which we watched the first incision in the plump pastry, and made mental calculations, alas! far too large, of the quantity we should be able to consume! How our youthful appetites failed us in the very prime and heyday of enjoyment! How we longed to eat more pumpkin pie, and more; how, following the advice of our elders, we stood up and "jumped three jumps," and then couldn't. How even our favorite little tarts, crowned with ruby jelly, passed us by unscathed, while we sat, replete and sorrowing! How we petitioned for wish-bones to pull, chicken spines for the construction of "jump-jacks," and longed to have Thanksgiving come very often indeed, a great many times in the year, if not every day.

Shall we ever again see those marvelous spheres, one for each person, whereon, in many-colored segments, cranberry pie and apple, mince, Malborough, peach, pumpkin, and custard, displayed themselves like a gastronomic rainbow? Shall we ever rove with unsated fork through a genuine, old-fashioned Indian pudding, of the kind which in those good days bubbled day and night over wood fires, spicy as Arabia, brown as chestnut, flavorous, delicate? Alas, no! Their epoch is past.

Did those dinners disagree with anybody? We cannot remember that they did. Nowadays, pie-and-penalty are too inseparably connected to admit of mistake. Who hesitated *then* over a second slice? who partook under protest? "Give the little fellow all he wants," said grandfather; "it won't hurt him a bit." And it didn't.

Alas! we have wandered far from those times of cheerful excess and reckless indigestion. The keen relish of appetite which made Thanksgiving dinners so acceptable is no longer ours, and we would not if we could recall the delirious joys of greedy youth.

But let us be thankful still, as indeed there is reason. And though the zest and jollity of the anniversary are past, and dust and darkness abide in the dear homestead where once we frolicked, the noble meanings of the Day remain to enrich us if we will. Love, Reverence, Charity—and the greatest of these is Charity;—and remembering, as we must, in what infinite and bewildering want *this* Thanksgiving sun shines in that city so lately a part of our national boast, let us turn our regrets over the past into hearty work in the present, seeking, each after his ability, to make the sudden desert again blossom as the rose. Thus shall service be accepted as oblation, and we prove not all unworthy of those forefathers from whom we inherit Thanksgiving Day.

POETRY IN DOMINO.

A COMPOST heap, more than almost any other object, exemplifies the principle of the proverb about handsome is being what handsome does. Unsightly and unsavory—yet whoso looks therein may see a poetry and a meaning of which some fairer things are incapable.

Do we love roses—adore violets? Behold a dinner-table spread for these our cherished ones! Myriad tiny rootlets shall sit there and be satisfied, smiling contentment from lips of pink and snow. The dainty mouths we long to kiss, as lily and carnation hold up sweet faces to greet our coming, are none too nice for this homely fare. Gladly each stoops to choose and assimilate its own peculiar food, banqueting as at kings' tables, and uttering voiceless "Grace after meat" in the ear of kind Mother Nature.

In those brown clods, as in embryo, lie hidden the bloom, the fragrance, the glory, which shall enhance a summer. Mysterious alchemy, whose least law we fail to comprehend, is ever at work transmuting the refuse of earth into its choice things. From the impure comes the pure, from decay and death the newness of life, out of the eater meat, and out of the strong sweetness.

Viewed in this light, the veriest barn-yard boasts beauty of its own. We may prefer to contemplate at a distance; but nevertheless, to the eye of faith there shine already the golden harvests and the glitter of the reaper's sickle.

But one may discriminate and refine even in compost; and there is a kind, simple, excellent, and easy of preparation, which no little garden should be without,

and which no fair gardener need be too fastidious to superintend. This is the recipe for it.

Procure in the Spring a dozen large square sods and have them piled in a sunny place convenient to the flower-beds. Throw upon the heap during the summer all rakings and scrapings from the garden, and once a month or so a barrow-load of rich black earth from the street. Every Monday baptize with a pail of warm soap-suds from the laundry, and from time to time stir in a shovelful of dry lime to kill the weeds. When Autumn comes and leaves fall, add as large a quantity as can be conveniently collected, and all Winter long continue to apply the weekly soap-bath. Lying thus for a twelvemonth under sun and shower, your compost heap will by Spring exhibit itself a mound of rich, black, crumbly loam, without mal odor, and be daintiest of dishes to set before the garden kings. Every spadeful committed to the generous soil will be returned with compound interest in bloom and growth and delicious flower-fragrance, for Nature, never grudging in her gifts, reserves her choicest favors for those who wait with friendly hands to spread a banquet before her sweet growing things.

MIGNONETTE BOXES.

It is late, but not too late, for planting mignonette boxes, and we advise everybody who desires to secure a winter enjoyment of the simplest and most refined sort, to set about doing so immediately.

The box may be simple or ornate, as fancy and convenience dictate. It may be tiled, painted in plain colors, made of simple zinc, or papered to match the room. Or it need not be a box at all, but simply a large earthen-ware flower-pot. But it must have proper drainage and the soil must be well sifted and friable, with a proper admixture of sand.

The seeds, lightly sown, should be well watered and set in a sunny *kitchen* window to germinate. Kitchens are admirable places for plants, because of the continual steam which arises from the cooking process. Not a potato is boiled or a cup of tea made that does not yield its quota to enrich the air; your mutton may be said to nourish your geraniums as well as yourself. A pane of glass should be laid over the box for the first few days to keep in the warm moisture and coax forward the growing germs.

When the tiny, double leaves of green are fairly developed, remove the glass and let them bask in sun, with moderate watering. After blossom time begins, do not hesitate to cut flowers now and then, and to pinch here and there a top shoot. The tendency is to spindle and run to seed, and mignonette, properly tended, should be one feast of bloom from end to end of winter, and ready, if set out in spring, to renew its labors and afford flowers for May and June while the spring plantings are coming forward.

Few people are aware of the fact that mignonette, like all plants of delicate fragrance, is never so sweet as when house-grown, and in the room with an open fire. The ventilated warmth seems to coax forth a subtle perfume which even the sun cannot reach, and a whole window-box full will make a room so ineffably delicious that it is a pleasure merely to pass the door. But even a tiny twenty-cent pot from the florist will do that. Would we could set one in every sick-room in the land, and every poor house!

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

MORE "PSYCHIC" DEVELOPMENTS.

Mr. Crookes has published in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* another series of experiments testing the obscure manifestations of power by Mr. Home and others. These tests are much more severe, and much less questionable in their results, than those given before. The possibility of jugglery, or of Mr. Home's "electro-biologizing" the observers, as suggested by Professor Balfour Stewart, seems to be entirely excluded, the effects having been recorded by automatic instruments entirely disconnected from the operators or the observers.

In the first of the new experiments the original board and spring balance were used, with a recording apparatus similar in principle to those employed in meteorological observations. A fine steel point, projecting outwards, was attached to the moving index of the balance. To the front of the balance was firmly fastened a grooved frame carrying a flat box containing a sheet of plate-glass smoked over a flame. The box was made to travel by clock-work in front of the index, the point touching the smoked surface. With the balance at rest and the clock running, a straight horizontal line would be traced. With the clock stopped and a weight applied to the end of the board (now fitted with a rest to serve as a fulcrum), a vertical line would be marked, the length depending on the weight applied. A pull exerted on the end of the board would in like manner be measured by a straight line downward. With the clock running and a variable weight on the short arm of the lever, there resulted, of course, a curve, from which the tension at any moment could be calculated. Several lines obtained under varying conditions are engraved for the report. At first the apparatus was so arranged that the force would have to be exerted through water. This proved as effectual as with solid contact. Next, the water connection was removed, when it was found that the force could be exerted through air. One of the curves thus obtained showed a maximum pull of nearly 1,000 grains when Mr. Home was standing three feet from the apparatus with his hands and feet firmly held.

Another series of experiments was made with a more delicate apparatus. It was first tried in the ab-

sence of Mr. Home, the operator being a "non-professional" lady whose name is withheld; afterwards with Mr. Home. This apparatus would require an engraving to make a description of its operation intelligible. The force was transmitted through a lever and automatically recorded as in the other experiments, every precaution being taken to insure that no shaking or jarring of the table would interfere with the results. Six tracings obtained by this instrument are engraved, two of them having been made while Mr. Home had no visible connection with the apparatus or its supports.

These experiments Mr. Crookes believes to confirm "beyond a doubt" the existence of a force associated with the human organization in some manner not yet explained, by which force the weight of solid bodies may be altered without physical contact. At one trial with a weighing machine in the presence of Mr. Home, the increase of weight was from 8*lbs.*, nominally to 36*lbs.*, 48*lbs.*, and 46*lbs.*, in three successive experiments tried under strict scrutiny. At another time, in the presence of other observers, the increase of weight was from 8*lbs.* to 23*lbs.*, 43*lbs.*, and 27*lbs.*, in three successive trials, varying the conditions.

The problem seems now to have been brought to a point where, as Professor Challis, of Cambridge, says, "Either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony [and he might have added instrumental testimony] must be given up."

SOME FACTS FROM ENGLAND.

THERE is, with all the improvements in science and art, in all that makes luxury, and makes it æsthetic in England, a fearful counterpoise in the accelerating degradation of the lower classes. On every side,—country and town, farm-laborer and factory-laborer,—there comes from the lower stratum of society an ominous murmur, to which wise men could not turn such utterly deaf ears as do the English privileged classes, if the gods had not first taken away their senses. With the accumulation of enormous estates—regal wealth and regal indifference to the poor—pauperism in England is increasing at a rate which, by itself, would indicate immense over-population, but which, taken in connection with the fact that there are incomes of £80,000 and others of £30 per annum (supposing the earner of the latter loses no time from illness or holidays); that even bishops (fathers in Christ) have incomes of £16,000, and their "children" are starving in hard labor—proves that there is something radically wrong in the primary arrangements of society. The English newspapers break out now and then with fragmentary revelations of the condition of the substructure of that community in which nothing is common but the air they breathe. A short time ago we had a case of a postman who died of starvation. We one day asked an intelligent letter-carrier in London some questions as to his service. It seemed that, by performing double service, one in delivering letters and another in the office, he gained *fourteen shillings a week*. In a "harvest-home" which was held this year in Hertfordshire, and at which the farmers were in great glee on account of their abundant harvest, a farm-laborer made a speech in the course of which he put forth the following suggestion:—

> Twelve shillings per week was a moderate wage in this part of the country, out of which the laborer had to pay 2s. per week for rent, 2s. for firing, and, supposing he was imprudent enough to be the father of six children, there was just 1s. per week each left for the maintenance of the father, mother, and children. How, then, was it possible for the laborer to obtain animal food, which they were told was so very necessary for the sustenance of the human frame in the early stages of its development? He did not believe the farmers wished to oppress those beneath them, but he would give them this piece of advice:—Let those young men who had been imprudent enough to get married and have a family do the piece-work, as far as practicable, and thus have a chance of earning a few extra shillings to supply their children with animal food to keep their souls and bodies together.—His speech was much applauded.

Truly, there seems a small margin between this and starvation, and yet we see the disparities increase, and, what seems an unaccountable result of civilization, land in England, while it pays so little profit that it seems hardly worth while to continue the agricultural profession, is being gathered into enormous estates, driving the class of small farmers out of existence, leaving only the broad distinction of great-estate owners and laborers; and these estates are declared to be sought and purchased now, not as a source of profit by agriculture, but as luxuries. This means that there are so many large fortunes made from other sources than land culture, *i. e.*, from trade and manufactures, that the land itself has ceased to play a first part in the political economy of England, and is becoming merely an instrument of social or political ambition. The only State which modern history records in a similar position is Venice. Will history be logical, and prepare the fate of Venice for England? Nor is it trade alone that has helped in this malversation of prosperity, but even the condition of the Church in England assists. What with the selling of livings, and the pushing of incapable younger sons of influential families into the church dignities—not to forget other "places"—not only is the substance of the country drained to keep in luxury a class of privileged paupers, but Christianity itself, whose mission it is to lift the fallen and abase the proud, is perverted to a cause of backsliding and offense to the poor—a millstone around the neck of England against the day when she may be cast into the sea. Where an advertisement like the following can be printed in a sporting paper, *The Field*, without irritating the sense of the community, what can be said of the Church, or its influence on the poor and ignorant:—

> SOLE CHARGE.—In a good hunting country. Furnished house, stables, and stipend, &c., desired for the coming winter by a beneficed clergyman.—Address F., &c., &c.

It comes in our experience once to have met a clergyman of this type at a dinner-party, where he was the hardest drinker and loudest talker. He held three livings, the aggregate income of which was a thousand pounds, and the aggregate flock of which was seven souls. He passed the most of his time in hunting and

shooting when the season permitted, and no one knows how when these failed, he being a bachelor not over forty.

Out of which of these causes come such incidents as the following, told in an English newspaper, the *Western Mail?*—

Quite by accident the veil has been lifted upon a sad social sore at Briton Ferry, a small port on the South Wales seaboard, which boasts of a Board of Health, a sanitary inspector, and high rates. In the course of an inquest on a child which was found dead in bed, it was stated that a family of nine persons, male and female, occupied one sleeping apartment, which, according to the coroner, was scarcely fit for two. The only other bed-room was occupied by lodgers, and the kitchen was common to all. There were no sanitary conveniences attached to the house, and that nothing might be wanting to make the place as perfect a fever-bed as it was possible for human ingenuity to design, the place was surrounded by filth of all kinds. When asked for an explanation, the mother of the child stated that she was compelled to let off a portion of the house in order to be able to pay the rent, and to obtain good and sufficient food for the family. She asserted that the fault lay with the landlords, who would not build houses suitable to the means of laboring men. It does not seem to have occurred either to the coroner or the jury to ask what rent the woman was paying for this fever-den.

But if this is the result of private greed and indifference to humanity, what shall we say of this other, extracted from the record of the investigation into the management of one of the public hospitals of London?

Orlando Guidi, of 27 Stafford street, Lisson-grove, a market gardener's porter, said he had been in the hospital nine days in May. He had seen many patients tied down, but he was never tied down himself. Patients had in some cases been tied down all night. The patients were tied down by the nurses and the convalescent patients. He had often asked for drink during the night, and could not get it. He had asked for beef-tea, milk, and even water. He had been told by the nurses that there was no beef-tea or milk, and that water was not allowed. The beef which was given to the patients was like India-rubber and tainted. Very often he had to send it away. All the patients complained of the meat. There was a great insufficiency of nurses, and he had often seen the ward without any nurse at all. Directly after he got up from his bed, on which he had been for eight days, another patient was put in. While he was there there was no change of sheets on the bed, and none for the new patient. When he had been up a few hours he wanted to lie down again, and the nurse told him to lie down outside another patient's bed. She said, "There is a patient who won't last more than half an hour." He died in a quarter of an hour, and witness was put into his bed. Next day he was sent to the convalescent ward, his bed being close to the water-closet door. When he got into the bed he found vermin the next morning. In the sick ward the sheets were stained with blood. There were only two towels for eighty-four to eighty-eight patients in the convalescent ward, and they were so filthy with vermin that he could not use them. The patients complained to Mr. Gee, the warder, who said, "What can you expect where there is sickness?" There was no bath until a few days before he left the hospital. He himself could not take a bath because he was covered with boils.

Where, then, are the bishops and clergy—the men who make Christ their trade, if not their profession? One can imagine them replying, "When saw we thee sick and in prison and visited thee not?" etc. Even our New York ring and its misdoings are less abominable and uncivilized than all this.

THE revival of French literature after the interruption of the war, the siege, and the rebellion of the Commune, seems to develop a purer atmosphere than has existed among French readers for some years. A few of the popular romancers of the later days of the Empire have appeared on the boards, but they are received very coolly; and works that would have created quite an excitement a year or two ago are now but short-lived in the memories of their old friends. This has been the fate of Flaubert's *Éducation Sentimentale*, and Arsène Houssaye's *Courtisanes*. Frivolity in literature is, to say the least, no longer fashionable. The Parisian public are growing tired of histories of the war, and the subject is now taking the form of drama, and even poetry, for the thoughts of the great struggle must still find vent in some shape. A young favorite of the French stage has made quite a hit in a declamatory poem entitled the *Cuirassiers*, which is genial in expression and extremely pathetic in sentiment, besides being in measure and rhythm very well adapted to the declamation of the French stage. Then we have, by the same author, *The Two Mothers*, in the form of dialogue, in which a German and a French mother meet at the graves of their fallen sons. Another poet of the lyric school, André Theuriet, gives us the *Peasants of Argonne*, who fight more modestly, but not less effectively, than the *Cuirassiers* with their flourish of trumpets. A former Senator, Leconte de Lisle, makes his bow to the new government with a poem entitled the *Evening after the Battle*, but it is a mere rehash of hollow phrases, which have given the wits an opportunity to declare that the Senator has lost his enthusiasm with the loss of his senatorial salary of 30,000 francs. In the line of prose, Lamartine's memoirs are being republished as a consolation for the follies of Victor Hugo; and Ludovic Hans has published a *Guide through the Ruins*, in which he leads the stranger from Père la Chaise to Neuilly, past the Place of the Bastille, the Hôtel de Ville, the Quays, and the Tuileries—the scenes of the most vandal-like destruction of the Commune. And we are astonished to find the great pulpit-orator and theologian, De Pressensé, out in a quasi-defense of the men of the Commune, in which he attributes to them higher motives than the world is, now at least, generally willing to accord them.

THE WALLS OF PARIS are declared, by one who has made them a study during the last year, to have afforded one of the most singular and interesting histories on record. They have been daily covered anew with posters, long and broad, horizontal or vertical, red, green, yellow, or blue. And what an attractive and instructive story these walls would tell of all the proclamations and declarations, protestations and assurances, admonitions and announcements, in the course of twelve months, through the last days of the Empire, those of the Provisional Government, the Commune, and the present so-called Government of Versailles! This would be veritable history, with all its incredible vicissitudes and simple eloquence, such as no historian could depict. But the posters of yesterday are quickly covered by those of to-day, and as quickly forgotten, notwithstanding their glaring inconsistency, and if any are left, one government rapidly annihilates the proclamations of its predecessor. Thus it is only in the most distant portions of the city that one can have the rare good fortune to meet side by side the bills announcing that "not an inch of our territory shall be given up," and those containing the

sad intelligence that not only Paris had succumbed, but even those of the sadder story of Metz, Alsace, and Lorraine. These walls were the theaters of Paris during the siege, and many of the vain players that there declared their determination to die if Paris should fall, are now still strutting their brief hour on the Boulevards. A pilgrimage to some of these distant walls, whose posters the winds and the rains have still respected, would afford a significant lesson to the curious traveler.

ROBERT BURNS in the Swiss-German idiom is the greatest novelty of the season. One would scarcely admit the possibility of successfully transporting the Scottish Bard into German verse, but Corrodi has taken the lays of the sweet singer of the Scotch Highlands, and brought them into such harmony with his own mountain dialect as to convince the world that there must be an innate harmony between the tongues. The Swiss poems sound like the echo of Robert Burns among the Alpine heights, and the translator has found a poetic relation between the tongues that has a deep significance. There seems to be an affinity between the dialects that develops a sympathy, not only in construction, but also in thought and feeling. It were in vain to attempt to put Robert Burns into any Romanic dialect, because the very thoughts are Germanic in their nature.

THE savans who adorn the witty columns of *Kladderadatsch*—the famous German Punch—are busily engaged, in their peculiar way, in discussing the important political questions of the day. "What is Coming Now?" was the title of leading articles recently, and this question is declared to be the most significant of the period. Some persons who have cousins in the War Department declare that the latter is thinking of erecting an Indo-Germanic kingdom. Moltke is said to be studying special maps of the East, with a view to becoming acquainted with the Himalaya passes and the valleys of Farther India. This assertion is strengthened by the fact that a famous Russian fortune-teller has foretold that an approaching event of great importance will result in making Bismarck a duke, and Moltke a prince. Indeed, in view of the boundless treasures of these Indies which the Germans are to conquer, it is also rumored that no less than four milliards are about to be distributed among certain prominent personages, as an incentive to enthusiasm in the campaign. In short, the Battle of Dorking and some other stories of that ilk have turned the heads of many of the Germans, and they feel that the country must go on doing great things. But *Kladderadatsch* in its wisdom ridicules this unrest, and tells them that nothing at all is coming but a period of repose, which they as a nation need, and which they had better now enjoy while they have a chance

THE HOLLANDERS seem to have been quite busily occupied with literary matters while their neighbors were engaged in deadly warfare, and their record in the line of letters for the year 1870 is very creditable. Among other publications we notice a collection from the Dutch poets of the seventeenth century, and a new and revised edition of the prose writers of the same period. The Society for the Literature of the Netherlands has also published a new history of their transactions. The field of history has been enriched with several original works, and the translations from Macaulay, Guizot, and Schlosser have met with marked favor from the critics and great success at the counters. A work of much promise, entitled *A History of the Skepticism of the Seventeenth Century*, is to appear in numbers, of which the first is just issued. In the line of travel we notice Kan's *Discoveries in Africa*, and *Fourteen Years' Service in the Navy*, together with an account of an expedition to the coast of Guinea in 1869. The insular possessions of Holland in the East receive a due share of attention, and the list closes with a series of biographical works. In short, without actual examinations of their lists, one would scarcely suspect that the Holland Dutch are so active in literary fields as the record proves them to be. They at least seem determined that their language shall not be swamped in the giant growth and rapid extension of more favored tongues.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE seem to have contained nearly all the Jews of France, to judge from the lament uttered in the columns of the *Revue Israélite* of Paris. It declares that nearly one-third of the Jewish population of the country is taken from it by the loss of these provinces, and this third is by far the most valuable and influential fraction of these people within the French realm. The nation thus loses three-fourths of its Rabbis, readers, and teachers, three consistories, the fine Jewish industrial schools in Strasburg and Mulhouse, and the new agricultural school for Israelites, in the process of construction and of great promise. These institutions were bidding fair to do useful work in training the Jews of France to enter the mechanical and agricultural fields of labor instead of confining themselves to trading and peddling. But what France loses Germany gains, and the Jews have almost a new lease of life and liberty in the constitutions of Germany. If affairs continue to go well with them, they will soon cease to be a down-trodden people there at least. In Austria the government has granted the formation of a Jewish theological faculty for the University of Vienna, with the rank and emoluments of the professors in the other faculties. This is certainly a most generous concession and support from a government so purely Catholic.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE NEW PRESIDENT AT YALE.

An academic procession at a Puritan college is not, in itself, an imposing or an exhilarating spectacle. It may have its small crowd of attendant urchins following it or accompanying it, with more or less of sportive excitement. But they are present rather from a general and subtle sense of duty than from any satisfaction with the procession itself. To them, indeed (we speak from memory of our own youthful experience as well as from maturer observation), a procession, of whatever sort, is an event to be made the most of; and when the music of a brass band is heard on the morning of Commencement Day, and it is evident that the alumni have begun to form and march, it is a signal not to be unheeded, even though the promise is so sure to be belied by the performance. But always, to the average urchin, there is a feeling of serious regret, a consciousness of being suddenly let down, as from a reasonable pitch of expectation, when the brass band, with more or less glitter of buttons and stripes and burnished instruments, has passed by, and is straightway succeeded by a somber array of black broadcloth and alpaca, and of wholly unobtrusive hats. To be sure, the silk gown of the president, who follows hard after the players on instruments, is a momentary satisfaction, as it rustles by with whispers of official dignity and scholarly pre-eminence. And it is probable that the grave gentleman on whose arm the president is leaning may be the governor of the commonwealth,—though there is nothing to distinguish him from common mortals. But after him there come not even rustling silk gowns nor citizen governors, but mere ordinary costumes, such as one might see for nothing, anywhere and any day. What is a procession worth,—the aggrieved mind of the average urchin dimly asks itself,—what is a procession worth without some kind of costume to distinguish it? Except that they walk two and two and have a brass band at their head, these are like the people whom we see going to the post-office at mail-time. It is a monotonous procession, and to the last degree unsatisfactory. It is so colorless that an alumnus with green spectacles comes to be hailed as an appreciable relief, a cheerful and enlivening phenomenon in the somber scene.

If the day should be rainy, as it so often is, a certain picturesqueness is afforded to the scene by the array of various umbrellas, by which the moving procession is encanopied. There is room for large variety of size and shape and color in so great a multitude of umbrellas—some from the streets and avenues of the metropolis, silken and slender, carried with a pardonable sense of superiority by young alumni from the best society; some from the rural scenes of Squashville, it may be, undisguisedly of cotton, stout of staff, used to protect the alumnal head through the unfashionable years of hard and ill-paid but not unsuccessful work. Not without a picturesque attractiveness is the umbrella-bearing throng, as it moves through the green to the old church, and executes its one maneuver, when, with uncovered heads, the under-graduates open their ranks and let the alumni pass between them; and not without a certain moral dignity and suggestiveness, as one soberly considers it—the disappointment of the average urchin to the contrary notwithstanding. To those who recognize the faces of the men who have come back to the familiar scenes in which they passed their years of study, and who grow young again as they receive and give the greetings of old time with classmates and associates long separated, there is no lack of interest, of pathos, and even of sublimity in the assembly. Men who have won renown in all the walks of life are there; leaders of thought and of opinion in the State and in the Church; men who have done hard work and good work in society and made the world the better for their living in it; and men who, as they come back to the college walls and call back the college days, and meet the college friends, and salute again the lessening group of old instructors, bear grateful testimony that the strength with which their life-work has been wrought was largely gained here, in the unforgotten time of youth and hope and fresh enthusiasm.

But at the head of the procession on this October morning, and under the protecting shelter of the same umbrella, there are two silk gowns. For this is not Commencement but Inauguration Day. The venerable scholar who, for a quarter of a century, has presided over Yale College, lays down to-day his honorable office —not because of any present infirmities of age, although if hard work, and anxiety, and public responsibility, and inexpressible private griefs could make one old at seventy years, few men should be more aged; but because, with eye undimmed and vigor unabated, he wishes to enjoy the freedom which an unofficial life may give him during the serene evening of his days. And beside him, looking scarcely younger, with the sober cares of office touching him already, and modestly aware how great a vacancy he has been chosen to fill, walks the successor to the chair of Woolsey, Day, and Dwight.

Nothing could be simpler than the ceremony of inauguration. How the fresh young voices of the college choir rolled out the splendid music from the organ gallery! The "Gloria in Excelsis," the "Domine, Salvum fac Præsidem Nostrum," were not unmeaning words of a dead language to those cheerful singers. Then came the solemn prayer and blessing, uttered, as was most fit, by the grave voice which now for almost half a century has been most familiar in that sacred house, in various ministries of prayer and praise and reconciliation, as of God's ambassador. Worthy to be remembered in the annals of friendship is that life-long association of the outgoing president with his neighbor and brother in the ministry and fellow-counsellor in the college, which began when they were school-boys, grew when they were classmates, and has

lasted through these sixty years of changeful life—a fellowship in work and duty, in study and in government, in personal experience of joy and grief, in vigorous and active age, to which the abundant fruits of toil and faithfulness are amply given. Three times, at least, the eyes of men grew dim with sympathy and with the pathos of the scene on that Inauguration Day: first, when the solemn thanksgiving for the good work wrought by the retiring President, uttered by the friend who knew so well how good that work had been, blended with the prayer for blessing and success on the new administration; and again, when the voice of Woolsey, as he gave the college seal and charter into the hands of his successor, grew tremulous in its fine fervor speaking of his "last official act," and of his hopes and aspirations for the institution he had served so long; and yet again, when Porter paid his tribute of affectionate respect to the good man to whom himself had owed so much as pupil, as associate in college government, as beloved and honored friend. There was nothing in the performance but what was genuine. There are few places in the world where every sham is so honestly hated as at Yale College. And there are few men in the world who have done more to make shams intolerable and to make simplicity and honesty and integrity precious and honorable, than has been done by the good and useful man in whom the college world has found, for these twenty-five years, an inspiration and example.

Considered as a feast by which the outward man may be made fat, commencement dinners—nay, even inauguration dinners, are not all that might be wished by a carnal appetite. And indeed, in these degenerate and irreverent days, in which "Young Yale" is having its innings, it is permitted to make open mock of what our fathers would have eaten and been glad. As one listened to the derisive allusions which were made to the refreshments, after the repast had ended and the post-prandial speeches were in order, one would not have been surprised if that presumptuous young man had even gone on to "speak disrespectfully of the Equator." But these are rapid times, and Mother Yale, who has been wont to teach her sons to speak with freedom and with plainness, will endure their criticisms, irreverent though they may be. If the repast seems frugal to the younger sons when they come back from Babylon or wheresoever they have wandered, and from the luxuries of whatsoever sumptuous living, why not bring back with them generous gifts and make their *alma mater* rich enough to spread her tables bountifully? After all, as one looked around upon the good gray heads of older graduates (whether from Squashville or elsewhere), it seemed a small thing whether dinners should be sumptuous or meager. One could so easily count up a score or two of men, of whom if Young Yale, as it grows older, shall show the world the equals, Young Yale shall have the right to grumble and even to dictate counsel. But by that time Young Yale will have come to be Old Yale, and will haply have begun to doubt whether the former ways were not the better, and whether dinners of whatever sort are not vanity.

That little, thin, white-haired, bright-eyed old gentleman who sits upon the platform, under the portraits of the former presidents, graduated seventy-five years ago. What were the dinners in his day, for example? When he entered college, A.D. 1792, Stiles was president. That is Stiles, in the most ancient of the five presidential portraits, with gray wig, and one hand solemnly uplifted—one does not quite know why. Did he always carry one hand lifted up in that fashion, O white-haired alumnus? It was while this alumnus was a junior that the president laid off his gray wig and dropped his hand forever. Then came Dwight, and governed twenty-two good years of prosperous fortune. And then Day for thirty years of active service, and yet another score of serene and beautiful old age. And now Woolsey, rounding out a quarter of a century of work, retires. And Porter, with the cordial acclamations of the increasing throng of graduates, takes the vacant place. And still the bright eyes of the white-haired old man twinkle with interest and sympathy and love for the old college, where he too was once a representative, in those not unremembered days, of Young Yale, with its hopes and its audacities and its opportunities.

The autumn day begins to darken to its close before the great assembly can break up. And in the evening, though the dreary rain drops through the branches of the elms, the carriages roll along the streets, the still unwearied graduates spread their various umbrellas, and a great throng salutes the president in his own house. Later yet, the students with great blaze of torches, march to cheer and serenade the going and the coming man. Through the falling rain-drops, and through "the flying gold" of Autumn leaves, the bright illumination of the college buildings shines and twinkles. So the lights shone and twinkled five and twenty years ago on the inauguration evening. Only there are more buildings now, and goodlier. When once more the light of such illumination shines (may the day be distant!), shall there not be yet more buildings and yet goodlier? Make haste, Young Yale; rapid in many things, be swift in this not least! Why lag the offerings to the "Woolsey fund"? Why tarries the liberal hand that is to give the fifth of the half million?

Let the new president begin his work with the assurance of an irresistible enthusiasm, cordial and generous and limitless, behind him. And let the ancient mother, beautiful in age, grow young again in the devotion of her sons.

WACHTEL.

HERR WACHTEL, whose career in England was not a brilliant one, has been received in this country by the Germans with an enthusiasm rarely evoked in any place by a male singer. His season of German opera at the Stadt Theatre in this city, extending over four weeks, has been attended by every evidence of popular delight and pecuniary success, but it has not

been remarkable for the highest artistic results. The season opened with Adams's "Postilion." Verdi's inevitable "Trovatore" followed, and in rapid succession "Fra Diavolo," Flotow's "Martha" and less popular "Stradella," "The Magic Flute" and "William Tell" were presented. Although the excellence of the representations was in an inverse ratio to the merit of the works—"The Postilion" and "The Trovatore" surpassing the others in the completeness and vigor of impersonation—and although Herr Wachtel himself nearly touched the extremes of good and bad in the repertoire, the audiences bestowed upon all the performances alike the most fervent praise. Any attempt to gauge this singer's qualifications by the popular acclaim of his countrymen would be manifestly unjust to musical art.

His method and culture do not entitle him to deliberate commendation. Like other singers exceptionally endowed with voice, of which Mario and Formes are the best remembered examples of opposite schools, he is lamentably ignorant of the first principles of musical science, and depends in the acquisition of a *rôle* upon his ear entirely. Marvelous as this auricular faculty is, it cannot supply entirely the place of exact musical knowledge. Herr Wachtel's voice is remarkable for its volume, compass, and quality; but it is upon the two first of these characteristics that he mainly depends for his effects. It is somewhat worn, showing, in its constant liability to hoarseness, the unnatural strain that has been put upon it; but it retains the wonderful pliability and metallic resonance of its earlier strength, and accomplishes the much overrated feat of reaching high C with little effort. The reckless use of his exceptional notes has more than any other trait made him a favorite here. He combines, as did no other German singer that we can remember, the most pernicious traits of both the German and French schools. His phrasing is frequently slip-shod and always contrary to the teaching of the Italian masters. And he breaks through all *cantabile* and sentimental barriers with a vehemence that is fatal to the expression of the gentler emotions. For this reason his impersonations of "The Postilion" and "Manrico" were the least objectionable of his several *rôles*. The one exacted nothing but the dash and domination of an animal nature, and the other, by its rapidity and intensity of action, retrieved the indelicacy of expression. In both of these *rôles* his *tours de force* were examples of vocal compass and respiratory strength, and as such they won the unthinking admiration of his auditors as no exhibition of emotional delicacy could have done. In the later works, such as "The Magic Flute" and "William Tell," Herr Wachtel failed to realize the characters he assumed, and in modifying his vocal execution robbed it of much that made it attractive to the public. There is, however, much to admire in the man aside from his art: he has a very fine stage presence, and he has preserved to past the prime of life the elasticity and enthusiasm of youth in unusual integrity. It should be stated that although Wachtel's London and Paris seasons were artistic failures, he has always been a great favorite with the German people, his origin and identification with them seeming to endear him to them as the mere possession of vocal abilities could not do.

JOWETT'S PLATO.

To be his best, the man of to-day must have lived in brief the highest life of each stage of the progress of the race. In fact as well as in poetry, he is "heir of all the ages." If he misses any portion of his inheritance his nature will lack so much of its fullest, richest, roundest development. In mental and spiritual development he must retrace the life history of humanity as in physical growth he has outlined the progress of creation from the monad to the mammal, from the mammal to man. The men of the Vedic Hymns and of Homer were to the men of Plato's time as children to full-statured, quick-witted, inquiring youth. The fully taught and—for teaching and culture are distinct and widely different—the fully cultured man of our later civilization is the same youth grown old and careful, and weighted with over-much to do. His fancy no longer plays about poetic imaginations. The world without is more to him than the world within; and from being a mere æsthetic thinker and doer rejoicing in unproductive strength, he has become a serious director of material forces, a slave to material conquest. To keep him from becoming a joyless worker in middle life, or sullen watch-dog of stocks and bonds in age, the selfish scramble of modern life must not be too early entered upon. Above all, the Attic period of his mental life must be lived to the full. That was the grandest stage in the early progress of humanity. It will ever represent one of the grandest as well as most needful stages of individual progress. It cannot be skipped or hurried over without a personal loss like that the world would have felt had Athens never flourished or Plato never lived. Culture is incomplete, it lacks strength and beauty and light without it.

The flower of Grecian life and thought, the highest type of youthful life everywhere, is found in Plato. He is pre-eminently the leader of young manhood. For two thousand years the richest natures have gained early inspiration, clear vision, intellectual force and elasticity from him. He has been their guide when they were groping for truth, hungry for knowledge, yet perplexed like the Greeks of old with verbal subtleties. He has taught them to look at questions from all sides, to test all things—to construct philosophy rather than learn it. As Mr. Mill observes, "His teaching makes great men by his combination of moral enthusiasm and logical discipline," and he makes them early. He is not a teacher for the old. Those who look to him for a consistent system of philosophy look in vain. He does not *grow* on the matured thinker. He is an inquirer—acute, earnest, suggestive, powerful, yet formative. The intellectual condition in which he works is the condition of inspired and aspiring

youth, and that is the secret of his peculiar fitness for the culture of youth.

"Why should not young men be educated on this book?" asks our own Attic philosopher. "It would suffice for the tuition of the race—to test their understanding and to express their reason." For this part of the culture required by modern life, Plato is indeed sufficient. He is almost indispensable; but hitherto he has been the teacher of the privileged few. To approach him through his native speech is, for most American youth, to exhaust in costly preparation all the years that are fittest for his influence. Our modern culture is so hurried, there is so much to learn and so little time for learning it, that the world's great teachers must speak our mother tongue or we cannot hear them. The Romans were fortunate, Heine said, that they did not have to master Latin Grammar, else they could not have found time to conquer the world. Our youth cannot live with Plato when they need him and enjoy him most, and learn his language too, without sacrificing other acquirements equally important. Thanks to Professor Jowett, the sacrifice is no longer necessary. He has made Plato an English classic, bringing the immortal Dialogues into our literature with hardly a trace that they did not originally belong there. He has lifted Plato out of the narrow confines of an unspoken tongue into the widest field of modern life. "His words of 'sweetness and light,' of moral beauty and intellectual grace, so lovely in their transparent candor, so acute and yet so gentle, so masterly in logic and yet so tender in emotion," may now illumine, invigorate, and inspire every youth who reads our English speech, at the time when the growing man is most open to their guiding power.

Seeing how great an influence Plato has had in forming the best minds of past ages, and of our own age, what may we not expect of him in the wider future? In this light the benefit conferred on English culture by Professor Jowett's noble work can scarcely be overestimated. In bringing out this American edition in all the luxury of Riverside type and printing, at half the cost of the English edition, the publishers (Chas. Scribner & Co.) have done a good part toward making the work as widely popular as it is thoroughly delightful.

BEECHER'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

It is already two or three years since the announcement was made that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was engaged in writing, in book form, that sacred story of the life of Jesus Christ on earth, which, for so many years and with such great success and reputation, he has been engaged in telling from his pulpit.

Those who knew how multitudinous were the occupations which make up his busy life may well enough have doubted whether his cherished purpose would ever be realized. At last, however, the first volume of the work is issued (*The Life of Jesus the Christ*, by Henry Ward Beecher: J. B. Ford & Co.), and the assurance is given that the remaining volume will appear in the course of another year. It is to be sold by subscription only, but probably will, for that very reason, find all the wider and more popular circulation.

That the work would be a popular one was sufficiently assured by the name of its distinguished author. That it would be a learned book was less confidently expected, although it was understood that the author was putting into it the best strength which he possessed. Probably in both respects there may be some disappointment of expectation. The volume before us is really less like the brilliant and pre-eminently popular preaching of Plymouth pulpit than we had expected to find it. And it is more scholarly in its tone, more learned in the research it exhibits, bears more traces of hard and irksome labor, than the reputation of its author would have led us to anticipate. For both of these reasons the book is a better book. It is popular enough in style; charming in the graceful and loving beauty with which the incidents of our Lord's earthly life are narrated; picturesque and poetic in the vividness with which

> "The sinless years
> That passed beneath the Syrian blue"

are made to pass again before our eyes; but, all through the book, brilliancy of style seems sacrificed to simplicity, and the earnest aim of the writer to instruct and to do good is abundantly evident.

Scarcely less evident are the marks of downright hard work. Mr. Beecher has studied so carefully the topography, the natural history, the scenery of Palestine, the almost unaltered Oriental life, that it would seem as if he had seen with his own eyes what he has seen only with the eyes of other men and of his mind. He does not, it is true, except in rare instances, cite authorities and give quotations, and thus impart to his pages that learned aspect which such a method insures; but on every page the results of study are apparent—of wide, thoughtful, and accurate reading, of laborious, although congenial, toil.

Concerning the doctrinal character of the book, there is not the slightest ambiguity. That the life of Jesus the Christ, on earth, was the life of God in flesh, is affirmed with such energy of emphasis, with such clearness of statement, that to doubt where the great preacher of Plymouth pulpit stands in regard to the most fundamental truth will be, henceforth, impossible. Whether he states the prime fact of the incarnation in the doctrinal form which is regarded as orthodox, and which is probably the best and truest (as unquestionably he does *not*), is of comparatively little consequence. It is of very great consequence to know that he appreciates the fact itself as of all facts the greatest and most necessary, the most gracious and divine.

On other questions of doctrine, as from time to time the book encounters them, it is equally outspoken. Concerning miracles, for example, there is no hesitancy or special pleading or resolution of them into extraordinary instances of the working of natural laws.

"Miracles," says Mr. Beecher, "are to be accepted boldly, or not at all. They are jewels, and sparkle with divine light, or they are nothing." It is sufficiently evident, from this quotation, that the book is not to be classed in literature with Christian "apologetics."

Without prolonging this notice unduly, it is safe to say that, while the value of the book is most of all in its popular character and its earnest practical purpose, it is also most worthy of careful and critical study by the members of the learned and sacred profession to which its author belongs. The chapter on the Temptation, for example, is full of thoughtful suggestion: especially the incidental remarks on the nature of the prophetic mood, in which, according to Mr. Beecher's theory, the temptation was endured and conquered.

We call attention to the admirable engraving with which Mr. Marshall (to whose talent and skill we owe already the grand heads of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant) has restored and reproduced the head of Christ in Da Vinci's famous picture of the Last Supper. Those to whom all attempts to represent in art the face of the Lord Jesus are not offensive, will be grateful for the service which Mr. Marshall has performed. Probably most people would gain a better conception of Da Vinci's devout and wonderful work, by means of this engraving, than they would by looking at the old fresco, faded and mutilated, as it remains to-day in Milan.

FROUDE'S LAST BOOK.

THE characteristic peculiarities of Mr. Froude, as a thinker and writer, are too well known to require special notice at this late day. The great historical work by which he is so famous is to be found in any library that makes much claim to completeness. But there are many readers who would like to know more of him than they now do, who cannot command the time necessary for the mastery of the twelve volumes of that work, eminently attractive and readable as it has proved itself to be. To such readers and to all, the collected essays which Mr. Froude has contributed to various periodicals, or given in the form of public addresses, will be very welcome. One such volume was issued a year or two ago, and met with an unusual share of public favor. Another volume (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Charles Scribner & Co.) has just made its appearance. First among them, in order of position and of interest, is the celebrated vindication of Calvinism, delivered before the students of St. Andrew's, which has been already published in a separate pamphlet, and which proves how well its author can discern the spirit from the body of history, and how vigorously he can maintain whatever is worth maintaining, and how readily he can let go whatever has become really obsolete. The other papers in the volume are, for the most part, either historical studies or discussions of questions of present political, social, and religious interest. They are all most readable and profitable. Whatever else Mr. Froude may be, he is never dull; and whether one agrees with him or not, it is, at least, not difficult to understand him. That he has ability also for the lighter kinds of literature as well as the more grave, is evident from the "Fortnight in Kerry," with its fresh and charming landscape sketches and its vivid pictures of Irish life and character.

Although the papers in this volume were especially designed for English readers, yet, for the most part, they are suited to the practical needs of Americans also. The masterly paper on "The Condition and Prospects of Protestantism," for example, is scarcely less important for us than it is for the writer's own countrymen. The same tendencies which he examines are visible here. The same grave mistakes of practical Protestantism which he points out and rebukes are those which we have fallen into. The same perils against which he warns thoughtful and earnest Englishmen have menaced us. It will be well if those whose duty it is to watch for souls will heed this strong and able statement of the relations between Romanism and Protestantism, as those relations appear to an educated, fair-minded, and most competent student of history.

"CHAPTERS OF ERIE, AND OTHER ESSAYS."

THE notion that genius is not hereditary, which has been often enough asserted on insufficient grounds, and which has been abundantly refuted by accumulated evidence, receives a new illustration of its falsity in at least one illustrious American family. From John Adams to John Quincy Adams, and again to Charles Francis Adams, the renown of a great name suffers no reproach or loss, but rather gains continual increase of lustre. And it is already evident that in the fourth generation there is ability and integrity which will do no dishonor to the ancient lineage. The articles (some of them widely famous) contributed by Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., and his brother Mr. Henry Adams, chiefly to the *North American Review* (in one instance to the *Westminster Review*), during the last two or three years, have been collected in a volume (*Chapters of Erie and other Essays*, J. R. Osgood & Co.), as indeed they well deserve to be. They grapple with questions the incalculable magnitude of which can hardly be considered without terror; and they assail corrupt and evil practices in society, in commerce, in politics, concerning which it is not too much to say that they imperil the very existence of the republic. The work which has been done in these essays is honest work and hard work. To denounce is easy; to groan and weep is not difficult; but to sit patiently down and study the significance of tendencies in civilization—to get a firm and steady grip of slippery forms of sin, and hold them still while all the world can carefully consider them,—to detect the errors of well-meaning men in places of responsibility and power, and criticise with clearness and vigor what it would be pleasanter to ignore or to commend,—such work as this is hard work, and requires ability, integrity, and courage of no ordinary sort. When we have said that this is the work which the essayists in this volume have given us,

we have sufficiently indicated its substantial and permanent value.

HIGGINSON'S "ATLANTIC ESSAYS."

THE announcement of a new volume by Colonel Higginson is always a delight to lovers of good writing. No paper of his should ever be allowed to drift off into the sea of forgotten magazine contributions. His name is one of the few which give us a right to use the word literature in connection with America; his writings are among the few yet produced on this side of the Atlantic which are worth study as models.

Twelve essays are comprised in this volume, under the somewhat indeterminate title of *Atlantic Essays* (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston). Of course, all good Christians know of the existence of a magazine called the *Atlantic Monthly*, and will infer from this title that these essays must have been printed in it; but then there are three hundred and forty millions of Buddhists, not to mention other sects; and we cannot help smiling to think how perplexed would be any intelligent, but on this point unenlightened, inquirer to discover in the book itself any explanation of the name. But we can forgive so good a book the misfortune of a poor title, and recognize the fact that it could hardly happen twice to one man to hit upon so felicitous a title as the one to Colonel Higginson's first volume of Essays, the *Out-door Papers*.

Higginson's style as a style is worthy of closer analysis and minuter description than we can give it here. It is as individual, as finished, and as recognizable to the careful student and observer of literature, as Lowell's or Hawthorne's. And we should certainly add his name to these two to complete the list of our three foremost masters of prose. We should say also that he is better than Hawthorne in being more healthful of tone, in having more oxygen in him: as he himself so admirably says, "We all know that a vast deal of oxygen may go into the style of a man; we see in it, not merely what books he has read, what company he has kept, but also the food he eats, the exercise he takes, the air he breathes."

And he is better than Lowell in having more earnestness and more directness of aim. He is at heart a believer in the progress, nay, in more, in the ultimate and absolute triumph of humanity. He has the faith of a poet added to the zeal of a reformer. No sentence of his, whatever be its apparent key-note,—whether it be a fine exquisiteness of description of nature, a shrewd dealing with practical points of hygiene, morals, manners, or affairs, a graphic reproduction of historical events, or scenes of travel,—no sentence of his but is really built on the foundations of this faith and warmed by the glow of this zeal. Superficial readers are often misled, by the very simplicity of his style, into a failure to recognize its finish; and readers who are not superficial are perhaps sometimes misled by the very exquisiteness of its finish, and richness of its culture, into a still more unjust failure to recognize how deep down in life and heart its hidden sources lie. Culture is much, and training is much: but all Higginson's culture, varied and rare as it is, all his training, long and faithful as it has been, would not make him the writer he is. Those who, knowing his writings as a whole, take them in connection with his life, know that the true secret of the mingled grace, beauty, and strength of his words is a secret belonging to the highest laws of development and growth; just as in the eternal music of the true masters, the great harmonies, of which thorough-base attempts to give us the key and law underlie and support melodies and movements as varied and different as hours and days.

This volume shows, more than any other of Colonel Higginson's, the wide range of his power as a writer. In the first three essays, "A Plea for Culture," "Literature as an Art," and "Americanism in Literature," are to be seen the poetic faith and the zeal of which we have spoken, added to the professional familiarity and the artistic enthusiasm of the faithful worker in and for his own field. That literature *is* an Art, and that few things within human range are so worth a man's while as to be a true literary artist,—that culture is noble, and means the development, the elevation of every human faculty,—that America has the conditions for ultimate success in this sphere as well as in those more material, are truths forcibly set forth in these essays. We select the brief closing sentence of the Plea for Culture as eloquently illustrative of what we have said of the deep undercurrents in Higginson's writings.

"Between Shakespeare in his cradle and Shakespeare in Hamlet there was needed but an interval of time, and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of Art."

He is a philanthropist as well as philosopher, prophet as well as poet, who can briefly set in words not easily forgotten so much inspiring stimulus, so much assuring confidence, as are in this sentence. And as an instance of one of the greatest charms of Higginson's style,—one most rarely found, and one most surely overlooked by indiscriminating or inattentive readers,—his subtle condensation, and even multiplication of thought in a single phrase, we call attention to the four words, "*the same sublime condition.*" This phrase takes hold on the seen and the unseen, the kingdom of faith and the kingdom of law, touches them both with the glory of rhythm, and sets them side by side (as they belong), in the double light of human vision.

The paper on "Fayal and the Portuguese" affords excellent illustration of the truth of Higginson's own definitions, in "Literature as an Art," of the five chief requirements for a good style: "Simplicity, freshness, structure, choice of words, and thoroughness of preparation."

To lift that little empty undowered island into such a realm of success as the central figure of so graphic and lively a sketch, is proof indeed of the right method in the right hand. We wish other countries, other scenes could be given to us by the same processes; and we hope that the "Oldport Papers," which have a

picturesqueness of quality similar to "Fayal and the Portuguese," will be collected in a volume. The fading atmosphere of the old Newport—the new Old-port—will never be so well handed down in any other way.

But the papers which, on the whole, are most admirable in this volume, are the two Historical Sketches, "Mademoiselle's Campaigns," and "A Charge with Prince Rupert." They suggest the query whether, after all, the best field, the true field for the best and truest display of Higginson's especial qualities, as a writer, be not the crowded (but empty!) field of history. In sparkle, in air, in sound, these sketches are like plays. In minuteness, in accuracy, in insight, they are like text-book pages. To reproduce whole periods, the lives of nations, like this, would be a triumph no man has attained. Perhaps it would be impossible. But to approach it would be worth a long lifetime's trial.

In the last three essays, "The Greek Goddesses," "Sappho," and "On an Old Latin Text-Book," we have still another phase of the same graceful flow of chosen words bearing cultured thoughts. In company with Greeks, even though they be goddesses, Col. Higginson is perhaps more at home than anywhere else in the world—(unless it be among birds, or blossoms, or in a wherry). So much familiarity, not only with classics, but with the classic atmosphere, life, age, has rarely been shown without pedantry or wearisomeness. To many cultivated minds, sympathizing more with learning than with enthusiasm, these papers will probably be more charming than any in the book.

In close, we can only say that it is, and has been for many years, a marvel to us that Higginson's writings have not yet more nearly reached the recognition they merit. We have not, and have not had, so many literary men who love their art for their art's sake—who, having the "genius of patience" and the loyalty of faith, the grace of culture and the inspiration of purpose, do work worthy of a permanent place, in permanent literature, that we have excuse for being inattentive to the words of one of them! However, "The reward of a good sentence is to have written it;" "Art is higher than nations and older than centuries;" and the man who has seen and said those two things can dispense with rewards and wait for centuries.

It is but simple justice to add that the style in which this volume is issued is very bad. The paper is worse than is often seen between covers; the inside margins are so narrow that the book cannot be read without an uncomfortable effort to hold it open to its utmost limit, and the whole expression of the volume is so unworthy of its contents that it is with a sense of outrage that its lovers will lay it down. The same fault of narrow margins exists in a still greater degree in the *Castilian Days*. Such petty economies in execution are small saving and poor policy for publishers, and great wrong to authors.

"CYCLICAL DELUGES."

CAPTIVATED by a sensational review of Adhemar's *Révolutions de la Mer*,—he does not appear to have read the book itself,—Mr. William Bassett Walker, M.R.S.V. (Man Remarkable for Scientific Verdancy?) has gone through a number of popular works on geology and collected all the observations that can be forced to support a theory of periodical deluges. He calls his compilation *Cyclical Deluges*—a thin book with a terrific frontispiece, bearing the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., in New York, and half a dozen publishers in other parts of the world, to provide possibly for the preservation of his precious work at the next cataclysm. Incidental to the main discussion, the "true geological formation of carboniferous mineral" is explained with such a happy unconsciousness of the real elements of the problem, that the author's innocent "trust" that leading geologists "may be induced to pause in holding fast to their theory" of coal-formation is not likely to be disappointed. For all that he offers, the "pause" will be perpetual. The last great deluge, it appears, was Noah's; but that was by no means the first, nor is it to be the last catastrophe of the sort to overtake the world. The next one is to come off in the year 7382. This is the way it is to be brought about: "The earth, being an *oblong* spheroid, is slightly swollen, or bulges out, at the Equator, and the Sun's attraction, acting on this swelling, has the effect of changing the inclination of the axis. . . . This change of direction has the effect of altering the date of the equinoxes already referred to. Now, in the year B.C. 1248, the North Pole attained its maximum duration of heat. Since then the ice has continued to increase *from that date*, and will so continue until it again covers nearly all Europe and North America (of which we have marine and glacial witnesses), and when the maximum is reached the great deluge cataclysm will occur: that is to say, for the last 3,118 years it *has begun* to decrease, or become cooler, and this will go on to the year 7382 of our era before *it* attains its maximum winter duration of cold, at which period, according to Adhemar, the next deluge from South to North is to take place."

In thought and language this paragraph is typical of the whole work. The immediate cause of the predicted deluge is the shifting of the earth's center of gravity by the accumulation of ice at the North. Of course, the numerous facts that upset this ridiculous theory as pitilessly as the theory upsets the earth are carefully kept out of sight; or, more probably, are neither known nor understood by this man who, as he tells us in his opening sentence, is so anxious to "impart advanced information regarding the chief geological phenomena of the globe."

DR. TAYLOR'S SYSTEM.

WE have not room, even if this were the proper place, to review in detail Dr. George H. Taylor's *Diseases of Women* (Geo. Maclean, publisher). Singularly simple and free from technicalities as it is, it is

nevertheless strictly a professional work, dealing with a specialty of disease, and can properly be reviewed at length only in medical journals. But we cannot refrain from giving our testimony to its admirable common sense, and to what we happen to know personally of the remarkable efficacy of Dr. Taylor's methods of cure. The movement treatment is far less known in this country than it should be. We die by our Abanas and Pharpars of costly and stupid and cruel practice, when we might be cured, in a few weeks perhaps, by the inventions of the Swedish philanthropist Ling, whose pupil and representative Dr. Taylor is.

The folly of attempting to do away with effects, while causes remain, is most strongly set forth by Dr. Taylor. Just here is the great value of this volume; just here also is the great superiority, in the diseases peculiar to women, of the movement treatment over all others. It has all nature on its side, working with it: it begins at the beginning.

"The apathy of women, even those who suffer most, to the causes of the diseases which produce their suffering, is inexplicable," says Dr. Taylor. No truer words were ever spoken. When women can be roused from this apathy, half the battle will be won. To that end, we heartily welcome this book, and recommend it. That there need not be so many—half so many—invalid women as there are, we all know and believe; but we act as if we did not know it, as if we accepted them as inevitable; "as if,"—to use Col. Higginson's words in one of his admirable essays,—"as if the Almighty did not know how to create a woman!"

"CASTILIAN DAYS."

"I AM glad I am not writing a guide-book," says John Hay, somewhere in this most delightful book. (*Castilian Days:* J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) So are we; but for all that, if we were going to Spain to-morrow, we should part with our Murray before we parted with *Castilian Days*.

One sees portraits sometimes which he knows instinctively are capital likenesses, though he never saw the originals. It is so with books. Some books vindicate their own claim by an inherent evidence which needs no correspondent knowledge on the part of the reader. In books of travel, just on this point turns the drawing of the line between the enjoyable and the insufferable, the invaluable and the worthless.

It would be difficult to overstate the charm and merit of Mr. Hay's descriptions in this rare quality of verisimilitude and vividness. And yet the fact-hunter would complain perhaps of the absence of detail, unaware that this is the triumph of art in any branch of artistic work,—to reproduce values and not actualities, meanings and not letters, atmospheres and not measurements.

In so far as poetry lies in the producing of instantaneous effects and distinct impressions, we find Mr. Hay's prose more poetical than his verse. The book teems with fine touches in word or phrase which none but a poet would have chosen:—

"Illegitimate jewels;" "Unemancipated slaves of necessity" (the poor); "When the divine child Raphael began to meddle with his father's pallet;" "The deathless work of the men who wrought in faith;" "The highest compliment ever paid to a painter except the one Courbet paid to himself when he refused to be decorated by the man of December;" "Rebellious wonder that lives like his"—(Raphael's)—"and Shelley's should be extinguished in their glorious dawn, while kings and country gentlemen live a hundred years;" "But the world has outgrown them (kings), and the *people here as elsewhere is coming of age;*" "They are tinselled stones, not statues;" "Granite wilderness" (The Escurial); "The fixed plain wrinkled like a frozen sea." These are a few. The same poetic vividness makes the descriptions of the Prado at night, the holiday sights and scenes, the bull fights, the "Field-night in the Cortes," and many other passages, as intensely absorbing as dramatic representations.

The effect is all the greater, too, because Mr. Hay's style is quiet and unimpassioned, and one does not suspect that he is growing absorbed till he finds himself lost, carried bodily to Spain! We do not now think of any American who has written so well, with such information, culture, and graphic strokes, of what he has seen abroad; and we wish Mr. Hay could go everywhere, and some others of our countrymen who write travels, stay at home!

"MY WITNESS."

A VERY faithful witness to a sweet and gentle soul is this little volume of William Winter's. (James R. Osgood & Co.) The title seems a singularly happy one, though it is hard to say why: it might be equally appropriate to any man's book upon any theme under heaven; but after looking through these pages of graceful and unblemished verse, the feeling still remains as unshaken as it is indefinable, that it is especially fitting for this one.

Mr. Winter's verses are pre-eminently graceful verses. There is rarely an unmelodious line, almost never a false one. His range of theme is singularly narrow: perhaps this is one of the reasons that the little volume so recommends itself. One has none of the disagreeable misgiving, which sometimes arises on glancing at the table of contents of a book of poems, that the poet had looked upon the whole universe as only so much material to be worked up: art, science, history, emotion, sensation, experience, all so much capital on no account to be left uninvested.

Mr. Winter's verses evidently have happened; and this is one of the best things which can be said about verses. There is but one way for poets! They are not opera singers!

There is pathos real and deep in some of these simple strains: there is sparkling fun in others; there is exquisite grace and tenderness in some of the love songs: for instance, in "Love's Queen." It is quaint, and strong as well as sweet, having the mellow flavor

of two hundred years ago in it. The best man of two hundred years ago might have written its closing stanza:—

"But thou thyself shalt come not down
From that pure region far above;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
Queen of my heart and queen of love!
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a monarch—at thy feet!"

A LIBRARY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. announce a LIBRARY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, to be edited by Bayard Taylor, and to be illustrated as profusely as the very popular LIBRARY OF WONDERS, published by the same house. It is proposed to make each volume complete in itself, furnishing a practical and picturesque description of the special country or region to which it is devoted. All that is most valuable and striking in the account of the latest or most reliable traveler will be presented, with a brief summary of the earlier explorations. Occasional volumes will be issued in the series, detailing the adventures of those hunters or other wanderers whose exploits are of remarkable interest. The initial volume will be devoted to our next-door neighbors of *Japan*, and among the books to follow are volumes on *Arabia*, *South Africa*, and Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cummings' *Wild Men and Wild Beasts*.

A THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY.

THE prospectus of a *Theological and Philosophical Library*, edited by Drs. Henry B. Smith and Philip Schaff, has just been issued by Charles Scribner & Co. The design is very comprehensive and includes a series of text-books upon all the main departments of Theology and Philosophy, intended principally to meet the wants of ministers and students in all denominations. At least one condensed standard work will be furnished on each of the scientific divisions of Theology and Philosophy. Some of the books will be translated from the German and other languages, some will be adapted from treatises in our own language, while others will be written especially for the Library by British and American authors of eminence. Scholars of reputation in the various denominations will lend their assistance to the editors in the preparation of the different volumes.

The first work in the Library will be Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy*, in two volumes, to which the distinguished author has made valuable additions through the American translator. Among the works which will follow in due time are a critical edition of the *Greek Testament*, by Professor Tischendorf, with his latest text and a digest of the critical apparatus of his eighth large edition; a translation of Professor Oosterzee's *Didactic Theology;* a volume on *Patristics*, by Professor Hitchcock, and works on Symbolics and the Encyclopedia of Theology.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"THE Judge's Pets" (Hurd and Houghton) will be household pets under many a roof before the Christmas Holidays are over. It is truly a charming book, and, better than charming, sure to make children long to own just such dogs, and cats, and crows, and fawns, and "piggies." Mothers, too, will be better for reading these simple little stories, and learning, if they do not already understand, how a child's life can be brightened, and a child's heart trained to tenderness and kindness, by having some "live" thing to take care of. There is excellent characterization in the description of these "Pets." They are evidently drawn from life. The poor dog Brave, who walked hundreds of miles to get home, and died of the journey; Pero, who rang the front-door bell when he could not get into the house by any other means; the tame crows Jack and Gill, and the fawn with a silver bell on its neck, who trotted up the church aisle one Sunday,—they are all realities, even to the most careless reader. So is the blessed old Judge, whose name we suspect is one very dear to a large circle of hearts. We heartily recommend it to Kriss Kringle to put a large supply of this book into his traveling pack.

Also, a good number of copies of the *Little Folk Songs*, from the same house (Hurd and Houghton), and written by Alexina B. White. Very taking will be the tinkle of them to little ears, and very dainty are the pictures which the older eyes can study while the songs are read aloud.

And, *Four and What They Did*, by Helen C. Weeks (Hurd and Houghton), is another good gift-book ready for the little ones, who all know Mrs. Weeks's name well. This is a collection of short stories, of which "Four and What They Did," and "Jake's Wedding," are much the best. The "Four" are four little children, Johnny and Winthrop and Alice and a baby called "Toddlekins;" and their odd little adventures are most picturesquely told. A drake who was compelled to wear crape rags in mourning for one of his wives; a pussy-cat who, being half-dead with toothache, was saved at last by having a decayed tooth pulled out; a baby three years old, who, having been told that the little birds were kept from getting wet in the rain by their oil bags, gravely anoints herself from head to foot with butter and goes out into a drenching storm,—these and many other comical incidents will bring many a good laugh on small faces this winter.

But one of the most charming treats for the little people is a volume of which we have just seen the advance sheets, *The New Year Bargain*, by Susan Coolidge Roberts Bros., Boston).

This is a series of stories, twelve in number, corresponding to the twelve months of the year. The foundation of the series is a conception by no means unworthy of Andersen himself, and so original and vivid as to entitle Susan Coolidge at once to a high place among writers for children.

Two little German children, Max and Thekla, wandering in the forest on the last night of the year, come upon the New Year busily engaged in making up his twelve months, in shape of great statues. Max slyly steals a handful of the sands, behind the New Year's

back, and the children run home. Before long the whole troop of the months come shouting and pounding on the cottage door, and demanding the missing sands. Each figure is incomplete: one wants an eyelid, one a finger, one a toe, and so on. There were only just sands enough for the twelve; not one to spare. Thekla is frightened, and begs Max to give them up. But Max is courageous and makes conditions. He will only give them up, month by month, as they are needed: each month must come in person after them; must tell a story and give the children a present before the sands will be delivered. It is not necessary to say how unique is this fancy, how suggestive, and how far removed from the dead level of the average fairy story. Month by month the months all come, late on the eve of their predecessor's last day, and sitting by the fireside with Max and Thekla, tell their tales and present their gifts. All the stories are graceful and simple, and characteristic of the month, and the dramatic interest with which the children wait from one month to the next for the coming of their mysterious visitant never flags. The illustrations are by Miss Ledyard, and are full of grace and spirit.

MRS. GREENOUGH'S "ARABESQUES."

ROBERTS BROS. have another book in press for the Holidays, of which we wish we had room to write more in detail. We shall watch its reception with much interest. It is one of the test books. People will no doubt disagree about it as heartily and irreconcilably as they do over McDonald's *Phantastes*, and in so disagreeing will as unmistakably define some of their own mental peculiarities. It is called, with singular and felicitous fitness, *Arabesques*, and is written by Mrs. Sarah Greenough, wife of Richard S. Greenough the sculptor. It contains four stories; all stories of the supernatural. Their very names have a spell and shadow of the unearthly in them: Monarè; Apollyona; Domitia; Ombra. Four medallion heads, designed by Mrs. Greenough's son, are the only illustrations. They chain the eye by their subtle suggestive vitality. The Egyptian witch Monarè; the unhallowed sorceress, Apollyona; Domitia, the Roman Princess in league with Devils; and Mazitka, the most malignant and powerful of wizards, look out upon us, in speaking portraits.

These stories are pure and absolute creations of the imagination, dealing wholly with supernatural elemental forces. They cannot be described. Their atmosphere is on the one hand as realistic as if they were but tales of the every-day life of a village; on the other hand, as uncanny, as fearful, as preternatural as if they were the secret converse of the powers of the air. We know of nothing in literature to which they can be compared except some of Southey's wonderful phantasmal poems.

To the utilitarian, this sort of narrative is foolishness; to the realist, a stumbling-block; and to the mere story-seeker, a fatigue. But those who love art for art's sake, and understand best the true values of things in literature, will recognize this little volume of Mrs. Greenough's as it deserves.

"OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA."

EVERY page of Colonel Knox's *Overland Through Asia* (American Publishing Company) shows the hand of a free and easy newspaper correspondent, who goes through thick and thin with unflagging jollity, making fun and friends under all circumstances, and taking notes of all he sees, all he hears (wayside yarns filling a good part of the volume), and all he thinks of,—especially when he thinks of some absurdly comical story, located anywhere out of Asia. The thread of the narrative runs through numberless digressions, now into China, the next moment into the Arctic Ocean, or Poland, or Persia, or Tennessee; so that on opening the book at random you might imagine the traveler to be anywhere except in Siberia. The result is a compound unlike any other book of travels that we remember. It does not matter how the book is read, forward or backward; every page is readable, and, generally speaking, independent of every other page. The work is illustrated by a multitude of indifferent woodcuts, and gives a good many lively word-pictures of Asiatic character, society, and travel; but for solidity, it constantly reminds one of the flooring of a Ghijiga house the author visited in Kamchatka—"two sticks of wood and a mud-puddle."

MACKENZIE'S SCOTT.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE has availed himself of the peculiar occasional interest that attaches to the character and writings of Sir Walter Scott, on the occurrence of the centennial anniversary of his birth, to bring out, through the house of James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, a Life of the Great Wizard of the North, which he has had many years in preparation. It recounts in a very rapid and vivid way the brilliant story that runs like a golden tissue through the more elaborate and extensive tapestry of Lockhart's biography, the early success of the poet and troubadour, his literary habits and amazing industry, the rise of the fair towers of Abbotsford, the unexampled enthusiasm awakened by the novels, and finally the melancholy close, with which we are all so familiar, when, encumbered with debt, the great man who had made millions for his debtors, sank in the hopeless effort to redeem his fortunes and his family. There is not a sadder page in literary history. Dr. Mackenzie's volume will supply a long felt desideratum, as a Life of Sir Walter, fuller and more satisfactory than the sketch of the Encyclopedist, and more convenient and compact than Lockhart's, upon which it is mainly based.

FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

MR. T. ROBINSON WARREN has written a capital illustrated manual of *Shooting, Boating, and Fishing, for Young Sportsmen* (Charles Scribner & Co.). Mr. Warren modestly disclaims pre-eminence as a sportsman or a "good shot," but he has an enthusiastic love for the gentler Nimrodian pursuits, and imparts much information of practical value to beginners—in brief compass and pleasant form.

THANKSGIVING IN THE COUNTRY.



Grandpa and his Boy.





The Last Arrival.



"More Turkey."



"Ike" and his City Cousin.



NOT SO EVIDENT.—"Bet I can eat more Turkey than you can!"



Aunt Maria Jane and "Chawles."

756

continued from front flap

("A Breakfast with Alexandre Dumas," "Reminiscences of Charlotte Bronte," "The Imperial Family of Russia"); and there was a picture of the nation's extraordinary growth. One article, "The Last of the Pequods," describes the disappearance of an Indian tribe; another, "The San Domingo Question," calls for the annexation of Haiti and the Dominican Republic. The articles were illustrated with hundreds of wood engravings, many of them made with a new technique which involved imprinting photographs directly on wood. As a result of this technique, wood engraving became an increasingly important medium in American art.

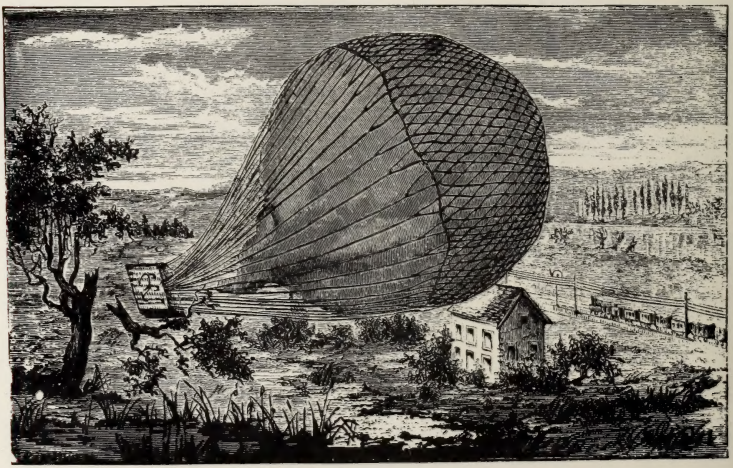
Here, then, is a nostalgic picture of life and thought in the United States a century ago. The nation then was smaller, its language more stilted, its tone of discourse far more religious. Yet, surprisingly, Americans were concerned with many of the problems that still concern them today, and they attacked these problems with much the same combination of energy and moral fervor which they still employ.



PUBLISHED BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK



AN INDIAN BOAT RACE



A BALLOON WRECK